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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL PAPERS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

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FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,

ETC.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

JOHN MORTIMER, PUBLISHER, ADELAIDE STREET,

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

1843.

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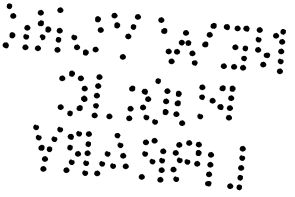
LONDON:
PRINTED BY CHARLES REYNELL, LITTLE PULTENEY STREET.



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PREFACE.

TRUE gratitude has been defined to be "a lively expectation of future benefits." This being unquestionably the feeling of the proprietors of 'THE MIRROR,' they claim to be regarded as among the most grateful of mankind. At an advanced period of an extended career—not yet, they trust, near its close—they have much to acknowledge in the way of kindness, and so encouraged, they trust it will now be acknowledged, they have entered with new animation on a more extended course of utility, which, favoured as it has been by the distinguished votaries of science who have countenanced this little publication, must give it increased value. Assisted by such men as Dr King, Dr Potts, Dr Hodgkin, Dr Ryan, and Professor Bachhoffner, 'THE MIRROR' cannot fail to command attention; and the proprietors are happy to add, many other writers of acknowledged talent are numbered among its contributors.

While anxious to preserve in every essential point the peculiar character which formerly gave 'THE MIRROR' importance, they have added to its varieties from time to time such matter appropriate to the moment as they deemed likely to prove acceptable. The testimonials the articles alluded to have called forth, and the high admiration elicited from the press, assure them that they have not judged wrong in making some temperate deviations from the wonted course. Without imitating the angry lampoons of the day, a "Parthian glance" at recent incidents of importance to the well-being of society will sometimes be indulged in. Satire, however, will only be used in cases where all honourable minds must approve of the visitation.

Original tales of interest will be given, and such as spiritedly recal the manners and incidents of former days. From ancient histories and foreign languages treasures forgotten, or long concealed, will be drawn forth in new translation, and with the ample supply already open to them, the proprietors cannot anticipate that a day will speedily arrive when their little work will not be sparkling and intelligent, amusing and useful.

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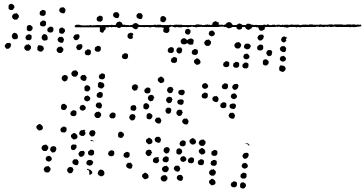
Every care will be taken to render the monthly parts most valuable as a magazine. The sketches of the aristocracy (commenced in the last volume) will be given with a sincere desire to state only what is true, and though there may be cases where it will seem right not to enlarge on the conduct of a deceased individual,

"Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,"

they will not varnish depravity, but execute their task with the temper of a lenient judge, not with the brutal indifference of an executioner.

In conclusion, they have to return thanks to their numerous correspondents. It is necessary in selecting matter for insertion to exercise judgment and eschew favour, that the public may be fairly treated. Questions relative to science will be answered by competent hands. Courtesy cannot be extended so far as to admit a feeble essay for the exclusive gratification of its writer, but every communication will be candidly examined, and when from circumstances deemed inadmissible, laid aside with regret.



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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1843. [VOL. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

DEATH OF GENERAL DESAIX.

"THE race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," we are told in Holy Writ, and the experience of our own times has proved to the world, in numerous instances, that the incidents which affect and determine the result of a great conflict, are frequently beyond human calculation.

A memorable day was that which gave to France the glories of Marengo. It was one of those triumphs of which, unhappily for herself and the world, she is still so enamoured, that her monarch will soon be obliged to have recourse to a war abroad, in order to preserve peace at home.

Bitter was the lesson that was taught to General Melas at an advanced period of life. He was eighty-four years of age, when, on the 14th June, 1801, he seemed about to close his career with a splendid victory over Bonaparte, the First Consul of the French Republic. The Austrian army assailed the French with great valour. Long was the contest doubtful. In the bulletin issued after the battle by the Republican chief, we find some important admissions; it is, in fact, confessed that the French were defeated. It says:—

"Four times during the battle we retreated and again advanced. More than sixty pieces of cannon, on one side or the other, at different points, and at different times, were taken and retaken. There

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were more than a dozen charges of cavalry with various success."

But more than this is stated. Though the fight was obstinately maintained, the Austrians had the best of it. The bulletin continues :—

"The hostile cavalry made a rapid movement on our left, which was already shaken. This motion hastened its retreat."

Hostile cavalry pursuing the wing of an army already broken, was well calculated to hasten its retreat. Most awful, and most disastrous for the French, was the scene which immediately followed. The record already quoted adds :

"The enemy advanced *on the whole line*, keeping up a running fire from more than a hundred pieces of cannon. The roads were crowded with fugitives, and with the wounded. The battle appeared to be lost. The enemy advanced to the village of St Juliano, where the division of Desaix was posted in order of battle, with eight pieces of artillery in advance, flanked by two strong battalions. All the fugitives rallied in the rear of these."

Little did the aged Austrian commander anticipate what was to follow ! The victory was gained, and he, considering his duty performed, ordered General Zach to pursue the flying enemy, while he retired to Alessandria to rest himself after the fatigue he had endured. What a surprise awaited him ! Desaix charged the victorious Austrians, and in a few hours from that moment, General Zach, who was to pursue the French, was himself (with from six to eight thousand men) a prisoner ; several generals were killed, while fifteen standards and forty pieces of cannon, were among the trophies of the day. The Austrians left six thousand killed on the field. Several generals were among the slain.

General Desaix, who contributed largely to the victory, did not live to enjoy it. He had followed the fortunes of Bonaparte in various countries, and had been repeatedly wounded in the several engagements he had seen. On the night before the battle of Marengo, he playfully observed, "that it was so long since he had been in Europe, the bullets would not know him again. Four times, at different periods, he had had his horse killed under him. He joined the army only three days before his death, and was most eager for that struggle to commence, which was the last he was permitted to see. His division charged, he was struck with a ball, and had only time to say to young Lebrun, who was near him, "Go and tell the First Consul that I die with regret at not having done sufficient for posterity."

We can hardly help smiling at language like this. That a man engaged in murderous warfare for the greater portion of his life, should regret that he had not "done more for posterity," has much of the air of a solecism, unless we suppose posterity will be grateful to those who labour most efficiently to prevent their ancestors remaining in their way ! Bonaparte, when informed of the death of Desaix while the battle raged, is said to have exclaimed, "Why am I not permitted to weep for him." The body of the deceased general was conveyed to Milan, there to be embalmed and finally buried at Mount St Bernard, where a monument was ordered to be erected to his memory.

POLLY BAKER'S APPEAL.

About a century ago there lived in America a female known by the name of "Miss Polly Baker." This fair one, it would seem, had loved "not wisely, but too well," for without being married she had become a parent, not merely once, but five times! On the last occasion she was brought before a court of judicature at Connecticut, near Boston, in New England, having previously been sharply punished. Miss Polly deemed her case a very hard one, and in this instance, like her namesake in the 'Beggar's Opera,' could not refrain from saying—

"O ponder well, be not severe ;"

or, what was quite as much to the purpose, she addressed her judges as follows :—

"May it please the honourable bench to indulge me in a few words : I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches ; for I have not the presumption to expect that you may, by any means, be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodness in my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account ; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment, for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it ; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances ; and therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them ; I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and I defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (please your honours) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world, at the risk of my life ; I have maintained them well by

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my own industry, without burthening the township, and would have done it better if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things, I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects, in a new country, that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praiseworthy, rather than a punishable action. I have taken away no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth; these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the minister or justices, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding fee. But can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, and skill in economy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say I ever refused an offer of that sort: on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me; but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour by trusting to his; for he forsook me. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county; and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench, and have endeavoured to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it; but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honour and power in the government, that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy. I should be told, 'tis like, that were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion. Is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire: will not that be sufficient? What need is there, then, of your additional fines and whipping? I own, I do not think as you do; for, if I thought what you call a sin was really such, I could not presumptuously commit it. But how can it be believed that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls? Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine; but if you, gentlemen, must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes, by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in the country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them, then, by law, either to marriage, or to pay a fine every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom hath forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any? and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them,—the duty of the first and great command of nature, and of nature's God, 'Increase and multiply;'—a duty, from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me; but for its sake, I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping to have a statue erected to my memory."

What effect this had on the court generally we cannot tell, but it produced an impression which poor Polly, highly as she thought of her own merits, could hardly have hoped for. It so gained on one of her judges, whether the gentleman particularly alluded to in her speech does not appear, that he speedily married her. It is added that she made him a very good wife, that they lived happily together, and had a family of fifteen children!

TRAGEDY PREVENTED BY FARCE.

During the French Revolution, when a frantic rabble, on slight provocation, hung any man they encountered on the nearest lamp-post, Michau, the comic actor, fell into the hands of a street-parading banditti, who doomed him to die in honour of the Cap of Liberty. His gallows was selected, his coat taken off, and the rope about to be put round his neck, when a butcher boy, who had seen him perform, came to his assistance, exclaiming to the intended murderers, "Madmen! you know not what you do. You are going to hang Punch of the *Republic?*" (the *Comédie Francaise* was at that time called the *Theatre de La Republique*). Thanks to his title of Punch, bestowed by the butcher, Michau found himself at liberty, and is said to have accepted the apologies which two hundred ruffians offered as coolly, for their design of hanging him, as if they had simply trodden on his toes.

ORIGINAL PAPERS ON SCIENCE.

No. —

ON THE IGNITION OF GUNPOWDER BY VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

LOWERING OF DOVER CLIFF, &c.

The recent successful applications of Voltaic Electricity in blasting the Dover cliffs, and the prior operations at Spithead, fully evince the superiority of this mode over

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every other previously employed. As many of our readers may not understand the manner of employing the electric fluid for this purpose, we shall, in the present article, explain the mode of conducting the operation. If the two terminal plates of a voltaic battery, A, B, fig. 1, be connected by a stout copper wire, C, C, C, C, the voltaic current generated by the former flows uninterruptedly and imperceptibly through the conductor; the arrows denoting the direction of the electric fluid. If the line formed presents a sufficient amount of conducting surface, the current of electricity flows through it without producing any elevation of temperature. Should any part of this line of wire be broken either by accident or design, even if the distance of the break thus made be not more than the thickness of a single hair, the current will then be unable to flow through the conductor, from the low state of tension of this kind of electricity when compared with the same agent produced by the electrical machine, for the electricity of the battery cannot pass through a non-conducting body, even though it be not thicker or offer any greater resistance than the thin plate of air between the points of the two wires as above, but we well know that the electricity of the machine would pass through that or even a much greater space, producing the well-known effect called the spark.

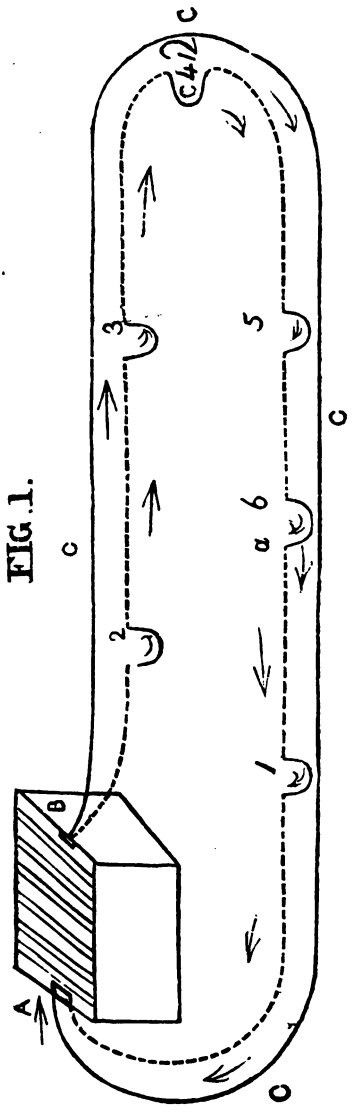

FIG. 1.

Let us suppose that the conductor thus divided be again united in one line, but the wire employed to effect the union shall be of such a thickness, say the 1-200th of an inch, which by experiment we have ascertained is insufficient to convey the amount of electricity produced by the battery, then that thin wire, as at A, B, which with its general conductor we have represented by the dotted line within the former, will be either made red hot or fused. If then, prior to the connexion being made with the battery, the thin wire be surrounded with a charge of gunpowder, the instant the electric current flows through the conductor, the fine wire is made red-hot and the charge of powder ignited. The effect is instantaneous, and admits of an absolute certainty, which in every other mode cannot be obtained.

In the recent results at Dover, several charges were ignited at the same time; to effect this it is only necessary to carry the line of conducting wire from the battery over those places, and at the precise spot to arrange wires similar to the former, as represented by the positions in the dotted line, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, the contact being made as before, the several discharges are produced at the same instant, in consequence of the extraordinary velocity with which this agent passes through good conductors. Where several charges are to be ignited at the same time, it has been found better to arrange the exploding wires somewhat different to the plan described above. A, B, fig. 2, are the conducting

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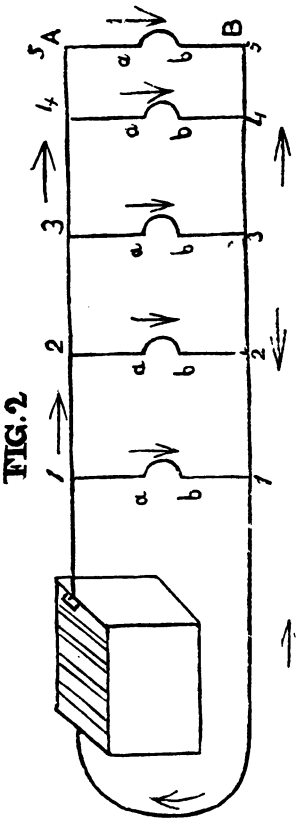
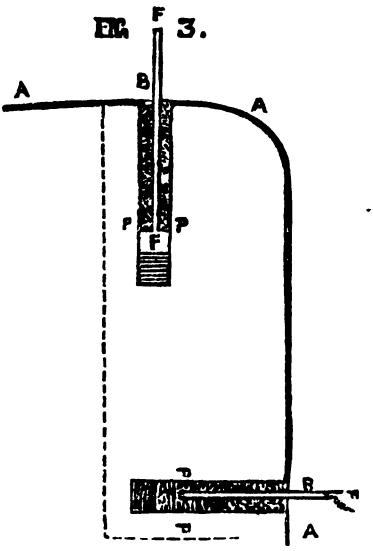


FIG. 2.

wires, as in the former arrangement, and the exploding wires, as shown in the positions indicated by the figures 1, 2, 3, &c. From this arrangement it is evident that, instead of the current of electricity flowing directly through the line, as shown by the direction of the arrows in fig. 1, it is in this case directed into as many distinct courses as there are charges to explode, by which it is considered that the electricity is much economised, more particularly if the distance of the charges from each other be considerable. Having described above the action of the voltaic current in igniting the powder, we will now explain more particularly the operation in reference to the process of the miner.

The following brief outline will give the reader an idea of the plan generally employed in the mining districts and quarries under the process termed blasting.

FIG. 3.



We will suppose that A, A, A, is a rock, the object being to dislodge the portion circumscribed by the dotted line. The mass of rock being in this case considerable, two blasts will be necessary, as at B, B, which are the two chambers, varying from 18 inches to 10 feet deep, and from 1 to 3 inches in diameter, into the lower part of which the charges of powder are placed, as at P, P; into this powder is then placed commonly an iron rod, extending a few inches above the mouth of the chamber, called by the workmen the *needle*, the object being to preserve an opening down to the powder for the introduction of the fuse; the chamber is then filled up with sand or loose fragments of the rock, which are rammed down with an iron-rod and hammer, the operation by the workmen being termed tamping;* the needle is then withdrawn, and a straw filled with powder, or a slow match, is introduced, passing down the hole left by the needle directly into the charges of powder; everything being now ready for firing, the workmen retire to a place of safety, with the exception of one, whose duty it is to ignite the slow match, having done which he rapidly retires. From this brief description the danger must be self-evident; yet, notwithstanding, the miners and others will, with a degree of dogged pertinacity, still employ this mode in preference to the voltaic blast, where absolute safety may be ensured.

* In this operation copper is the only metal which should be employed, and yet, either from careless inattention, or on the score of economy, it is but seldom employed; the danger in using iron, is the probability of a spark by the collision igniting the charge.

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In firing the charges by the battery everything may be carried on as described above, using copper instruments instead of iron; the fuse to ignite the charge consists of a thin slip of wood, with a groove on each side, as shown in section in fig. 4, in

FIG 4

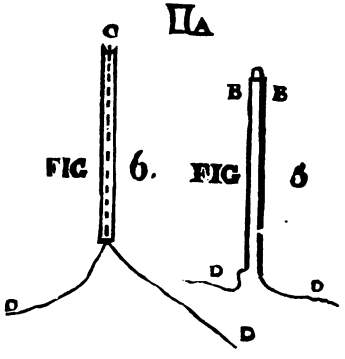

FIG 6. FIG 6

which groove the copper wires, D, D, are firmly fixed by packthread, fig. 6; the two wires at the point C, which is placed in immediate contact with the powder, are united together by the fine wire, B, B, as explained in figs. 1 and 2. The wires D, D, may be three or four hundred feet in length, extending to where the battery is stationed; the voltaic fuse, thus prepared, is then introduced down the hole left by the needles, and when all is ready the wires D, D, being brought in contact with the battery, the fine wire B, B, is made red hot and the charge exploded.

In these operations, from very considerable experience, we would recommend the sustaining battery of Professor Daniels; one composed of six cells two feet long will be amply sufficient, and far superior to any other. B.

ANNONAY.

[We have been favoured with the following curious matter, collected in a recent visit by a gentleman connected with the mercantile world, on whose accuracy and judgment we can rely with the most perfect confidence.]

THE town of Annonay, in the department of Ardêche, about 50 miles south of Lyons, and near the Rhone, is one of the most remarkable in France for the concentration of a particular manufacture, or preparation,—that of kid skins, for export to Paris, Grenoble, and London, for the making of gloves. It is situated on two rivers, the Cance, and the Deume, both being, when swollen by the rains, or melting of the snows from the adjacent mountains, impetuous torrents; having their sources at a short distance from the town, and, after joining their streams, falling into the Rhone at the distance of a few leagues.

The ancient history of towns is at all times interesting, and it appears from the 'Nouvelles Recherches sur la France,' published at Paris in 1766, that Annonay derives its name from the Latin, *Annonæum*, or depôt of victuals for the Roman armies. Another account lays the foundation of the town in the fifth century, when a party of manufacturers of parchment, attracted, of course, by its superb streams, settled there. We incline to think the latter account the most correct and probable, for undoubtedly trade and commerce have always been more powerful elements in the origin of towns than war; albeit, it is worthy of remark that the names of some of the streets* indicate a Roman origin, and are clearly traceable to that era.

Annonay, probably from its secluded situation, was in ancient times a stronghold of the church, and has given birth to men of great renown, viz., two cardinals, three archbishops, and four bishops. Its modern history is not less interesting, for here lived the famous Montgolfier, who first conceived and put into execution the idea of sending a balloon into the clouds, which took place in June, 1783. A column in the principal square marks the spot whence it ascended.

The finest writing papers in France are the production of Annonay; and the inventor of the suspension principle for bridges is also a native of the town.

But the most remarkable part of our information refers to the manufacture of skins. Let us imagine a troop of four millions of kids being annually slaughtered to feed the *fabriques* of the place, which has drawn the whole of this commerce in France to itself by the peculiar qualities of its waters, the pureness and softness of which we believe to be unrivalled. In the proper season the manufacture proceeds at the rate of one hundred thousand skins per week, and in the months less favourable to the fabrication, or when the yearly crop of skins is exhausted, the consumption is reduced by about one-fifth.

But if the purity of the waters of Annonay is important, the town has other advantages, amongst which the extreme cheapness of living, compared with more populous places even in the south of France, is worthy of being noted. At the *table d'hôte* of the principal hotel, two good dinners, at eleven and six (for the *dejeuner a la fourchette* of the French is to all intents and purposes a dinner), are given at 150 francs per month, or not above 8d. per meal, excellent ordinary wine (*vin ordinaire*)

* La rue de la Pistorie, *via Pistoria*. Mont Maidon, *Mons Mirandus*, and others.

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included? Let us also examine the tariff of the prices of provisions furnished us by a highly intelligent inhabitant, and our surprise will cease at such a rate of charge at an hotel, where every scrap of meat is consumed in some form or other:—

	s.	d.
The pound of beef costs (English weight) -	0	4
Ditto bread (first quality) - - -	0	0½
Ditto butter, ditto - - - -	0	6
Ditto pork (choice) - - - -	0	6½
Dozen of fresh eggs - - -	0	2½
A pair of fowls - - - - - 1s. to	1	2
The hundredweight of potatoes - - -	1	2
Wine of the neighbourhood (per bottle) -	0	2½
A quart of new milk - - - - -	0	1

For the working-classes beef costs only 3d. per pound.

Reflection naturally forces itself as to how far the manufacturers of a similar article (skins) in England, can compete with such manifest advantages in the prices of the essentials of life, and of those which contribute to the perfection of this manufacture,—house rent and labour being necessarily influenced by this cheapness of provisions. We incline to the belief, from minute inquiries made on the spot, that the master manufacturer, as well as his workmen, do not expend annually more than one-third of the sum of the corresponding classes in England; and although coarser materials of dress are worn in France, and the "comforts" of life may generally be considered as on a lower scale, there can be no doubt that the Frenchmen are the better off of the two, getting rich sooner, and less seldom falling into pecuniary difficulties. A curious proof of cheapness in an article of dress of some importance, may be adduced in that of a pair of *sabots* (wooden shoes), which cost about ten sous, and last four months. Thus, for a sum equal to fifteen-pence English, a French workman in the country towns of the south covers his feet during a whole year!

A very erroneous impression has also been made on the minds of occasional visitors to France, on the subject of the comparative industry of the French and English people. The *cafés* are usually crowded at those hours in the middle of the day to which an Englishman is disinclined to associate there, notions of any occupation but amusement. Besides such re-unions give rise to the notion of *drinking* being indispensable. The truth is that the French, and indeed all continental nations, are, by habit, very early risers. At Annonay the dinner hour is eleven; the *café* hour half-past twelve to two, which is a species of simple relaxation from labour, giving the necessary zest for the renewal of it. Cards, dominoes, and billiards occupy this interval, and the custom is for one friend to play with another for the cost of his cup of coffee, *eau sucré*, or lemonade. Every workman (and he has his *café* too) labours regularly fifteen hours a day, including three hours for meals and recreation. We contend, therefore, that the advantages of climate, habits of temperance and industry, combined with the extreme cheapness of living, give most of the French manufacturers an advantage with which in England we cannot continue successfully to compete.

Au reste: the town of Annonay itself possesses little attraction for an English visitor. Its municipal government might fairly be reminded of ill-paved, dirty, and dark streets, the only light which penetrates them at night being that "light of other days," the lantern, to whose friendly assistance the writer was more than once indebted for finding the way to his inn, after having partaken of the hospitalities of the Annonesans.

The arrondissement furnishes annually twenty young men to the army. When our informant was there, the young peasants were drawn from their mountain recesses to enter on the new and perilous life of a soldier, and it was highly amusing to mark with what glee they entered on their initiatory duty, accompanied by the drum, unaided by "the spirit-stirring fife," and following their youthful drum-major, a lad who had not numbered more than sixteen years, after having liberally indulged in potations of wine. The period of service which the conscripts are required to fulfil is eight years or more, and the price of a substitute amounts to about 80*l.* sterling.

It is, however, lamentable to reflect that while one-half of France is uncultivated, so many of "the bold peasantry, their country's pride," should be withdrawn for war and destruction. The number taken annually from the ranks of industry amounts to about eighty thousand men.

Science.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—A paper was read by Mr J. Taylor, describing a machine for raising and lowering the miners in the deep mines of Cornwall. It is composed of two wooden rods, with platforms fixed at given distances upon them, and placed either vertically or following the inclination of the vein, as is the custom for the shafts in tin and copper mines. These rods receive an alternating motion from a steam-engine, and at the moment of pause caused by the crank passing over the centres, the men step from one platform to another, and thus either ascend or descend in the pits without fatigue. By the usual mode of arriving at or leaving their labour, the workmen are exhausted, traversing ladders to the depth frequently of more than 200 fathoms, and their health has been found to be severely injured. This machine has been successfully at work in the Tresavean mines upwards of a year, and its use will, it is hoped, be soon extended.

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A short description was then read of an annular valve constructed by Mr Hosking, and said to be in use with advantage at the Vauxhall Water-works, and attached to some large engines for draining fens.

Horticultural Society.—A communication from Captain Hall, Berwick-upon-Tweed, was read, relating to a new vegetable, which it is considered easy to acclimate in the southern parts of England, and for which the climate of Britain is thought peculiarly suitable. The plant is a variety of some species of Aramanthus, possibly oleraceus, and is markedly distinguished by the milk-white appearance of its stem, branches, and leaf-stalks. As its excellence depends on the succulency and tenderness of its nature, it requires to be grown rapidly, so as to be fit for use at the age of a month or so; and this is effected by a rich light soil, abundance of moisture, and a high temperature: the latter may be carried occasionally as high as 90° in the day, and regulated at from 70° to 75° at night. It is rather impatient of much light. In India it is grown to the greatest perfection during the rainy season, towards the end of June. A common melon frame is recommended to grow it in; and the plants grow from a foot to a foot and a half high. The seeds should be sown in rather shallow rich earth, and the part of the fermenting materials beneath the soil should be in a partially decomposed state, that the roots may penetrate into them. The plants may be pricked out, when young, at six inches apart, and require a slight shading in bright weather. The early part of the year is preferred for growing it. It is used as a vegetable in two ways: First, the leaves are plucked and dressed like spinach, when they are considered not inferior to those of any similar plant. Secondly, the stems and side-branches (being the white parts of the plant) are separated from each other, cut into proper lengths, boiled, and placed on toast, like asparagus, and eaten with meat, either with butter, sauce, or gravy. They are very like asparagus or sea-kale.

Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth grand quarters, *first* and *fourth*, or, a lion, rampant ar. (being the ancient arms of the Duke of Brabant and Louvaine); *second* and *third*, gu. three lucies or pikes, haurient, ar., for Lucy; second and third grand quarters, ar., in fesse, for Percy.

Crest. On a chapeau, gu., turned up, erm., a lion statant, ar., the tail extended.

Supporters. Dexter, a lion, rampant, ar., sinister, a lion, rampant, guardant, or ducally crowned, of the last, gorged with a collar gobony, as. and ar.

Motto. "*Esperance en Dieu.*" "Hope in God."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF PERCY.

William de Percy, the founder of this great family, accompanied William the Conqueror to England in 1066. The name is derived from a village named Percy, near Villedieu, in France. The descent of the family has been further traced back to Mainfred, a Danish chieftain, who, in the year 912, assisted the famous Rollo in subjugating Normandy, where he acquired considerable possessions.

We read that William de Percy obtained the surname of Alsgernons, or "William of the Whiskers." The name, altered to Algernon, has since constantly remained in the family. "William of the Whiskers" founded or restored the celebrated Abbey of St Hilda, in Yorkshire, of which his brother Serlo was the Prior. He went with Duke Robert in the first crusade to the Holy Land, and died in 1096, at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, the spot from which the Crusaders first obtained a glimpse of that city, the conquest of which was to crown all their labours. He left four sons and two daughters by his wife Emma, whose lands had been bestowed upon him by the Conqueror. Possessed of her property, he is recorded to have offered his hand to the fair despoiled owner, that in this way he might satisfy his conscience without abandoning the advantage he had gained through the favour of the King.

He was succeeded in his feudal rights and lands by Alan, his eldest son, whose first son was the next wearer of the honours. On his decease the family became extinct in the male line. His sisters, Maud and Agnes, severally succeeded. The latter married Josceline of Lovain, brother to Queen Adelicia, the second consort of King Henry the First. It was, however, only on the condition that he should assume the arms or name of Percy, that she consented

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to become his wife. His lordship took the arms—the ancient arms of Hainault, and gave the name of Percy to the issue of the marriage.

Several children were the offspring of this union. Henry, the eldest, died before his mother. He was, however, married to Isabel, the daughter of Adam de Brus, lord of Skelton. With her he gained the manor of Skelton, on the somewhat singular condition, that he and his heirs should annually, on Christmas-day, proceed to Skelton Castle and lead the lady of the castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, thence back to her chamber, and after dining with her, depart. Henry left two sons, William and Henry. The former, after some ligitation, succeeded to his rights. His son and grandson, both of the same name, succeeded him. The latter was summoned to parliament by Edward the First, from Feb. 6, 1299, to July 29, 1315. On the 19th of November, 1309, he obtained, by purchase from Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, a grant of the Barony of Alnwick, county Northumberland. He was one of the Barons who subscribed, in 1301, the letter to Pope Boniface VIII, whose humiliation was lately the subject of an article in THE MIRROR, repelling his attempts to interpose in the affairs of the kingdom, and declaring that "their king was not to answer in judgment for any rights of the crown of England, before any tribunal under heaven, and *that*, by the help of God, they would resolutely, and with all their force, maintain against all men."

A long series of Henries followed him. His son obtained the Barony and Castle of Warkworth; his grandson fought at Crecy; his great grandson, on the 16th of July, 1377, was advanced to the Earldom of Northumberland. He, however, subsequently appeared in arms against that king, and fell at Bramham Moor, 1407-8. His honours were forfeited, but restored to his grandson in 1414.

Henry, the second Earl, lost his life at the battle of St Albans, May 23, 1455, combating on the side of Henry the Sixth. His son, Henry, the third Earl, like his father, died ln battle, fighting for the house of Lancaster, at Towton, March 29, 1461, and his honours became forfeited. They were, however, restored to his son Henry, the fourth Earl. He was appointed by Henry the Seventh to enforce the payment of a subsidy granted by parliament in 1489. An abatement was prayed. King Henry replied "not a penny shall be abated." This being communicated to the petitioners by the Earl, it appears they regarded him as having prompted it, and in consequence broke into his house, Cocklodge, in Yorkshire, and murdered the unfortunate nobleman, April 28, 1489. His son and grandson were the fifth and sixth Earls. The last died without issue.

His brother, Sir Thomas, had been attainted and executed, and the family honours were confiscated. In 1555, Queen Mary created Thomas, the son of the last-named Sir Thomas, "Baron Percy of Cockermouth, Baron Poynings, Lucy, Bryan, and Fitz Payne;" and on the day following, his lordship was created Earl of Northumberland. It was his lot to suffer decapitation for treason against Queen Elizabeth, (avowing the Pope's supremacy, and affirming the realm to be in a state of schism, and those obedient to Elizabeth no better than heretics). His brother, however, succeeded to his honours by virtue of a reversionary clause in the patent. He was supposed to have been concerned in a plot formed in favour of Mary, Queen of Scots, and committed to the Tower, where he was found dead in his bed, having been wounded by three pistol shots, June 21, 1585.

To him succeeded Henry, Algernon, and Jocelyne, the ninth, tenth, and eleventh Earls. Elizabeth, the only surviving child of the last, married first, Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle (son and heir of the Duke of Newcastle), who assumed the name of Percy. He died childless. She was then contracted to Thomas Thynne, Esq., who was murdered, Feb. 12, 1681-2, and the lady subsequently married Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset. The eldest son of that marriage, Algernon Seymour, inherited the Dukedom of Somerset, and was created Baron Warkworth, of Warkworth Castle, and Earl of Northumberland, Oct. 2, 1749.

Sir Hugh Smithson married the daughter of Algernon Seymour, and succeeded to his honours. He was created Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland, Oct. 18, 1766. His grace was succeeded by his eldest son, Hugh, the second Duke, who died in 1820, when his honours descended to Hugh Percy, the present Duke, who was born April 20, 1785.

EXECUTION OF A JUDGE.

SIR Robert Tresilian, in 1388, according to Froissart, "was delivered to the hangman, and so led out of Westminster, and there beheaded, and after hanged on a gibbet;" but another and more connected account would make it appear that the old chronicler was in error, and that, as might be expected, the hanging preceded the taking off his head. He was drawn from the Tower on a hurdle, and a pause was made at the end of each furlong, that a friar might demand if he had any confession to make. The executioner, in his case, had a singular duty to perform. Sir Robert refused to ascend the ladder, nor was it till he had been "soundly beaten

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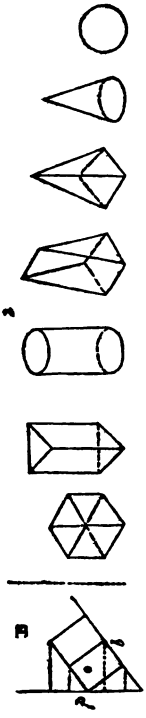
with bats and staves" that he would go up. When thus much had been accomplished, he expressed an opinion that he should not die while he retained any clothing on his person, and, instead of making the experiment of the truth or falsehood of this impression, the hangman was directed to strip the sufferer. On this being done, certain images, like to the signs of the Zodiac, the head of a devil, and the names of many devils, were found, painted and written on parchment, and these being taken away, he was hanged in a state of nudity; and to make it quite clear that neither they nor anything else had saved his life, while yet hanging the executioner cut his throat.

THE ART OF DRAWING.—(Part II.)

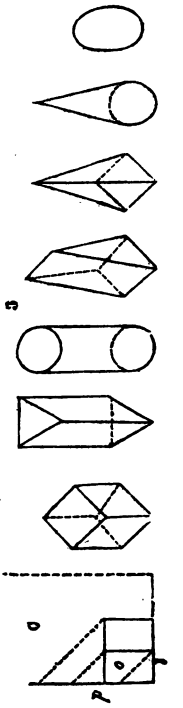
HAVING explained the utility of the orthographic mode of drawing, we proceed to show that the isometric and military systems seem to have been devised for the express purpose of executing such representations of objects as would convey a correct idea of the manner in which these various parts are connected: for allow the figures (2) to be the

ISOMETRIC REPRESENTATIONS



of the seven objects named in our former article, and the following figures (3) to be their

MILITARY REPRESENTATIONS,



it will be granted by our readers, that these convey to their minds a better idea of the forms of the objects referred to, and of the manner in which their various parts are connected, than is to be obtained from viewing their plans or elevations as before represented.

At the present time the isometric system is often employed by practical mechanics and engineers, for by means of it they can execute such perfect and useful representations of their peculiar works in a short period, as enable them to assist their employers in unravelling the mode in which it is proposed to construct any piece of simple or complex mechanism.

The military system is seldom or ever employed, although it might be with advantage by land and building surveyors, civil and military engineers, and by all classes of artizans who have to construct objects which are principally contained under plane surfaces.

In the practice of the isometric and military systems of drawing, there is in general only one representation of any single object; or of any number of objects in connexion with each other executed;

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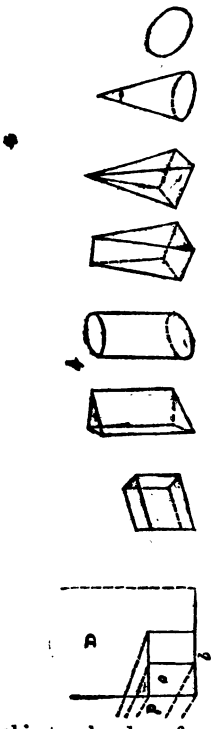
and from the great ease with which they may be drawn, we hope to see these useful branches of art more generally employed than they have hitherto been.

The following figures (4) are the

PERSPECTIVE REPRESENTATIONS



of the objects already referred to. We recommend the student to make an enlarged copy of these. He will find, on viewing them from a certain position, that they appear more like solid objects which fill a certain portion of space, than their perspective representations, which merely coincide with some positions in it.

This useful system of drawing is generally employed by all classes of professional men who have to provide designs for the structures in constant demand for every civilized nation, in order to convey to their minds the probable appearance that will be derived by viewing them from any determined positions.

In the practice of the art the number of representations are in general determined by the positions from which objects may with advantage be seen. This is the last system which is to be noticed, in which the representations are executed by a given rule.

In each of the four systems of drawing which we have illustrated, before the practitioner can proceed to execute any part of the representation of a given or assumed object, he must previously determine their real or proportional dimensions, with their position by an assumed plane or picture. In the practice of the remaining system, Artistic Drawing, it is only requisite to allow the artists to be placed so that they may see the objects, and then proceed to execute such representations as will either convey an idea of the manner in which their various parts are connected, or one that will present an appearance almost similar to that which may be obtained by viewing the original objects from the position in which the artist was placed.

By this peculiar mode of drawing, it will in general happen that if we place a hundred artists alternately to view and sketch any particular scene, that on comparing them with each other, no two will be alike. In the practice of the four former systems quite the reverse ought to be the case, for were ten thousand draughtsmen, who had previously acquired a knowledge of those peculiar arts, to execute representations of an object or objects placed in a given position by the picture, they would, in reality, correspond with each other in all their parts.

After having so clearly explained the difference in practice between the various systems of projection and of artistic drawing, it will at once be perceived that it is only the latter art that can ever be effectively employed in executing representations of animate objects; for we need scarce remark, that our portrait and animal painters do not attempt to draw the outlines of the living creatures, to which they have to direct their attention, from real dimensions. A vain and fruitless task it would indeed prove, for whether waking or asleep, it cannot truly be said that any part of a living being is at rest for a single moment.

This art, therefore, is the only one by which we can execute those mixed representations of animate with inanimate objects, which are to be met with wherever we direct our attention; and as such it must ever be continued to be practised, whilst there are minds to reflect on the endless and ever-changing variety of scenes and characters presented to their notice, throughout the wide expanse of space.

As the term Perspective is so frequently understood to be the name of that branch of art by which artists are enabled to execute their pictorial representations of objects, we trust, from what we have already communicated relative to the system generally in use at the present day, that it will be plainly perceived and understood, that artists have never used any scientific term as the name of their peculiar branch of art. The consequence is, that our ris-

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ing artists are left to grope their way in the maze of obscurity, which has hitherto hidden those principles that ought to guide their efforts.

Artists have not done so, but this has been done for them by the author of the pamphlet named in our first article; and although the term used in it cannot be said to be derived from any of those languages which it is customary to employ, the definition there given is such as will be likely to satisfy the intelligent artist.

To assist those who are anxious to acquire a ready practice in perspective and artistic drawing, we, thirdly, proceed to explain the methods to be employed in acquiring a knowledge of those arts so intimately connected. We should, as before observed, advise the students first to acquire a knowledge of the principles and practice of orthographic projection; an art which will assist them in comprehending the simple principles and methods of practice to be employed, whilst engaged in drawing the perspective representations of any objects which can be placed before them in the commencement of their career. It is also recommended they should avail themselves of the assistance of some competent teacher, who may explain, by models and diagrams, the great utility of this branch of art. The following facts will be brought to the student's notice, whilst engaged in the practice of perspective:—

1st. That the perspective representations of objects, contained under plain surfaces, ever consist of a combination of straight lines; and those contained under cylindrical, conical, spherical, and irregular surfaces; of circles, or a combination of straight, circular, elliptical, and other curve lines.

2nd. That any number of representations of a given object, which vary in form with each other, may be so placed as to appear almost alike.

3rd. That the perspective representations of objects, do present a better appearance of them than can be executed according to any other given rule.

4th. That there is only one position from which the usual perspective representations of objects ought to be viewed with one eye.

5th. That the perspective representations of distant objects, when viewed with both eyes from any positions from which they can be seen, will appear more like the originals than the representations of near objects when viewed in a corresponding manner.

From these facts, young artists will deduce the following rules to guide their future progress:—

1st. That the method of readily describing straight, circular, elliptical, and other curve lines ought to be acquired.

2nd. That when any number of artists sketch a representation of a given scene, as the figure of the outlines of such will greatly depend on the position in which they have held or placed their paper or other material whilst engaged in sketching, this should lead them to place it in such a position, as others will be likely to choose when viewing it.

3rd. That the artist ought to aim at executing such representations of objects, as will present an appearance scarcely to be distinguished from that which may be obtained by viewing the originals.

4th. That when practicable, they should aim at having their productions, whether in the possession of a private individual or in a public exhibition, placed so that they may be viewed from the proper and most favourable position.

5th. That as it is customary to view artistic drawings with both eyes, this should lead the artist to choose such favourable positions before commencing to sketch in the outlines of any objects, so that when executed, they may not puzzle the beholders to comprehend what they are intended to represent.

We shall merely remark, that after the students have acquired the practice of perspective, and the methods of describing any combinations of straight and curved lines, they ought to try their powers in sketching the outlines of simple objects, and afterwards proceed gradually to more complicated efforts. By daily practice, they will soon acquire a method of sketching the representations of all objects to which they can direct their attention; after which, if they aim at pictorial scenes, they should take lessons from some practical artist well skilled in the mechanical and chemical department of the art; and having thus acquired the method of handling the requisite tools, of preparing their colours, and also of giving to any plane surface such tints as present the desired appearance, they will be able to colour their sketches, so as to present an appearance almost similar to that which they themselves gained from viewing the originals. But only after years of such practice, combined with a careful study of men, manners, and things, will they be equal to the task of executing such compositions as will afford pleasure to themselves, and to those who may afterwards behold them.

R.

— The Neapolitan sculptor, Persico, has just completed a marble group, the execution of which was intrusted to him by the Congress of the United States. It is destined for the Capitol at Washington, and consists of two figures, one of Columbus, the other of an Indian woman turning away from him with a look of shy curiosity.

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Reviews.

A Treatise on Astronomy. By E. Henderson, L.L.D., F.R.S. Cotes.

THIS useful work has reached a second edition. It is very nicely got up and illustrated, and contains an infinity of valuable information, condensed within narrow limits, but clearly expressed, and carefully arranged. To say that there is not a vast display of novelty, would be to tell that Kepler and Newton lived before Mr Henderson. He, however, has the merit of offering us, in a convenient and attractive shape, what others have discovered and communicated to the world. If the matter is not new, it is so wonderful that it will bear reading over and over again; and what can impress the mind with more awe and admiration of the Supreme Being, than such a display of the marvellous works of his hands as we transcribe below:—

ON THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

"About the year 1610, the telescope, then recently invented, was for the first time applied to astronomical investigation by Galileo; he, with his refracting telescope, with a power of about thirty times, observed thousands of stars invisible to the naked eye. Since the days of Galileo the telescope has been very much improved. The large 40-feet reflecting telescope of the late Sir William Herschel was frequently charged with the great magnifying power of 6,450 times. With such a power, the heavens seemed, as it were, to dissolve before its strength; on directing it to that peculiarly white track in the sky commonly called THE MILKY WAY, it was instantly perceived that '*its groundwork was of stars.*' In one proportion of this track 116,000 stars swept over the field-view of this telescope in fifteen minutes, at another time 258,211 stars in forty-one minutes! It has been calculated that the *Milky Way* alone contains at least 18,500,000 stars, which are equal to 5,314 times the number of visible stars in the heavens, or about 19,000 times the number visible to the eye at one glance in the most favourable evening. Although the other parts of the celestial canopy are not so densely crowded, yet it is astonishing to consider the increased number the telescope unfolds to view in every constellation.

"It may safely be asserted, *that the telescopic number of the stars is at least* 80,000,000 (eighty millions), some of which must be upwards of *thirty-one thousand billions* of miles distant from the Earth. It is well known that the late Sir William Herschel concluded from unquestionable evidence that his telescope enabled his eye to reach and rest on portions of space 497 times farther distant than Sirius. Suppose the distance of Sirius to be as great as the star 61 Cygni, or 62,528,490,691,900 miles X 497 = 31,076,659,873,874,300 miles, for the probable radii, 62,153,319,747,748,600 miles for the diameter, and about 195,000,000,000,000,000 (one hundred and ninety-five thousand billions) of miles for the circumference of the universe, as developed by the telescope alone! At such enlarged views of the amazing distances and number of worlds, as sounded by the telescope, the pious and contemplative mind may well exclaim, '*Great and marvellous are His works!*' yet '*these are but part of His ways.*' There is every reason to conclude that these are '*but as the small dust in the balance,*' compared with the overwhelming number of worlds located in every nebulæ. Up to the present year there have been reckoned about 3,275 nebulæ. Nebulæ is a name given to a singular celestial appearance, cloudy in aspect, somewhat resembling small patches of froth swimming on the surface of water. It is not improbable that each of these 3,275 nebulæ may contain at least 80,000,000 of stars! What must we then think of the vast extent of the universe and its innumerable hosts of stars? Even although these nebulæ contain the great number of stars mentioned, they must only be considered as a very small part of an overwhelming and incomprehensible whole—only as a few groups clustering on the '*frontiers of the Creator's dominions.*'"

Memoir of Grace Horsley Darling. Menzies.

So much has been written on the generous daring of Grace Darling, that what little remains to be told of her "short and simple annals" cannot surprise. There are, however, some deeply affecting and very gratifying passages in this *brochure.* Among them, we must point to the little importance the heroine attached to what she had done. The good heart, satisfied with the performance of a duty, forgot the danger it had braved, and looked for no reward. We are told—

"Mr Sinclair, the agent for Lloyd's at Berwick, who was necessarily amongst the first to visit the Longstone after the occurrence of the wreck, good-humouredly remarked to the heroine, 'Well, Grace, we'll surely be able to get you a silk gown for this.' Grace smiled, and seemed rather elated at the prospect of such a reward. Mr Sinclair's curiosity being thereby excited as to her real feelings in regard to the matter, it turned out on a few further questions being put to her, that so far was she from dreaming of wealth or applause as the result of her exertions, in the innocence of her heart she would have gladly accepted of such an article of wearing apparel in full acquittance of every claim which she conceived herself entitled to hold, in virtue of her heroism, upon the generosity of her fellow-creatures."

It is pleasing to know that if her life was short her last moments were tranquil. She seems, in her closing day, to have realised the wish breathed by Kirk White. A noble lady, as in the case of another interesting sufferer, recorded in our last volume, it will be seen, did herself honour by taking care that what human skill could effect for her should not be wanting. Thus ends her little, not inglorious, history:—

"Consumption was the disease to which

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she fell a victim. Having shown symptoms of delicate health, she was, towards the latter end of last year, removed from the Longstone Light-house, on the recommendation of her medical attendant, to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she was removed to Wooler for change of air. Her wish was complied with, but alas! she found no relief, and at the request of her father, she met him at Alnwick with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her Grace's own medical attendant to give her the benefit of his medical advice; all, however, was of no avail. Her father anxiously desiring that she should return amongst her family, she was accordingly removed once more to Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her dissolution. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, without even a single attendant, and attired in a most homely manner, repaired to Miss Darling's lodgings for the purpose of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. For some time previous to her death, she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching, but this gave her no uneasiness. She had been nurtured in the fear and love of God, and dependent on the merits of her Redeemer, and her hope of mercy increased as her bodily strength diminished. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout. Shortly before her death she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death, and finally, on the 20th of October, resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it without a murmur."

British and Foreign Travellers' Guide. A Complete Directory to every part of the Kingdom and Abroad, comprising Tables of all the Railways in Great Britain; Times and Fares of the Steamers from every Port; an Index of eleven hundred Towns, with the Steam, Railway, and Coach Conveyance to each; the Continental Railways, Times and Fares of all the Foreign Steamers from British and other Ports; with an Index: a Complete Guide to the chief Cities and Places of Resort in Europe, the Mediterranean, India, West Indies, and America; Value of Foreign Coins—Passports—Tides—Mails, and Foreign Postages, and a large variety of useful Information. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

THE above inordinate title will almost startle the reader. It promises much, but so far as we have had occasion to look into it, not more than it fairly performs. It contains a prodigious fund of valuable information, which will save those who have to travel not only money, but much valuable time, and, whether at home or abroad, will prevent them from feeling at a loss in any part of the world.

A TRIP TO NORWAY.

FRANCE, Switzerland, and the Rhine, have been so much run upon for years, that, to Summer tourists, it will be joyful news when they hear that there is a place worth visiting, not difficult to reach, which has not been worn threadbare. Norway is that place; and we are glad to have an opportunity of laying before the readers of the 'Mirror,' a few notes of a professional gentleman lately a visitor there. They were not intended for publication, and perhaps are the better on that account for those who think of making the trip:—

Having obtained our passports from Collector Waters, of Weck, we embarked on board the schooner 'Flyvende Fisk,' G. Terkeldsen, commander, bound for Christiansand, the wind being north-west. The 'Flyvende Fisk' sailed out of Helmsdale in great style on Thursday morning, July 14, 1842. At half-past one we first steered direct for Traserburgh, and then east-south-east, until we arrived at the mouth of the Frith, intersected with islands, which leads up to Christiansand. The wind was quite fair, and blew rather fresh, so that our voyage was performed in good style. Land was visible this morning, Saturday the 16th, about four o'clock, and at about a quarter to nine the Naze, with its small lighthouse was visible. There is nothing particularly striking in the Naze, but the whole coast thence to the entrance at Christiansand is most beautiful. I can only compare the gradual rising of the rocks from the margin of the sea to a kind of deception, as if the rocks were formed into the most elegant forest (it may be said that this idea requires some imagination, but it certainly struck me so); no wood is to be seen until you are nearly opposite Mandahl. All that is along the coast is very stinted in growth.

We arrived at Christiansand about six o'clock on Saturday evening, having made our passage to the Naze in fifty-two hours, and to Christiansand in sixty-six hours. I must not omit mentioning that the attention of Captain Terkeldsen and crew would have done credit to the attendants on board of any English or Scotch steamer.

I was much struck with the cool and seamanlike appearance of the pilot who came on board, leaving his companion in the pilot-boat alone. It was as much as any fisherman in Scotland would risk. Captain Terkeldsen informed me that

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in very stormy weather, when there is difficulty in approaching the vessel, the crew have only to throw a rope on board the pilot boat, when one of the pilots fastens the rope round his middle, and is pulled on board.

No sooner did our anchor touch the bottom than two or three of the custom-house men began to examine our luggage. They very soon, in the best-humoured manner, told us they were satisfied; I saw one of them look at a cake of Windsor soap with a most anxious squint as if he would have liked it in his pocket, but I did not at all feel in a liberal mood.

On landing below the custom house, we certainly cut rather a funny figure, or figures, with Pincher, our little Scotch terrier, attacking every unfortunate dog that came within his reach, and our small bag of Helmsdale biscuit, &c. Here were two or three young men, dressed like Frenchmen, who, I presume, flattered themselves on being the leaders of fashion in Christiansand. They, to prove their high breeding, indulged in a long stare and a good laugh at our expense, but soon changed their note on our treating them with a good laugh in return.

We next marched up to our hotel, of course expecting something very sober in Norway, but we found a smart young man who received us in the English style; next there peeped out an English coach dog, and smooth terrier, so that we might have fancied ourselves at the entrance of an English hotel. At nine o'clock we had dinner; the dishes were small round bannocks made of whiting, surrounded with very rich gravy, and at the one end of the table was a very fine lobster; we had also new potatoes, with cheese, rye bread and biscuit. The rye bread is very dark coloured, and rather sour. We finished the above feast with a glass of corn brandy. It resembles whisky in colour, but tasted as if there was carraway seed in it. I liked the taste, but was told it would not be drinkable if mixed with water. It becomes white from the essential oil it contains. I am told, that by buying a quantity, it may be procured at the very low rate of about sixpence per bottle.

We had a short walk through one or two streets, and were charmed with the softness of the atmosphere and the beautiful clear blue sky; I could have believed any one who had told me that I was in Italy or Greece. The houses have a very pleasing appearance (being made of wood), and painted various colours, principally white, red, and dark drab. The streets are very broad, but ill paved, with a kind of shallow drain in the centre; there is an attempt at some pavement, but in truth it is a part of the street, as the flags are put in very irregularly, in every sense of the word. I observed that a great many of the girls among the lower orders have a peculiar waddling walk, probably caused in a great measure from their being accustomed to walk on such rough pavement.

My bedroom is a very lofty and large room, walls coloured pea-green, no carpet, a very neat cabinet and chairs, with sofa made of birch wood, beautifully polished—indeed, the construction and polish would do credit to any tradesman. The sofa and chairs are covered with red tartan—I presume to be in character with the name of the hotel (Britannia). There is in one corner of the room a very high stove, between seven and eight feet high; the corner of the room in which it stands is painted in imitation marble. I slept very comfortably on a bed formed of crossed boards; the bottom mattrass appeared to be made of straw, the one above, seemed to be hair,—your covering is one sheet, with an Eider-down covering above all.

I have just had my first Norwegian breakfast; our bill of fare consisted of lobster, ham, a small mutton ham, a small bit of roast beef, two bread baskets, one containing slices of rye bread, also small slices of remarkably white bread—the other basket contained a small oblong loaf, which tasted very sweet, that is to say, it had an unusually pleasant wheaten taste. There were also white thin and crisp biscuits—they appear to be prepared with water, instead of any rich substance. I observe it is the custom in this hotel to put a high glass full of flowers on the table, which, considering the heat at present in Christiansand, gives rather a refreshing look to the breakfast table. A tumbler is put down for each person, and a large bottle of fine clear water in the centre of the table. I was particularly struck with the fine grain or minute crystallization of the white sugar put down for our coffee. The cream that is used for coffee and tea is universally boiled, which gives it a rich taste.

After breakfast we had an invitation to call on Captain Terkeldsen, and were introduced to his wife and daughter—the former a most motherly, kind looking woman, the latter a genteel, lady-looking girl of 17. Captain Terkeldsen and his son accompanied us to church. In order that we might leave when we pleased, it was fixed that we should sit in the organ gallery, where we had a very good view of the building, which is truly an elegant, or rather I should say a cathedral-looking place. The walls of stone white-washed, the windows Gothic, and in the shape of a cross. The tiles are black, which form a good contrast with the white walls. At one end there is a square spire, with a clock in it; the inside of the roof, which

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is lofty and arched, is covered with boards, and painted white. The seats are light blue, and the pulpit an imitation of blue marble. I remarked that all the females sat on one side and all the males on the other; they seemed to listen with great attention. Many wore straw bonnets, others were attired in the ordinary way, with cotton dresses (figured prints). Our hotel landlord informs me that some of the women are not allowed to wear bonnets. I could not resist asking the reason, when our landlord informed me that "many of *de ladies rise* from servants, and do not like to see *deir* (their) servants dressed like ladies." I certainly observed a great many in church without bonnets, but cannot exactly think that the above reason would prevent so many from wearing them. It seemed most desirable that some part of their dress should be red, scarlet, or pink. The universal shape of the cap was exactly to fit the head—that is to say, the greater proportion of the hair being fastened behind, which gives a slight projection to the back part of the head. There is a frill along the whole front, and another along the part that corresponds to the back of the head; and what I observed in every case was, that the pink ribbon (the favourite colour) ran straight behind the front frill. Others, whom I afterwards found to be from the country, were dressed in coarse, home-made stuff. The dresses were very similar to that of a Sutherlandshire matron; the head was covered with a white handkerchief, the corners down; others had coloured handkerchiefs, with pink ribbons hanging behind. Coming out of church we went to hear the military band; the music was really equal to any you would hear an English band play. The tunes I could recognize as waltzes, quadrilles, &c., that is to say, I knew the time, and could tell what they were, although I never heard them before. I ought to have mentioned that the clergyman was in the early part dressed in a white robe (which I rather think is the case in administering the sacrament); on coming to the pulpit he had on a black gown, with a thick frill or ruffle around his neck.

At one o'clock we dined, and tasted Norwegian salmon; it was very good, not, perhaps, quite so firm as Scotch (but the weather is very hot); in every other respect you would hardly know any difference. We had very fine roasted veal, and new potatoes, which made an excellent dinner. After having a glass of Hollands and hot water, we joined the family to have our coffee, which was very good; and we were blessed with two of the fair sex (of the family), the elder, a buxom, jolly-looking lassie, but her hands looked as if she were fond of working, and I shortly saw her engaged mending her gloves, on Sunday evening. What is most distressing (in a land that is otherwise lovely in scenery and true hospitality), is to see how little regard is paid to Sunday. Here you meet a boy walking quite gravely with a fishing rod over his shoulder, and there a young man with a gun in his hand, often returning from a boating excursion, &c.

A Tragic Actor's Remuneration.—Mr Bunn, on a late trial, stated the ordinary remuneration of a tragic actor, invested with no peculiar attraction, to be from twelve to twenty pounds a night. That is pretty well, but he should have added he is not likely to be called upon to perform more than once in a month or six weeks.

— Mr Moon, the eminent printseller, has been named one of the Sheriffs of London for the year ensuing.

— Mr Murray, the bookseller in Albemarle street, died on Tuesday last, aged 65.

— The Museum at King's College, London, was opened to the public, in the presence of H. R. H. Prince Albert, and several noblemen and gentlemen. A Latin address was read, and the national anthem was sung by Mr Hullah's pupils in the school and college. Prince Albert apparently took great interest in the works of art, &c., which were explained to him by Professors Wheatstone, Daniell, and Cowper. A salute was to have been fired from the top of the shot tower, opposite Somerset house, by means of the galvanic battery; this, however, failed, through some fault in the arrangements.

— Prince Albert, the new President of the Society of Arts, presided at the late distribution of the prizes awarded by the society. The society, from the time of its foundation, has disbursed more than 100,000*l.* in rewards; and among many eminent men who received its medals, are mentioned Sir T. Lawrence, Nollekens, Flaxman, Ross, and Landseer.

— The American papers announce the death of Noah Webster, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He is best known on this side of the Atlantic as the author of a very copious English dictionary.

— The King of the French has given Horace Vernet a commission to paint a picture representing the taking of Warsaw, for which he is to receive 200,000 francs.

— An Irish jury the other day returned the following verdict in the case of an old woman charged with larceny:—"We find her Not Guilty, and hope she won't do it any more."

— The gout may be said to be a beacon on the rock of luxury to warn us against it.

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HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON KEEPING PIGS.

In the first place it is very material that the pig be kept quite dry. The open part of the sty, where the pig feeds and exercises, should be planked, and sloped sufficiently from the covered part or bed for all wet to drain away to the dung-heap. The sty must be cleansed every day. Dry leaves and fern, collected in the autumn, are good substitutes for straw for the bed. I would recommend you not to buy your pig before May; he should then be six or seven months old. As there is very little common or waste on which your pigs could be turned to graze, you must treasure up all the refuse cabbage leaves, pods of peas, and beans, &c., to supply them with sufficient food in the sty during the summer. One hog tub you must have, and as soon as you can afford it you should get another, that one may be filling while the other is being emptied. It is an advantage not to give the wash while it is fresh, for pigs are found to thrive better on it when stale. Let the potatoes and carrots intended for the pigs be boiled and then mashed up with the wash. As soon as the acorns and beech-nuts are ripe, set the children to collect them, as they are very nourishing food for pigs. In the beginning of October you must prepare for fatting by giving less green food, and more potatoes and carrots, which you will then have in abundance. A pig will require about two bushels of potatoes and one of carrots or parsnips boiled and mixed with the wash every week during this month; but as the appetites of pigs will vary, you must watch them when feeding, and give a little more or less at a meal, taking care not to give at one feed more than they can eat up clean. They should be fed three times a day at the least, I should say four times during November and December while fatting. During the last week of October mix about half a peck of barley-meal with the allowance of wash for the week; each of the two first weeks in November, one peck; each of the two last weeks, a peck and a half; the two first weeks in December, two pecks each; the third week, three pecks; and the fourth week, four pecks. It is necessary to be careful in increasing the barley-meal; this must be done gradually, in order to prevent surfeit, which will throw the pig back. If your crops of peas should be very abundant, and produce more than you want as vegetable food, let them ripen well and put them by for fatting the pigs, to save meal. By the end of December, if you have managed the pig well, he will be fat; if he be not you must give him a little more time, for he ought to be thoroughly fat before he is killed. I cannot dispose of the pig, when killed and burned, better than in the words of the author of 'Cottage Economy.' He proceeds as follows:—"The inwards are taken out, and if the wife be not a slattern, here, in the mere offal, in the mere garbage, there is food, and delicate food, too, for a large family for a week, and hog's puddings for the children, &c. The butcher the next day cuts the hog up, and then the house is filled with meat—souse, griskins, bladebones, thigh-bones, spare-ribs, chines, belly pieces, cheeks, all coming into use one after the other, and the last of the latter not before the end of about four or five weeks. All the other parts taken away, the two sides that remain, and that are called flitches, are to be cured for bacon. They are first rubbed with salt on their insides or flesh sides, then placed one on the other, the flesh sides uppermost, in a salting-trough, which has a gutter round its edges to drain away the brine; for to have sweet and fine bacon the flitches must not lie sopping in brine, which gives it a bad taste. Every one knows how different is the taste of fresh dry salt from that of salt in a dissolved state; the one is savoury, the other nauseous; therefore, change the salt often—once in four or five days; let it melt and sink in, but not lie too long; change the flitches; put that at bottom which was first put on the top; do this a couple of times. As to the time required for making the flitches sufficiently salt, it depends on circumstances—the thickness of the flitch, the state of the weather, the place where the salting is going on. It takes a longer time for a thick than a thin flitch; it takes longer in dry than in damp weather; it takes longer in a dry than a damp place. But, for flitches of a hog of twelve score, in weather not very dry nor very damp, about six weeks may do; and as yours is to be fat, which receives little injury from over-salting, give time enough, for you are to have bacon till Christmas comes again. The place for salting should be cool, and where there is a free circulation of air. Confined air, though cool, will taint meat sooner than the mid-day sun accompanied by a breeze." The author then directs that the bacon should be smoked, and not dried, that the flitches should be hung up in a chimney where no rain could fall upon them, and not so near the fire as to melt; that the smoke should proceed from wood fires, not coal. If there be a fire constantly by day, a month would be long enough for the flitches to remain in the chimney; but if not, rather more time must be given, taking care not to leave them long enough to get rusty; that the flitches should be dried to the hardness of a board, but yet not quite dry; that before the bacon is hung up in the chimney it should be laid on the floor, powdered over pretty thickly with bran, that this should be rubbed on the flesh and patted

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well down upon it. The lard must be taken care of and put away in bladders, mixing a little salt with it will make it keep good for a longer time. Never regard a little additional trouble, for "there are no gains without pains."—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The Gatherer.

A Royal Way to Heaven.—The death-bed of Philip, husband to her who earned the name of "bloody Mary," presents a curious endeavour to get to Heaven at the expense of another. The following protestation was sent to his confessor a few days before he died: "Father Confessor, as you occupy the place of God, I protest to you that I will do everything you shall say to be necessary for my being saved; so that what I omit to do *will be placed to your account*, as I am ready to acquit myself of all that shall be ordered me."

One of Sheridan's Manœuvres.—The author of 'The School for Scandal' was not over nice about the expedients he employed when he was out of cash, which not unfrequently happened to be the case. The trick he played Chalier, the wine merchant, was clever in its way. He had a party to dine with him, and knew the tradesman would not let him have a supply of wine on credit. In this situation he seems to have taken a hint from Scout, in the 'Village Lawyer.' He sent for Chalier on the day of the dinner, and told him, that luckily he was just in cash, and had desired to settle his account. Chalier was much pleased, and said he would return home and bring it with him. He was about to leave the room, when, as if upon a sudden recollection, Sheridan said, "Oh! Chalier, by-the-bye, you must stop and dine with me to-day; I have a party to whom I will introduce you,—some leading members of both Houses." Chalier, who was fond of great company, and also hoped to meet with a recommendation, was obliged to Sheridan for the offer, and promised to be with him at the hour of dinner. Upon his return home, he informed the clerk of his cellars that he was going to dine with Mr Sheridan, and probably should not be home till it was late. Sheridan had fixed the hour of six to Chalier, but desired him to come before that time, as he had much to say to him in private. At about five, Chalier came; and was no sooner in the house, than Sheridan sent a servant with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr Chalier was favouring him with his company, to send as soon as possible three dozen of Burgundy, two dozen of claret, and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock. The clerk, knowing that his master was really at Sheridan's, and thinking that the order came with his concurrence, obeyed it. After dinner, every body praised the fine qualities of Sheridan's wines, and all were desirous of knowing who was his wine merchant. Sheridan, turning towards Chalier, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted, and am always proud to recommend him." It was not till the next morning that Chalier discovered the trick.

The Princess and the Poet.—Who is not charmed with the anecdote of Margaret of Scotland and Alain the Poet? The person of Alain was repulsive, but his poetry had attracted the regard of Margaret of Scotland. Passing through one of the halls of the palace, she saw him sleeping on a bench; she approached and kissed him. Some of her attendants could not conceal their astonishment that she should press with her lips those of a man so frightfully ugly. The amiable princess answered smiling, "I did not kiss the man, but the mouth which has uttered so many fine things."

Costly Firing.—George Heriot (the Jingling Geordie of the 'Fortunes of Nigel') on one occasion when visiting King James at Holyrood, found the king sitting beside a fire, which being composed of perfumed wood, cast an agreeable smell throughout the room: on George Heriot remarking its pleasantness, the king said it was quite as costly as it was fine. Heriot said, if his majesty would pay him a visit at his shop, he would show him a more costly fire. "Indeed," said the king, "and I will." He paid the goldsmith a visit, and was surprised to find only an ordinary fire. "Is this your fine fire?" asked he. "Wait, said George, "till I get my fuel." So saying, he took from his bureau a bond for two thousand pounds, which he had lent to the king, and laying it on the fire, added, "Now, whether is your majesty's fire or mine most expensive?" "Your's, most certainly," said the pleased monarch.—*Chambers*

Presence of Mind.—Lord Berkeley, travelling in his carriage at night, and having fallen asleep, was roused by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol, demanded his money, and said he had heard his lordship had boasted that he would never be robbed by a single highwayman, and now was the time to keep his word. Lord Berkeley, putting his hand into his pocket, told the man, that he certainly should not have suffered it at this time, if it had not been for the fellow behind, who was just now looking over his shoulder. The robber instantly turned round, almost involuntarily, to see who was there, when the nobleman, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket, instead of a purse, shot him upon the spot.

— "If you translate always," says the the author of the 'Persian Letters,' "you never will be translated.'

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VOLTAIRE'S COMPLIMENT TO THE ENGLISH.

Wretched and base, who sinning without joy,
In hateful errors all your time employ!
Though damned you must be, why not somewhat nice—
Why not be damned for amiable vice?

How to preserve Health.—In the hot climates of Asia, people of rank are rubbed and chafed twice a day; which, besides being pleasant, is necessary for health, by moving the blood, where sloth and indolence prevail. The Greeks and Romans were bathed and oiled daily; with them it was a luxury, though not with the Asiatics. Celsus attached great importance to the systematic use of unguents. It would not be a bad speculation for an anointing physician now to start in London.

A Highland Lady's Vengeance.—William Macintosh, the leader, if not the chief, of an ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt the Castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family; and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntley, that he was at length compelled to surrender at discretion. He came to the Castle of Strathbogie, choosing his time when the Earl was absent, and gave himself up to the Countess. She informed him that Huntley had sworn never to forgive the offence he had committed until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chieftain kneeled down, and laid his head upon the kitchen dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the Baron's feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation than the cook, who stood behind him with his cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable Countess, severed Macintosh's head from his body at a stroke.—*Quarterly.*

The First Hackney Coaches.—In 'A Pleasant Dialogue between Coach and Sedan,' 4to. 1636, it is said, that "the first coach that was seen in England was that presented to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Arundel, in which she went from Somerset House to St Paule's Cross to hear a sermon on the victory obtained against the Spaniards in 1588." "I wonder in my heart," says the writer, who was born in 1578, "why our nobilitie cannot in faire weather walke the streets as they were wont; as I have seene the Earles of Shrewsbury, Darbie, Sussex, Cumberland, Essex, &c.—besides those inimitable presidents of courage and valour, Sir Francis Drake, Sir P. Sydney, Sir Martin Forbisher, &c., with a number of others—when a coach was almost as rare as an elephant." Even when the above-mentioned order was made there were no hackney coaches. These, as appears from another letter in the same collection, were established a few months afterwards. "I cannot," says Mr Garrard, "omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Baily; he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackneymen seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate; so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water side. Everybody is much pleased with it; for whereas, before, coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper." This letter is dated April 1, 1634.—*Strafford's Letters*, vol. i, p. 227.

A Word on the Liturgy.—Some people complain of the tediousness of repeating the same form of prayers Sunday after Sunday, and wish even to abolish the use of our liturgy. Is it nothing for the wanderer in far-off lands to know, when the holy day arises, that his kindred and friends, wherever they may be,—some tossing on the rough ocean, others quietly assembling in the haunts of his childhood,—shall on that morning breathe forth the same praises and thanksgivings as himself? Will it nothing tend to keep the heart of the exile free from the vanity, the frivolity, or, perchance, from the idolatry, with which he is surrounded, to picture to himself, when the Sabbath sun streams in at his casement, the far-off nook in green England wherein the grey-headed old father, and the gentle mother who bore him, and the innocent fair-haired sisters have met together to pray for the well-being of the absent one?—*Evenings Abroad.*

Extraordinary Performance.—Half a century ago a gentleman in Tottenham-court road used to entertain his friends with a singular concert. "I went," says a writer of that period, "a few days ago, with a friend to Mr W.'s house, and found him at home, practising some imitations on the violin for his own amusement. As he is a gentleman of independent fortune, and an author, he received us very politely; and, on our expressing a wish to hear his performances, entertained us with several imitations. In the first place, he gave us a specimen of cathedral music, imitating a chamber organ, and singing in several voices part of the 'Jubilate Deo.' After this, he played the beginning of Handel's 'Te Deum,' and accompanied it with imitations, with his voice, of the kettle-drum, trumpet, and French horn, singing between

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whiles in treble, tenor, and bass voices, 'We praise thee, O God, &c.' Afterwards, he gave us an imitation of a solo air in a treble voice, accompanied with the organ, ending with a chorus. He then sung 'The trumpet shall sound,' out of the oratorio of the 'Messiah;' and imitated the trumpet and kettle-drum; and finished his surprising performance with Handel's grand 'Coronation Anthem,' in full chorus, with all proper accompaniments. The whole was truly wonderful, pleasing, and melodious."

Literary Sufferers.—Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted food; Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in a hospital at Lisbon. The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown for a week's subsistence. He alludes to his distress when entreating his cat to assist him during the night with the lustre of her eyes, having no candle to write by.

Sterne and Garrick.—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was talking to Garrick, in an exubérance of sentimentality, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

A Hit.—The 'Philadelphia Forum' administers a dose of "hive syrup" to the 'Boston Bee' in the following manner:—

How does the little 'Boston Bee'
Improve the shining hours;
And gather honey every day
From paragraphs of ours!

A Poet and his Poems.—Poets change their opinions of their own productions wonderfully at different periods of life. Baron Haller was in his youth warmly attached to poetic composition. His house was on fire, and to rescue his poems, he rushed through the flames. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hand. Ten years afterwards, he condemned to the flames those very poems which he had ventured his life to preserve.

Marshal Saxe.—This General in his youth was much attached to the celebrated Le Couvreur, who contributed to inspire his genius for war, and who greatly aided his talents by instructing his mind in every kind of literature. It was Omphale who adorned Hercules. When he was made Duke of Courland, and obliged to engage in a war against Poland and Russia, Mdlle le Couvreur pledged her jewels for him, for the sum of forty thousand francs.

Ingenious Jonathans.—A nervous old Yankee, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two rival blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighbourhood they intended to remove to.

"Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to MY shop, and I move to HIS."

Origin of the Solfeggio.—The seven musical signs, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Sa, invented by the Benedictine monk, Guido Aretino, are the syllables of some words contained in the strophe of a Latin hymn composed in honour of St John the Baptist, which runs thus—

Ut queant laxis, Resonare fibris,
Mira gistorum, Famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti. Labii reatum.
Sancte Joannes.

—The committee formed at Munich, in aid of the funds for the completion of the cathedral of Cologne, have collected the sum of 28,495 florins for the present year. It has been arranged that the Bavarian contributions shall be applied to the completion of the northern transept, and the north side of the nave. The King of Prussia devotes 50,000 thalers per annum to the southern side, and 10,000 to the chief entrance. The temporary roof has already been removed, and gigantic scaffoldings, both inside and outside the cathedral, show that the work has commenced in earnest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Supplement which accompanies the present number, contains title and index, &c., the four remaining pages belong to the first number of the next volume.

X. Y.—Amalgam for Electrical purposes:—

Recipe—Mercury	- -	5 *parts.*
Zinc	- - -	2 ,,
Tin	- - -	1 ,,

Mix in an iron mortar.

M. Jackson.—We advise him to place himself under some chemist. There is a good school at the Polytechnic Institution.

W. W.—Toothpowder.—We give Chevalier Ruspini's. It is as follows:—

Recipe.—Powdered Bark	-	2 *parts.*
,, *Boll*	-	3½ ,,
Burnt Alum	-	1 ,,
Myrrh	- -	1½ ,,

Mix.

S.—Autographic Ink, for Lithography:—

Recipe.—Soap	- -	25 *parts.*
Mutton Suet	-	7 ,,
Wax	- -	25 ,,
Lamp Black	-	6 ,,
Shell Lac	- -	11 ,,
Mastic	- -	10 ,,

Mix, with heat.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 2.] SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

SINGAPORE.

The commerce of all the islands of the East Indian Archipelago now centres in Singapore, which was established at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Malacca, at the eastern opening of the straits of that name, in the year 1819, by Sir Stamford Raffles. Its position was so well chosen that it instantly became the great emporium of trade. But its importance is not limited to facilities of an ordinary character afforded to the trader. It has been found most convenient as a station to watch the motions of certain piratical savages in that vicinity, who were accustomed in their junks to assail the unprepared merchant with great barbarity. In several instances just vengeance has overtaken these bandits almost in the moment when they were exulting in their first success. The seas once so dangerous have, in consequence, been rendered comparatively safe.

The population of Singapore amounted, in 1824, to 10,683. Three years afterwards it was found to have reached 13,732; and on the first of January, 1830, to 16,634; being an advance in numbers, in the first six years, of more than 50 per cent.

It is a mixed population, consisting of Chinese, Malays, Bugis, natives of India, and a few Europeans, who are for the most part heads of mercantile houses. About 5,000 Chinese arrive there annually in their junks, of whom 1,000 commonly remain, and the others disperse among the neighbouring settlements. The articles dealt in are those of China, the Oriental islands, and the Indo-Chinese countries, with British cottons and the manufactures of England.

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THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

LETTER I.

My dear Uncle,—I have again set out on my travels, and know not when or where I shall halt. My life will not assume any permanent shape, and it perversely refuses to wend itself in the only direction I desire.

I know your objection to all exaggeration, to that which you term eccentric and unnatural; but if you investigate life and its motives, what is truth, with its every-day accompaniments? Is it worth the trouble of existing for?

I opine eating, drinking, and sleeping are not the bases of our life, but an invisible power, a mysterious striving, which, if I attempted to express it in words, would appear an absurdity.

Yes, my best, my dearest friend, I have again left my family, to roam about the world without any object.

Without object? Oh no! The most rational object, only that it is unhappily proceeded with in a somewhat childish, crazy manner; otherwise praiseworthy and sufficiently serious.

You know I am to marry because I am blessed with the favours of fortune. Well, I consent to it; only, the girl must be she whom my whole soul loves, and at this moment she is nowhere to be found.

Three months ago I disputed warmly with my friend Frederick Schuld; the dispute rose so high that it nearly separated us, for he despised a whole world, to me so inexpressibly dear. In a word, he abused the moon, and would not allow her enchanting splendour to be either beautiful or elevating. He quarrelled with everything sentimental in regard to the moon, as described by the poets, and he was almost ready coarsely to affirm, that if there were a hell, it was certainly situated in the moon. He asserted as his belief, that the entire body of the moon consisted of extinct volcanoes; water was not to be found there, and scarcely so much as a plant; and the pale, unpleasant reflection of a borrowed light brought us sickness, idiocy, spoilt fruits and flowers, and whosoever chanced to be mad would undoubtedly become raving at the full of the moon.

We no longer live in the year 1780 or 1775, in which years there was so much talk of moonshine; but even now, in 1827, I cannot endure that such abuse and calumny should be vented on my beloved Cynthia or Luna. What is to me that which the astronomers have discovered, or may still discover, in the moon? Have not even the cold, certainly unsentimental Dutch pictured the effect of moonlight in their heavenly paintings? That sweet, peculiar illumination, how does it not vary with the season or the weather; how is it changed by the clouds, on the plain and on the mountains, on the stream or on the sea, in the damp, cold autumn, or the luxurious summer-night!

In my earlier wanderings I met with a wealthy Englishman, who only travelled to look at waterfalls and battle-fields. Strangely enough, although I have not wholly travelled to view the moonshine, still from my earliest youth I have always observed the effect of her light, have never missed a full moon in any neighbourhood, and fancy, that if not quite an Endymion, I am still a favourite of the moon. When she reappears, and the disc gradually increases, in gazing on her I find it impossible to repress a sort of longing which seems to attach me to her.

It was even so but lately. It was the first warm day of spring. A pleasing odour arose from the blossoms and budding leaves of the trees; the bushes were not yet green. As the full moon appeared on the mountain, I was lounging on my favourite walk by the brook, and regarding her with longing eyes; the ruins lay above in the clear light as I heard female voices in advance of me. They were two noble figures, strangers, and unacquainted with the road. I conducted them to their hotel, where an uncle awaited them.

On the way we had already said much. The taller of the two appeared to entertain the same opinions over most matters as myself. As we entered the room the beauty of Emily, for so this sister was called, almost frightened me. One may be frightened at the majesty, the perfection of beauty; indeed, one should be so, it is the most appropriate homage.

They congratulated themselves on having made my acquaintance, and insisted on my remaining to supper, after which, the night being so attractive, we again took a short walk. She accepted my arm, and I was happy; she appeared not less so, and returned the pressure of my hand. O, how radiant was her beautiful pale countenance in the moonlight! How glowing were her exquisitely formed lips!

I learnt that they were returning from Hamburg, whither they had travelled on account of an inheritance, to their residence by the Lake of Constance. They intended, however, to journey over Germany and Switzerland, to visit Strasburg and the Rhine. The following day was destined for a resumption of our walks and conversation; I had also spoken of myself, of my position and independence, as far as was fitting, and the elder sister already began to tease my Emily—Mine! Astounding.

She loved Goethe as exclusively as my-

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self. Exclusively! How can it be otherwise when he is understood? What are others in comparison with him?

I can scarcely comprehend how we could have talked so much, so circumstantially, with each other in so short a time. Chiefly of poetry,—the angelic creature speaks naught but poetry. She is poetry itself, for she is thoroughly natural.

In short, we understood each other. I felt it inwardly. They are in good circumstances, but not rich; this I learnt casually. The uncle is indulging them with this journey; they will not hurry homewards, but intend wandering about for some time. I hinted that I should like to accompany them; they laughed; but neither refused nor accepted my offer. On the following day we were to talk of that and several other things.

I lent her Goethe's poems, which she took with her to her apartment; uncle, it was the beautiful copy in which you have written my name. You presented me with the whole edition on my birth-day, as you well remember.

I slept but little; Emily always stood before me; and her full, clear voice rang enchantingly in my ear.

At length, exhausted, I slept, and was startled on awaking to find it broad daylight. Everything was still, the household was not yet in motion.

I waited impatiently, expecting the door to open every moment. At length the sleepy waiter brought me a note, written by her—they had departed quite early. The man knew not whither, whether towards Dresden, Freiberg, or Berlin:—

"Unhappily unexpected news compels us to break our promise. We depart before sunrise. Should you still carry out your plan, forget not your friends on the Lake of Constance. We shall be there in autumn."

I kissed the note and could have wept. They had told me their name, with the name of their property in Switzerland; but I had forgotten both, indeed, had scarcely heeded them, believing that I should see and converse with them the whole day.

Thus have I lost the greatest happiness I ever experienced. The full moon was to blame for it, I should have been more rational, more prosaical. But had I been so, neither Emily, nor this moment of my life, had been of such importance to me.

The scene where all this took place was at Tharaud, near Dresden. I remained, I wandered in her footsteps. I saw her room. She had taken the volume of Goethe with her. Was it intentional, or absence of mind?

(To be continued next week.)

A CANDIDATE FOR THE SCAFFOLD.

Ambition has, at various periods, taken many strange shapes, but we can recal none more extraordinary than that which appears to have been exhibited by a Mr John Painter, said to be of St John's College, Oxford, in 1747, when Lord Lovat was under sentence of death. Three very remarkable letters were published by him, price one guinea! and said to be in favour of Lord Lovat. One of them was addressed to the King, another to the Earl of Chesterfield, and a third to the Hon. Henry Pelham, Esq. These purported to be written with a view of inducing the government to allow the condemned peer to die by proxy, and Mr Painter offered to suffer for him. The letter to his Majesty concluded in the following words, from which it will be seen that it was not admiration of the doomed rebel that induced the writer to offer himself as a substitute:—

"In a word, bid Lovat live: punish the vile traytor with life, but let me die; let me bow down my head to the block, and receive without fear that friendly blow, which, I verily believe, will only separate the soul from its body and miseries together.'"

In his letter to Lord Chesterfield he said—

"The honour I have to ask of his Majesty and your lordship, being a contradiction to no man's peferment, may be enjoyed, I believe, without a rival, and is no more than this: to wit, that Lovat and his family may be freely pardoned the high crime of rebellion, of which his lordship stands at length convicted, and for which the traitor is most justly sentenced to die; and that my head may be struck off, as a full satisfaction for his lordship's guilt. This, I will be bold to say, I will not disgrace your patronage by a want of intrepidity in the hour of death, and that all the devils in Milton, with all the ghastly ghosts of Scotsmen that fell at Culloden, if they could be conjured there, should never move me to say, coming upon the scaffold, 'Sir, this is terrible.'"

To Mr Pelham he wrote as follows:—

"Sir,—Believing you to be one of the most generous of men alive, and ever ready to do acts of the tenderest greatness, as you are truly great: I am, therefore, encouraged to apply to you to do me a small service, because the post I want is not of the same nature with other court preferments, for which there is generally a multitude of competitors, but may be enjoyed without a rival. Will you then refuse to make me truly happy? Is it such a mighty favour to give me what you cannot give to any other man? For no other man in the nation will, I believe, accept it from your hands. Do then be persuaded; let me persuade you, sir, to intercede with the King in my behalf, that Lovat may be pardoned, and that I may have the honour of being beheaded on the scaffold in his lord-

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ship's stead: my pretensions to ask this favour you may see in my letter to the King.

I am, with my hat under my arm, and a very low bow, Sir,

"Your most devoted, most obedient,
"And most humble servant,
"JOHN PAINTER."

The above letters being shown to Lord Lovat in the Tower, two days before his execution, his lordship expressed his surprise, and said—"This is an extraordinary man indeed! I should be glad to know what countryman he is, and whether the thing is fact. Perhaps it may be only a finesse in politics, to cast an odium on some particular place or person. But if there be such a person, he is a miracle in the present age, and will be in the future, for he even exceeds that text of scripture which says, 'Greater love than this hath no man, than that a man lay down his life for his friend.' However, this man offers to suffer for a stranger, nay, for one that he stigmatises with the name of a vile traitor. In short, Sir, I'm afraid the poor gentleman is weary of living in this wicked world, and, if that be the case, the obligation is altered, because a part of the benefit is intended for himself."

Shrewd as Lord Lovat was, he might have imagined another motive. Mr Painter, unless he was a fool, must have known that his head was in no danger of being taken off, but the proposal he made he perhaps thought would cause some of his letters to be *taken off*, which would perhaps have answered his purpose as well, as he charged a good price for them. A guinea for three letters, though cheap literature was not then in fashion, would have paid well if they had a tolerable sale.

ANIMAL STRUCTURE AS REGARDS LIFE AND DEATH.

THAT "passing wonderful" theme, which naturally occupies much of the thoughts of every reflecting being,—the question of what is life, and what are the essential conditions on which its continuance must depend, has been most ably treated by Mr Turner, of Manchester. He has explained, with great clearness, the formation of "this goodly frame." He showed that the supposition that everything in connexion with a living animal must be endowed with vitality, is a fallacy. There were in connexion with living creatures, structures not endowed with life.

Various parts of the body are formed of what are called tissues, or textures, endowed with properties, some of them physical, some vital, and essential, in their respective position, to the well-being of the animal economy. It might be thought that everything in connexion with a living animal was endowed with vitality; and, however reasonable this supposition might *à priori* appear, it was not the truth—there were, in connexion with living creatures, structures not endowed with life. The source of all the fluids and solids of the body was one—namely, the blood; every living thing, whether vegetable or animal, must have entering into its composition a certain amount of fluid and solid matter. The proportions varied, the lowest link almost in the scale of animalization was the medusa or jelly fish; into the composition of this animal, fluids and solids entered; but how great their disproportion! A medusa, weighing 20 lb. if the fluid were allowed to escape from it, would be reduced to a solid mass, weighing a few grains. Some fluids in the body were dead; and some were endowed with vitality, but this in a very low degree, save and except the blood. The vitality in the solids varied most materially; and this variation determined the character of the function which the part was destined to perform in connexion with animal life. There were inorganised or dead textures in connexion with animals. Horn, the nails that grow on the fingers and toes are dead; they are mere excrescences, but they are the products of living textures. With respect to the antler of the deer, it was endowed with a very vigorous vitality for a time; no texture grew so rapidly as the antler of the deer; but its life was limited to a very short duration. It commenced its growth, acquired the acmé, declined, died, and fell from the animal within a period of twelve months. The feathers of birds were similar in their nature; they were deciduous; they were cast off annually. There were textures that were endowed with life, and continued to live: the first was the cellular: this was analagous to the tissues in plants called cellular, the modifications of which gave rise to the variety of textures which were met with in plants. The next was the muscular tissue, commonly known by the name of flesh; and the third was the nervous.

There were certain organs of the human body which were composed entirely of the modifications of cellular tissue; but in animals, in order to endow tissues with vitality, and to enable them to perform their functions, they must have a supply of nerves; whence, then, the distinction between those textures as occurring in plants, and those occurring in animals. And what did this do in reference to functions? Every texture in an animal body was endowed with common irritability; a principle inseparable from life, but in animals it was always associated with a degree of sensibility: in plants, however, this kind of irritability was unassociated with sensibility; for plants had no nerves. Cellular tissue was met with

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in all the organs of the body; as a universally pervading texture; there was no part without more or less of it. If a wound were made in the skin, by means of a blowpipe the entire body, or the cellular tissue, might be inflated, by means of that artificial aperture. Bone is cellular tissue, in combination with earthy matter, and cartilage is a modification of the same tissue; all the membraneous textures were compressed cellular tissue; and all the secreting and non-secreting organs of the body were composed of an analogous structure. But, in reference to muscular fibre, it was found associated with certain organs only, which were endowed, by its presence, with a new property, namely, special irritability; a property of muscular fibre only, and characterised by the possession of certain laws. To prove the presence of muscular fibre in an organ, all we have to do is to take an instrument and prick it, when it will be seen to contract under our observation. There was contraction, a power of active contractility, which no other texture of the body enjoyed. But in this experiment we apply an unnatural stimulus, with a view to the production of an effect, in order to satisfy curiosity, but nature gave, in all instances, a natural stimulus. Every organ of the body, therefore, that was endowed with special irritability was also provided with a stimulus, in order to keep up its natural action, and to enable it to perform the function which nature had assigned to it. For example, the stomach was endowed with special irritability. What was the stimulus to its action? Food. The vessels that took up the nutriment from the bowels, and conveyed it to the blood, were endowed with special irritability, and stimulated by the chyle, which was the nutritive part of the food. Then, the bowels were stimulated to action by the bile. The natural stimulus to the organs, in connexion with respiration, was atmospheric air. The stimulus to the action of the heart and vessels was the blood. They perceived here, then, that there was a stimulus applied to each irritable texture; but the amount of irritability was not always proportionate to the amount of sensibility of an organ, nor was an organ sensible in proportion to its amount of irritability, as each depended on a separate principle. Take the heart. This organ was considered the most irritable part of the living body,—the most active in its power of contraction;—an organ gifted with a property which was continued incessantly from the visible commencement of life to the termination of it, alternately contracting and dilating, receiving and transmitting the vital fluid. It was said to be the first part of the body to live, and it was supposed to be the last to die, which is untrue; for the capillary vessels, or the vessels which were circulating the most delicate or subtle part of the blood to the minutest extremities of the system, continued their action subsequently to the death of the heart. The heart was not so sensible an organ as supposed to be, endowed as it was with excessive irritability. The celebrated Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, had an opportunity of putting this question to the test. A young nobleman, of the name of Montgomery, met with an accident by which there were torn and subsequently came away, considerable portions of the ribs and parts covering the left side of the chest. The individual miraculously recovered, but with a permanent opening in the thorax, exposing the left lung and the heart. On the case being made known to Charles the First, he requested that Harvey might have an opportunity of examining this extraordinary case. Harvey called upon the young nobleman, and stated what his Majesty's pleasure was; and the young nobleman, immediately consenting, took off his clothes, and exposed a large opening into which Harvey could introduce his hand. After expressing his surprise at the effort which nature had made at reparation, and that life could be sustained with all this exposure of the contents of the chest, Harvey took the heart in his hand, and put his finger on the pulse to ascertain whether it was really true that he had that most important organ within his grasp and sphere of observation; and, finding the pulsations of the heart and the wrist were synchronous, he was convinced that it was the heart. Harvey was so delighted at this opportunity of witnessing so interesting a fact, that he took the young nobleman to his Majesty, in order that he, too, might be satisfied that it was the heart. Wonderful as it may appear, in touching it there was no sensibility, there was no pain; the heart might have been squeezed in the hand; and, but from the circumstance of touching the young nobleman's clothes or his skin, he was not conscious that there was any pressure upon it. This proved that the heart was not so highly sensitive. This case would not induce the supposition that this organ could be roughly treated, for it is an organ full of sympathy. So far as its exterior is concerned, it was not endowed with a high degree of sensibility, and that for the wisest purposes; but its interior enjoyed it in a most exquisite degree. The internal surface of the heart immediately sympathised with any disturbed condition of the system. If the head or stomach were affected, the heart could very easily be brought into intimate sympathy with it; therefore it was a highly sympathetic organ. In re-

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ference to the laws relating to special irritability, there were others which must be understood. For example: each organ was supplied with a stimulus, which was necessary for the maintenance of its health and of its functions. It must be likewise understood, that each organ that was irritable also possessed a certain amount of irritability. Thus, one muscle or muscular organ has a greater share of irritability than another. The blood vessels of a larger size were endowed with very little irritability, comparatively speaking; but those that were capillary, or a hair's breadth in size, were endowed with most exquisite irritability. Another law is this, that every contraction is at the expense of a portion of the irritable principle. Whence, every contraction must be followed by repose. The heart went on contracting, dilating, contracting, dilating; but all the parts of the heart were not in a state of contraction and dilation at the same time. The two parts called the auricles dilated and contracted simultaneously; and the two larger cavities called the ventricles dilated and contracted at the same time; so that, when the blood entered, the heart contracted, and drove it onwards; and thus, therefore, there was a succession of dilations and contractions, with a view to carry the blood from the heart towards the extremities. This fact may be illustrated in connexion with voluntary muscles, thus—How long could a person keep his arm extended? Not a very long time; circumstance would determine the time; it was so long as his muscles of extension retained their irritability; but, as soon as ever the muscles lost their stock of irritability, the effort became exceedingly painful, and at length abortive. Here there was an expenditure of irritability, which, in certain cases, would bring about the dissolution of the body. But suppose the opposite extreme. Suppose they did not exercise the muscles at all, or allowed them to remain in repose for too long a period. For instance, in reference to the stomach; to allow too great a distance of time between meals. What was the result? An accumulation of irritability in this organ, and a state of matters which, by the application of a certain stimulus, might cause a rapid expenditure of the irritable principle, bring about disease, and perhaps death. How death? Persons had been shut up in coal mines, and individuals who had been taken out of the canals, or had been frozen to death or nearly so; animation in these cases becoming suspended. Take the individual, then, who had been shut up in a coal mine for three, four, or five days; bring him into a room, rouse him with stimulants, feed him with roast beef and plum pudding, allow him to eat till he was satisfied, and what would be the result? Death. If, on the contrary, they gave him, on being released from his incarceration, a little meal or sago gruel of moderate temperature, and then went on gradually supplying him with more generous nutriment, they would save his life. And why was this? Because there had been an inordinate accumulation of irritability in the stomach, which was exhausted *in toto* by the vigorous effort of digestion, and the result was death.

In the same way precisely the law would apply to a person who was frost-bitten. If they were to expose his toes to the fire, the result would be mortification. If, on the contrary, they were to rub them with snow, mortification would probably not take place, and the individual would be restored.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR MURRAY.

Many gratifying instances of the liberality of the late Mr Murray have transpired since his decease. Often, after having made an agreement, he went beyond it. Thus we learn that to Campbell he gave 1,000*l.* for his 'Specimens of the Poets;' the price he had engaged to pay being no more than 500*l.*

To Allan Cunningham he acted most generously on the occasion of his writing the 'Lives of the British Artists.' He paid 50*l.* per volume over the sum engaged for, and gave this handsome resolve a retrospective operation.

The following letter will be read with pleasure. It proves that he behaved very nobly by Sir Walter Scott.

"*To Sir Walter Scott.*

"Albemarle street, June 8, 1829.

"My dear Sir,—Mr Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of 'Marmion.' I have already been applied to, by Messrs Constable and by Messrs Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honour of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

"But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful for me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

"This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favour to con-

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sider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"JOHN MURRAY."

Mr Murray, by judicious liberality, secured many a valuable copyright, which more sordid, misjudging publishers allowed to go by. He made one memorable mistake in declining the 'Rejected Addresses' of the Smiths. "I could have had the 'Rejected Addresses' for 10*l.*," said he, "but I let them go by as the kite of the moment. See the result! I was determined to pay for my neglect, and I bought the *remainder* of the copyright for 150 gnineas."

It ought to be known that Mr Murray originally suggested the 'Quarterly Review:' he nobly sustained it.

He brought out a new morning paper, called the "Representative.' It was boldly conceived, and intended to be carried on with princely magnificence. It failed to gain public support in time to save it from sinking. Mr Murray sustained a heavy loss by this speculation.

'Mrs Markham's History of England,' published by him, was originally brought out by Constable, and failed. Mr Murray perceived it had great merit, and gave it the title just quoted: it is now a standard and highly profitable work.

Mr Murray was intimate with many distinguished literary characters. His correspondence with Lord Byron (*some of it that we have seen*) was very curious. He had the honour of being playfully commemorated by the noble Lord in the following stanzas:—

"Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,
The 'Art of Cookery' and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist,
And then thou hast the 'Navy List,'
My Murray."

Often noticed with favour by the votaries of the Muses, he did not always escape ill will. In an imitation of Horace now before us, written by a learned gentleman formerly a member of a Tory government, we find the following compliments lavished on him:—

——"Byron's deep and touching pow'r
Still shakes our nerves and sells the 'Giaour,'
And so puffs up the windy brain
Of M——rr——y, vainest of the vain;
Murray, Scotland's only dance,
Whom in a frantic humour once,
Fortune (his friend by sympathy,
For Fortune squints as well as he,)
Exalted from his native dirt
To publish for the great, and wear a shirt,
* * * * *
Reptile whom evil fates have placed
In the fair paradise of taste,
To blight the tree of knowledge in its bloom,
Bruise young Ambition's heel and sting her to the tomb!"

In being thus assailed Mr Murray only experienced the common fate of a publisher. As much is said against many who have little or nothing *per contra* to show. The 'Athenæum' says—"For seventy-eight years *two* John Murrays have been connected, in an eminent degree, with all that is useful and elegant in literature; we have now a *third* John Murray, to whom we wish all the success he so well merits."

COMFORT FOR INVALIDS.

SOME curious facts have been established, by inquiries made in connexion with the conditions on which life assurances can be safely affected, by Mr Neison, the actuary of the Medical Invalid and General Assurance Society. He shows that though life is generally of greater value, or more likely to be prolonged in the country than in cities, that in the diseased life, the varieties of town and country are of little importance. The wounded life will endure in town as long as in the country, but life which is established in the country is less exposed to a fatal wound. He says:—"As an example of this—the expectation at the age of 30 in the country districts is 36·7 years; in cities (viz. Glasgow), 27·6 years—difference 33 per cent. nearly; but take the case of persons of that age in whom the consumptive tendency is developed, and who will ultimately die of consumption, and their expectation of life in the counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, will be found to be 14·5, in cities (Glasgow), 14·4, and in the metropolis, Manchester, Birmingham, 13·9; difference ·017 per cent. (or 1-57 per cent.) It therefore appears that while the difference between country and town life in the former case is about 33 per cent., that in the latter instance (consumption) the difference is almost nothing, and the results nearly uniform. The same thing holds good with some other diseases which have been investigated in this manner.

"It hence appears that the fluctuation in the mortality of diseased lives is much less than among select lives and the population generally, and therefore the risk of assuring diseased lives must also be less."

This is a discovery most interesting to humanity. It opens a door by which persons in declining health, compelled by circumstances to reside in crowded cities, who were formerly denied all participation in the important advantages offered by life assurances, may be admitted to make, by a small sacrifice, some provision for those who must otherwise be left destitute. The comfort hence afforded to the sinking heart, so intimate is the connexion between mind and body, will in many cases arrest the course of disease, and give the patient a longer career than if left to the unmitigated gloom which formerly hung over him.

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, or, on a chief sable, three escalops of the field—Graham; second and third, argent, three roses gu.—Montrose.
Crest. An eagle preying on a stork, all proper.
Supporters. Two storks, close, proper.
Motto. "*Ne oubliez.*" "Forget not."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MONTROSE. The family of Montrose is traced back to the restoration of the monarchy by Fergus II. It derives its origin from the renowned Graeme, who governed Scotland during the minority of Eugene II, Fergus's grandson, whose reign commenced at so remote a period as the early part of the fifth century. No family in Scotland boasts higher antiquity.

Sir David Graham, Knight, Lord of Montrose, held lands in the county of Forfar, obtained in exchange for the estate of Cardross, from Robert I. This Sir David, a patriot distinguished for his valour, was one of the Scottish barons who negotiated for the release of David II, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Durham in 1346. His son,

Sir Patrick Graham, Lord of Dundoff and Kincardine, Knight Banneret, was one of the hostages given on the occasion of the king being liberated. He was succeeded by his son,

Sir William Graham, of Kincardine, one of the Lords of the Regency during the minority of James II. He became a Lord of Parliament, under the title of Lord Graham, in or about 1445.

William, the second Lord Graham, succeeded him in 1465.

William, the third Lord Graham, the eldest son of the former, became the wearer of the title in 1472. He was raised to the dignity of Earl of Montrose, March 3, 1504-5, in consideration of the gallantry he had displayed at the battle of Sauchyburn, wherein James III lost his life. His Lordship fell, with James IV, on Flodden field, February 7, 1513.

William, his only son, succeeded the last Earl, who, on his decease, May 24, 1571, was succeeded by his grandson John, the third Earl, posthumous son of Robert, Lord Graham, who was slain at the battle of Pinkey, Sept. 10, 1547. He was appointed Chancellor in 1598, and held the seals till 1604, when it was required that the Chancellor should be a lawyer. He died in 1608, and was succeeded by his eldest son John, fourth Earl. He was appointed President to the Court in Scotland in 1626. In the same year he was succeeded by his only son,

James, fifth Earl of Montrose. He having been on the side of the parliament, warmly espoused the cause of Charles I, and distinguished himself by many gallant actions; but being at length vanquished, when he saw the day was absolutely lost, he threw away his cloak with the star upon it, and meeting with a countryman changed clothes with him, and thus assumed a Highland habit. He wandered about three or four days without being discovered. The Laird of Assint with some of his tenants at length found him in a place where he had been almost ever since the battle, without food or drink. He had only one man with him. The laird had formerly been under his command, and he had hopes of prevailing on him to allow of his escape. In this he was disappointed. Assint, eager to gain the reward offered for his apprehension, lost no time in securing him. Montrose then begged that he might be instantly put to death, but this favour, like the former, was refused him. Taken to Edinburgh, he was soon tried, and doomed to die. On the 18th of May, 1650, being met at the gates of Edinburgh by the magistrates, who had formerly presented to him on their knees the keys of the city, he was treated with every indignity. The hangman wore his bonnet; Montrose was compelled to sit behind him in a car, bareheaded. He read the sentence which they exhibited to him with great composure. When taken from the cart he gave the hangman money, declaring that he regarded the vehicle in which he had rode as "his triumphal chariot." So calm, so unruffled, was the mind of this brave soldier, that on the night before his execution he composed those lines on his own situation, which a short time since were inserted in the 'Mirror,' in an article entitled 'Lays of the Dying.'

Cruelty was on the alert to wound the

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unfortunate nobleman. Some of "the bigots of that iron time" declared "he was a fagot in hell, and that they could actually see that he was burning." At length an end was put to his sufferings, on the 21st of May, 1650. About two in the afternoon he was brought from the prison to the place of execution, dressed in a Scotch cloak trimmed with gold lace. Having reached the scaffold, the ministers of religion, because he was excommunicated, refused to pray for him, and reproached him for his crimes. He prayed for a quarter of an hour with his hat before his eyes; his book, declaration, and other papers, were then tied round his neck. He asked to be permitted to wear his hat and cloak, but this poor boon was harshly denied. He then, having implored mercy for his enemies, serenely passed to the top of the gibbet, which was of extraordinary height. He inquired how long he was to be suspended, and was told by the executioner three hours. He desired that he might be thrown off when he should lift up his hands. This wish was attended to, and the hangman, shedding tears while he did it, on the signal being given, thrust him from the ladder. When cut down, "without so much as any to receive his fallen corpse, his head was smitten off, his arms by the shoulders, and his legs by the knees, and put into several boxes." His head was fixed on the Tolbooth, his limbs were exhibited at Stirling, Dundee, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; but after the restoration they had all the honours of a gorgeous funeral.

His son and grandson, bearing the same name as himself, succeeded him in due course. The son of the last, also named James, fourth Marquis of Montrose, was appointed by Queen Anne, Admiral of North Britain, and advanced to the dignity of Duke, April 24, 1707. His third son, William, was the second Duke, who was succeeded by James, the present Duke, September 23, 1790.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CARTOONS.

The Cartoons submitted for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament are now open to public inspection at Westminster Hall. A shilling is charged for admission. This has, by many, seemed objectionable. It is, however, understood that the object in view is to restrain the too ardent curiosity of the public, and is only to be demanded during the first fortnight of the exhibition. The money received is to be applied to the promotion of the Fine Arts, in some way to be hereafter determined on; and in and after the third week the public view will be gratis, with the exception of a few hours on the Saturday in each week, reserved at the price of a shilling, for those who may desire more room and freedom for their examination.

The following is understood to be the names of the successful competitors for the prizes, the subjects on which they have employed their talent, and the prizes awarded to them :—

	Prizes of 300*l.*
Armitage.	Landing of Julius Cæsar.
Watts.	Caractacus at Rome.
Cope.	The First Trial by Jury.
	Prizes of 200*l.*
Horsley.	St Augustine preaching before Ethelbert and Bertha, his Christian Queen.
Bell.	Queen Margaret taking sanctuary at Westminster.
Townsend.	The Fight for the Beacon.
	Prizes of 100*l.*
Parris.	Joseph of Arimathea.
Severn.	King Edward and Queen Eleanor.
Bridges.	Alfred presenting his Code of Laws to the Witan.
Frost.	Una surprised by the Fauns and Satyrs.
Selous.	Boadicea.

THE LATE ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

This able writer and high-minded man died in Fifeshire, on the 14th ult. A peasant originally, a peasant he continued, after he had displayed talents which would have made a sordid, ambitious man look forward to fame and fortune through exertions very different from those to which he was content to owe his daily bread. His independent spirit was finely manifested when, on the publication of the life of his brother John, a subscription was made for him. The money was, with great delicacy, anonymously sent to him through his publisher. It was, however, without loss of time, not merely declined, *pro forma*, that he might be moved to accept it, but returned to the senders. His circumstances then were very humble, but this was the language he held:—

"As I am not in want, and as all those for whom I had all along been more anxious than for myself are now gone, I do think I should be doing wrong in appropriating to myself those funds which may be made to do the work of benevolence elsewhere. It is not pride which makes me decline accepting the gift so generously and delicately tendered; but, upon principle, I consider it a duty in every man, so far as Providence may enable him, to provide for his own wants; and I have always felt a sort of pleasure in the consciousness of being able to keep my wants within my means of supplying them, however limited these might be. I do not trust to litera-

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ture, moreover, but to the labours of my hands for my support; and therefore I cannot be subjected to those vicissitudes which literary men so often experience. With an ordinary share of health, the task of supplying myself with the necessaries of life will be a light one: and, if spared for a few years, I may even provide a small fund for sickness or accidents. For these reasons I would still beg you to forward the letter. * * I must say, also, that though I had not the slightest hankering after the money, yet, from an idea of the disappointment which it might occasion, it was only by a painful effort that I could bring myself to write the letter in which I declined accepting it. * * I would humbly beg to suggest that the money may be bestowed upon literary men who have no other means of earning their bread, and who, in the absence of literary rewards, might be reduced to a state bordering on starvation."

Nor was this a momentary effusion of pride that caused him so to act. He remained firm to his resolution till he reached "life's goal." The money above-mentioned was placed in a bank to his credit, in the expectation that he might change his determination; but he could not be prevailed upon to touch it, even in his last sickness. He had saved enough to pay for his funeral, and would not have that spent on him which other labourers in the service of literature might want.

SPECULATIONS ON THE NATIONAL DEBT.

It is amusing to see with what awful alarm politicians contemplated the increase of the national debt to about one eighth of its present amount! The following sage reflections on the subject are from the 'Craftsman,' Feb. 14, 1747 :—

"A minister of state, eminent for his reign of almost twenty-four hours, has said, that 'England could bear a national debt, and pay the interest, of an hundred millions, but if there should be a necessity to go beyond that sum, a sponge must wipe out all.' If there should be any such men in the ministry as would not scruple to increase the public debt annually, in pursuit of such measures only as can keep them in power, and only for the sake of improving their own fortunes, who would not rejoice to see them dragged to Dover Cliffs, and from thence plunged, as from the Tarpeian rock, as a sacrifice to the British seas, the empire of which they had long disgraced and injured?

"Consider, countrymen, that seventy millions make a near approach to an hundred; and we have seen no endeavours used to diminish the principal; and one million is this year taken from the sinking fund—a fund appropriated to the payment of the principal of the national debt: and when men are at the head of affairs who are unable to judge what to tax, and how to proportion taxes when layed, instead of a surplus they will find only deficiencies. We see a great one in the duties on spirits and on glass, which are put together, though on examination, I doubt not but the great deficiency would be found to be from glass."

Reviews.

History and Antiquities of Highgate, with Illustrations. By Frederick Prickett. Published by the Author.

This advice of an eminent nobleman to his son, was always to buy the local history of any place in which he might find himself. We consider the advice good; but at the same time we must remark, that many books of that description have been got up with so little effort, and with such an obvious anxiety to conciliate "our highly respectable townsman, Mr So-and-So," and "the beautiful and accomplished Misses Something else," that they are of little intrinsic value. Here, however, we have a volume cleverly put together, embodying much careful research. It is one that well deserves a place in every library in the neighbourhood; and many of the facts brought together have interest for the general reader. The fame which Highgate has for salubrity is not of very modern date. It shows in the opening that Highgate seems to have enjoyed a perfect exemption from the great plague of 1665. It only lost sixteen of its inhabitants, although an immense number of contagious corpses were brought from the metropolis and buried there. "The depository is a hollow near Muswell-hill road, adjoining the wood, which, with the spot itself, still retains the name of 'Churchyard Bottom,' and where, at a few feet from the surface, have been found vast quantities of human bones, intermixed with darkened strata of earth." Highgate used to be the spot selected for royal sports, for, by a proclamation of Henry VIII, it seems that it was necessary more strictly to preserve the game.

"A proclamation y^t noe p'son interrupt the king's game of partridge or pheasaunt.

"Rex majori et vicecomitibus London. Vobis mandamus, &c.

"Forasmuch as the king's most royall ma^tie is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasaunt, and heron, p'served in and about his honor, att his palace of West^m' for his owne disport and pastime; that is to saye, from his said palace of West^m' to St Gyles in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, to o^r Lady of the Oke, to Highgate, to Hornsey Parke, to Hamstead Heath, and from thence to his said palace of West^m', to be preserved and kept for his owne disport,

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pleasure, and recreac'on; his highnes therefore straightlie chargeth and commaundeth all and singular his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condic'on soev' they be, that they, ne any of them, doe p'sume or attempt to hunt or to hawke, or in any meanes to take or kill any of the said games within the precintes aforesaid, as they tender his favor, and will estehue the ymprisonment of their bodies, and further punishm't at his ma'ts will and pleasure."

"Et hoc sub p'cula incumbenti nullatenus omittat.

"Teste meipso apud Westm. vij° die Julij, anno tricesimo septimo Henrici Octavi, 1546."

We find that Cæsar's camp extended from Bagnigge Wells to the south side of the hill between Hampstead and Highgate.

Highgate and its neighbourhood were frequently resorted to by political malcontents. Sometimes, however, it was selected by the loyal as a fit place to meet and honour their king.

The following extracts, which are offered from the several authorities given, are rather curious:—

"In 1386, in the tempestuous reign of Richard II, the Duke of Glocester, the Earls of Arundel, Warwick, Derby, and Nottingham, and several other nobles, repaired to arms, for the avowed purpose of opposing Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whom the king in an excess of partiality had created the Duke of Ireland. The place in which they assembled was Harringay Parke, and their party was sufficiently strong to alarm the king, who requested a meeting at Westminster."*

Highgate was a favourite spot for the meeting of popular feuds, for we find that, among others,—

"On the 13th of November, 1387, the Duke of Glocester and his adherents secretly assembled their forces, and appeared in arms, at Harriagay Park, near Highgate, with 40,000 men, a power which Richard and his ministers were not able to resist."†

"And on St Matthew's day, 1397, Edward, Earl of Rutland, the Earls of Kent, Huntingdon, Nottingham, Somerset, and Salisbury, with the Lords Spencer and Scrope, in a suite of red gownes of silke, garded and bordered with white silke, embroidered with letters of golde, propounded the appeal by them to the King, at Nottingham, in the which they accused Thomas, Duke of Glocester, Richard, Earl of Arundell, Thomas, Earl of Warwick, and Thomas de Mortimer, knight of the premised treasons, and of an armed insurrection at Harringay Park, traiterously attempted against the king."‡

"The Lord Mayor of London and five hundred citizens met Henry V in Hornsey Park."§

"In 1487, Henry VII, on his return to London, after the defeat of Lambert Simnel and his adherents, was met at Harnesey Parke by the maior, aldermen, sherriffes, and principal commoners of the City of London, all on horsebacke and in one livery, to attend upon him when he dubbed Sir William Horne, Maior of London, knight; and betwixt Iseldon and London he dubbed Sir John Percivall, Alderman, knight."*

We again read a strange account, which, at the present enlightened times, would be ridiculed:—

"In the year 1441, Roger Bolingbroke, an astrologer, and Thomas Southwell, a canon of St Steven's, were taken up for a conspiracy against Henry VI, when it was alleged that Bolingbroke endeavoured to consume the king's person by necromantic art, and that Thomas Southwell said masses in the Lodge at Hornsey Parke over the instruments which were to be used for that purpose."

"Anno Dni 1562, Sir Roger Cholmeley, knight, lord chief baron of y. Exchequer, and after that lord chiefe jvstice of the King's Bench, did institvte and erect, at his owne charges, this pvbliqve and free grammer schoole, and procvred the same to be established and confirmed by the letters patent of Queene Elizabeth, hee endowing the same with yearelye mayntaynance,† which schoole Edwyn Sandys, lord bishop of London, enlarged, ani dni 1565, by the addition of this chappel for divine service, and by other endowments of pietie and devotion, since which the said chappel hath been enlarged by the pietie and bovnty of divers honble and worthy personages."

We shall take from this interesting book a few of its most important points, in another paper. We wish the author would publish an account of the old footpaths and pack-horse roads, which are in a shameful way being closed against the public. The subject would be found one of great interest. To trace the course of those roads by which the ancient Britons communicated, and transferred commodities such as they had then for sale or exchange, when the van, the omnibus, the coach, the cab, and even the cart were unknown, would throw additional light on 'Life in England in the Olden Time.' Besides affording amusement of a higher order, it would be likely to prove of great utility. It might preserve to us one or two of the ancient shady ways now in the course of being so ruthlessly invaded, and save the fainting pedestrian from being expelled from his beloved green lanes, to brave the ardour of the noonday sun in the dusty roads.

* Nelson's 'History of Islington.'
† Camden's 'History of England.'
‡ Stowe. § Lyson's 'Environs.'

* Stowe's 'Annals.'
† "The Records of the Rolls Chapel describe two messuages in the parish of St Martin with Ludgate, and a messuage in Crooked land, of the value of 10l. 13s. for this purpose."

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HORRORS OF WAR.

THE mournful scenes on record connected with the strife of hostile hosts, have received some interesting additions from the recent strife in China. Captain Loch gives a description of the desolation poured on one unhappy family, which it is impossible to read without emotion, and without being disposed to exclaim with the poet—

"O God, who rul'st the battle's rage,
Take from men's hearts that rage away."

Captain Loch, with others, after the fall of Chin-kiang-foo, entered a Chinese dwelling. He says—

"After we had forced our way over piles of furniture, placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewed with rich stuffs and covered with clotted blood; and upon the steps leading to the 'hall of ancestors' there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, much alike, apparently brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen, from the loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met, face to face, three women seated, a mother and two daughters; and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over, and endeavouring to conceal, a living soldier.

"I stopped, horror-struck at what I saw. I must have betrayed my feelings by my countenance, as I stood spell-bound to the spot. The expression of cold, unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears, which apparently, if anything could, relieved her. She came close to me, and seized me by the arm, and with clenched teeth and deadly frown pointed to the bodies—to her daughters—to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly-closed hands, and in a hoarse and husky voice, I could see by her gestures spoke of her misery—of her hate, and I doubt not of revenge. It was a scene that one could not bear long; consolation was useless; expostulation from me vain. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be in her unprotected state a hundred-fold increased; that if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country, where, doubtless, she would meet many of the fugitives; but the poor woman would not listen to me; the whole family were by this time in loud lamentation; so all that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape."

Science.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—R. Creed, Esq., Secretary of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, informed the council, at a late meeting, that the directors had passed a resolution by which, during the society's ensuing meeting at Derby, no increase is guaranteed on the usual fares for passengers, while on the already reduced charges for the conveyance of cattle and agricultural implements, a further reduction would on that occasion be made of one-third. Mr Colville, M.P., stated that an office for the registration of furnished houses or apartments, similar to the one established at the Bristol meeting last year, had been opened at No. 14 Market place, Derby, where Mr Moody, the Registrar, would receive and duly attend to all the wishes of parties applying to him on that subject. The Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P., gave notice that, on the 28th instant, he should propose that prizes be given for long and short Down sheep; Mr Cherry, that an alteration be made in the prizes for horses, and in the mode of their designation; and Mr E. David, that prizes be given for dairy cattle. Mr Clive also proposed that a prize should, on some future occasion, be given for the best mode of keeping farming accounts and taking stock. Mr Cherry submitted the model of his new land roller in sections, having changeable points of traction; whereby comparatively uniform pressure may be given to uneven surfaces. Mr Cherry at the same time explained the advantages of a smith's forge, of simple construction and light weight, which he had also presented on a former occasion, and which, being easily transferable from place to place, became suitable for jobbing purposes on extensive farms. Mr Colman presented a sample of sugar made from the stalks of Indian corn, or maize (*Zea Mays*). This was a fair sugar, and in the state in which it was taken from the pans after the evaporation of the juice. Mr Colman considered that this sugar would be a most valuable product wherever the Indian corn could be grown, and stated that the plant, when sugar is to be made from it, is not allowed to ripen or even to form its seed, and that the stalk only is used. The leaves or blades and the top of the stalk, commonly called the spindle, may be saved for fodder, and the stalks, after they have been pressed, will furnish food for cattle. It had been ascertained that more than 1,000 lbs. of sugar can be obtained from a single acre, and he had no

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doubt that double that amount would eventually be obtained. The sample then submitted to the notice of the council was derived from a first attempt at the production of the Indian corn sugar in America, but there was no reason why similar success should not attend the trials made in this country. Mr Colman also presented several specimens of flax, prepared by steam, with a view to its being spun on common cotton machinery; namely—Specimen No. 1, Green Flax, broken, and the fibres separated entirely by the action of machinery, and called the "Stem Flax;" No. 2, Green Flax, broken, the fibres separated, and the glutinous matter washed out entirely by the action of machinery and pure cold water. No. 3, Flax which had gone through the same processes as the two former specimens, with the addition of hot water, and a small quantity of alkali in the last water; also shortened and equalized for spinning. No. 4, Yarn spun from flax in specimen No. 3, on a cotton throstle, with the preparation and carding altered.

HAYMARKET STARS.

In theatricals the great performer of the day, the star, used to have his name printed in the play bills in very large letters. The recent Haymarket bill of Tuesday exhibited *thirteen stars!* An American witling, deeming this something "out of the common," has given the following rather stinging commentary on the subject:—

These thirteen *stars* the world must understand,
Attest the Drama's *midnight* is at hand;
Yankies, who sometimes deal in awkward wipes,
To stars like these would add their *thirteen stripes*,
Because this *starry* host brings many a play,
As done by them, into the *milky way*.
If the great *Jupiter* with whom they *shine*,
Were bound to pay, that all of them may dine,
'Tis probable, I guess, that he would soon
Receive a civil message from the *Moon*;*
And in that case 'tis hardly too absurd
To fancy "Shoot the Moon" would be the word.

THE PUSEY (PEW-SEE) QUESTION.

A sage Divine is anxious, you see,
That no man door should to a *pew-see*;
But thousands say, as heretofore,
"We go to church but to *a-door*" (adore).

S. SMITH.

Composition. — The creditors of Messrs Ackermann have agreed to accept a composition of 15s. in the pound, to be paid in six months. It appears that the debts of the concern amount to 30,664*l.* 9s. 6d.

* There is something obscure in this line. Mr Moon was lately elected Sheriff of Middlesex. Can brother Jonathan at all refer to him?

THE HERMIT OF HATFIELD.

The following curious letter appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a century ago:—

"The people of Hatfield and places adjacent have a tradition, that on the middle of Hatfield waste there formerly lived an ancient hermit, who was called William of Lindholme; he was by the common people taken for a cunning man or conjuror; but in order to be better informed, I, accompanied with the Rev. Mr Samuel Wesley and others, went to view the place, and after passing the morass, found the hermitage or cell situate in the middle of 60 acres of firm, sandy ground, full of pebbles, on which was growing barley, oats, and peas. There was likewise a well four or five yards deep, full of clear spring water, which is very remarkable, because the water of the morass is of the colour of coffee. Here is great plenty of furze bushes, &c., and variety of game, such as hares, foxes, kites, eagles, curlews, ducks, and geese. There is no house or cottage near it, and but a few old oaks, sallows, and birch. The house is a little stud-bound one, and seems ready to fall. At the east end stood an altar made of hewn stone, and at the west is the hermit's grave, covered with a free stone that measures in length eight feet and a half, in breadth 3, and in thickness 8, which, with the consent of Richard Howlegate, the present inhabitant, and the help of levers, we raised up and removed, and digging under found a tooth, a skull, the thigh and shin bones of a human body, all of a very large size; we likewise found in the grave a peck of hemp-seed and a beaten piece of copper. It is difficult to imagine how such vast stones should be brought, when it is even difficult for man or horse to travel over the morass, which in some places is four miles across, on which grows an odoriferous herb called gale, and a plant named silk or cotton grass, from its white tuff on the top resembling the finest cotton wool. It is supposed, before draining the levels of Hatfield, that there was great plenty of water, by which the great stones must have been conveyed; this I think the most probable conjecture. G. STOVIN.

"August 31, 1727."

CINTRA.

The bold and mountainous scenery of Cintra, situate seventeen miles from Lisbon, give it a claim to the attention of all travellers in that part of the Peninsula. It has, however, been distinguished for a convention which was not considered very favourable to British diplomacy, in which it was complained the fruits of victory had been thrown away for something very like the badges of defeat. It was one of the few occasions in which "the hero of a hundred fights," that chief

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tain who has run so extraordinary a race of glory, which, as yet, is happily not concluded, was thought by some to have tarnished his laurels by assenting to the terms on which he thought it right to allow the enemy withdraw from the soil on which, in the fullness of time, the British captain was to gain so vast a harvest of deathless renown.

Cintra lies near the mouth of the Tagus, and the houses are dispersed in picturesque varieties of situation over the mountain, whose stupendous form is identified with the town. It contains a castle, formerly the residence of royalty, which is of great antiquity, and is said to have been built by the Moors; and after having been destroyed in 1665 by an earthquake, to have been rebuilt in the former style, by King Joseph. There are four parish churches, and the number of inhabitants is estimated at 19,000. It is the summer residence of the opulent inhabitants of Lisbon, and especially of the foreign merchnnts and of persons of high rank in the government. It is deemed a paradise in the height of summer. When all around Lisbon is dried up and desolate by the scorching sun of Castile in the months of August and September, here water, shade, and verdure are found to relieve the eye and refresh the drooping senses. The nights are cool even in the midst of summer, and altogether the retreat here afforded is most charming and delightful.

From Torres Vedras to Cintra the road lies through a series of military posts and strong passes; and through the Mafras, a village well known from its celebrated palace and convent. The former is deemed little inferior to the Escurial. As the traveller appsoaches, the noble features of the mountain and the beauties of the place are gradually presented in succession, till at length the traveller descends a hill by the church of St Sebastian, where the whole prospect becomes magnificent. The bold outline of the mountain astonishes by its vast extent, and the breaks and cavities, and the numerous villas built along its declivity, encompassed by orange groves and picturesque woods of fresh trees, offer a landscape of almost unequalled grandeur. One of the principal villas which arrest attention is that of the Marquis Marialva, and there is another hardly inferior to it, the property of the Marquis Pombal. There is also a noble hotel, which commands a fine view over the town, and of the Atlantic ocean.

There are three convents, a palace, and about a thousand houses The palace was erected in the time of Don Emanuel.

At the foot of the mountain we find the remains of a noble temple to Cynthia, which from some dedicatory inscriptions found among the ruins, and a similarity between the words Cynthia and Cintra, has given rise to the conjecture that the latter is a corruption of the former. There is, however, no satisfactory authority on this subject to favour the supposition. A road shaded by chesnut and cork trees leads along the side of the mountain to Cascaes. Further on the road a path to the left leads to a convent of Capuchins, called "The Cork Convent," which is partly hewn out of the rock, and partly formed by projecting masses of the mountain. Its appearance, as may be supposed, is rude in the extreme, and the stranger can hardly suspect that he is approaching a human abode, till he beholds the steps of the convent. The interior, in a great measure, corresponds with the outside, as the furniture is made of such materials as were easiest to be obtained in the neighbourhood. Masses of stone and large pieces of cork furnish tables, chairs, and bedsteads. The chapel is ornamented with a variety of figures, crossess, and other devices, cut out of cork. Some of these are very ingenious. This convent was dedicated to St Francis, and supported by charitable contributions.

The Gatherer.

Railway in Russia.—Upwards of *fifty thousand* labourers are at present employed upon the St Petersburg and Moscow Railway. The whole distance will be nearly 500 English miles; and it is confidently hoped that the gigantic work will be completed in less than two years.

New Strawberry.—Mr Myatt, of Deptford, has this year produced another fine variety of this fruit, which he proposes to call the Deptford Pine. The foliage is something like that of the Downton. The fruit is magnificent, with the clear rich scarlet colour of the Downton and Elton when nearly ripe. Many of the berries are five and five and a half inches round, a little inclined to Cockscomb, and when not so, having the appearance of an enormous Elton. The flesh is firm and heavy. When quite ripe the flavour is very good; not so rich as the old Pine, but most agreeably acid. In warmer seasons it will probably be first-rate.

The Gresham Lectures.—A new building, in the enriched Roman style of architecture, with a theatre capable of accommodating 800 persons, has been completed at the corner of Basinghall street, at a cost of 7,000*l.*, for the Gresham Lectures.

Cultivation of Water Cresses.—By the side of a north wall, about the beginning of May, prepare a piece of ground, 8 feet by 3, with rather rich soil; then procure two pennyworth of cresses, make them into cuttings about two inches and a half long, caring little about their having roots, plant them about five inches apart, water them to set them fast, and repeat the watering once a day if the weather be dry. They very soon cover the ground. When they have grown a few inches in height the shoots want pegging down. They will root at the joints, and in a short time cover the bed, and a dish of cresses may be gathered every morning for six months, with as fine a leaf as if they were grown in the ordinary way.

Chinese Heroism.—An officer twice led his troops to the very point of the Bri-

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tish bayonets, till he fell, shot through the loins :—Carried to the rear, an interpreter, seeing tears streaming down his cheeks, told him that mercy and every kindness would be shown. "Mercy," he said, "I want no mercy. I came here to fight for my Emperor, and neither to give nor to accept mercy; but if you wish for my gratitude, and can be generous, write to my revered sovereign, and say I fell in the front, fighting to the last."—Another instance equally noble may be mentioned. A mandarin at the ramparts of Chingkiang-foo led a small party of about thirty men against a company of General Schoedde's advancing column; a volley dispersed his soldiers, but he marched up to to the point of the bayonets; and, after firing his matchlock, succeeded in pulling over the ramparts with him two of the grenadiers.

Steam above Bridge.—There were landed on Sunday, the 25th of June, from the steamers—at Chelsea, 5,432 passengers; Putney, 3,701; Kew, 3,234; Richmond, 4,621; independent of those who landed at Hammersmith, Brentford, and Wandsworth.

An Ex-French Minister.—M. Thiers is about to visit England for the purpose of procuring information respecting the maritime wars of the empire.—[He had better go to Acre to get the details of that triumph which his folly gave to England.]

A Clergyman Fined.—The Rev. Henry Erskine Head, rector of Feniton, has been sentenced by the Arches Court, at the suit of the Bishop of Exeter, to three years' suspension from the office of the ministry, the loss of his living, and the costs of the action, for having published a letter, in which he maintained that the Church Catechism, the Order of Baptism, and the Order of Confirmation, in the Book of Common Prayer, contained erroneous doctrines. Mr Head, who is a brother of Sir Francis Head, is an evangelical clergyman, and the living is worth 500*l.* a year, so that the sentence is equivalent to the imposition of a fine of 1,500*l.* in addition to the costs of the action, which are supposed to amount to 1,500*l.*

Remains of Petrarch.—Petrarch's tomb at Arqua has just been restored by the care of Count Leoni. In the course of the works, the remains of the great poet were uncovered, and part of the body was found almost untouched by time. A fragment of cloth in which he was enveloped was taken away, and will be solemnly deposited in the parish church.

Tomb of the late Duke of Orleans.—M. Triquetti has nearly completed the funeral monument of the lamented Duke of Orleans. The kneeling angel at the pillow of the dying Prince is from a sketch by the Princess Mary, and is said to be worthy of her Joan of Arc. In a few days the monument is to be removed to Sablonville, where workmen are finishing the pedestal that is to support it.

Information for Fruit Growers.—If all the fruit which a healthy tree will show is allowed to set, and a large part of its leaves is abstracted, such fruit, be the summer what it may, will never ripen. Therefore, if a necessity exists for taking off a part of the leaves of a tree, a part of its fruit should also be destroyed.

Ancient Price of Agricultural Labour.—In the year 1352, twenty-fifth of Edward III, wages paid to haymakers were but 1d. a day; a mower of meadows, 3d. a day, or 5d. an acre; reapers of corn, in the first week in August, 2d; in the second, 4d. per day—and so on until the end of the month,—without meat, drink, or other allowance, finding their own tools. For threshing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of beans, peas, barley, or oats, 1½d. By the thirteenth of Richard II, A.D. 1389, the wages of a bailiff of husbandry, 13s. 4d. a year, and his clothing once during that time, at most; a carter, 10s.; shepherd, 10s.; oxherd, 6s. 8d.; cowherd, 6s. 8d.; swineherd, 6s.; a woman labourer, 6s.; a day labourer, 6s.; a driver of ploughs, 7s. From this time up to the twenty-third of Henry IV, the price of labour was fixed by the justices by proclamation. In 1444, twenty-third of Henry IV, the wages of a bailiff of husbandry were 23s. 4d. per annum, and clothing of the price of 5s., with meat and drink; chief hind-carter, or shepherd, 20s., and clothing, 4s.; common servant of husbandry, 15s., clothing, 3s. 4d.; woman servant, 10s., clothing, 4s. In time of harvest, a mower, 4d. a day—without meat and drink, 6d.; reaper or carter, 3d. a day—without meat and drink, 5d.; a woman labourer, and other labourers, 2d. a day—without meat and drink, 4½d. a day. By the eleventh of Henry VII, 1496, there was a like rate of wages, only with a little advance.

A Refractory Butt.—In a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewes and Wilkes, the former said, "I'll be your butt no longer."—"With all my heart," said Wilkes, "I never liked an empty one."

Jeremy Diddler.—The fashionable Scamp in the farce of 'Raising the Wind' was not an imaginary character. Bibb, a shuffler well known to the wits of the last century, was the original. "I met him," writes Taylor, "on the day when the death of Dr Johnson was announced in the newspapers, and expressing my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was modestly beginning a panegyric upon the doctor, when he again interrupted me with, 'Oh! never mind

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that old blockhead: have you such a thing as ninepence about you?' Luckily for him I had a little more."

From Grave to Gay.—Lord Thurlow, visiting one night the Margravine of Anspach, was introduced to Madame de Vaucluse, the writer of 'La Guerre des Betes.' He was so highly entertained that he forgot himself, and left the bag and seals behind him when he retired, which was not till two o'clock in the morning.

Let Workmen be Paid.—Latimer, preaching before Edward the Sixth, made the following appeal in behalf of poor workmen:—"They make their moan," said he, "that they can get no money. The labourers, gun-makers, powder-men, bow-makers, arrow-makers, smiths, carpenters, soldiers, and other crafts, cry out for their dues. They be unpaid some of them three or four months, some of them half a year, yea, some twelve months and cannot be paid. They cry out for their money, and the prophet says, the cry of the workmen is come up to mine ears. O! for God's love let the workmen be paid, or there will showers of vengeance rain down on your heads."

The Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. on Puseyism.—A friend addressing the facetious prebendary of St Paul's Cathedral, inquired of him, What is Puseyism? Rev. Mr Smith: Puseyism, sir, is a system of posture and imposture; of circumflexion and genuflexion; of bowing to the east and curtseying to the west; with a variety of other fooleries.

Dreadful Accident at Lord Lovat's Execution.—A catastrophe occurred on Tower hill, on the day Lord Lovat suffered, in 1747, which the ordinary accounts of his final scene do not mention. Just before he came from the Tower, a scaffolding by the Ship alehouse, near Barking alley, built from that house in many stories, with near 1,000 persons on it, fell down all at once, by which eight or ten persons were killed on the spot, and many had their arms and legs broke. Among the killed were Mr Hindman, of the inspector's office; M. Goldney, woollen-draper, in Blackfriars; a servant to the king's locksmith; Mr James Johnson, just come from the West Indies, and three other men; ten persons died the next day of their bruises, in the London Infirmary and St Thomas's Hospital, as did the master carpenter of the scaffold, and his wife, who was selling beer underneath when it fell.

Amor Patriæ.—The lament of the Duchess d'Abrantes over the treasures reclaimed by the victorious allies in 1815, from the French Museum, presents as fine a specimen of sophistry as can well be imagined. "Here," said she, "the devastating influence of 1815 extended. Yes, I repeat the word devastating, and am not to be silenced by the murmur, that conquest resumes the fruits of conquest. No, the right is not equitably balanced. Our conquests subdued idleness and indifference to the fine arts. France became the rightful proprietress of all the treasures that by the fate of arms had fallen into her possession, because she knew and appreciated their value." Had a robber possessed himself of her Grace's diamonds, by the same rule he would have been their rightful owner, if "he knew and appreciated their value!"

The Church of England and the Church of Rome.—One of the most remarkable replies we ever remember to have heard is attributed to Mr Outtera, the barrister. A learned gentleman hearing the remark that between the Church of England and the Church of Rome there is but a paper wall, promptly replied, "True! but the whole Bible is printed on that wall."

— Among the distinguished visitors to the Model of Edinburgh in the last week was the Duke of Wellington. His Grace seemed extremely pleased with that extraordinary effort of ingenuity and labour.

— His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as patron to the "Melodists' Club," dined with them at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 29th ult. His late brother, the Duke of Sussex, was patron for the last thirteen years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of the questions on scientific subjects which we receive can only be satisfactorily answered after inquiry made, and references to standard writers. This will explain to more than one correspondent the delay which may have occurred in furnishing information required.

The recipe to which Tyro refers is, in fact, the cheapest because it is the best.

We do not like to reject verses which have some merit in them; but still, where good thoughts are not felicitously expressed, the writers themselves would after a time regret their publication.

Planet.—An equatorial instrument is made use of in practical astronomy. Christopher Scheiner, we believe, was the first to mount a telescope on a polar axis, in the year 1620. Shortly after Galileo invented the simple dioptric telescope.

S. is informed that medallion wafers are made of the best glue, and coloured according to fancy, with vermilion or any pigment. The matter must be pounded on a smooth surface (stone is the best) previously oiled. When nearly cold, they may be stamped with any device, and cut to any size or shape. Let them then dry, and they will be fit for use.

G.—Lip Salve:

Alkanet Root	- -	1 oz.
Olive Oil	- -	12 ,,

Macerate in a gentle heat, until the oil is sufficiently coloured; add—

Suet	- - -	16 oz.
Lard	- - -	8 ,,

Strain, and while cooling, stir in—

Rosewater	- -	3 oz.
Attar of Roses	- -	3 drops.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.] SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1843. [VOL. II. 1843.

A VILLAGE IN HONG KONG.

Original Communications.

GOSSIP ABOUT CHINA.

CHINA and its future prospects must still be the subject of anxious incessantly-recurring thought in England. The last accounts, though not particularly unfavourable, had a something ominous in their aspect, which seemed but too distinctly to indicate that though peace is signed, harmony is not restored. Our own private correspondence corroborates what has publicly transpired.

The island of Hong Kong is destined to be more known to Europeans in a short time than ever it has been. It is likely to become the scene of an active and, we hope, a thriving trade; and its villages, instead of continuing rural, unfrequented retreats, will probably soon swell into manufacturing towns.

Among the presents carried out by Lord Amherst for the Emperor were some fine specimens of English china. Some new sets, infinitely superior to anything that had at that period been produced, will probably now be forwarded to his Celestial Majesty, in return for the diamonds presented by him to our Queen,—if the said diamonds were not altogether imaginary, which we rather fear may prove to be the case. The Lord of the Sun and Moon will be quite as much surprised as delighted to mark the progress of our porcelain. The success of our manufacturers in that article has greatly abated the rage which once prevailed here for old china. We do not expect it will ever revive: our home artisans, with better designs and correct perspective, can furnish pictures on a tea service that will bear looking at day after day; and their superiority over the unmeaning, or at least unintelligible hiero-

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glyphics which formerly met the eye on "real old china," cannot for a moment be disputed. Our colours are at least as brilliant as theirs, and we are now attaining that thinness of texture and transparency, which, however unnecessary, it has long been the fashion to admire.

Like the ancient Greeks, it has been remarked, the Chinese have thought proper to exhibit the most important doctrines of their religion on their earthenware. Many of the characters portrayed on their tea-cups are believed to be of great antiquity. We are told, "The operation of the elements on each other to produce the first created matter are understood to be indicated by some of them." It is added, the combinations of the fiery dragon with the Fung Hoang, or bird of Paradise, are deemed expressive of Air; the Ky-lin, or horned dog, denotes Earth; and the tortoise fish, or the lotus, Water.

Twenty years ago a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' who chose to be anonymous, but seemed to have much information on the subject, and whose name, according to the editor, was "synonymous with all that is classical in taste, and profound in research," furnished the following curious particulars:—

"Fohi, the ancient founder of the Chinese Empire (coeval with Noah), is reported to have seen a tortoise issue from the water, bearing on its back a mystical diagram; and on this account we find a tortoise-shell pattern adopted on china as a border, having open compartments in which flowers are painted and enamelled in natural colours. Hence, the date of this appearance to Fohi being considered, we conclude the combined emblem denotes the vegetable creation arising from water. But the forms, as well as the paintings of porcelain, are of mythological import; and the hexagon seems to have been generally preferred, from its representing the natural vein or mark in the shell of the sacred tortoise. We collect from Bayer that Fohi appointed eight Tchin, or spirits—they are probably no more than the eight persons preserved at the general destruction of mankind, with which Fohi must have been coeval, but which he and a few others survived. These persons may be seen on bowls, plates, &c. standing on water, generally supported on a fish or aquatic animal, and are thus distinguished:—

"1. How-cing-koe, a female with a landing net.

"2. Hong-chong-lie, a boy with a flute.

"3. Lit-hit-quay, a man with a crutch and double gourd.

"4. Tong-fong-sok, a man with a fan and the fruit of immortality.

"5. Tchow-lak-how, a man with rattles or castanets.

"6. Lut-hong-pan, a man with a sword and cowtail.

"7. Tchung-colao, a man with a bamboo tube and pencils.

"8. La-mi-tsui-woo, a youth or female with a basket of flowers.

"The implements depicted on Enamel China are the symbols of these divinities, and the fruit borne by the fourth person has suggested the form of many vessels in porcelain. Were a Chinese to present liquor in a vessel so shaped, it might be deemed a flattering mode of salutation.

"We find a ninth person, superior to these, who may perhaps represent the material heaven: he is almost invariably seated; he rides on the stork, a bird of supposed longevity; he is bald and aged, and he carries a sceptre. He seems to be the 'Ancient One,'—a title well known in the Egyptian, Scythian, and Greek mythologies as Pi-apas, and Jupiter Pappæus."

As it is known the treaty, as approved in England, has now arrived, the next dispatches are expected to announce that the ratifications have been exchanged. It has been surmised that some delay is likely to take place, but we can hardly believe that the Chinese are ready for a new encounter with the English. They have smarted too severely and too recently for the contempt in which they held the outer barbarians, to have much stomach for an immediate renewal of hostilites.

It may, however, be expected that the *friendly* representations of Russia, France, or America, will at no very remote period succeed in "screwing their courage to the sticking place."

And really it seems quite ridiculous that China should be for a moment coerced by an island like this, if her power has not been enormously over-rated. From notes communicated to Lord Macartney by the Mandarin, Van-ta-gin, the Chinese army then amounted to a million foot soldiers, and eight hundred thousand horse. M. de Guignes, however, computed the infantry at six hundred thousand, of which number two hundred and thirty-five thousand were Tartars, and the cavalry at two hundred and forty-two thousand men. Taking the smaller estimate to be anything like correct, what chance would any English army that we should send there stand, opposed to such a host, if they should only catch a glimpse of European tactics, which they could hardly fail to obtain, from the means employed against them.

A very ludicrous picture is given of the Chinese military by Barrow. According to him—

"When it was hot, they were much more busy with their fans than their matchlocks. Sometimes, drawn up in a single line, they would fall upon their knees before the Am-

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bassador. Their parade uniforms seemed to be designed for theatrical characters rather than soldiers; and their quilted petticoats, satin boots and fans, formed a striking contrast with the nature of their profession."

The Tartars had a great contempt for them in war. One Tartar horseman, it was said, would put to flight the whole of the Chinese cavalry. This is rather too extravagant. The inferiority of the latter, however, is not to be doubted, and indeed singular care has been taken to place it on record.

"During the war, which terminated in the subjugation of China by the Mantchous, Kao-Hoang-Ti, the chief of those Tartars, on several occasions, it is said, defeated numerous Chinese armies with a handful of men. Kien Long ordered Yu-nung-tchoong, one of his ministers, to erect a memorial of those achievements of his ancestors. The inscription upon it was afterwards printed in white characters on a black ground, that, as father Amiot observed, the literati of the provinces, who had not an opportunity of seeing the original, might at least have the satisfaction of possessing an exact copy of it.

"It stated that ten thousand Mantchous routed and cut in pieces two hundred thousand Chinese. This is a fact that cannot be controverted. 'I am a Minister of State,' says Yu-nung-tchoong, 'and I am a Chinese. In the first of these qualities I deserve to be believed, because it cannot but be supposed that I am acquainted with the political events of the empire, since I have had opportunities of consulting the archives of the Court, and of the great tribunals of the time of the Ming dynasty. I have a further claim to belief, inasmuch as it is not to be presumed that I would wantonly calumniate the character of my own nation.'"

In many respects the Chinese seem like a nation of children. During the late war, by awful names given to their chiefs, by painted guns, and by the clatter of their weapons, they hoped to frighten their English invaders. Formerly, with a like object in view, they had fierce countenances pictured on their shields, which they called "the tigers of war."

The whims of their potentates the genius of absurdity herself would seem in many instances to have inspired. One of them, the Emperor Hoang-Ti, divided his army into six bodies, to represent the heavens, the earth, the clouds, the winds, the balance of heaven, and the pivot of the earth; another, Tay-Koung, drew up his in five bodies, in allusion to the five planets; and other generals ranged their battalions in the form of the famous five-clawed dragon or mystical tortoise.

Such a nation, so governed, may cause much trouble, but has a great deal to learn before it can defend itself against a moderate, well-appointed European force.

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

(Continued from last week.)

LETTER SECOND.

I STILL am in France, dear uncle,—and why not, since I know neither when nor where I shall see her again!

Lately I had great cause to think of my charming fugitive. When shall I forget her? I was riding on a lonely by-path, in the neighbourhood of the mountains, as I discovered a carriage in the distance, which was occasionally hidden from me by the bushes. It was difficult to reach the highway from that spot, because ditches and swampy places intervened. However, my sharp eyes had discovered female figures; one leant far over the side, and for a moment I fancied that she waved her handkerchief towards me. I was in the greatest fear and uneasiness, lest the carriage should disappear before I could reach the high road.

O, that the moon would restore me the loved one, be it where it might, I would worship her more sincerely than ever.

My dear uncle, I have already left Tharaud, and write to you from the borders of France. Send your answer to ——, where I shall remain for some time.

Meanwhile I shall seek for her, describe her, and ask after her everywhere. I shall inform you of my progress before long.

* * * *

I have journeyed in the midst of wild romantic scenery. Passing along a winding road, I perceived a carriage. A daring leap saved me the trouble of riding some distance to look for a safe place; but my view was now impeded by rocks, and the road was so crooked that I knew not whether I must turn to the right or left. My anxiety rose to an indescribable pitch, for I had already determined that my charmer was in the carriage, that she had perhaps recognised me through a glass, and waved her handkerchief to me; perhaps to save her from great peril, perhaps to give me her hand, and accompany me to the altar.

At length I again discerned the carriage from an eminence, and I had, indeed, ridden in the opposite direction. How I spurred to make up for lost time! The road wound incessantly, and there was still a considerable distance between us, although it momentarily diminished.

I had also been observed, and the occupiers of the carriage really waved their handkerchiefs to me, and at length ordered

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the coachman to stop. My joy was unbounded.

As I approached, and could distinguish everything better, I thought it strange that my delicate Emily should ride in such an old-fashioned vehicle, but my hopes were completely blasted, as, heated and breathless, I neared the object of my pursuit. Two old women thrust their wrinkled faces towards me; opposite them sat a spiritual gentleman.

We were all surprised to find ourselves staring at each other with looks of the greatest eagerness and excitement. I excused my speed, having believed and hoped to have met with friends; an intelligent old lady asked pardon for having beckoned to a stranger; she had imagined it was her superintendent, who had made a short journey and was already returning, after having quickly and fortunately executed his commission.

We all resumed our journey at a moderate pace, and the same neighbourhood which had before appeared to me so romantic and beautiful, now struck me as being dismal and monotonous. Having no particular object in view, I accompanied my new acquaintance, the three old people, to the village, where they rested until the mid-day heat was past, which was more requisite for the horses than for ourselves.

The two sisters possessed an estate, and a large manufactory in D——. The brother, who had formerly managed the whole concern, was dead. The anxiously-expected superintendent shortly arrived; and I felt quite the reverse of flattered at having been mistaken for him; a meagre, elderly man, who had decked his ugly person with very ill-made clothes of most strangely ill-contrasted colours. I was for a time forgotten until their business matters had been gone through.

The sisters, who were still unmarried, were named B——. I was forced to write something for them in an antique album, and promise to visit them shortly in D——.

* * * *

How is this, dear uncle? I am seated here in the most friendly manner with the two old sisters, and looking over their album, after having written in it—when behold! your name, your hand, written long since; it is true. You were also in D——; are a friend of the two sisters. There is nothing very remarkable in it; but yet, in my present mood, it appears to me quite wonderful.

Yet more: Emily has also visited them, eighteen months since; she was known to the brother, who then lived.

She has written a few words in the album, signed only with the name of Emily. The old people can tell me nothing further of her, than that she was very beautiful, which I already knew, but heard repeated with pleasure.

Here I am, then, in a most charming poetical position, buoyed up with hopes and recollections. Since I have seen this old fashioned album, I have been joyous and confident. I cannot fail; I will find her. Dear, dear Emily. I am, &c.

THE UNCLE TO THE NEPHEW.

My dear young friend,—Why must everything go so crossly with you? why do events thus oppose themselves to you? Because you commence in so fantastic a manner. Look into the poetry of your nature, for so I must call it; there should be more discretion, and your mind should partake of a less dreamy character. However, you are "a moon-seeker," as we always called you, and so must be forgiven much that a healthier subject would have to account for. I also have ever been somewhat disposed towards this malady.

If you lose your half unknown *inamorata*, it will be your own fault. Doubtless some fine morning you will suddenly enter my cottage with your charming bride, and I shall receive a kiss from her, which will transport me again to the beautiful days of youth.

So you were also compelled to write in the old album, wherein my name stands? At the time that I knew the family, the sisters were pretty, delicate girls, scarcely out of their teens. Once I remember dining with them at their house. Afterwards we visited the magnificent neighbourhood; how the thoughtless young ladies sung and danced beneath the shade of the fir trees! To have seen them then, who could have thought that they would ever have been spoken of as wrinkled old women?

In the evening ghost-stories were related, which are far more effective in the mountains than on the plain. The girls laughed immoderately in order to banish their fears, and at length we separated for the night.

I was quartered in a room, away from the rest of the house. On the walls hung old family portraits; the carpet had become loose at one place. Being at that time fond of sitting up at night, I determined not to go to bed. With the images of the charming girls the memory of earlier years had united itself, all that had ever excited me to love or sorrow again lived within me. I had opened a large casement, and the fresh night air, rushing into the chamber, moved the carpet; the portraits shook in their frames; it was as though spirits passed through the apartment. The brook, which was hidden by the forest, murmured louder and louder. Opposite was a steep mountain, towering to the clouds, covered with dark fir trees. From time to time was heard the rushing

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flight of some huge bird. A sweet and inexpressible harmony often pervades the feelings of youth. I evinced such inward happiness, that my tears flowed without pain or sorrow having given them birth. Meanwhile the full moon had appeared above the mountains, and changed the whole neighbourhood into a sea of light, in which a thousand strange objects, indistinguishable from each other, were seen, It seemed as if the fairies were hastening to greet their elfin king.

Who ne'er in sweet and stilly night,
Hath longed for solitude;
Who ne'er hath watched on mountain height,
And been by full-moon wooed;
He knoweth not the magic might
That springs from bush and tree.
O! long, and calm, and stilly night,
Again I worship thee.

Thus it was I wrote some days after, while thinking of those intoxicating moments. What was wanting but for a hunting-horn to be sounded from the other wing of the building? It was a young forester, who had reached home late in the night, and was, like myself, unable to sleep. He amused himself by playing simple, but pretty melodies, till morning dawned. It seemed to me as if I had lived in enchantment; had seen wonderful events; and yet there was little more than an excited imagination.

But I was going to relate something to you, a fact of importance; and a favourable opportunity may not again offer. About the same time I travelled into Switzerland. In the neighbourhood of the lake of Geneva I met with something that may be termed wonderful. I require, however, that you keep all I communicate to you a secret. I know and confide in you.

In Geneva, where I had been staying some weeks, a friend introduced me to a family, with whom my fondest desires soon took up their abode, who shortly occasioned me the greatest joy, and the bitterest agony. A mother, with her three daughters, inhabited one of the many villas which are so beautifully situated on the lake, in the enjoyment of the most lovely views. The father, in order to recover a large inheritance, had already been twelve months in Italy, and it was feared, as the affair had become more and more complicated, his return would still be delayed.

The eldest of the daughters, Rosa, was handsome and tall. She was a *blonde*, of a merry humour, and joked and laughed a great deal. She gave free scope to her jests with those who evinced any tenderness for her, or acknowledged a true or hypocritical passion for her. She was far more friendly with those men who were cold and indifferent, spoke of their affairs, the chase, or politics, and only paid the customary attention to the ladies, or even wholly neglected them.

The second daughter, Jenny, was a slender brunette. She was serious and reserved, and much occupied with books, of which Rosa took but occasional notice. She was very friendly with me, because I unwearyingly satisfied her passion for literature, and had also begun to read German with her and my favourite author.

The youngest, Lidia, was the most gentle and tender. Her dazzling beauty had in it something magical, although she seemed not to know how charming she was. Simple as a child, she was friendly and confiding towards every one; joined in all conversation and games, and was now as mad as a boy, now as whimsical as a little girl, and again sedate and thoughtful, almost melancholy.

They spoke, by turns, German and French, but the poets they were acquainted with were French only.

In a short time I had gained the confidence of the family, saw them daily, and soon felt a brotherly tenderness for the three beautiful children; at first, I thought them all equally dear to me. A platonic polygamy is quite possible, so long as egotism and passion are silent. The young heart is moved by the numerous lovely beings in a manner hitherto unknown.

Thus life had become a pleasant dream, and I had no other wish than to continue to-morrow where I had left off to-day. By means of Goethe's works I was on the most confidential footing with Jenny. She was astonished at my poet, without exactly approaching him; on my authority she compelled herself to find everything beautiful; but I felt that much, which in my favourite penetrated me with delight, made no impression on her heart.

It is remarkable how habit can become nature. When she took up Racine, and read to me with tears one of the most celebrated scenes, although I understood the fine language and rhetorical power of the tragedian, still I could find less of the poet in him, than Jenny in Goethe. We disputed and grew warm, and despite so many unsuccessful attempts, I did not despair of converting my obstinate friend, who, perhaps, because she did not understand Goethe, took a greater interest in him, because she could stare at him as an incomprehensible wonder.

Pretty Lidia regarded our endeavours with wonder. She shook her beautiful curls, and was surprised that we could be so serious over a joke. Rosa was not so indifferent, for although she often danced, laughing, about the room, she would sometimes leave off, listen, reflect, and then commence a dispute with me or her sister, which frequently became so violent as occasionally to end in an unfriendly manner, and once, indeed, with bitterness.

"Why do you endeavour," she said, "to

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make us, my sister especially, acquainted with poetry, and a description of sentiment which is here foreign to us, which may perhaps render us unhappy? What we term poetry is equally pretty, smooth, and agreeable, as our furniture, paintings, flowers, clothes, and ornaments. When we say 'Poem,' we know that it is something intended to produce quite a different sentiment from the everlasting Alps there, from that which the lake gives rise to, from that which storm and tempest rouses within me. Would it not be ridiculous, for yonder table, pretty and tasteful as it is, for me to become an enthusiast? to place the happiness of my life upon it? This would be absurd; but that which you undertake is worse, it is pernicious. To give rise to feelings which, although at first they may be charmingly inviting, in reality undermine life and happiness, set us at variance with nature, which we had hitherto worshipped, and imperceptibly, under the pretence of elevating, convert life itself into despair and madness. I shall beg of my mother, and my uncle in Rolle, to forbid Jenny to read these things, by which, at least, her time is wasted."

Jenny made answer that she thought Rosa must be dreaming; no book in the world, and least of all those cold German tales and poems, could corrupt mind and heart. Their immensity, which it was impossible to conceive, and which could be compared with nothing, pointed towards that classical regularity which, by acquaintance with this immensity, became more endeared to one, and thus strengthened the former conviction.

"Because," replied Rosa angrily, "you understand neither the one nor the other, you speak with such formal moderation. To those who cannot feel nor comprehend, everything is equal."

Rosa took the book, it was 'The Sorrows of Werther,' hastily from her sister, and locked it up in her book-case. "If you do not wish me to hate you," said she, turning to me, "you will never again read such unfitting things with my sister." She frowned angrily, Jenny was quite dumb, and the innocent Lidia wept at our quarrel. I returned ill-humouredly to my cottage, which I had hired in the neighbourhood in order to be near this hitherto amiable family. The thought struck me to leave Geneva and return to Germany.

In the evening I wandered gloomily along the shores of the lake. The lofty Alps glowed with the last rays of the setting sun; the lake was placid and motionless, and when the moon rose she greeted a thousand golden stars in its bosom. "If that perverse Rosa did not belong to the friendly family, if she were away, or married!" I said inwardly; "she troubles the life of the younger sisters. If the intelligent Jenny," I continued, "could raise her mind to the great poet, she would, perhaps, constitute the happiness of my life." I paused to reflect on this, and was suddenly startled by the void within me. Thoughts—sentiments—all broke off suddenly at this point. And Lidia—she was so beautiful, so pious, so pure—perhaps it was she who attached me to the family. No, it was not Lidia! But why am I so happy in their society? can it be Rosa? "Yes," I suddenly exclaimed, "it is she who attracts me to the spot, who magically banishes me, so that the foot hesitates to leave the dear threshold; it is her bright glances that I seek, for which my heart languishes as the flowers for the sun, to open their buds, and teach them how blessed is existence."

I could not comprehend how I had been so blind. And yet, how hostile had this Rosa shown herself towards me. Perhaps she hated me—she was opposed to my wishes; this much at least was evident, she detested the favourite of my soul, and with him everything beautiful, everything that was dear and pleasing to me.

Thus struggling with myself, unhappy and miserable, abusing Rosa and adoring her, I wandered the whole night like a lunatic on the shores of the beautiful lake.

As early as it was possible I visited the family. Rosa was not visible; Lidia apologized for her. Now that I was aware of my passion, the brotherly feeling which had formerly possessed me had vanished. Rosa at length came, after I had conversed for a long time with the mother, and treated me coldly and indifferently.

I could not understand why my former happiness had so suddenly vanished, or of what I had been guilty. Jenny and Lidia appeared to me now in quite a different light, they seemed to stand in a cloudy twilight, in a cold shadow, which rendered them insignificant to me; and Rosa, near whom my heart palpitated, who aroused all my feelings and passions, which but yesterday had slumbered, repulsed, and caused me such deadly and piercing agony, as even my poet could not have imagined. My spirit was broken, and neither Goethe nor nature could console me.

(To be continued next week.)

KAWULSKI, OR THE ACCOMPLICE.

A COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH ROMANCE.

THE papers of Saturday last, in noticing a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, Hind *v.* Gray, give the following questions and answers:—

Are you a Pole?—I am.

Did you ever reside in Paris?—I did.

Now I ask you whether you were not mixed up with Fieschi in that matter which you knew about?—That has nothing to do with this question.

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Did you make the infernal machine?—I did not.

Did you ride before the house on horseback while Fieschi took the level?—I rode on horseback.

Were you not tried for that offence, and sentenced to the galleys?—I shall not answer that question.

Were you not aware of what was going on?—I knew that there was a conspiracy.

The witness under examination was named Kawulski; he was made publisher of the 'Court Gazette' when Mr Gray took in hand the affairs of Mr Edward Hill (son to Mr Hill, the banker, in Smithfield), as lately appeared on Mr Edward Hill's coming before the Insolvent Debtors' Court.

It may not be improper to add that Lord Denman, in summing up, remarked that, as the witness had not denied being connected with the daring plot referred to, they must draw their own conclusions from the circumstance, and consider whether, on temptation being held out to him, a man would not be likely to perjure himself, who, it might be inferred, had conspired to commit murder. The jury found for the plaintiff.

The parties to the plot against Louis Philippe acted with singular perfidy towards each other. Fieschi, it will be remembered, was wounded by the explosion. His treacherous accomplices had damaged some of the barrels in the hope that Fieschi's destruction would be thus secured, that the act might appear to be his, and his alone.

The circumstances that brought this witness here have not transpired. Other trials are, we hear, likely to come on, in which Mr Kawulski's valuable testimony will be required, and perhaps some further disclosures will be made.

THE TUSSA MOTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MIRROR.'

SIR,—Observing that you have given interesting particulars of some of the textile tribe in your very useful publication, I beg leave to introduce another to your notice. The insect I allude to produces a fibre exceeding in strength that of the common silk-worm almost as much as the latter surpasses the thread of the spider in tenacity. It is, in fact, one of the strongest productions of animated nature.

The Tussa moth is found in India and America. Specimens of both are seen among the stores of the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

The native of the western is smaller than that of the eastern hemisphere, and I cannot learn that its cocoon is put to any useful purpose. The inhabitants of the East Indies have long made use of the Tussa silk for strings to their bows. The Kholes make a fabric from it which they use for dresses. A specimen made by the natives of Kholestan will be found in the institution already mentioned, together with some silk woven by Europeans from the same material, alone, and mixed with the production of the mulberry-fed silk-worm.

The large female moth there deposited was taken from the coom tree, as the natives call it, a large bush growing in the jungles of Lower Bengal. It was reared from an egg by a gentleman, who put it into mould, and watched it till ready to fly. The contents of the abdomen, which were considerable, have been removed and replaced by stuffing. The cocoon made by these insects is as large as a pigeon's egg.

The piece of native woven silk was made by means of the simplest of looms; the toes of the native Khole were described to me as working backwards and forwards, to serve the purpose of a shuttle. No one has penetrated into the interior of Kholestan: the inhabitants are still free allies of the British. This curious people are said to have no religion, unless a belief in witchcraft may be considered so.

In Bengal the Indians prepare the cocoon for winding by boiling it with the lees from wood ashes—the alkali dissolves some of the gum, and allows the fibres to separate readily. They are in the habit of adding gummy matters, oil, and dirt, to add to the weight, by which they are paid.

A piece of Tussa moth silk, woven in the way common in India, with *congies*, or rice starch, for stiffening, 37 inches wide and 8 yards long, weighed only 1 lb. 5½ oz. When the *congies* was washed out, it weighed only 14½ oz., having lost nearly one-third. A thinner specimen, of nearly the same dimensions, lost a still larger proportion of paste by washing with cold water.

I have deposited, in the Royal Polytechnic Institution, a skein of silk, a single fibre of which, half a yard in length, did not break till loaded with 1,893 grains, as proved by experiment in the laboratory of the above institution.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
July 5, 1843. L. H. P.

—Mr Winston, well known as secretary to the Garrick Club, is no more. In his younger days he was a performer, and was very successful in some of Fawcett's parts. He was through many years a living encyclopedia of all matters pertaining to the drama.

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Arms. Quarterly; first, ar., upon a chev., between two chevronels, sa., three portcullises, with chains and rings of the field, for Thurlow; second and third sa., a crescent for difference.

Crest. A greyhound couchant, or, collared and lined, sa.

Supporters. Two greyhounds, or, collared and lined, sa.

Mottoes. "*Justitiæ soror fides.*" "Faith the sister of Justice." And, "*Quo fata vocant.*" "Where the fates call."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF THURLOW.

The first recognized ancestor of this family is William Thurlow, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1590, leaving with other issue a son, Edward, who inherited his property. Edward had a brother named Nicholas, who was father to John Thurlow, an enterprising traveller. He was much praised in his day, and obtained a grant of arms in 1664.

Edward Thurlow, already mentioned, died before the year 1623, and left an only son. This was William Thurlow, who, on his decease in 1652, left two sons, Violet and Thomas. It was the grandson of the latter, Edward Thurlow, by whom the family was ennobled. He was born in 1732, and having been educated at the bar, obtained a silk gown in 1761. His rise was then gradual, but not slow. Named Solicitor-General in 1770, he became Attorney-General in 1771, and Lord Chancellor in 1778. On the 3rd of June in that year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Thurlow, of Ashfield, in the county of Suffolk. On the 12th of June, 1790, he was created Baron Thurlow, of Thurlow, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brothers and their male descendants. He died, having never been married, Sept. 12, 1806, when the original barony became extinct, while the latter barony passed to his nephew.

His lordship was an extraordinary man. His acuteness was much admired on the bench, as it had been at the bar. In society the vigour of his mind frequently burst forth, in ludicrous but sometimes rather coarse images. Some of these have passed into proverbs. One we may venture to paraphrase. Being told in a very awful tone that it was rumoured an insurrection had broken out in the Isle of Man, "A storm in a punch bowl," was in substance his pithy comment.

"I remember," says the Margravine of Anspach, "that at the time of the coalition, when it was found so difficult to form a ministry, the late King offered to concede every point in agitation except one, which was, that Lord Thurlow should not be obliged to resign the Great Seal. Although no arguments could induce the party to relax, yet the King so firmly kept to his point, that the conference was obliged to be terminated. This great director of his sovereign's conscience was dreaded for his integrity, and for the influence which he possessed from his stern virtues.

"I have good reason to believe that the advice and friendship of this great lawyer, during the whole time of the existence of that coalition, which his Majesty so thoroughly disapproved, was the only consolation which he derived while Fox presided at the helm.

"During the troubles of the American war, when the capital exhibited scenes of outrage and violence, and when Junius by his writings had astonished and perplexed the world, the King had uniformly preserved his presence of mind; but the coalition was too much for him; his cheerfulness forsook him, and he would come from Windsor to London and back again without ever opening his lips. It was then that Thurlow was, as it were, his resting place. From his persuasions he was induced to wait for a favourable opportunity of emancipating himself from the chains which surrounded him, and not to adopt vigorous or violent expedients, which might only procrastinate his views."

In 1814, the late Lord assumed the surname of Howell, as a descendant maternally of Richard Howell, an Esquire of the body to King Henry the Fifth. He died June 4th, 1829.

Edward Howell Thurlow, the second Baron, married Miss Mary Catherine Bolton, an actress of celebrity, by whom, with other issue, he had a son, who now wears the title, and who was born November 12, 1814.

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THE LOVERS OF LYONS.

(Abridged from the Story-Teller.)

The Baron de Monthillier, the last remaining representative of an ancient and illustrious house, after serving with honour in the armies of his sovereign, had retired to superintend the education of his only daughter, the lovely Adelaide. She had been deprived, while yet an infant, of that greatest of all blessings to a youthful female — the care of an accomplished mother. Talents, such as fall to the lot of a few, a disposition the most engaging, and a form the most lovely, marked the rising years of Adelaide.

The baron, his daughter, and her *gouvernante*, had for many years composed the only inmates of the castle. At length, in the twelfth year of Adelaide's age, a new event introduced an addition to their domestic circle.

The only sister of the baron had early in life formed an imprudent match. Her husband was by birth a Swiss. His family in Switzerland lived happily, though not splendidly.

His sister had never ceased to be an object of warm affection to the baron: but the hereditary pride of birth, and dislike of everything plebeian, were among his strongest prejudices. His sister and her husband were equally, but more rationally proud, in disdaining to solicit what they deemed unworthily denied. No intercourse, therefore, had ever been maintained between the separated relatives. In the conversation of the man she loved, and in the education of her only son, this sister, however, never found cause to regret the sacrifice of useless pomp, for real though humble happiness. But, in this life, there is no permanent felicity. Before their son, Theodore, had attained his seventh year, the kind husband and affectionate parent died.

To his widowed mother Theodore remained the only comfort, and to his education she directed all her care. Scarcely had he attained his 14th year, when his mother, who had long been in a declining state, breathed her last. Thus, at an age when it is most important to bend the incipient passions to their proper objects, and to accustom them early to control,—at an age where so much may be done towards forming the future character, was he deprived of both his guardians. These were the only reflections which disturbed the death-bed hours of his mother. "My brother," she would say, "was ever generous and noble,—he once loved me, and though he in some measure disowned our little circle, because I preferred happiness to splendour, he never used me unkindly: surely he will not refuse the dying request of an only, and once dear sister." She traced, with trembling hand, a few lines to the baron. "Theodore, my child," said she to her son, a few hours before her death, "when you have laid me by the side of your honoured father, bear this letter to France,—to your uncle, the Baron de Monthillier; and, as you have ever been obedient to me, be equally submissive to what your uncle may determine. He is noble and generous; endeavour to merit his approbation."

The Baron de Monthillier was one evening seated in the apartment where he usually spent that portion of the day with Adelaide and her aged governess, when he was informed that a stranger wished to be introduced. Theodore advanced, and presented his mother's letter. A struggle between pride and feeling seemed to agitate the mind of the baron; but the kindlier affections obtained the mastery, and he folded his nephew to his bosom.

Theodore had not long been established an inmate in the family of his new protector, when he became a general favourite. In the handsome youth the baron beheld the image of a long-lost and beloved sister: and in admiring his noble and generous disposition, he almost forgot the imaginar stigma derived from his father's plebeia birth.

Between the youthful cousins an intimacy still more close was soon established and cemented by the equality of age—by the agreement of taste—and in some measure by the similarity of their pursuits.

A warmer blush suffused the cheek of Adelaide when pressed by the lips of Theodore, in commendation of some sentiment which she had uttered, and she dared not, as hitherto, yet knew not why, return his caresses.

Theodore was the first to discover the state of his mind, and to perceive his danger. External circumstances, indeed, forced this knowledge upon him; as the flash amidst the darkness of night may disclose to the mariner the ripple on those breakers of which he slumbered in forgetfulness. War had been declared by France against Switzerland, and had continued to be carried on with that violence and cruelty which ever marks a contest between the oppressor and the oppressed, when the latter has once been roused to arms. Theodore loved his country. He began to consider it as dishonourable to forsake her in the hour of danger. What detained him in France? Alas! must he confess, even to his own heart, that Adelaide was the cause of his delay. He started at this discovery, as if an abyss had opened at his feet.

Circumstances produced a crisis sooner than was anticipated. The melancholy visible in the deportment of Theodore could not escape the observation of his cousin, whose penetration was rendere

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acute by the state of her own heart. One evening, seated in a small summer-house, on a romantic steep near the extremity of the grounds surrounding the château, the cousins were insensibly betrayed into a conversation, which disclosed to each their mutual love. Theodore concealed his intention of joining the patriot bands of his countrymen.

"But, my dear Adelaide," said he, "I must leave Monthillier; both prudence and duty dictate my departure. Your father will never consent to our union, and I cannot think for a moment of betraying the confidence of my benefactor, or your peace of mind. I am not worthy of you; I should then be less so. When you no longer daily see me, your bosom will recover its wonted serenity."

"Theodore, cruel Theodore!" replied Adelaide; "do you indeed wish to break my heart? Alas! how can I, even were it my desire, forget you? Have I not, for many happy years, been taught to love you as a brother? Let me go with you to Switzerland,—your parents were happy there—happy in each other,—can we not be so likewise? Ah! what have I said? wretch that I am, do I forget the duty which a father, a generous and indulgent father claims?"

Here she burst into tears, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly; then resuming, in a subdued tone of voice,

"Theodore, you are right; duty and prudence demand our separation; obtain your uncle's approbation of your plans, and the sooner you leave Monthillier the better for us both."

A long silence was only interrupted by the opening of the door of a small *oratoire* attached to the summer-house, from which the baron entered. Induced by the beauty of the evening, he had, contrary to his usual custom, extended his walk so far; and while engaged in his devotions, the youthful cousins entered the summer-house, to whose conversation he had thus been made an unwilling listener. The trembling lovers, falling on their knees before the baron, each wished only to implore that his resentment would spare the other.

"Rise, my children, and in each other receive the reward of your virtue, and of your filial piety. Cherish those sentiments which have hitherto directed your conduct. Theodore, in this trembling hand which I now place in thine, accept the only precious gift which I have to bestow. Rank, birth, and wealth, are to be valued, when, by our station in life we have to maintain the dignity and the importance of a name, which has descended unsullied to us from illustrious ancestors. Wealth I dispense with. Birth you can claim, at least on one side; rank you may obtain by merit. You are both young; after a few years' service you may with propriety return to Monthillier, and to Adelaide."

Surprise and astonishment kept Theodore silent; he could only kiss the hand which he still held, and press that of his benefactor to his heart. But short was this gleam of happiness, like the ray which, for a moment, bursts through the stormy clouds.

"I had written," continued the baron, "without informing you, to the Duke de ——, one of the princes of the blood, my former companion in arms, whose son has been appointed to lead the armies of France against these rebellious mountaineers of the Alps, and you are appointed one of his aides-de-camp."

Theodore, summoning all his courage, replied, "I cannot, my lord, accept of this office. I am not insensible of your kindness, nor am I ungrateful; but I cannot, even to gain your approbation, and to deserve Adelaide, fight against my countrymen."

"How, romantic boy!" exclaimed the baron; "dost thou then maintain the part of traitors and rebels? But I give you till to-morrow to fix your determination. Come, Adelaide;" and before the youth had time to answer, his uncle had departed with the weeping Adelaide.

Theodore, great as was the temptation, required not time to consider whether he ought to accept the conditions on which fortune, and, still more, happiness, were offered. After writing to his uncle, and putting himself in possession of the details respecting his little property, the same night beheld him on his way to his oppressed country.

Months rolled on without soothing the sorrow of Adelaide.

Nor was this sorrow lessened by the addresses of another suitor, in the son of the Count de ——, whose domains lay contiguous to the lands of Monthillier. Her father, without pressing the match, gave her to understand, that an union in every respect so suitable would be agreeable to him. Externally, this young nobleman appeared to possess all the qualities which could render a woman happy; but this appearance of virtue was merely superficial; he was selfish and avaricious, though addicted to pleasure. He beheld, indeed, with admiration, the beauty of Adelaide; but her fortune was to him the greatest charm. Adelaide in part penetrated his character.

In the meantime, the power of the invaders proved irresistible in Switzerland; and Theodore, after exertions which had greatly signalised him, saw his unhappy country totally subdued. A wanderer and an exile, he was indebted for his personal safety to the gratitude of the French commander—the very nobleman under whom

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he had been appointed to serve, whose life he had saved at the imminent risk of his own. The French general, attended only by a few officers, and a small escort, had advanced to some distance from his camp, for the purpose of observing the enemy's position. This being observed by Theodore, he quickly assembled an active and intrepid party, with which, taking a circuitous route, he succeeded, after a sharp conflict, in carrying off the general and several of his officers. A short time previous to this event, some Swiss officers either were, or were reported to have been, murdered in cold blood by their invaders, and it was now determined to retaliate this barbarity. Theodore stood bravely forward in defence of his unfortunate captives, and declared, that only with life would he cease to defend those who had submitted on his pledge of security, and the prisoners were allowed to be ransomed.

Abandoning his enslaved country, Theodore, almost without intending it, found himself in Lyons. So near, ought he not to trace once more the walks and shades of Monthillier—might he not be allowed to gaze, for the last time, on Adelaide? Such were his reflections: and the rays of the evening sun were falling brightly on the little summer-house, the scene of his last delusive interview, as he gazed upon it from the opposite bank of the stream. To this, except by going close to the castle, there was only one passage, over a narrow bridge of wood, which spanned the gulf, at a great height above the torrent. Theodore now entered precincts often trodden with pleasure, and soon found himself at the door of the elegant little building, which still continued to be the favourite retreat of Adelaide.

No one was there, but a book lay open on the table. This Theodore recognised as an Italian classic which he had frequently read with Adelaide. He pressed the unconscious volume to his lips and to his bosom, and ere he was aware, Adelaide entered. In mute astonishment she suffer him to take her hand. Of many things did the lovers discourse, without coming to any resolution, save to meet again.

The interview had not passed without observation. The new lover of Adelaide had gained over to his purposes a confidential domestic in the family of the baron. This person, watching every movement of Adelaide, had discovered the meeting of the cousins, and had traced Theodore to a neighbouring cottage, where he intended to remain concealed.

Informed of Theodore's return, and of the meeting with Adelaide, the young count set no bounds to his desire of vengeance, and resolved, at all hazards, to remove his rival.

To mature his purposes, he determined himself to be a witness of the lovers' second interview. The sun was sinking beneath the western horizon, when he beheld Theodore hasten along the narrow and half overgrown pathway, and enter the summer-house. A few minutes after Adelaide appeared in an opposite direction, proceeding from the castle. Still lurking amid the underwood, the count continued to expect the termination of their conference. At length the youthful pair were seen advancing from the pavilion. He caught Adelaide's voice urging her lover to suffer in patience, adding in accents a ministering angel would employ—"My father is not inexorable, and the interest of those friends whom you mention I know to be great: at all events, the happiness of another interview awaits us—we meet again to-morrow." The sounds were now indistinct, but the count had obtained the desired information. He continued to watch their motions.

The count exulted in the certain prospect of accomplishing his designs. The lovers were to meet on the succeeding eve. Theodore had but one away to pass; total darkness would then involve the bed of the torrent, and the bridge by which alone it could be crossed. Nothing could be more easy than, before the youth's return, to remove a few of the transverse planks composing the platform, and the hapless passenger would drop, unseen, unheard, into the gulf beneath—the planks being restored, the secret of his fate would remain concealed.

The evening sun shone brightly with "farewell sweet," as the count, too faithful to his purpose, repaired to his lurking-place. Not long after Theodore was seen advancing with ardent and impatient steps—possibly unconscious of everything but the delight of meeting Adelaide: nor were his anticipations disappointed. Scarcely had he attained the walk leading to the pavilion when she appeared. The count eyed the place with a look of savage joy, as the couching tiger glares upon the prey now within its spring. As darkness advanced he proceeded to remove the boards which he had previously loosened from the fatal bridge, leaving a yawning chasm in the narrow footway over the deepest part of the abyss.

The lovers were delighting themselves with prospects of happiness, which now indeed seemed no longer delusive. Theodore had that day received letters from the Prince de ——, the French commander, whose life he saved in Switzerland. This generous friend had not forgotten the obligation, and had so represented the matter to his sovereign, that Theodore's little estate was not only restored, but the king had invested him with the honour of knighthood, and farther offered him an

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honourable rank in his army. Theodore could now have no objection to accept of these favours, and the only remaining difficulty was to obtain the forgiveness of his uncle.

The interview between the relatives was cordial; many things, however, were to be explained, and considerable space elapsed in the conference between Theodore and his uncle.

Adelaide, in the interval, could not feel composed, while her happiness was thus at stake. In the state of existing anxiety every place was alike indifferent, and every spot equally well known. Without surprise, then, for it was at no great distance from the summer-house, she found her steps had been unconsciously directed to the rustic bridge. "The fresh air will cool my feverish brow," thought she, and advanced. Her light foot was heard for a moment on the platform—it ceased—a faint and convulsive shriek—a heavy plunge, sounding for an instant above the roar of the torrent, told the fate of the young and lovely victim.

The baron and Theodore were now reconciled. Everything had been explained to the old man's satisfaction.

"But where is Adelaide?" said he, with impatient satisfaction in his accents; "why does not she participate in the happiness of this moment?"

"I go to call her," said Theodore; "my cousin waits in the pavilion."

They were in a recess formed by a corner turret, built on the very verge of the rock on which the castle stood, and where two windows overlooked the stream. Something white floating on its surface caught the eye of Theodore. A sad presentiment seized his mind—he rushed from the apartment, descended the rocks with fearful rapidity, and clasped the body of the lifeless Adelaide.

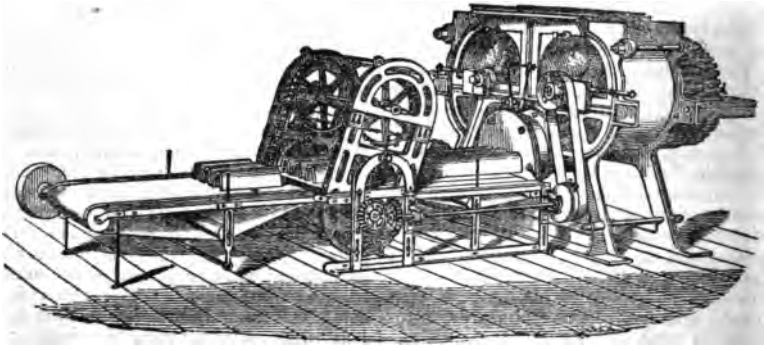
What words can describe the frantic grief of the hapless lover, or the speechless sorrow of the aged parent! Happily the sufferings of the latter were of short duration. He died before the morning rays dawned on his wretchedness.

Three days did Theodore watch the beloved remains in silent and solitary woe. On the fourth, the funeral obsequies were solemnized. When the last of the hallowed mould had been placed upon their graves, and when the crowd of mourners was now lessening, "Hast thou at last broken?" exclaimed the youth, speaking for the first time, and laying his hand on his heart as he sunk upon the ground. Then, in scarcely audible accents, "Lay me," said he, "by Adelaide!" and expired.

The wretch who had occasioned all these calamities had alone been privy to his own machinations. But the confession of the baron's domestic, whom he had seduced to act as a spy, was sufficient to implicate him in suspicion. The count was therefore arrested, and, agonized by remorse, at last voluntarily confessed his guilt. Between his sentence and execution, however, reason deserted her throne—a raving maniac, he survived many years, a fearful example of the effects of crime, and enduring a punishment more terrible than death itself.

MARCH OF BRICK AND MORTAR.

THE brick and tile-making machine, for which Mr Ainslie has obtained a patent, promises largely to facilitate the progress of building, by diminishing the attendant expenses. By this machine, which has been much admired for its simplicity, thirty fifteen-inch tiles are made in one minute, perfect in the curved form, and ready for the kiln. They are stronger than those made in the old method, and the saving is enormous. The cost of 10,000 is 14s. 6d. The former price of 10,000 was 3*l.* 8s. 6d.



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The following is the inventor's description of the machine:

"In consequence of the rollers being near to each other, little more than one quarter of an inch apart, all obstacles, such as stones and other hard substances, are crushed to powder in their progress downward, thereby giving to proprietors of clay fields the power of manufacturing their own tiles, even though the clay should be of an inferior quality. Immediately below the centre of the rollers is placed a cylinder lying horizontally with an opening one inch and a half wide on the top, through which the clay enters; and on each side of the opening is placed a scraper, to clean rollers and direct the clay into a lower cylinder. In the lower cylinder there is placed a double spiral screw, which revolves; the threads are about seven inches apart; consequently, whilst the rollers force the clay in a perpendicular direction through the opening into the threads of the screw, the screw forces the clay horizontally into the chamber in front of it for receiving the mass of clay, into which the screw empties itself. In front of this chamber a plate with moulds is screwed; so that when the chamber is charged, the overplus clay is forced through the moulds in a continuous stream to an endless cloth, which moves the moulded clay forward to the cutting frame, consisting of two endless chains, inclining a little from the perpendicular, to which two wires are attached horizontally by hooks: these chains are moved by a belt connected to the shaft of the first roller of the endless web, to suit the speed of the clay, and are kept constantly revolving, so that the wires divide the clay into tiles during its continuous movement; the tiles are then pushed forward by the uncut clay, over small rollers, till they reach another endless web, from which they are taken. For the prevention of breakages, a strong friction hoop is placed upon the driving shaft of the machine, which is tightened till it puts the machine in motion. Suppose that either by accident or intention iron or any other hard substance was thrust into the machine, this friction hoop will yield to the strain of such a substance, thereby causing the machine to stand still till the obstacle is removed. A pug mill is recommended to feed the machine when the clay is very irregular."

Science.

Important Scientific Discovery.—Professor Bachhoffner has recently discovered that the iron gas and water pipes intersecting this metropolis, can be made available as the generative metal in a galvanic battery; in fact, that the chain of piping buried in the earth affords a constant supply of voltaic electricity of exceeding low tension, but sufficient in quantity to produce a steady deflection of the galvanometer of 60°. In order to take advantage of this supply it is merely necessary to bring a wire of copper in good metallic connexion with the lead pipe conveying the water from the main to the house, and in any convenient situation to bury about eighteen inches deep in the earth a piece of sheet copper one foot square, a corresponding wire being previously connected to it; these wires may then be considered as the poles or electrodes of the battery, and used accordingly.

Literature.

Ainsworth's Magazine. July.

'Modern Chivalry, or a New Orlando Furioso,' opens 'Ainsworth's Magazine' for the present month. This is a fresh work from the prolific pen of the editor. It commences with great vivacity. The closing pages of the number present the beginning of a work of fiction, by the late Dr Maginn. It is entitled 'John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant.' What its merits are as a novel, of course cannot be safely predicted from the first two or three chapters, but the sarcastic humour of the writer will amuse those whom it does not affront, as exhibited in a discussion where certain pious and gifted gentlemen attended, to discuss the important qustion whether their friend Manesty, who was opposed to the slave trade, might with a safe conscience take a property comprehending slaves, which devolved upon him from the failure of the mortgagee. Of the ingenuity of the speakers, no praise from us is necessary, as the specimen below will prove. We can only find room for a part of the discourse of "Quintin Quantock, the Boanerges of Bullock Smithy. He, with other "gifted speakers," was well disposed to see Manesty take the property, evidently in the hope that it would not have the effect of abating his hospitality. He thus delivers himself:—

"'This, brethren, is a grave question; on one side are the earthly good, on the other the heavenly hopes of a brother dear unto us all. I shall divide my observations upon it into seventeen heads. First—Is making slaves a sin? Secondly—Is trading in slaves a sin? Thirdly—Is buying slaves a sin? Fourthly—Is holding slaves a sin? I shall take these four together. First, as to making slaves: that clearly is a sin; for as godly Zachariah Hickathrift, whom I rejoice to see here present, well remarked in his sermon, which he hath since printed and distributed among the churches'—[Here old Cuff-the-cushion, who had been asleep for

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the last quarter of an hour, woke up, and said, 'I have six copies of it in my pocket, and the price is only sixpence the single copy; but any quantity may be had for distribution at the Richard Baxter's Head, in Whitechapel, at two guineas the hundred.']

"'Let him send two hundred to-morrow,' said John Manesty.—'Proceed, Quintin.

"'As the godly Zachariah said,' continued Quintin, evidently piqued at the unexpected slice of luck he had procured for his rival divine—"in his sermon, which does not appear to have had the sale which it merited,—to prove making slaves a sin is wasting words, and upon that head, therefore, I shall dilate no further. Secondly, if making slaves be a sin, assuredly trading in them must be a sin also; for slaves would not be made unless they were intended to be traded in. For what does a man make anything for, but to trade in it?'

"'That's a a very judicious observation,' said Mac Nab, taking a pinch of snuff.

"'Very much so,' agreed the Rev. Phelim O'Fogarty.

"'In the third place,' went on the orator of Bullock Smithy, 'if trading in slaves be a sin, buying them must certainly be so; for who would trade if there was nobody to buy? If, then, making, trading in, and buying slaves be sinful, the question we have next to discuss is, whether holding them be sinful; and this can be conveniently divided into about fifteen heads—all of which I shall proceed to discuss. Before, however, going into a minute consideration of the subject, I shall pay a short attention to the matter immediately before us. Slaves are—the sin be on the head of those that made them so,—but as they are, they must live—how live? By being fed on the fruits of the earth, or in the manner of all mankind. Whence comes the food? From their own labour: true; but if no field for that labour be supplied them, starvation ensues. Set them free to work, and there is no field. What, then, shall we say? Are they to be made free, to starve? God forbid! The law is bad, but it is the law; change the law, and things will be otherwise. Meanwhile, the African is indeed injured, not having food to eat.'

"Here broke a sigh of sympathy from the bowels of mercy of sleek Samuel Broad. This last stroke of the pathetic deeply affected him and many other of the preachers, who were reminded, by a savoury smell that permeated the apartment, that they were, in probability, kept from something more substantial by this the first of the fifteen divisions of the question of which Quintin Quantock was now hot in pursuit.

"'As I heard Mr Clarkson say,' continued Quintin, 'the injured African cries to us, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' So, I say, would not the African slave, in the useful situation which I have endeavoured to describe, say, 'Am not I a man with an appetite?' (Here followed what, in the French newspaper reports, is called a sensation.) "Retain, therefore, thy slaves, John Manesty! — John Manesty, thy slaves retain!' (and he smote the table as he said it.) 'Take them, as Philemon was told to take Onesimus. John Manesty, take thy slaves! not as servants, but above servants—as brethren beloved!"

He further argues in the following strain:

"'All the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron are consecrated to the Lord; they shall come into the treasury of the Lord. By the sin of Achan, part of them were prevented from coming there—*that* is the accursed thing, and such is the doctrine of all the churches. Now, righteous Rowbotham (and here the words of the Rev. speaker fell from his lips like oil and honey, his voice was subdued, and his half-shut eyes resting with holy fervour and friendship on the glowing nose of the righteous Rowbotham), 'are the slaves in the hands of John Manesty, in this sense—in the true sense of the text, taken with the context—are they the accursed thing?—are they kept away from the treasury of the Lord? No. Is the gold and the silver procured by their labours to be deducted from that treasury? No. Is there no difference between Tom Tobin, who, like the railing Rabshakeh, abused me, even me! in the market-place of Stockport, last Tuesday, when with vile tongue, he called me an ancient hypocrite——'

"'Yes,' whispered Muggins, who had not enjoyed the joke at his shop, 'he called him an old humbug!'

"'Tom Tobin, who would waste his ill-gotten wealth in ways of evil, and John Manesty, who will devote it to good purposes—who will found chapels, of various denominations—who will send out zealous missionaries, clothed and fed and paid, for the promotion of religion, and will sweeten the churches from the sugar-cane of his bounty. Shall not, then, John Manesty hold these slaves, and hold them for the church and its chosen vessels? Yea, I say unto thee, righteous Rowbotham—even unto thee—he shall!'"

The London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Illustrated Polytechnic Journal. No. 1. Aird. This is a new scientific work, intended to be illustrated as it proceeds; but little in that way is done in the present number. An apology is made that more has not been accomplished. The literary part

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presents much that deserves warm commendation. Some of the articles, most ably written, communicate the results of profound reflection in a very attractive shape. The following reflections, enclosed as they are by a reference to facts, will be found very striking:—

"The latitudes of ordinary places may differ from time to time in a greater or less degree from the inaccuracy of instruments, observations, or measurements; but it ought to create a suspicion to find the latitudes of observatories changing, where oversights have no possible chance to enter into such a simple problem as the determination of the latitude. Now, it is a noted fact, that every astronomer in Europe counts *his* observatory to be in a different latitude from that of any of his predecessors, if such have had a predecessor; even astronomers called Royal, in enlightened England and France, differ respecting the latitudes of their respective observatories given by their several predecessors, but their differences are sure to be saddled upon any cause except the true one—the actual change of the place with reference to the poles. These facts are so well known that it would be useless to give a list of the latitudes in which the several observatories have been said to stand.

"It would likewise be useless to state the different latitudes which have been given to the same remarkable places on coasts and elsewhere; these were changed without the slightest compunction, as time could not be spared for them to undergo the like cookery which the latitudes of observatories have undergone.

"Not only the change of the latitudes of objects and places show this change in the earth's axis; but, among many other observed facts, we may here mention the foundation of all our old churches, which were laid out due east and west, and due north and south, have shifted to comply with the right motion of the earth's axis, and that, too, in direct proportion to the dates of their standing. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind that has fallen under our notice, is that presented by the position of the city of Philadelphia, in the United States of America: the surveyors, under the direction of Wm. Penn, the founder, laid out Market street and Broad street, crossing each other at right angles, due east and west, and due north and south; but now they point in different directions, accommodating themselves to the universal law which is here, for the first time, shown to exist. Among other objects which can be submitted to actual measurement, may be mentioned sun-dials of long standing, especially horizontal ones, as they partake of this motion in a two-fold manner—that is, with respect to the elevation of the gnomon, and the gradual change of the horizontal plane. Many instances of this kind are on record: sun-dials excavated from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum do not now tell the hour in the latitudes in which they have been found; if any person would take the trouble to compare the time which such dials now show, with that time which they ought to show, they will find that the earth's axis must change in the manner which we have described. It may be supposed, because the bearings of natural objects, such as the tops of mountains, do not change in exact accordance with the motion of the earth's axis, like the foundation of churches and other structures of man, that such a law has not an equal influence over them: the fact is, that the rigidness of the materials of which they are composed, not only prevents them immediately yielding to this motion, but also leaves them elevated or depressed, either gradually or suddenly, above or below the rest of the surrounding matter."

The Gatherer.

The Organ of Judge Jefferies.—When the Benchers of the Temple, in the reign of Charles the Second, wanted an organ for their church, the two most eminent builders, Schmidt and Harris, were induced to enter into an animated rivalry, to ascertain which could produce the best instrument. The contention lasted long. Blow and Purcell showed the power of Schmidt's; M. Lully performed on Harris's organ. Both were admired; but it was doubtful which would carry the prize. At last the Lord Chief Justice (Jefferies) was empowered to set at rest the important question, and he decided in favour of Schmidt, and established the organ now heard in the Temple Church.

The Panorama of Cologne.—Mr Burford's new effort is one of his best. Every object is beautifully distinct. The bold scenery in the vicinity of the city is happily depicted; the rich summer glow which rests on the whole scene, and the transparency of the water, are in good keeping. Of course all the buildings of any note are exactly portrayed, and we must not forget to add the animated and well employed figures introduced give the whole scene an air of reality, which greatly heightens the interest of the picture. Victor speaks of the rafts which were formerly seen on the Rhine as if they had ceased to move on its bosom. Mr Burford shows us that they are still used. They look considerable islands, and on these we are told many human beings pass nearly the whole of their lives.

Old Times.—The fourth report of the deputy keeper of the public records, just laid before the House of Lords, contains an

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entry in the reign of Henry the Third, setting forth that "Nicholas de Brakendal, clerk, a scholar of Cambridge, imprisoned at Cambridge on a charge of homicide, ought lawfully to be tried before an Ecclesiastical Court, and praying that the said Nicholas may be given up for that purpose."

Raising the Wind. — Bibb, the original Jeremy Diddler, met Morton the dramatist one day, after the successful performance of one of the latter's plays, and concluding that a prosperous author must have plenty of cash, ventured to ask the loan of a crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than 3s. 6d. Bibb readily accepted that, but said, on parting, "Remember, I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me 1s. 6d."

Lady Montague's Letters.—The Margravine of Anspach says in her 'Memoirs,' says Lady Bute, the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague "sent me a very polite message on hearing that I had said the cloven foot of the pedant was plainly to be perceived in the printed letters of her mother; that some things might be hers, but I was sure most of the letters were composed by men. Her ladyship, upon her introduction to me, said, that she had always had a high opinion of my sense, and what I had observed respecting her mother's letters confirmed it. She then told me that Mr Walpole and two other wits, friends of his, joined in a trio to divert themselves at the expense of the credulity of the English public, by composing those letters."

Soldiers not firm Friends.—Military people, from having travelled much, and seen much, unless they are very stupid indeed, are sure to be agreeable companions, but look not for friends among them. The very movement in which they are continually kept, renders them facile to receive new impressions, and easily forgetful of old ones.

Cutting through the Isthmus of Panama.—The long-contemplated achievement of science, the cutting through this isthmus, is likely, at no distant day to be attempted. M. Guizot lately read to the French Chamber of Deputies a letter from Baron Humboldt in favour of the plan. From a document forwarded to the Academy of Sciences by Mr Warden, an American citizen, it appears that the cutting necessary to unite the two seas, by means of the three rivers, Vino Tinto, Bernardino, and Farren, is but twelve and a half miles in length. The fall will be regulated by four double locks of 45 mètres long. The canal will be altogether 49 miles in extent, 43 mètres 50 centimètres wide at the surface, 17 mètres 50 centimètres at the bottom, and having a depth of 6 mètres 50 centimètres. It will be navigable for vessels of from 1,000 to 1,400 tons burthen. All the materials necessary for the construction of the cana are found on the soil which it has to traverse; and the total cost has been estimated at 2,778,615 dollars, including the price of four steam-boats, and two iron bridges, 46 mètres long, and opening for the passage of ships.

Knowledge of Costume.—Among the blunders committed by Breughell, the Dutch painter, not the least curious was that in his picture of the 'Eastern Magi,' where he has drawn the Indian king with boots and spurs, and in his hand the model of a Dutch 74, as a present to the holy child.

Poisoning Whales.—At the Paris Academy of Science a paper was read from M. Ackermann on the means of killing whales. He suggests there should be introduced into the harpoon, by means of a hollow tube, a quantity of prussic acid, which, being set free by the blow of the harpoon, would flow into the wound. A trial of his plan has been made in the bay of Valparaiso. The whale did not die immediately, but lived an hour, but, from the first, was so weakened by the poison, that the pursuit was not attended with danger.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several correspondents whose scientific inquiries remain unanswered will be attended to next week.

Duels and Duellists next week.

Memnon's communication is inadmissible. A feeble translation of that which has appeared more than once in an English dress, can have no value for the readers of the 'Mirror.' That which delights his ignorance would not be endured by their intelligence.

To the question of J. S. we reply—Iron cannot be welded, or plates or bars made to adhere permanently, unless the heat applied is equal to 60 degrees of Wedgwood's pyrometer, or to 8,877 of Fahrenheit. The fire must be clear, and a little silex, or fine sand, sprinkled over the parts to be welded, to keep their surface from the atmosphere, and to serve as a flux. Cast steel must not be heated so much, as it would be fused, and run from under the hammer when struck.

Silenus, to discover the quantity of spirit in wine, ale, or other liquors, must take eight parts of the liquid to be examined; add one pint of concentrated solution of sub-acetate of lead; a dense precipitate will ensue; shake the mixture for some minutes. He must then pour it upon a filter. Collect the filtered fluid, and it will contain the spirit and water of the wine together, with any portion of the sub-acetate of lead that may have been added in excess. Add to this, in small quantities at a time—warm and dried (by heat) pure *sub-carbonate of potash. The spirit contained in the fluid will be then separated from the water, forming a distinct stratum floating upon the alkaline solution made by the sub-carbonate of potash and the water in the wine or ale. The experiment should be made in a long glass vessel or tube. By this method he may always detect the intoxicating properties of the liquids, and ascertain if they are from spirit or from drugs.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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LOUIS XI AND DE CREVILLE.

No. 1173] [VOL. XLII.

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Original Communications.

ROYAL PLEASANTRIES, OR THE DAYS OF LOUIS XI.

It was seen in the remarkable career of Louis XI, that a mirthful disposition is not incompatible with savage cruelty.

The youth of our Henry V and George IV, was not more full of careless frolic than was that of Louis while Dauphin. He quarrelled with his father, Charles VII, and fled to Philippe, Duke of Burgundy, who gave him a cordial reception and a royal establishment near Brussels, with an allowance of 2,500 louvres per month.

"Louis," says the historian, "remained there till the death of his father, enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and those of the table, with convivial companions. There, he was best esteemed who best recounted tales of gallantry, and he who furnished the most luscious story was most welcome. The Count de Charolais, the bastard of Burgundy, and the sieurs De Vienne, De Dagoine, De Thianges, De Rothelin, De Lannoy, De Crequi, contributed their share to these sportive narratives; and at times the grand duke himself joined the revellers. A collection of the histories recited in these meetings was made and published under the title of 'The Hundred Novels."

While he was in voluntary exile Louis and the Count de Charolais, were boon companions. This did not prevent their becoming bitter enemies after Louis had ascended the throne. De Charolais was brave and violent, and in several instances he prevailed over the craft of the French King. His temper often broke out, and on one occasion, when he was offended, he told the ambassador of Louis, that "he would make his master repent his conduct before a year had expired." He afterwards advanced to Charenton, near Paris, with his army. Louis then resolved to go to his camp, trusting to the honour of the Count. There he greeted De Charolais as an old friend, affecting the utmost frankness and familiarity. Their interview opened thus: "Brother, I see now that you are a gentleman and of the family of France."

"Why so?" inquired the Count.

"Because when I lately sent my ambassador to Lisle, to wait on your father, and that old fool Morvilier (the French ambassador) talked so saucily to you, you sent me word by the Archbishop of Narbonne, who is a gentleman, that I should repent what had been said before the year was out, and, by Heaven, you have been as good as your word, ere your time has expired. I like a man of business. It is with such people that I would treat."

This meeting led to negotiations which terminated in the treaty of 1465.

Louis affected great simplicity of dress. On one occasion, when it had been arranged that he should hold an interview with the King of Castile, at St John de Luz, Philip de Comines says—"Our King wore a short coat, as ill-made as possible; sometimes he wore very coarse cloth, and he did so particularly there. His hat was old, and differed from the hats of everybody else, from its being ornamented with an image of lead in front."

War between France and Burgundy was frequently renewed. The success which had attended the visit above described, paid by Louis to the Count de Charolais, induced him to repeat it under somewhat similar circumstances, when the latter had become the Duke of Burgundy, and was at Peronne. It was discovered by the Duke that the King, while seeking him as a friend, had sent two ambassadors to Liege to stir up the people of that place against him. Proof being obtained that Louis was acting a double part, the Duke made him a prisoner in the castle of Peronne, and set a guard over him, nor would he release him till Louis had subscribed such a treaty as he was pleased to dictate. This failure of the King in that coaxing, or, as it could now be called, humbugging, system of diplomacy, on which he valued himself, was the subject of great mirth among the Parisians. The word "Peronne" became a standing joke, and parrots and starlings were taught to repeat it in derision of the King. This satirical humour so exasperated Louis, that he sent officers through the city to wring the necks of all the birds which had been trained to repeat that fatal name.

In the gravest matters he could sometimes jest. He would indulge in playful conceits while contemplating the sorrows of a victim shut up in an iron cage which had been contrived for his gratification; or when dooming a prisoner to die,

"Why I can smile and murder while I smile,"

might have been his motto. Writing to the Constable de St Pol, whom he was about to bring to the scaffold, he, with great apparent kindness, thus expressed himself—"I want a good head like yours;" he then turned round and facetiously remarked to those who were near him, that he had only said "he wanted the Constable's *head;* he was indifferent about the rest of him."

Sometimes the cold-blooded jocularity of the King was answered in a like spirit by those who had to treat with him in important affairs. Having proposed to the Emperor that they should seize on the territory of the Duke of Burgundy, and divide it between them, his ambassadors were told this story:—"Three jovial companions having run up a score at a tavern which they were not prepared to pay, agreed to settle the matter by killing a

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bear which infested that vicinity, and giving the landlord its skin. With this object in view they went forth, but the bear coming among them unexpectedly, two escaped, but the third fell on the ground, and counterfeited death, when the animal having lingered about him some time retired, and the man rejoined his friends. One of these having climbed a tree had seen the bear with its nose close to the prostrate man. He now inquired what he had said; 'Why,' he replied, 'the bear told me never again to give away the bear's skin till the bear was dead.' And in a like spirit the King's ambassador was told, that 'If the King came according to promise to the Emperor's aid, they would take the Duke's dominions if they could, and then it would be time enough to talk of dividing the spoil.'"

On one occasion Louis got up a curious scene, which furnishes the subject of our engraving. The story is thus related by Comines:—"There arrived at court a servant of the Constable, named Louis de Creville, and one of his secretaries, named John Rusher, who was ordered by the King to deliver their message to the Lord De Bouchage and me. The tidings they brought pleased Louis exceedingly, and he resolved to make his advantage of it, as you shall hear. The Lord de Contay, who was a servant to the Duke of Burgundy, having some time before been made a prisoner before Arcas, was allowed to go backward and forward on his parole. The King had promised him a large reward if he could dispose his master to peace. He had just returned from waiting on the Duke of Burgundy the very day the two gentlemen above mentioned arrived at court from the Constable. The King caused the Lord de Contay and myself to hide behind a great old screen that stood in his chamber, that the Lord de Contay might hear and report to the Duke of Burgundy the language held respecting him by the Constable and his people. The King placed himself upon a stool near the screen that we might the more distinctly hear what the said Louis de Creville had to say. His colleague then began and told the King that their master sent them lately to wait on the Duke of Burgundy; that they had used several arguments and remonstrated many things to induce him to a rupture with the English, and they had found him in so great a passion against the King of England, that they were in a fair way to prevail upon him not only to abandon, but also to fall upon them in their retreat. To please Louis the more, he imitated the voice and manner of the Duke of Burgundy, and stamped with his foot, and swore by Saint George that the King of England was the son of an archer, and repeated many other invectives. Louis appeared to be highly pleased with this account. 'Speak louder,' said he, 'I grow old, and am rather deaf.' He acted thus in order that it should be repeated within the hearing of the Lord de Contay, that nothing might be lost. They finally proposed that the King should do all in his power in concert with the Constable to pacify the English, greatly to the prejudice of the Duke of Burgundy. Contay, having thus learned how his master was treated, glowed with indignation, and immediately hastened to communicate all to the Duke, while the King laughed heartily at the drama which he had caused to be performed."

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

(Continued from last week.)

My inward discord and perplexity were to become still more agonizing. News was received from the father, who would return in a few months, and had sent three friends, with whom he had become acquainted in Naples, with letters. We had often seen relations and friends from Geneva, Rolle, or other towns in the neighbourhood, who, if not always of the most polished description, were always of the best natured, and at the utmost could only give rise to tediousness. All, especially the uncle in Rolle, had taken me under their protection, and once I had even visited him at his house, in company with his nieces and his sister. The three newly-arrived strangers, however, conducted themselves immediately as though house and garden, mother and daughters, belonged solely to them. The eldest, an officer, was wretchedly educated, and of coarse manners. He drank much, and allowed himself to be so overcome on his first visit, that he was forced to be led away by his people. On the following day he was so little ashamed, that he talked boastingly and jestingly of it with the girls, as though it had been some heroic achievement, and assured them they would often find him in that situation, in which those who knew him considered him most amiable. The mother was so frightened and hurt that she would willingly have closed her door against this barefaced toper for ever, had she dared thus to offend her despotic husband in the person of his friend.

The second guest was an old wealthy marquis, who, in the father's letter, was more strongly recommended than all the others, so that the forebodings of the prudent mother already saw a future son-in-law in him. The old fellow, also, seemed to examine the girls, one after the other,

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with his little twinkling eyes, as if to ascertain which would best suit him as a wife. The youngest of the three was a gallant of more than forty, a confirmed gambler, in consequence of which, other dissolute fellows soon attached themselves to him, in whose society he gratified his passion.

Thus had our quiet little house suddenly become the scene of noise, bustle, and bad company. These friends, which had been confided to the family, made me fear that the father of the girls was a rough, perhaps, worthless man, and I had willingly withdrawn, if Rosa's glances, coldly as they met mine, had not held me fast. I resembled the moth which has burnt itself in the flame of the candle, but still, unable to live or die, hovers about the pernicious flame.

It was impossible to feel any longer comfortable in the house, especially as my jealous eye soon discovered that the old marquis, without declaring himself, had already chosen Rosa for his mistress, for he distinctly gave her the preference to her sisters. She herself was very friendly towards him, and appeared rather to seek than to avoid his company. I would willingly have persuaded myself that Rosa was wholly unworthy of my love, that she was but an insignificant creature, scarcely meriting respect; but as often as I tried to quiet myself with these sophistries, or sought to degrade her image in my soul, she had but to pass through the room to cast down all my accusations with a glance.

I felt wretched, and began to find fault with myself for not having the courage to leave a neighbourhood where I was constantly tormented. Another week passed in this manner, when one evening I found a few people assembled at the house, amongst whom the three friends were not wanting. Rosa was lively, without being extravagantly so; Jenny serious as usual; and Lidia, contrary to custom, talked with me in the most friendly manner. It almost seemed as if a tender feeling had taken possession of her young heart; her bright eyes were so sparkling, her pretty smiling mouth so friendly, that I thought she had never before looked so beautiful. A little music was proposed, to pleasure some elderly ladies, and after a considerable period, there was again a more refined entertainment; stiller nature pervaded the apartment. The mother appeared to watch Rosa from the distance as she conversed with the marquis; but although Rosa's tone was so lively, she was not quite at ease, and chiefly occupied herself with music, in order, by singing and playing, to conceal her disorder. She constantly observed Lidia and myself, and never lost sight of us, not even when singing in the most pathetic manner.

At length we broke up, and on returning home I was greatly surprised to find a scrap of paper in my hands. In the hurry in which each seized his hat, I had taken a wrong one, and found inside between the silk a note containing the following:—

"You say I do not love you? What do you require? What sacrifice? I am ready to do all. Meet me on Friday on the spot, by the little fountain, where I first confessed my love for you, but not earlier than between ten and eleven o'clock; I will then slip out of the house to arrange with you what is to be done. "Ever yours."

I cannot describe the condition to which this unholy note reduced me. For whom was it intended? From whom? So much as I had lived with the family, I could not recollect if I had ever seen the handwriting of the girls. How could it occur to one of them? how could they sink so low as to write to the drunkard, or the wretched gambler, in words which betrayed a long and confidential intercourse? If I pictured to myself the serious Jenny, or the childish Lidia, who had lately been so friendly with me, I could not possibly believe that the vile note was addressed to either of these contemptible fellows: the greatest probability, therefore, was, that it was my beloved Rosa, the most prudent and roguish, the one most likely to dissemble and commence an intrigue. But had she been thus debased! I thought she would have expressed herself differently.

Should I visit the men successively? I heard they had gone on a journey, and how was I to find out the guilty one? I might also compromise the unknown writer.

If I applied to the mother, I knew not what mischief I might create. Again I thought of making Jenny my confidant; but when I reflected on her silence I could not promise myself any help from her. And what after all if she were the writer of the epistle?

I therefore waited until the owner of the detested hat should claim it in return for mine. I would then challenge the scoundrel, and thus revenge the injured honour of the family. I was like a madman, and ran so wildly about the room that my servant was fearful for my health.

At length it struck me that the best would be to let the few days pass, and to repair myself, at the appointed hour, to the spot mentioned. I wrote letters—closed my account at my banker's, paid the necessary visits, and had my things packed in order that, if Rosa should be there in the night, I could immediately leave Geneva.

In the interval I was like a drunken man. I felt that after the discovery my

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elasticity would vanish and leave my whole frame powerless and exhausted. I lived and acted in complete giddiness. The house, so often visited, I now avoided.

The appointed day at length came. I regarded with a dull eye the scene which nature presented to me. I began to recover myself as the twilight extinguished all forms and shapes, and the moon rising awoke me from my torpor. I imagined I was taking leave of her for the last time; for, young as I was, I believed my life was already ended, and in the frame of mind I then was, I sincerely wished for death.

I concealed myself in the thick bushes, keeping the little fountain in view. The well-known house was not far off. Several times I fancied I beheld some one moving, but was deceived by the fickle moonshine.

At length, and my stunned senses had not observed its approach, a white figure stood at the fountain—I rushed from the bushes—was near, and recognized her—it was indeed Rosa. A shudder crept over me, and I fell senseless at her feet.

As I came to myself I found her anxiously attending to me. She was kneeling near me, and chafing my temples, while my head rested in her lap.

I seized her hands and rose. She rose also, and looked at me in astonishment. "How do you come here, my dear friend?" she asked in the kindest manner; "I expected quite a different person. And what has happened to you? What is the matter?"

"Can you still ask?" I stammered in broken tones, and a cold sweat fell in large drops from my forehead; "you ask, and behold how you have crushed me! Must I now, for the first time, tell you in cold words, that the heart, which you have broken, loved you unspeakably? Take back the wretched note which accidentally fell into the hands of one for whom it was not intended; be happy with him you love, whoever he may be, and receive with this fatal note my farewell, for you will see me no more."

Astonished and trembling, she took the paper from my hand. "You love me?" she exclaimed: "how can that be? This avowal is so new—and it was that——"

"Yes," I exclaimed bitterly, "it was because I was indubitably convinced that you had sacrificed yourself to one totally unworthy of you that the shock prostrated me at your feet. O! that I had never awoke! You might scorn me, and love another—but, O heaven! it is too dreadful that I can no longer respect you."

"Sit down with me on this bank," said Rosa, almost serenely: "a strange fatality brings us here together in the night, and compels us to confide in each other. What I think of the avowal of your love you will probably learn to-morrow, or shortly; the most important now is to tell you that this fatal note does not come from me."

"Not from you?" I exclaimed with the greatest joy.

"No," she continued, "it is from that imprudent girl, the unfortunate Lidia. The brawling drunkard, whom I equally with yourself despise, pursued the inexperienced child from the first day of his arrival. One may often remark that girls so young give the first lover who declares himself more than due encouragement, chiefly from vanity. If it be an elderly man, his wooing has more effect on the inexperienced than that of a youth. I kept sight of my sister, and saw how the coarseness, yes, even brutality, of this unworthy man imposed upon her, and made her bear with his importunities, partly from fear, partly from inclination. Thus he had gained her confidence, pressed her hands, embraced her when he thought himself unnoticed, and I was convinced that he would gradually proceed further, and that the innocent girl would perhaps be unable to resist his perfidious attacks. On that last evening I observed that something was to be arranged, but my eye was so sharp that Lidia did not venture to speak confidentially with the officer. She had already become so cunning as to imagine that she could deceive me by a long friendly conversation with you. After the music, as I still kept her from her lover, she was doing something in the hall with the hats; but it did not strike me that she was making an appointment. I discovered however, by pressing her, that she had received letters from the man, who possesses neither fortune nor a respectable position in society, and I was successful in moving her, by representing the danger to which she exposed herself. She tremblingly confessed all, and promised never again to see the villain. I came hither to say everything to the ignoble fellow that my anger had suggested, and to give him his dismissal. Such were my motives for coming where I find you. That which I would have told him he shall now learn by means of a sharp and cutting letter, and the affair will thus be ended."

(*To be continued next week.*)

WOOLWICH AND SHOOTER'S HILL.

To thousands of Londoners, Woolwich and Shooter's hill, from the ease and cheapness with which they can now be approached by steam-boat and railway, are admired as recent discoveries. In consequence, building is going on very briskly in those neighbourhoods. Woolwich, with its splendid arsenal, dockyard, and repository, offers an interesting spectacle to the lovers of grand sights, which it is impossible to ex-

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haunt by one or two visits, while its noble common and the romantic adjacent scenery present no common attractions to the admirers of nature. The consequence is, improvements are making in and about Woolwich with great activity. That neighbourhood promises to be almost as much frequented in future as it was in former days, when Greenwich was the seat of Royalty. Then, as is shown by Hollar's print, the heath, from Shooter's hill, was filled with places for supplying refreshments to the holiday-making pedestrians. There was annually a grand scene on May-day. May-poles, selected from the wood, adorned with the blossoms of the blackthorn, were set up, and there the queen of the May, being duly elected, held her court, and the merry dance was prolonged

"From grey-eyed morn till dewy eve."

Royalty did not disdain occasionally to honour these scenes with its presence, and to join in "the Mayings." It is recorded that Henry VII assembled his whole Court upon Shooter's hill, and passed his May-day in the greatest festivity. Henry VIII was not behind his father in the enjoyment of these sports. On May-day that King proceeded with his Queen, Catherine, in great splendour from Greenwich Palace to Shooter's hill, and was there received by 200 archers clad in green. Their leader personated Robin Hood, and these, says the historian, gave the King such excellent sport, and displayed so much skill in the exercise of their bows and arrows, that their captain was knighted, and the men rewarded by gifts. Another account states that the same monarch went to Shooter's hill with his Royal consort (not Catherine, but Anna Boleyn), to drink the mineral waters, which were reported to have much medicinal virtue. It was probably to the well now in the possession of the Board of Ordnance, in the lane leading to the Red Lion, that their Majesties repaired. Close to the spot a little romantic Swiss cottage has recently been erected, where, though at present it is a private residence, water-drinkers, and drinkers of liquor stronger than water, will probably be shortly invited, to enjoy the fine prospects it commands, as, from the windows of this pleasant abode, a view is obtained of the Dover road, Blackheath, the shipping on the river, the Essex coast, and in the distance St Paul's Church. The picturesque lane in which it is found, is the Pentonville of Woolwich, and the Londoners have more than begun to find out the attractions of the locality. Several houses have sprung up there in the course of the last year, and the foundations of three or four more are now being laid. The delightful walks round the hill in every direction, the frequent military spectacles beheld from this eminence, the medicinal waters, and, above all the pure air, so beneficial to invalids, promises to render this a favourite little spa. Here the valetudinarian, to all the advantages of country retirement, may add the high luxury of receiving visits and news hourly from the metropolis. If the view enjoyed from the hill has not all the picturesque beauty of Richmond's "enchanting vale," it presents, among its nobly-varied features, one which that far-famed retreat could never boast—a moving exhibition of half the commerce of the world. This gives the spectacle additional animation and importance—it can be reached at half the expence and half the time which a visit to Richmond exacts.

THE CARTOONS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Westminster Hall, with its Cartoons offered for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, is now thrown open to the public. No admission money is demanded except on certain days, with a view to the accommodation of those who would wish to avoid a crowd.

During the time the exhibition continued, the visitors paying one shilling each, the attendance averaged eighteen hundred daily. From the funds thus realized the judges have been able to allow grants of 100*l.* each to compensate the artists of the ten next best drawings to those originally preferred. Those to whom this honour has been awarded are the following:—

1. 'Una coming to seek the assistance of Gloriana.' By Mr F. Howard.
2. 'The seven acts of Mercy. Una and the Red Cross Knight led by Mercy to the Hospital of the Seven Mercies.' Mr G. V. Rippingille.
3. 'The Death of King Lear.' Mr F. B. Pickersgill, jun.
4. 'The Angel Raphael discoursing with Adam.' Sir W. Ross, R.A.
5. 'Man beset by contending passions.' Mr Howard, R.A.
6. 'The Brothers releasing the Lady from the Enchanted Chair'—Milton's Comus.' Mr F. R. Stephanoff.
7. 'The Brothers driving out Comus and his Rabble.' M. J. Wallace.
8. 'St Augustine Preaching to the Britons' Mr W. C. Thomas.
9. 'Alfred the Great assuming the Harper's dress.' Mr M. Claxton.
10. 'The Plague of London, A.D. 1349.' Mr E. Corbould.

It is yet possible that funds may be gained to remunerate in some degree other deserving artists, who have incurred some expense, besides giving their time and labour, whom the rewards at present voted cannot reach.

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TREATMENT OF IRELAND IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Some striking facts are communicated to the world by the Archæological Society of Dublin. The treatment of the Irish in former days was most cruel. A milder and better system has been adopted in our time. We hope its timely appreciation by the present race of Irishmen will render it impossible for those least favourable to them ever to think of returning to the old one.

The title of the English monarchs to reign over Ireland is said to be derived from a grant made by Pope Adrian the Second. In a statute of Edward IV, bearing date 1467, it is thus set forth :—

"As our holy Father Adrian, Pope of Rome, was possessed of all the seigniory of Ireland in his demesne, as of fee, in right of his Church of Rome, and to the intent that vices should be subdued, and virtue encouraged, he aliened the same land to the king of England, for a certain rent to be received in England, to hold to the king of England and his heirs for ever: by which grant said subjects of Ireland owe their obedience to the king of England, as to their sovereign Lord, as by said bull appears. It is, therefore, ordained, that all archbishops and bishops of Ireland shall, upon the monition of forty days, proceed to the excommunication of all disobedient subjects, and if such archbishop or bishop be negligent or remiss in doing their duties in the premises, they shall forfeit one hundred pounds."

The second enactment is not a little remarkable:—

"Also, it is ordained and established, that no alliance by marriage, gossipred, fostering of children, concubinage, or by amour, nor in any other manner, be henceforth made between the English and Irish of the one part, or of the other part; and that no Englishman, nor other person, being at peace, do give or sell to any Irishman, in time of peace or war, horses or armour, nor any manner of victuals in time of war; and if any shall do to the contrary, and thereof be attainted, he shall have judgment of life and member, as a traitor to our lord the king."

Another very singular enactment is that which relates to the personal appearance of Irishmen and Englishmen:—

"As there is no diversity of habit between the English marchers and Irish enemies, by colour of which the Irish enemies come into the English counties as English marchers, and robb and pillage on the high way, and destroy the common people by lodging on them by nights, and slay the husbandmen, and take their goods to the Irish: it is enacted, that he that will be taken for an Englishman shall not use a beard upon his upper lip alone, and that the said lip shall be once shaved, at least in every two weeks, the offender to be treated as an Irish enemy.—Original Roll. This act was not repealed until A.D. 1635."

Englishmen were at one time forbidden by law to permit Irishmen to feed cattle on lands belonging to the first. This was of course resented, but the method of revenging it has something farcical in it. An affidavit, made Jan. 9, 1641, at the time of the great insurrection and massacre, relative to the practices of the insurgents, runs as follows :—

"Thomas Johnson, vicar of Turloghe and Kellycoomon, county of Mayo, saith that the rebells in the baronies of Costelloe and Gallen, in meere hatred and derision of the English *and their very cattle*, and contempt and derision of the English lawes, did ordinarily and commonly prefer bills of indictment, and bring the English breed of cattle to be tried upon juries; and having, in their fashion, arraigned those cattle, then their scornful judge, then sitting amongst them, would say, 'they look as if they could speake Englishe, give them the book and see if they can read,' pronouncing the words 'legit an non,' to the jury; and then, because they stood mute and could not read, he would and did pronounce judgment and sentence of death against them, and they were committed and put to slaughtering.—Jurat. 14th Jan. 1543.—Co. Mayo. Andrew Adaire, late of Moygownagh, county Mayo, Esq., saith, that the name of the English was so hateful to the Irish, that they would not only kill all they met with (if not strangely prevented), but would kill all *the English breed of cattle*, sometyme jeeringly saying, they would speak English, and therefore they would kill them."

The miserable varieties of lawless outrage and severe legislation fill an immense space in the history of Ireland. Would we could see it had been succeeded by order and content, to invite more indulgent laws!

OLD PACKHORSE ROAD.

Sir,—In a late number of 'The Mirror,' a hope was expressed that the writer of a book then under review would take some notice of the active steps now taken by certain parochial despots to stop up the old packhorse roads as nuisances. I can direct your attention to one that has lately been turned out of its course. The road leading from Highbury Barn Tavern to the Sluice House used to pass through Highbury Vale, considerably to the right of one that now exists between rows of newly-built houses. The old way cannot have been stopped up for public convenience. Would it be intruding too much to ask for whose private benefit the change was made?—I am, Sir,

Paul Pry.

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Arms. Az., a fess, or, in chief a bear's head, ppr., muzzled and ringed, or.
Crest. A mullet, erminois, between two wings, ar.
Supporters on either side, a bear, ppr., muzzled, collared and chained, or, charged on the shoulders with a cross, pattée fitchée, of the last.
Motto. Virtus in arduis. "Courage in difficulty."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BARING.

This family is not of the number which derives its importance from "the pride of ancient days." John Baring, Esq., of Larkbeer, Devonshire, son of Franz Baring, minister of the Lutheran church at Bremen, is mentioned as its founder. He lived in the last century, and it was his third son, Francis Baring, Esq., born April 18, 1740, that paved the way for the dignities which now belong to the name. This gentleman was a trader, and the magnitude of his operations caused him to be distinguished as "the first merchant in the world." He was created a baronet, May 29, 1793. He died September 12, 1810, and was succeeded in his titles by his eldest son Thomas, now Sir Thomas Baring.

Alexander, the second son, on the death of Sir Francis, became the head of the large and wealthy commercial establishment in the city. Great was its reputation and immense its importance when it came into his hands: both were immeasurably increased under his management.

His powerful mind, however, was not confined to commercial matters. From a reference to the parliamentary history of the last thirty or forty years, it will be found that he took an active part in most of the debates called forth by the great questions successively brought before the House of Commons, in the course of that long period.

On the 10th of April, 1835, his lordship was raised to the peerage as Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton, in the county of Devonshire.

In that year we find him in office as President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. His lordship is a trustee of the British Museum, a privy councillor, and a D.C.L. of Oxford.

His lordship has not only served his country in the capacity above described, but since his retirement from office Lord Ashburton consented to go to America as Ambassador Extraordinary. He happily succeeded in putting an end to the differences which had long threatened a rupture between England and the United States. In acquitting himself of this difficult task, the noble lord was attended by the singular good fortune of his former life. Though loud complaints were made against the treaty which he had concluded on its being first received, when it came to be submitted to the consideration of parliament all objections to it "vanished into thin air." A debate originated in hostility in the House of Commons, after one or two adjournments was interrupted by some accidental interference of the forms of the house, and its opponents were content not to renew the attack, and subsequently thanks were voted to his lordship for the important service he had rendered his country. Through his whole career he has exerted himself to extend the commerce of England, and his last public act (at present on record) has given her the grateful assurance of continued peace.

LYRIC ODE TO ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE BARD.

By J. Paterson, Surgeon, Parkhead, near Glasgow.

Once Nature strung her rural lyre,
And roam'd each hill and glen,
In quest of bard, with rustic fire,
Among the sons of men.

But finding none, she strayed and wept
In solitude alone,—
The music on the wild chords slept,
The melody was gone.

At length she came to winding Ayr,
Where the rapt mavis sings;
The sweetest song was warbled there,
Ere breath'd on lyric strings.

She gazed, no *noble* bard was there,
But a poor rustic boy
Wild warbled on the banks of Ayr,
With nature's simple joy.

Yet in fine frenzy roll'd his eyes,
Full on his gaze she turns,
She knew her bard, and raptured cries,
My lyre belongs to Burns.

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DUELLISTS AND DUELLING.

The practice of duelling, revolting as it is to reason, the labours of centuries have failed to put down. As the Israelites obstinately gave way to idolatry, the English and other nations have resolutely patronised this mode of settling differences. The gravest authorities have seemed to acquiesce in its necessity, and to feel

"That now and then, a hero must decease
For the surviving world to live in peace."

Great efforts were made at former periods to put an end to a practice so irrational and pernicious. In France, so early as in the time of King Pharamond, an edict is said to have issued, dated from Blois, February 8, A.D. 440, under which it was ordered that the person who proved the sending or receiving a challenge should be entitled to claim for his own use and property the whole personal estate of both parties, his real estate to be vested in the next heir of the offender.

It further declared that a criminal condemned for duelling should not only suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed, and personal, should from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt, and it thus concluded: "It shall not hereafter be in our Royal power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offence, or restore the offenders to their estates, honour, or blood forever."

The parliament of Paris, June 26, 1599, declares all who should revenge insults received but in course of law, should be guilty of high treason, ordering their estates, as well personal as real, of the living and the dead, to be confiscated to the king. All present were also to be punished.

Henry IV, by an edict dated Blois, April, 1602, confirms the above-mentioned decree, and declares, "that the disorders of that abominable custom of fighting duels for reparation of honour were so great, and so much Christian blood was spilt thereby, that he could not judge himself worthy of swaying the sceptre if he did not put a stop to the abuse."

The practice, however, continued, and the same monarch, regretting that "the law did rather exasperate than repress that insolent and brutish custom," issued a new edict from Fontainbleau, in June, 1609, ordaining additional punishments to all concerned in duelling, protesting before God that he would not pardon any one who should be found guilty, and prohibiting the queen and princes from interceding in behalf of any who should so offend.

The strict execution of this law during that reign is said to have abated the evil; but in the following one, that of Louis XIII, a new way of fighting was introduced to evade the law. Combats took place as upon accidental rencontres, pretending no challenge to have preceded. This caused an edict to be issued, dated July 1, 1611, extending the provisions of the former edicts to such contentions. One still stronger was put forth, dated January 18, 1613, which was followed by another dated October 1, 1614, and that by one containing additional provisions of severity, dated July 14, 1617, which in March, 1621, was carried rigorously into effect by the parliament of Paris, which condemned five persons as guilty of the crime of high treason, adjudging their estates to be forfeited, and themselves to be hanged in person, if apprehended, and if not, in effigy, in the public place of execution in Paris.

Another edict, published by the parliament of Paris, August 29, 1623, ordered that whoever should carry a challenge, gentleman, servant or lackey, should without mercy be put to death, in pursuance of which and the former edict the parliament of Paris condemned Bouteville, Count of Pontgibault, the Baron of Chantail and des Saules, for having fought a duel on Easter-day, of high treason, and sentenced them to be degraded from all privileges of honour, and declared ignominious and infamous, themselves hanged on a gibbet, and their dead bodies carried to Montfaucon, if apprehended, and if not, hanged in effigy upon a gallows; all their houses to be razed and demolished, never again to be rebuilt, and the trees growing about them to be lopt off by the middle, to remain as a perpetual monument of their crime.

A history of duels and duellists would be a very instructive work. It would furnish some most singular narratives. One at this moment recurs to us, connected with the duel fought between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Edward Bruce, two hundred and thirty years ago. The details of the meeting are thus given by the pen of Sir Edward:—

"Tergose in Zealand was the place allotted for rendezvous; where Lord Bruce, accompanied with one Mr Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, and a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-day, but a village divides the state's territories from the archduke's; and there was the destined stage, to the end, that having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the authority, by retiring into the dominion not offended.

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"It was further concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and whose ill fortune should so have subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hand. But, in case one party's sword should break, because that only could chance by hasard, it was agreed, that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go on it again. Thus these conclusions being by each of them related to his party, was by us both approved and assented to. Accordingly, we embarked for Antwerp, and by reason my lord (as I conceive, because he could not handsomely without danger of discovery) had not paired the sword, I sent him to Paris, bringing one of the same length but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed, it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased my Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behind hand as a little of my blood would not serve his turn, and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that, which he must to satisfy himself and his honour. Thereunto Sir John Heidon replied that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unbefitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer only reiterated his former resolution. The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify him, I could presently divide the difference, and therefore, he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed.

"Together we rode (but one before the other some twelve score) about two English miles: and then passion, having so weak an enemy to assail as my direction, easily became victor, and using her power, made me obedient to her commands, I being verily mad with anger, that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life: with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which, with all willingness, he quickly granted; and there, in a meadow (ancle-deep in water, at the least), bidding farewell to our doubletts, in our shirts began to charge each other, having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, enjoining them besides, as they expected our favours, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures, we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short-shooting; but, in revenge, I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then I received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back.

"And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand having but an ordinary glove on, lost one of his servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and to fight, yet remaineth as before; and I am put in hope, one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet quitting our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of keeping each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first, was the question, which on neither part either would perform, and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captived weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword? both which he denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart; but, with his avoiding, mist my aim, yet past through his body, and drawing back my sword, re-passed it again through another place, when he cried 'Oh, I am slain!'—seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life? but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, he bravely replied, he scorned it; which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, till at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped: whereupon, I asked if he desired his sur-

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geon should come? which he accepted of, and being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhumane to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile, for want of blood I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger; for my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamed of it, came full at me with my lord's sword, and had not mine with my sword interposed him off, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former courage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!'

"Yours,

"Louvaine, "ED. SACKVILLE.
"8th September, 1613."

The rage for duelling continued both here and in France. With one remarkable affair between two personages of high rank we must take leave of the subject for the present.

"In the minority of Louis the Fourteenth the Dukes de Beaufort and de Nemours, although united by interest against the Cardinal Mazarine, had, notwithstanding, their particular views, the Duke of Beaufort was attached to the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke de Nemours to the Prince of Condé. Mademoiselle de Montpensier had assembled at Orleans all the principal officers of the army in order to determine what route the troops should take. The Duke de Beaufort advised their continuing near Paris, the Duke de Nemours recommended their marching to Guienne to strengthen the Prince of Condé's party—the contest became very warm, whereupon the Duke de Nemours said 'That since the Prince of Condé was to be thus deserted, it was necessary for him to quit the cause, because he had been deceived, but he knew upon whom the blame lay.' The Duke de Beaufort, who thought himself the person pointed at, asked to whom he alluded. 'Why you,' replied De Nemours; upon which De Beaufort struck him on the face; after exchanging severe blows with their fists, they drew their swords and made several passes at each other, but the bystanders, rushing in, separated them.

"From motives of respect to Mademoiselle de Montpensier the Duke de Nemours affected to be reconciled to Beaufort, who, as soon as he had recovered from his passion, asked Nemours' pardon. They lived afterwards for some time on good terms, until a new dispute occurred in the Council about precedency. De Beaufort maintained his pretensions with all the gentleness imaginable—but De Nemours, who entertained a rankling malice at his heart on account of the former quarrel, resolved on a duel, and sent De Beaufort a challenge.

"They fought in the horse-market, five against five. The seconds of De Nemours were the Marquis de Villars, the Chevalier de la Chaise, Dukes Uzerches, and Compan. Those of the Duke de Beaufort were D'Henricourt, De Ris, Buri, and Brillet. The Duke de Nemours brought pistols with him which he had charged himself.

"De Beaufort, as they approached each other, said 'Ah! my dear brother, what a shameful proceeding is this we are upon? Let us forget what is past and be henceforward friends: I conjure you to spare this disgraceful effusion of blood."

"De Nemours was deaf, however, to his mild entreaty, and brutally replied, 'No, rascal, I must now either kill you, or you me.'

"Scarcely had he spoken these words when he fired his pistol at De Beaufort, but missed his aim; then immediately drawing his sword to charge him, rushed on, but De Beaufort lodged a ball in his stomach as he advanced, and he staggered and fell dead in a moment. The Marquis de Villars killed D'Henricourt, and De Uzerches slew De Ris. The others were only slightly wounded. The two dukes were brothers-in-law.

"This plan of fighting with seconds was very general in France during the reigns of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, when the rage for duelling may have been considered at its height; in Louis the Thirteenth's reign the usual inquiry was when acquaintances met in the morning—not 'What is the news of the day?' but 'How are you, do you know who fought yesterday?'

"The celebrated Montmorency Count de Botteville was the most renowned duellist of the time, and his house the rendezvous for all the acknowledged brave fellows, where they assembled to practice the use of arms, and keep each other in proper wind and training.

"Botteville had fought many duels, and several times obtained his pardon, but was told to expect it no more. Notwithstanding he fought La Frete between Poissey and St Germain, when his second was killed by La Frete's second. An order being issued for his arrest, he fled to Flanders, where after residing a period, he prevailed upon the arch-duchess to apply to Louis for his pardon, which was peremptorily refused. Botteville, irritated at this refusal, declared, 'he would return to Paris and there fight again, and even in the Palais Royale.' He had sometime before killed the Count de Fougri, whose friend, the Marquis de Beuvron, was desirous of an opportunity to revenge his loss.

"De Botteville caused intimation of his

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intention to be given to the Marquis, who accordingly repaired to Paris, and they met in the Palais Royale at two o'clock in the afternoon. They fought each with two seconds, and were separated, one of De Botteville's seconds being dangerously wounded. De Botteville again fled, but was taken, tried at Paris, and beheaded."

Science.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—There were exhibited from D. D. Alves, Esq., two specimens of sugar canes, showing the effect of the application of farm-yard manure and crushed bones to the land in which they were growing. It is now being found out by planters that some kind of manure is necessary to the sugar cane. From Messrs Elkington there were some specimens of leaves, covered with copper by the electrotype process, showing that the natural leaves of plants may now be plated over with silver or other metals for personal ornament, or for house decoration.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—A communication was received from MM. Choiselat and Ratel, on the means of improving the Daguerréotype process. They are of opinion that the impressions would be more perfect but for an excess of free iodine on the plates, and recommend that, in order to prevent this, the iodine should be laid on in a place sufficiently luminous for the purpose.—M. Becquerel read a paper on the application, by means of electricity, of the oxides of metals upon metals. By his process he obtains oxides which had never before been formed by the ordinary process of chemistry; and all oxidable metals may be covered with a coating of oxide, such as the peroxides of iron or lead, which have great adhesiveness, and form as it were one body with the metals to which they are applied. Hitherto metals have been laid upon other metals to preserve them from oxidation, and the influence of external agents. By the process of M. Becquerel, he applies the excessively cohesive particles of the oxide, which renders the metals unchangeable on their surface, to which they impart a beautiful colour, in many cases preferable to that of the metals themselves. The process is one of great simplicity, for all that is necessary is to plunge the metal in an alkaline solution of an oxide, in giving to it the positive pole of an electrical pair with a permanent current.

— "In India," says the Bishop of Calcutta, "my firm persuasion is, that if this (the Puseyite) system should go on, we are lost as a Protestant church; that is, lost altogether."

Reviews.

Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Concluding Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

THERE is a possibility of having "too much of a good thing." It is not to be denied that the 'Letters of Walpole' are often amusing, and are sometimes entitled to still higher commendation; but there have been so many hashings up of the dish, that those who were most eager for it once, must by this, we think, have had rather more than enough.

For the last half century it has been difficult to open a magazine without being met by "letters from Horace Walpole." From endless repetition he has become a bore; and the reading world in general will rejoice greatly to find they have now—what no doubt many of them fondly believed they had before—the concluding series.

Some of his anecdotes are but middling, others very good in their way. The following furnishes a piquant illustration of Pope's—

"Here, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

"Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. * * * Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty! Adieu."

The prices given for standings to see coronations have astonishingly varied; latterly they have looked down. When George III came to the throne they seem to have reached the highest point. Walpole says:—

"At the coronation of George II my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St Margaret's roundhouse to the church door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time, it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails."

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He makes some just reflections on cold-blooded philosophy. Speaking of La Condamine, our letter-writer says—

"He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm. But to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: 'Monsieur, il jure horriblement.' La Condamine replied, 'Ma foi, il n'a pas tort;' not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling? Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life, after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. 'What!' replied he, 'and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be d——d first,'—and was hanged!"

It is amusing to trace the links which connect the present with the past. Horace Walpole felt this, and often acted on the feeling with good success. Here is a specimen—

"You must consider, as my father was minister then, that I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I, two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Nearly ten years ago I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with Mrs Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is true she doted; then came her daughter, the old Lady Waldegrave; her son, the ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriot; her daughter, the present Lady Powis; and she has children who may be married in five or six years; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more!"

The sarcasm breathed by Foote against Garrick, that he was the greatest actor on or off the stage, Walpole applies to the heroes of the stage generally. It is sufficiently malignant, it insinuates everything that is mean and hateful, and involves a whole fraternity in the condemnation. He says—

"We are sending you the famous Garrick, and his once famous wife. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*." * *

Walpole's opinion of Junius may be deemed worth reading. Of his letters he says—"The licentiousness of abuse surpasses all example. The most savage massacre of private characters passes for sport; but we have lately had an attack made on the king himself, exceeding the 'North Briton.' Such a paper has been printed by the famous Junius, whoever he is, that it would scarce have been written before Charles I was in Carisbrook Castle. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are as little spared; the former for having taken a wife for himself—so says the 'North Briton;' observe, *I* do not say so—and the latter for having taken another man's; for opposite actions are equally criminal in the spectacles of Opposition, the two glasses of which are always made the one to see black as white, the other white as black, and also both to see that white and black are both black. To be sure, the younger Highness has had the mishap of being surprised, at least once, with my Lady Grosvenor, who is actually discarded by her lord."

"Two of a trade rarely agree." The sly, polished libeller, Walpole, could not endure the stern effrontery of a brother letter-writer.

We can only add his picture of the Princess Daschkaw. The reader of Russian history will recollect that this lady acted a distinguished part in that revolution which placed Catherine the Second on the throne. Her charms were said to be such that she captivated her own father. This would hardly be surmised from what appears in the book before us.

"Well, I have seen the Princess Daschkaw, and she is well worth seeing—not for her person, though, for an absolute Tartar, she is not ugly; her smile is pleasing, but her eyes have a very Catiline fierceness. Her behaviour is extraordinarily frank and easy. She talks on all subjects, and not ill, nor with striking pedantry, and is quick and very animated. She puts herself above all attention to dress, and everything feminine, and yet sings tenderly and agreeably, with a pretty voice. She, and a Russian lady who accompanies her, sung two songs of the people, who are all musical; one was grave, the other lively, but with very tender turns, and both resembling extremely the Venetian *barqueroles*. She speaks English a little, understands it easily—French is very familiar to her, and she knows Latin. When the news of the naval victory over the Turks arrived at Petersburg, the Czarina made the archbishop mount the tomb of Peter the Great, and ascribe the victory to him, as the founder of the marine. It was a bold *coup de théâtre*, and Pagan enough. The dis-

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course, which is said to be very elegant, the princess has translated into French, and Dr Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, is to publish it in English. But, as an instance of her quickness and parts, I must tell you that she went to a Quaker's meeting. As she came away, one of the women came up to her, and told her she saw she was a foreigner, that she wished her much prosperity, and should be very glad if anything she had seen amongst them that day should contribute to her salvation. The princess thanked her very civilly, and said, 'Madame, je ne sçais, si la voye de silence n'est point la meilleure façon d'adorer l'Etre Supreme.' In short, she is a very singular personage, and I am extremely pleased that I have seen her. Adieu."

There are many like touches that would grace a jest-book of his own day, or of ours; and which, but for their being somewhat deficient in novelty, would call forth a hearty laugh.

The Artizan, a Monthly Journal of the Operative Art. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE contents of the July number of this talented periodical teem with interest, while the articles display that which is a chief recommendation to the operative classes—utility. "Anatomy of the Steam Engine," "The Buildings Arts," "Management of Highways," "Pictorial Anatomy," are papers of such a nature as will stamp the importance of the 'Artizan.' "The Philosophy of Architecture" pleased us much.

HARDY THE SHOEMAKER AND A NOBLE PATRON.

HARDY, who was tried for high treason in 1774, and acquitted, was a man of great natural ability and much firmness. The following particulars relating to the treatment which he received from a noble lord, who approved of his sentiments, are not generally known :—

On the evening after his acquittal the noble reformer sent for him, to gratify his lordship's curiosity relative to the feelings he had experienced during his long imprisonment and trial. Dr Moore, the father of the lamented General Moore, was present at the conversation. On Hardy's being about to leave, his lordship said, "Hardy, some friends of mine have joined with me in raising a sum of money to relieve you from some of your sufferings, and reinstate you in business. Here is a hundred pounds at your disposal." Hardy thanked his lordship for the generous offer, and declined accepting it at that precise moment, as he had not then had time to determine where to live, but said, as his friends were active in seeking a situation, he would take the liberty of calling again on his lordship, and avail himself of his liberality, when he had an opportunity of applying the money. A house in Tavistock street was fixed upon for Hardy to resume business as a shoemaker, and having occasion for cash, for he had advanced eighty pounds to help to defray the expense of his trial, he went again to his lordship's house to accept the assistance offered him. His lordship was not at home. A second time he called, and his lordship was not at home. A third – a fourth — and many other times he called again, but his lordship could never be found. Hardy, thus disappointed, relinquished the hope of obtaining the proffered aid, and ceased to call. A year or two elapsed even before he saw the noble lord again. He had occasion to wait one night in the lobby of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to see a member of the Whig Club, which had then been holding a meeting, when his lordship was coming down stairs. "Ah, Hardy," said his lordship, "I am glad to see you. I have forty pounds to give you, which you may have whenever you call on me." Surprised as Hardy was to find the offered hundred pounds reduced to a promised forty, he had the discretion to say that such a sum would be very acceptable, and he would avail himself of his lordship's permission to call upon him. He called, and called again, but his lordship was always invisible. Again tired out, Hardy suspended for some months his personal pursuit, but at last resolved to try the effect of a letter. This was done, but he could never obtain a penny from the liberal nobleman. One or two quack philanthropists of the present day, have been named as acting a part somewhat similar.

THE FEMALE COMPLAINT.

CUSTOM, alas! does partial prove,
Nor gives us even measure;
A pain it is to maids to love,
But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts disclose,
But ours must burn within;
We have got eyes and tongues in vain
And Truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
And yet no hazards run;
Poor we are left, if we deny;
And, if we yield, undone.

Then equal laws let custom find,
Nor thus the sex oppress;
More freedom grant to woman kind,
Or give to mankind less.

— A French translator, when he came to a passage of Swift, in which it is said that the Duke of Marlborough broke an officer, not being acquainted with this Anglicism, translated it *rosé* "broke on a wheel."

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The Gatherer.

— Dr Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, died in Paris on Sunday, the 2nd inst., aged 88. The 'Commerce' says: —"Dr Hahnemann was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents, and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered, in 1790, the new system, which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1826 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the result of his labours, under the title of 'Matière Medicale Pure.' In 1829 he published his 'Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies,' of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his 'Organon de l'Art de Guérir,' which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 dissertations on different medical subjects.

The Census.—By the returns just presented to the House of Commons relative to the population of the United Kingdom, as ascertained by the last census, it appears that the total population of England and Wales amounts to 15,911,646, and of Scotland to 2,620,207; the number of persons travelling by railways and canals on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, being 4,896. It further appears that the total population of Ireland amounts to 8,175,238, of whom 852,064 were ascertained to be members of the Established Church—6,427,712 to be Catholics, 642,356 Presbyterians, and 21,808 Protestant Dissenters.

Artesian Wells.—It is intended to carry the bore for the Artesian well in the Garden of Plants to the depth of 800 or 900 metres, whereas that at Grenelle is only 500 metres deep. The object of piercing so low is to find water of a high temperature. The expectation of doing so is founded on observations made by M. Arago and M. Walferdin, at Grenelle, that the temperature of the water increased in warmth one degree at every thirty-two metres' depth. —*Paris paper.*

Deaths Postponed.—In a country paper, a day or two ago, after a long list of births, marriages, and deaths, appears the following strange notice:—"Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

"*Off she goes,*" said Mrs Smith to her spouse, as they started by the railway from Nine Elms. "There you are wrong," said Smith, "for this is the *mail* train."

King Dagobert's Dish.—Sisenand, a Spanish chief, aspired to the crown, and obtained it A.D. 631, with the assistance of King Dagobert. It was agreed that in the event of the former proving successful he should requite the service of his ally by giving him a famous bowl or dish of gold, which had been given to Torrismond, the son of Theodoric, by Actius, after the battle fought against Attila the Hun, at Chalons. This dish was, perhaps, the most valuable one ever seen in the world. It weighed five hundred pounds, and was thickly studded with diamonds and precious stones. It was given to Dagobert by Sisenand; but it was afterwards taken from his soldiers by those of the Spanish king. Dagobert claimed its restoration, and threatened, if this were refused, to invade Spain, but eventually consented to receive in lieu of it 200,000 pennies in gold, calculated by Pere Daniel to be equal to 1,600,000 livres, nearly 150,000*l.*

Modern Pilgrims.—Those who feel alarm at the supposed progress of popery in our days, will perhaps be surprised to learn what was of common occurrence within a century from this date. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for 1747, we see the following announcement:—"Tuesday, October 13th, being the anniversary of King Edward the Confessor, the tombs in Westminster Abbey were shut up by order of the dean and chapter, to prevent the great concourse of Roman Catholics who always repair thither on that day. Notwithstanding which, several of them were kneeling all the day at the gates, and paying their devotions to that saint."

History of a Picture.—The following account of the painting in the window of St Margaret's Church, Westminster, is given in the 'Ecclesiologist:'—The magistrates of Dort, in Holland, desiring to present Henry VII with something worthy to adorn his magnificent chapel, then building at Westminster, directed this window to be made, and Henry and his Queen sent their pictures to Dort. King Henry dying before the window was completed, it became the property of an Abbot of Waltham, who placed it in his abbey, where it remained till the dissolution in 1540. Robert Fuller, the last Abbot, removed it to a chapel in New Hall, Lord Ormond's seat, in Wiltshire, which was afterwards possessed by Thomas Boleyn, father of Anne Boleyn. In Elizabeth's reign, New Hall belonged to the Earl of Sussex; of *his* family the Duke of Buckingham bought it. *His* son sold it to General Monk, who buried the window under ground, but after the Restoration replaced it in the chapel. *His* son dying without issue, and the Duchess neglecting the seat, the chapel became ruinous. John Olivius, having probably purchased the estate from the heirs of the Monk family, demolished both house and chapel, but preserved the glass, in the hope of selling it for some church. It lay cased up in boxes till Mr Conyers purchased it for his chapel at Copthall,

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near Epping, when he employed Price, an artist, to repair it. Mr Conyers building a new house, sold the window for 400 guineas to the Parliamentary Committee for repairing St Margaret's Church in 1758.

A Dying Poet.—The death of Klopstock was one of the most poetical. In this poet's 'Messiah,' he had made the death of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, a picture of the 'Death of the Just;' and on his own death-bed he was heard repeating, with an expiring voice, his own verses 'On Mary.' He was exhorting himself to die by the accents of his own harp.

Parents and Children.—See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all, but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements and to game away their fortunes rather "than to give their old parents the cares which they want."

"*To Marry is not to Marry.*"—At Carlsbad and other places in Germany, the young ladies, on St Andrew's Eve, seat themselves with their backs to the door of the room, take a shoe between their teeth, and throw it over their heads with a jerk. If it fall with the toe outwards, it is a sign of a wedding; if with the heel, of staying under the father's roof. The lasses have another way of deciding this question:—They listen outside a house till they hear the word "*Ja*," or "*Nein*." This is the utterance of the oracle.

Watering Out-door Plants.—The best time for watering exposed plants is soon after sunrise. Evaporation will go on freely, but the atmosphere is getting warmer, and the sun's rays exert their counteracting influence; if watered in the evening the roots are chilled and the plant checked in its growth. The darkened surface—that very condition which makes the soil throw off its heat more readily during the night—causes it to imbibe the heat of the sun's rays by day with increased facility, so that you thus have the greatest amount of the fostering agencies of heat and moisture for the growth of plants. When evening again comes round, the surface moisture has been dried up, and its colour again rendered of a lighter shade; there is consequently little diminution of temperature beyond surrounding objects, either from evaporation or radiation of heat.

Plain Dealing with the Plain.—The Chinese do not appear to be remarkable for their complimentary powers. When a person wishes to look better on canvas than in reality, the answer of the painter usually is, "No hab got handsome face, how can hab handsome picture?" The English artist who wishes to get on makes no such objection. He sometimes does what would almost seem an impossibility, giving age and ugliness the air of youthfulness and beauty, yet so managed that the likeness cannot be denied. Here, a painter who cannot do this lacks patronage; a sculptor loses *cast*.

Petticoat Protection.—Among the many curious incidents arising from the rebellion of 1745, was that which happened to Strange, a celebrated engraver. When the battle of Culloden was over, he fled to a friend's house, pursued by the soldiers. In the hurry of the moment, not knowing where to place him, a young lady in the costume of the time, viz., a dress-hoop, offered to shelter him under the ample folds of her petticoat. Under this feminine protection he remained undiscovered. When the troubles of the time were passed, he rewarded with his hand the lady who had manifested such singular kindness to a fugitive.

—The 'Liverpool Times' states that Government has at present under consideration plans for quickening the intercourse between England and Ireland, by forming a railway from Chester to Holyhead, on the plan proposed by Mr Stephenson. The line, according to this plan, will cross the Dee just below Chester race-ground. Should the determination to carry out this great work be persevered in, it will have to be executed either in whole or in part at the public expense.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Erratum.—For "pounded," read "poured," in our answer respecting medallion wafers, in No. 2, Vol. II.

W. W.—We have said before we cannot answer medical questions. More mischief is done by foolery of the kind than by letting disease take its course.

X. X.—To silver the inside of glass globes, or uneven surfaces of glass, take—

Of Bismouth, by weight	-	1 *part.*
Lead	-	0½ ,,
Pure tin	-	0½ ,,
Mercury	-	2 ,,

Fuse the solid metals together, and add the mercury. When they are nearly cold, a gentle heat, and stirring them with an iron or wooden spatula, will amalgamate the whole. Pour the metal into the globe of glass, and at a certain temperature you will see it attach itself. When so done, pour the superabundant quantity out. The glass must be quite clear.

R.—Whitehead's essence of mustard is composed of oil of turpentine, camphor, and spirits of rosemary, and a little flour of mustard.

We will thank our correspondents to give us as much information as possible on the old foot-paths now threatened to be closed on the north side of London.

Mr N. is informed that Windsor and Newton's moist colours, or Smith and Warner's body colours, are those most used for vellum painting. If made up from the powder let it be in parchment size. The vellum requires no preparation.

Relics of London, No. XV, accidentally delayed this week, shall certainly appear in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 5.] SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

ST PETER'S AND THE POPES.

We some weeks back took occasion to notice the admirable model of the Church of St Peter's, at Rome, now exhibiting at 121 Pallmall. This week we submit a graphic representation of that beautiful work, and doing so, present the readers of the 'Mirror' with a correct picture of the vast original.

That Sir Christopher Wren had that majestic edifice in his mind when he planned the present Cathedral Church of St Paul, admits not of doubt. He could not give a higher proof of the admiration which it had inspired in his mind, and Sir Christopher was, in matters of architecture, no gentle critic. Even Westminster Abbey encountered his scornful condemnation. The venerable pile, he did not scruple to say, had no pretensions to be regarded as the work of an architect, as all that it presented was one block of stone lying upon another. St Peter's, at Rome, was in his eye what a magnificent temple of religion ought to be. He has furnished a noble imitation, but one which in all respects falls far short of the parent structure, in grandeur as well as in interest.

What a volume might be written on St Peter's if we were to attempt to record a hundredth part of the events most striking in themselves, most important in their influence on the destinies of nations, which have there originated! The mind recoils in dismay from the magnitude of the subject. It was here that he who claimed to preside as the successor of St Peter gave laws to the civilised world. He made kings, and unmade them. The monarch who incurred the displeasure of the Pope had his kingdom laid under an interdict, and his subjects were officially told that disobedience was no longer unlawful, that their king was deposed.

How haughtily daring men conducted themselves in opposition to their rightful sovereign is finely exhibited in the proceedings against Becket, for high treason, in 1163. This individual, whose origin gave him no excuse for overbearing arrogance, who was described by Henry as

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"a wretch who had eaten his bread, who had come to his court on a limping packhorse, carrying all his baggage at his back," this Thomas à Becket could meet, in the way described below, the anger of his king and the hostility of the other bishops, sustained by the favour and approbation of the Pope:

"The bishops, by leave from the king, consulted apart, for they were either to incur his indignation, or with the great men, in a criminal cause, to condemn their archbishop, which, for the manifest violation of holy sanctions or canons, they dare not do. At length the matter was thus patched up by common council or contrivance of the bishops; that they would appeal the archbishop of perjury in the court of Rome, and bound themselves to the king in the word of truth, that they would use their utmost endeavour to depose him. Having thus obliged themselves to the king, they all went from him to the archbishop, and Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, in the name of the rest, told him, that he had been their archbishop, and then they were bound to obey him. But because he had sworn fealty to the king, and did endeavour to destroy his laws and customs, especially such as belonged to his terrene dignity and honour, therefore they declared him guilty of perjury, and that for the future they were not to obey a perjured archbishop. And therefore put themselves, and what was theirs, under the pope's protection, and appealed to his presence, and appointed him a day to answer these matters.

"The king and chief men (without the bishops) sitting in judgment, *rege cum principibus (pontificibus substractis) sedente pro tribunali*, it was most certainly believed, the archbishop would have been imprisoned, or somewhat worse have been done to him, for the king and all the great men that were present judged him perjured and a traitor. And the earls and barons and much company went from the king to the archbishop, of whom the chiefest person, Robert Earl of Leicester, told him he was to come and answer what was objected against him, as he had promised to do the day before, or he must hear his sentence: he rising up said, 'Sentence! yea son earl, hear you, when the church of Canterbury was given to me, I asked what manner of person that would make me, and it was answered free and exempt from the King's court. *Et responsum est, liberum et quietum ab omni nexu curiali me redderet.* Free therefore, and absolute as I am, I will not, nor am I bound to answer to those things from which I am exempt.' And then added, 'My son earl, observe by how much the soul is more worthy than the body, by so much the more I am to obey God than a terrene prince. But neither law nor reason permits that children or sons should condemn or judge their fathers, and therefore I decline the sentence of the king, yourself, and others, as being to be judged under God alone by the pope.' *Unde regis et tuum et aliorum judicium declino, sub Deo solo a domino papa judicandus.* To whose presence I do, before you all, appeal, putting both the dignity and order of the church of Canterbury, and my own, with all things belonging unto them, under God's protection and his. Nevertheless, you my brethren and fellow-bishops, because you obey man rather than God, I call you to the audience and judgment of the pope; and as from the enemies of the Catholic church, by authority of the apostolic see, I retire from hence.—And so made his escape, as hath been before related."

That Becket was subsequently murdered proves nothing against the power exercised by the Pope. The degrading penance to which he submitted, the barefooted pilgrimage and the scourging from knotted cords which he endured, prove how much the King of England at that period stood in awe of the occupant of St Peter's chair.

Pursuing this train of thought, we find the powers claimed by the Holy Father were not more extraordinary than the humble obedience in many cases, and the fierce resistance in others, which they produced. Hence the wild crusades, the frantic wars, the astonishing martyrdoms, which swell the page of history.

It might be curious to trace the encouragement which the arts received from St Peter's. Not descending to the meanness of humble utility in the first instance, the skill called forth by the noble prices paid for well-made relics, eventually improved our manufactures. Fine workmanship was required for those sanctified objects which were to perform miracles; decorations of ancient coffins, the dresses, ornaments, and chains of the disciples, and instruments of torture used against them and their friends, were produced in such abundance, that a very considerable commerce was established under the sanction of the head of the Christian world.

The individual placed in that high situation, it would naturally be supposed, must be one who at least had a great reputation for piety. No such thing. For years a man might continue to sit in the papal chair who laboured under the heaviest accusation. In 1416 John XXIII was charged with having, "by simony, obtained the dignity of cardinal, and by the same practices amassed a great heap of treasure; that he had conspired to poison his predecessor, Alexander V; that he had sold indulgences, and the relics of saints; that he had asserted there was no life after this, and denied the Resurrection; that his life had been dissolute, and he incorrigibly obstinate against all admonition; that from his youth he had been addicted to all vices; that he was a man of no devotion; that he was accused of incest with his brother's wife, and improper intercourse with nuns." These sins against decorum and religion were charged against him for many years before it was attempted to depose him.

In modern times Popes have been brought to reason by the indifference with which they and their threats are regarded even

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by Catholic nations, where any extraordinary exertion of authority is ventured upon. Enough of superstition and of pomp still remains connected with St Peter's, though it is now comparatively harmless.

In the church of St Peter, on Easter Monday, a grand ceremony is annually witnessed. The Pope himself assists at high mass, and the scene is thus described by the author of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century :'

"The church is lined with the *guarda nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet, and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The great centre aisle is kept clear by a double wall of armed men, for the grand procession, the approach of which is proclaimed by the sound of trumpet from the farther end of the church. Priests advance, loaded with still augmenting magnificence as they ascend to the higher orders. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver, and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, and bishops and cardinals dazzle the eye, and fill the whole length of St Peter's. Lastly comes the Pope in his crimson chair of state, borne on the shoulders of twenty *palfrenieri*, arrayed in robes of white, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined Trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his head, preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on long gilded wands. He stops to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, about half-way up; and this duty, which he never omits, being performed, he is slowly borne past the high altar, liberally giving his benediction with the twirl of the three fingers as he passes.

"He is then set down upon a magnificent stool in front of the altar, on which he kneels, and his crown being taken off, and the cardinals taking off their little red caps, and all kneeling in a row, he assumes the attitude of praying. Having remained a few minutes he is taken to a chair prepared for him to the right of the throne. There he reads from a book, and is again taken to the altar, on which his tiara has been placed; and, bareheaded, he repeats—or as, by courtesy, it is called, sings—a small part of the service, throws up clouds of incense, and is removed to the crimson-canopied throne. High mass is celebrated by a cardinal and two bishops, at which he assists. During the service the Italians seem to consider it quite as much of a pageant as foreigners, but neither a new nor an interesting one; they either walk about and talk, or interchange pinches of snuff with each other, exactly as if it had been a place of amusement, until the tinkling of a little bell, which announces the elevation of the host, changes the scene. Every knee is now bent to the earth, and every voice hushed; the reversed arms of the military ring with an instantaneous clang on the marble pavement as they sink on the ground, and all is still as death. This does not last above two minutes till the host is swallowed. Thus begins and ends the only part that bears even the smallest outward aspect of religion. The military now pour out of St Peter's and form an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the horse guards are drawn up, and an immense number of carriages, filled with splendidly dressed women, and thousands of people on foot, are assembled. Yet the multitude almost shrunk into insignificance in the vast area of the piazza; and neither piety nor curiosity collect sufficient numbers to fill it. The tops of the colonnades all round, however, are thronged with spectators; and it is a curious sight to see a mixture of all ranks and nations—from the coronetted heads of kings, to the poor cripple who crawls along the pavement,—assembled together to await the blessing of their fellow mortal. Not the least picturesque figures among the throng are the *contadini*, who, in every variety of curious costume, flock in from their distant mountain villages, to receive the blessing of the holy father, and whose bright and eager countenances, shaded by their long dark hair, turn to the balcony where the pope is to appear. At length the two white ostrich-feather fans, the forerunners of his approach, are seen; and he is borne forward on his throne above the shoulders of the cardinals and bishops, who fill the balcony. After an audible prayer he arises, and elevating his hands to heaven, invokes a solemn benediction upon the multitude and the people committed to his charge. Every head uncovers; the soldiers, and many of the spectators, kneel on the pavement to receive the blessing. It is given with impressive solemnity, but with little of gesture or parade. Immediately the thundering of cannon from the castle of St Angelo, and the peal of bells from St Peter's, proclaim the joyful tidings. The pope is borne out, and the people rise from their knees."

It is proper to add, the interior of St Peter's, of which an engraving is annexed, is in happy keeping with its external magnificence. "So admirable," says an architectural contemporary, "are all the proportions of this building, and so wonderfully adapted are the ornaments, that the first view of St Peter's seldom excites astonishment; it is only when the details are entered upon that this feeling bursts upon the mind. Thirteen chapels are contained within, each boasting works of art of the greatest men that have lived in the tide of time. In the first chapel stands the work of Michael Angelo, 'the Statue of Piety;' and there is situate 'the tomb of Christina of Sweden.' In the second chapel is one of the great masterpieces of the world, 'St Sebastian,' by Domenichino. In the third chapel is 'St Jerome,' by Domenichino; 'the Deposition,' by Caravaggio. In the fourth is a 'Mosaic,' by Pietro Subleyras, of exquisite workmanship. The fifth contains 'the Erasmus of Poussin.' The sixth 'the St Petronilla of Guercino'

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The seventh is 'St Peter's Chair,' supported by four statues, each twenty-two feet in height, in bronze, executed by Bernini. Eighth, the picture of 'St Peter curing the Lame,' by Mancini. The ninth, 'St Peter,' by Guido; 'St Francis,' by Domenichino. The tenth is 'the Clementine Chapel.' The eleventh has the beautiful picture of 'the Conception,' by Bianchi. The twelfth has 'the Tomb of the last of the Stuart Family,' by Canova; and in the thirteenth is 'the Baptism of St John,' by Carlo Maratti.

RELICS OF LONDON.—No. XV.

OLD INSCRIPTIONS.

If an ancient ruin be interesting to the eye of the antiquary, suggesting to him a hundred pleasing reflections and exciting vague speculations as to its origin and purpose, how welcome is the rude inscription or coarse sculpture which throws light upon local history. How anxiously is each obliterated figure traced—how careful is the examination of each defaced initial. The lost outline is restored by fancy; word after word is discovered; and at length the triumph of the antiquary is complete—the entire inscription is deciphered. But there are few of our city inscriptions which require such close examination. They are cut deep and indelible in stone tablets, and, save the rather antiquated fashion of the letters, might be mistaken, at a cursory glance, for announcements of the "whereabouts" of the nearest fire-plug, or topographical description of the extent and boundaries of some private freehold—landmarks often to be met with in the city. There is nothing venerable about them; they are unconnected with any interesting ruin; their origin too obscure to have been preserved, and the buildings, of which they at one time formed part, swept away and forgotten.

We closed our last pilgrimage at Dolly's Beef-steak House, and from the same spot we may commence the present by noticing the inscription which attracts our atten-

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tion as we pass through Pannier alley. Seated on a pannier (which gives name to the thoroughfare) is a naked boy, probably Bacchus, holding under his heel a bunch of grapes. Beneath this sculpture is the couplet

"WHEN Yv HAVE SOUGHt
THE CITTY ROVND
YET STILL THIS IS
Ye HIGHSt GROVND
AVGVST THE 27
1688."

This tablet is supposed to have been the sign of a tavern which probably occupied the site previous to the great fire, as Stowe, in his Survey, mentioning "Panyar alley," adds "called of such a sign." It is at present fixed in the wall of a house, two or three feet above the footpath.

By some this figure has been considered emblematic of plenty, and is believed to have once held in its hands a bunch of grapes; but Hughson supposes it the sign of one "Henry Prannel, citizen and vintner." Pennant imagines it to have been originally a sepulchral monument removed from some adjoining church, but, from the peculiar appropriateness of the inscription, it is probable it still retains its original position.

Traversing "the Row," and passing through Warwick lane, so called from its having been the residence of the Earls of Warwick, we may find another inscription at the Newgate street extremity. It is a stone tablet embedded in the side wall of a shop at about the height of the first-floor windows; and bears a full-length effigy of Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the date 1668" at the top, and the initials "C. C." at the side. Beneath the original sculpture is the modern addition, "Restored 1817. I. Deykes, Architect. Pennant's London, 4th Edition, 492." The resemblance between this sculpture and the miniature of the Earl in Guy's Cliff Chapel is said to be very striking.

On the opposite side of Newgate street, and over the entrance to Bull Head court, is a third tablet of stone, on which are represented William Evans, the giant porter of Charles I, and by his side, in ludicrous contrast, Geoffrey Hudson, the King's dwarf. The stone also bears the inscription "M. P. A. The King's Porter and Dwarf." The wall in which it is fixed appears to be coeval with the tablet, and is built of the red bricks of the seventeenth century.

In the front wall of No. 6 Lower Thames street is another stone tablet, on which is finely carved the figure of a bear, to the neck of which is attached a long chain, and in the foliage which surmounts it, the date may be detected – 1670. This piece of sculpture is supposed to have been the sign of some ancient inn, but is at present fixed in the front wall of a recently built wharf.

These, and three figures in front of the house No. 15 Bucklersbury, are the most ancient inscriptions now existing in the streets of London; but he who would see such relics in greater variety and of greater interest should seek the dreary walls of some of the Tower dungeons. The autographs and inscriptions which line those famous cells have become parts of our history; those just noticed are nothing more than "curious."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

(Continued from last week.)

WHILST Rosa spoke and related all, I had taken one of her hands, which I tenderly pressed. She returned the pressure, and rising, said, smiling almost roguishly, "So you are also audacious enough to love me?"

"Unspeakably," I replied, "for even the poet has no words for this feeling. But you—is it as I imagine, that you are destined for the Marquis?"

"People say and think many things," answered Rosa; "accompany me now towards home, but only so far as yonder tree, that no one may see me with you."

We proceeded silently. "You know," she at length said, "that Huss, who was burnt on account of the doctrines of Wickliffe, at first was his most violent opponent?"

"Yes," returned I; "but what is it you mean?"

"Well," she replied, "to-morrow or the next day you shall have the explanation. But how could you possibly have been hitherto so blind?"

"Another riddle!" I exclaimed.

"Unbeliever!" said she, "he faints in the wood, and knows not that I have long loved him!"

"Rosa!" I exclaimed, startled with delight. She suffered the embrace and the kiss, and then said joyously, "Now, good night, and mind you sleep soundly." She hastened forwards, and once turned round to wave her hand.

* * * *

When I again visited the house poor Lidia appeared as though crushed, and scarcely ventured to show herself. As inexperienced youth is more confident in the difficult positions of life than men, who know the world better, even so, when humiliated, it is far more dejected and shattered than the former.

Jenny, who remarked that Rosa and I understood each other, kept quite apart

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from me, and, as if to annoy me, almost always appeared with some French author in her hand.

It was some days before I again had an opportunity of speaking alone and confidentially with my beloved Rosa. She was as merry as usual, and laughed at my embarrassment. She was glad that I felt so happy, but derided my ecstasy, which knew not how to express itself. In conversation it was with difficulty that I could restrain my tears, and everything, even the most trifling matters that she uttered, moved me inexpressibly. We entered the garden and seated ourselves in the arbour. The family was paying a visit, so that we could reckon on being long undisturbed.

After some time, Rosa said, "I hope Lidia is now quite safe from the attempts of that wretched man. She perceives her error, and has faithfully, and with tears, promised to inform me of anything further that may arise. My letter seems to have frightened away the officer, since he fears the arrival of my passionate father, who will not remain away much longer."

I was startled by the last words. "O, dearest Rosa," I exclaimed, "what can we hope from your father?"

"Little or nothing," she replied; "he is the most passionate of men, and what he has once determined no power on earth can drive him from."

"And he would not countenance our love?" I asked timidly.

"My dear Ferdinand," answered Rosa, "he sent yonder old Marquis here with full permission to seek amongst us sisters the one who would best suit him as a wife. Much as I kept in the background, much as I acted the prude, and capricious as I appeared, still the old fellow was better pleased with me than with my sisters, and I am the chosen one. I have also already observed that the cavalier, who does everything in the most regular manner, has informed my father of his choice and determination. Alas! dear Ferdinand, life is a variegated, merry, contrary thing; and if it often presses so heavily on you men that you scream from the pain of the wounds, it presses us women even unto death."

"O Rosa," said I, "how novel is all this to me, that I belong to you, and you acknowledge my love, that you comprehend my nature, that you will be mine."

She did not withdraw from my embrace, and only said: "But how distant everything seems. If you are what I take you for, you will perhaps find ways and means to effect that which appears to me impossible. I have observed that the suit which was the occasion of my father's going to Italy has not proceeded as he wished; if, therefore, you are not richer than the Marquis, my father will always be opposed to you, exclusive of his having already given his word to the old fright."

An hour or two passed in conversations of the like nature, and at length I asked: "What did you mean lately, dearest, with your Wickliffe and Huss?"

She laughed and said, after a pause: "Forgive me if I perhaps vex you; but from the first day it struck me as being ridiculous that you should hope to make a proselyte of my sister Jenny, and explain to her the beauties of the German literature. Good and kind as the girl is, she never had much inclination for books. We had taken it into our heads that the Germans, although they possessed a great king and a great general in their Frederick, could not boast of any poet. Then you arrived—a fine, well-dressed, talkative sentimentalist, with your German books. I spoke, I scolded, I fought for my Frenchmen, with whom, in spite of their polished language, my time passed very tediously. You commenced your reading, and I heard at a distance, often only in passing through the room, single lines, words, passages."

That which I heard was unlike everything I had formerly been acquainted with. And your enthusiasm!——"

"Proceed," said I, sunning myself in her beautiful eyes.

"Yes," she continued, blushing, "was it astonishing that, at first, Huss would not read the writings of Wickliffe, that he avoided them with the greatest abhorrence, and afterwards could not otherwise satiate his admiration of and enthusiasm for the same, than by suffering himself to be burnt at the stake for those very doctrines which he had at first cursed. One should avoid hatred as much as violent love, for how often is it only a concealed love, which does not yet know itself. In the night I stole the books from my sister, which she read without understanding them, and——"

"What ails you, dearest?" I inquired tenderly, as the beautiful girl suddenly burst into tears.

"Let me be, Ferdinand," she replied, "my heart is too full. I knew not, I could not have thought it possible, that such poetry existed in the language as your admired Goethe displays. I could almost laugh as I picture to myself how drily Jenny sat before his pages; they might just as well have contained Chinese characters. And you seated next her! so enthusiastic, so good-naturedly explaining, and endeavouring to impress the sense, which cannot be expressed in words, upon her torpid mind. Without knowing or remarking it, my undying love glided from the poet to his illustrator. There is nothing more beautiful, more touching, than a noble mind knowing, in its youthful enthusiasm, no higher task than imparting to others that which completely fills his

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intoxicated heart, and making them participators in the happiness he himself experiences. Shall I confess it, Ferdinand, it was this that won my heart. You heard; you saw me not; you regarded all, even the most absurd things that I said to you, as earnest, and punished me, although not with words, with looks which seemed to despise my littleness. Each day you became dearer to me, but I avoided letting you perceive it. I was too proud, and used every exertion not to betray myself. You might have thought that my admiration of your poet was intended to storm your heart, although it would have pleased you had I given vent to all that I thought of your favourite, especially as I saw how much you strove to convert Jenny, who is incapable of all belief."

* * * *

Thus we at length understood each other. It pleases, and at the same time agonizes me, to recal all this. Those happy days seem to return and greet me sorrowfully.

After many conversations, plans, and doubts, I at length resolved to apply to the uncle in Rolle, who was kind and friendly, and quite enraged at the idea of Rosa being sacrificed to the old worn-out Marquis.

Rosa went to visit him under the pretence of a change of air. Under his protection we were wedded, and the marriage was kept secret; even the mother knew nothing of it.

O! those heavenly days and weeks! Nephew, the whole relation of this history has deeply moved me.

* * * *

I will proceed and conclude; and yet it requires courage to do so, for even now, old as I am, it lacerates my heart.

* * * *

I cannot detail my misfortune circumstantially; it is strange that I could have gone so far.

The excuses which had delayed Rosa's stay in Rolle were at length quite exhausted. She was forced to return, and I accompanied her.

The magnificent lake, the view of Nyon in the clearest and finest weather, all appeared dull and colourless. The nearer we approached home the heavier became my heart.

With what feelings did I regard the mother! But how did my brain whirl, as, on the following day, Lidia had vanished. She had fled with the drunken officer, who had found means to see her again, and to rekindle her passion. I appeared to myself, with my overwhelming secret, to be no better than that wretched man, whom I had so heartily despised.

The father returned. A violent character, who stormed at everything, and even allowed himself to be worked into a fury by trifles. Should we discover ourselves to him, who never listened to reason? Of what use was it that I was independent, possessed of property, and the descendant of an old and good family? All this had had its effect on the mild uncle, as he saw our love and passion; but the untractable brother took no heed of this. He stormed and raved, and his customary, irrational anger was more violent, as he had lost his suit, and consequently been a heavy sufferer by it.

Rosa was locked up, all access to her denied me, and no notice taken of a most grievous letter from me. I sought for comfort and help in Rolle, and wished to make use of the authorities, or carry away my wife by stealth or force from her father's house. We proposed many plans, and took counsel of many noted lawyers.

We had arranged everything; the uncle accompanied me; but, on reaching the house, it was closed. House and grounds had been hastily sold under the price, and the family had gone, no one knew whither.

My distress threw me on a sick bed. Weeks and months passed; the old man tended me as though I had been his son. As my senses began to be restored I was so weak that all that had happened appeared like a dream. In this shadowy state of existence the worthy old man ventured to communicate to me the contents of a letter, which in the mean time he had secretly received from the mother. She was afraid, on account of her husband's anger, to name the place where she lived; but Rosa had died of grief and despair, and the old Marquis had married Jenny. Lidia and her husband had returned to the paternal abode and been forgiven.

I longed for death, but the torpid state of all the springs of life saved me.

Man can endure much. Great as was my agony, I still reflect with pleasure on those weeks, the most delightful of my life.

* * * *

(*To be continued next week.*)

Lord Chief Justice Holt.—When Holt was Lord Chief Justice he committed some enthusiasts to prison. The next day one Lacy went to his house and asked to speak with him, asserting that he was sent by the Lord. When he had obtained admittance, "I come," said he, "from the Lord, commanding thee to grant a *noli prosequi* to his faithful servants whom thou hast committed to prison."—"Thou can'st not certainly have come from the Lord," replied Holt, "for he would have sent thee to the Attorney-General, knowing very well I cannot grant thy command. Thou art a false prophet, and shall go and keep thy friends company in prison."

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Arms. Per pale, ermine and ermines on a chevron, charged with five lozenges, counterchanged between three fleur-de-lis or, counterchanged.

Crest. A cat a mountain, segant, guardant ppr., bezantee resting his paw upon a shield, az., charged with a mace, erect, surmounted with a regal crown, or, for Speaker of the House of Commons, within a bordure, engr., argent.

Supporters. Dexter, a stag, ermines gorged with a chain, pendant therefrom a key, all or; sinister, a stag, ermine chain and key like the dexter.

Motto. Libertas sub rege pio. "Liberty under a pious king."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SIDMOUTH.

THE Addington family has but recently been ennobled. In place of a long line of ancestors it presents us with the shining talents of the present wearer of the title, the first Viscount Sidmouth.

His Lordship's father was Anthony Addington, of Trinity College, Oxford, M. D., an eminent physician at Reading, in Berkshire, who died in 1790.

Henry, his eldest son, now Viscount Sidmouth, was born in 1756. He was placed at Cheam, in Surrey, under the care of the Reverend Mr Gilpin, thence he went to Winchester. He pursued his studies with great assiduity and success under Dr Warton and Dr Huntingford. In 1774 he entered Brazen-nose College, Oxford, whence, being intended for the bar, he passed to the Inner Temple, where he remained till 1781, at which period he married Ursula Mary, daughter and coheir of Leonard Hammond, Esq., of Cheam, son of William Hammond, Esq., formerly M. P. for Southwark.

Mr Addington, in 1784, became a Member of Parliament for Devizes, which place he continued to represent many years. In the month of June, 1789, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. Thus placed at the head of the Commons of England, he filled the high office to which he had been appointed with great dignity. He was unanimously re-elected in the three succeeding Parliaments; in 1790, 1796, and 1801.

In the last-mentioned year, when Mr Pitt went out of office, Mr Addington accepted the situation of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. These offices he retained till May, 1804.

He was raised to the Peerage Jan. 12, 1805, by the title of Viscount Sidmouth, of Sidmouth, in the county of Devon. In the same month he succeeded the Duke of Portland as President of the Council, which office he resigned in the month of July. In January, 1806, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal. That office he only held till the Autumn of the same year, when he was again appointed Lord President of the Council. Subsequently the Noble Viscount became Secretary of State for the Home Department; an important office which he held during a very stormy period. The Home Secretary who discharges his duty with courage and determination in such times must always be in a certain degree unpopular. Such was the fate of Lord Sidmouth. He, however, serenely pursued "his onward course," never for a moment conceding to menace what policy and duty commanded him to withhold. Numerous attacks were made upon him during his official career, and perhaps nothing can more distinctly testify to his general integrity than the fact that the weapon on which his assailants most relied to wound his feelings, and lower him in the estimation of his countrymen, was the reiteration of the formidable and unanswerable charge, that his father was a Doctor! His speeches in Parliament, if not distinguished by those brilliant flashes which gave others fame, were often models of purity of style, just and manly feeling, and sound argument. His lordship has for many years withdrawn from public affairs. He is High Steward of Westminster and Reading; Recorder of Devizes; Governor of the Charter house; and Deputy Ranger of Richmond park.

Loss of the Pegasus.—Mr Elton, the tragedian, has prematurely made his exit from life. He was on board the 'Pegasus' when she sunk, and, with about fifty others, perished. A widow and seven children remain to deplore his loss. He was treasurer and chairman of the minor theatrical fund. A subscription is to be opened for his family, and Mr Dickens is moving in the work of charity.

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VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

July 19th, 1843.

SIR,—You did me the favour to notice a recent discovery which I made in reference to the electrical condition of the iron pipes of the metropolis. Since that notice was published, I am given to understand by two gentlemen, upon whose veracity I place implicit confidence, that Mr Bain made a verbal communication to them, some two or three months back, of a similar discovery made by himself, and therefore, although mine was made totally independent of Mr Bain, still, in justice to him, and in consequence of the above representation, I am most anxious not to withhold from him the priority in reference to the date of the discovery. Your kind insertion of the above will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. H. BACHHOFFNER.

MOCK SUNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,—The unusual phenomenon of mock suns was seen at Nottingham, Derby, and other places on the afternoon of the 16th of last month. The following are the particulars as I noticed them at Derby :—

The morning was very fine and hot ; sky clear of clouds, except a few linear cirri ; barometer gradually falling at nine A.M.; it was 30·041 inches ; thermometer in shade, 64°; wind's force 2, or a slight breeze from the east.

At a little past three P.M., the sun exhibited a most remarkable appearance. At 3h. 10m. wind N.E., thin linear cirri pass over head, and converge in E. and W.; few cumuli in S. I first noticed a very brilliant ring round the sun ; its colour is pale silver externally ; internally it is darker and golden. The radius of the ring was about 20°. A mock sun on each side touches the outer edge of this ring, and throws out rays horizontally in the opposite direction to the sun.

3h. 15m. Another ring has appeared, touching the former ring at its summit, whose radius is about 25°; the colour of this ring is the same as the former, only rather fainter, particularly at the lower part. At the highest and lowest parts of the first-mentioned ring are very bright lights of an oblong form, externally of an orange red colour, and internally of a pale silver.

3h. 20m. The inner ring is still very brilliant, although the mock suns had disappeared.

3h. 25m. The inner ring is much brighter, and a mock sun has again appeared on the left side : the other did not re-appear.

3h. 30m. Mock sun is very bright.

3h. 33m. Mock sun again throws out rays horizontally opposite the sun.

3h. 35m. Thermometer in shade 74°; barometer 30·032 inches ; wind E., light breeze.

3h. 36m. The oblong lights are nearly as bright as the sun itself.

3h. 37m. An inverted rainbow has appeared, which has all the seven colours,—red inmost ; comoid and linear cirri pass over head, and converge in E. and W. as before ; cirri rising in W.

3h. 38m. Mock sun is of a red colour.

3h. 55m. The inverted rainbow has vanished.

4h. 5m. Mock sun is very bright and red ; the rings have nearly vanished, but the oblong lights are brighter than ever.

4h. 30m. The mock sun has vanished, leaving the oblong lights as bright as before : these continued until 5h. 10m., when they vanished.

8h. 16m. Sunset very red ; the sky is cloudless, except a few cirro-cumuli in S.S.W.; barometer 29·025°; thermometer in shade 69°; wind N.E. by E., force ½, or slight breeze.

9h. 0m. (P.M.) Warm evening ; thermometer in shade 65°; barometer 30·03 inches; wind, a light breeze N.N.E.; cumuli rising in W.; heavy dew.

11h. 0m. (P.M.) Sky overcast with cirri strati, which continued all night.

Yours, &c.,

E. J. LOWE.

High Field House,
Lenton, Nottinghamshire, June 29.

HUMANUS ACARUS, OR MITE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

THIS insect (of which Gmelin, in his last edition of Linnæus's System, reckons eighty-two species) was recently discovered by Mr Sievier in a mummy.

It differs from the cheese mite, or from that called the Acarus Crossii, which was produced by Mr Crosse after passing a galvanic current for a period of eleven weeks upon calcined flints. The cheese mites are usually transparent; they have a small head, and sharp snout, and a mouth like a mole, with two small eyes ; their legs vary in number, being six or eight ; each leg has six joints, surrounded with hairs, with two claws at each extremity. The Acarus Crossii differs from the cheese mite and the meal mite by the absence of the false corselet, and of the two longest and most slender joints, which precede the tarsus or terminal joint ; it also differs in having its body shorter, of a more oval form, and more bent, and in having its back covered with long and numerous hairs. It is said more nearly to resemble the *Acarus dimidiatus* of Herman, but to differ in wanting the short hairs which

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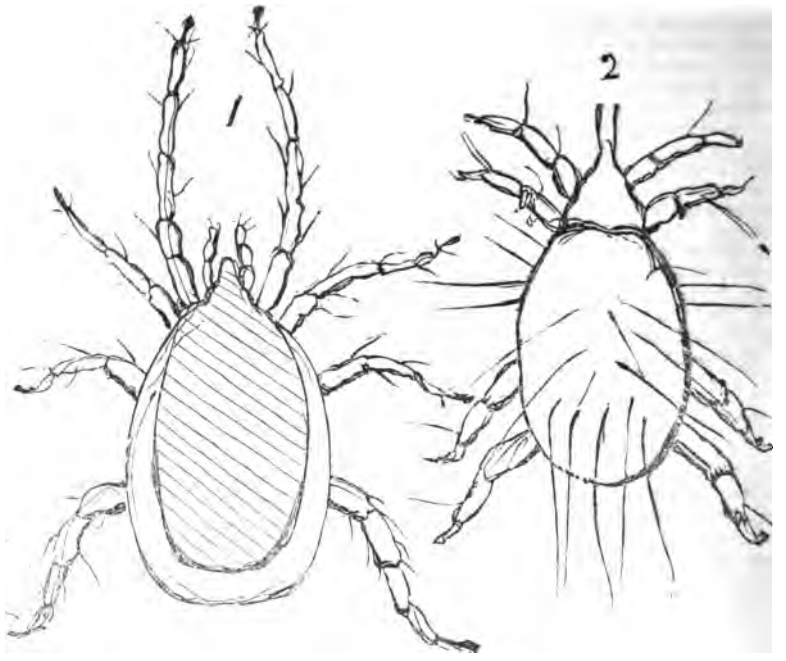

cover the surface of the eight limbs of the latter. The subjects of our present article, (for there are two) differ greatly from each other, as may be seen by inspecting the two drawings. The one represented by the drawing, No. 1, is about the size of a very small pin's head; the other is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The latter greatly resembles the Acarus, found by Mr Crosse and Mr Weekes during their Electrical Experiments. Writing from memory, for we have not before us at the present moment a specimen of the latter, the resemblance is very marked. There is the same general character in the articulation and termination of the legs, and the same peculiar hairy appearances. Our readers may be aware that the engravings of the Acari Crossii which has appeared in other publications, were copies of a drawing taken from a dead specimen by Mr Turpin; but they are not perhaps aware that the irregular distribution of hair, there shown, is not in accordance with the appearance presented by the living species. In the latter there is great regularity in the distribution of the hair, which is especially the case with the creature now under consideration. It is matter of much interest to observe the universality of animal life; without attempting to be wise above measure, and accounting for things which are at present beyond our powers, or imagining causes when the cause is hidden from our eyes; without wandering in wild mazes to discover whence these creatures come, and how they obtain entry into the human remains, were myriads of them now find their universe, it is worthy of notice that here, as elsewhere, wherever there is *pabulum* to sustain a microscopic world, there will a micrscopic world be found. A pinch of the mummy dust is a living mass,—a little world of happy creatures,—for happy they are if activity and animation are any signs of happiness,—generation after generation may have succeeded each other, their birth-place being the tomb in the stupendous pyramid, which no human step had trodden for ages, and where no ray of sun had entered since the mortal remains were first consigned to it; and judging from appearances the race had so multiplied as to have consumed the great mass of the embalmed body in which they exist. They have baffled all the devices of the ancient artist, and triumphed over his skill by converting into dust and rottenness that which he intended to endure for ever.

These specimens, of which correct representations are given, were taken from the inside of a human mummy. They are found most plentiful about the spine, and the larger specimen, marked No. 1, is to

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be seen about the bones, while the smaller seems to be in the muscle. The larger is seen to prey upon the smaller; the specimen No. 1, is semi-transparent, and has on the back a case or incrustation; it is exceedingly swift in its motion.

The form which has been preserved some two or three thousand years must, through the instrumentality of these tiny invaders, soon be resolved into its original elements. Nature has obviously, as was lately shown in a lecture by Dr Gregory, provided for the destruction as well as the sustenance of our mortal persons. Were it otherwise—had the bodies of the countless millions, who have lived, been preserved in their original dimensions, where would the living men of the nineteenth century have found room to bestow themselves?

ANIMAL STRUCTURE AS REGARDS LIFE AND DEATH.

In a recent number of the 'Mirror' the results of important inquiries on the subject of animal structure, by Mr Turner, appeared. That able and successful expounder of nature has offered many other striking observations connected with important facts. A few of these we select for the gratification of our readers.

HUMAN BONES.

Taking the human skeleton, he compared it with the rest of the animal kingdom, which was divided into two great divisions, the invertebrated, the lowest division in the scale; and the vertebrated, or the highest division; and those divisions were not arbitrary, but founded upon most notorious facts in connexion with the organs contained in the animals included in each of them. The lowest in the invertebrated division was the sponge. The sponge which they used for domestic purposes had an organ of support; it was embedded in calcareous matter. Again, coral was earthy matter, the habitation of an animal, and an organ of support. The molluscous animals, and those inhabiting crusts, as the crab and the lobster, all of which had organs of support on the outside of their bodies. Now, the earthy matter in connexion with the sponge was dead; coral was dead; coral reefs and coral rocks, all these were the secretions from the little but interesting animals inhabiting them. What were all these composed of? Carbonate of lime. What were the bones of animals? Of the phosphate of lime principally. Why? Because the phosphate of lime is an ingredient admitting of greater cohesive affinity, a texture much stronger; and this, in connexion with the sulphate of lime, constituted the hardest material in the living body, and would last for ages in sepulchres as the memento of the dead. So that there was not only a most important distinction between the invertebrated and vertebrated animals in the organs of support being situated externally and internally, but there was a difference of composition.

THE NATURE OF BONES.

Bone has been supposed to be of a solid texture. Science proves that it is not so. There enters into its composition two materials; the one an animal material, was called albumen, with gelatin; the other an earthy material, composed principally of the phosphate of lime. Those materials are incorporated with most beautiful accuracy, such as no art could effect, so as to produce, by similar substances, an organ so hard, strong, cohesive, and durable. The one (the earth) is given for density; the other is added to the hard parts to prevent brittleness and easy parture. The earthy matter can be abstracted by putting the bone in muriatic or sulphuric acid, diluted with water, which renders it so soft that it can be squeezed in the hand. A Madame Supiot, whose bones, through the effect of a disease which caused the removal of the earthy matter, were rendered so flexible that she could twist her arms in all directions, and even tie them together.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BONES OF THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

In young persons the animal predominated over the earthy matter; whence it was, that the bones of children were often flexible, and, in case of accident from a fall or otherwise, would often bend, not break. This was on account of the paucity of the earthy matter in them. In old age, matters were reversed: there was, in this case, a predominance of earthy matter. In youth there existed flexibility and suppleness, because there was a preponderance of the soft over the hard textures; but this gradually became changed until in old age the reverse of this happened, an excess of the solids over the fluids, and thus rigidity took the place of suppleness; and this was the case not merely with regard to the bones, but they found similar changes to happen in all the other textures of the body.

ERRORS RESPECTING THE PAIN OF AMPUTATION.

It has been popularly supposed that, in the amputation of a limb, the sawing through of the bone was the most dreadful part of the operation: this is erroneous. The most painful part to cut through is the skin, which is endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, for the purpose of protecting the subjacent parts; and Sir Charles Bell, in his able work on the hand, said, "that this exquisite sensibility of the skin gave a safeguard equal to that given by the skin of the rhinoceros."

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The following is very important:

PROGRESS OF TAKING STIMULANTS.

Mr Turner shows that the action of every stimulus is in the inverse ratio of the frequency of its application. An individual, for example, takes a glass of wine, never perhaps having taken a glass of wine before. What is the result? Headache and giddiness. Take another glass on the following day, and perhaps not so much headache as on the preceding. He goes on increasing the quantity by degrees, until a bottle, two bottles, or even three bottles, may be taken with comparative impunity.

Few of our readers perhaps are prepared for what follows. We generally supposed the consequences of hard drinking must eventually be fatal, though for a time they are not apparent. Mr Turner says, "Do not judge of the injury from the quantity taken, but from the effects; if intoxication were produced by a tablespoonful of wine, this small quantity was productive of as great an amount of mischief to the individual who took it, as three bottles would be to an individual who required that quantity in order to produce analagous effects. Instance the opium-eaters. The celebrated opium-eater, who had published a work as to his own experience in this practice, is said to have gone on from taking a few drops to taking 8,000 drops per day, which was equal to a pint of laudanum. Why, 80 or 100 drops to begin with, would probably produce death.

THE MOORISH KNIGHT AND THE CHRISTIAN PRINCESS.

With Galvan in his castle proud
Will Moriana play;
And both do name the Royal game
The time to while away.

Whene'er the Moor that game doth lose,
A city's loss is his;
But when the maid,—he's overpaid
Her lily hand to kiss.

Well pleased at length that fiery Moor
Hath laid him down to sleep—
When soon, I ween, a knight is seen
Among those mountains steep.

His eyes in tears, his feet in blood,
Full sorrowful is he!
For princess high this knight doth sigh,
Fair Moriana she.

She captive by the Moors was led
The morning of St John,
As pass'd the hours while gathering flowers
That in her garden shone.

And now her eyes the princess raised,—
That knight she knows full well!
With radiance shone the tears which on
The Moor's dark visage fell.

Up starteth Galvan hastily,
Who thus to say begun:—
"Now, lady mine! what aileth thee?
Who wrong to thee hath done?

If of a Moor thou dost complain,
The rash offender dies;
If of thy damsels, noble dame!
I them will soon chastise.

And if the Christians thee do harm,
My wrath on them shall light:
My glory is in war's alarm—
My pastime is to fight.

The flinty rock my couch doth claim;
I sleep with watchful eye!"—
"Not of thy brethren I complain;
No Moor for me must die:

Nor would I that my maidens good
Through me should suffer ill,
Nor would I that the Christians' blood
Again thy hands should spill.

But of this sorrow now so deep,
The truth to thee I vouch;
For know! among these mountains steep,
I saw a knight approach.

That knight, Sir Moor, full well I ween,
My own betroth'd is like."—
To raise his hand that Moor is seen,
That princess sad to strike.

His teeth which erst so white did show,
With gushing blood are red;
And at his beck his servants go,
That lady to behead.

And from the place where she must die,
Her lover she espies;
And in her mortal agony,
With tenderness she cries:

"My death I view—a Christian true—
Till now I ne'er confess'd,
That yon fair knight, my own delight,
Doth rule within my breast."

THE 'GREAT BRITAIN' STEAMER.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert and suite arrived at Bristol last week to witness the ceremony of launching this leviathan of the waves. Looking at the extraordinary size of the vessel and her engines, we can only exclaim, "what would our forefathers have said had such a vessel been spoken of?"—fool or madman would have been the name allotted to the projector. The burthen of the 'Great Britain,' which is entirely of iron, is 3,600 tons register. For the sake of contrast it may be well to mention that the tonnage of the 'Great Western' is 1,600 tons. The 'Great Britain' will carry double the quantity of the 'Great Western.' She will be propelled by engines of 1,000 horse power combined: the length from figure-head to tafferel is 322 feet, or 107 yards 1 foot; length of keel 289 feet; extreme width 50 feet 6 inches; she has four decks, the upper deck is flush, and is 308 feet long; the second deck consists of two promenade saloons, the aft or first 110 feet 6 inches by 22 feet, and the forward or second class, 67 feet by 21 feet 9 inches. The third deck consists of the dining saloons, the grand saloon measuring 96 feet 6 inches by 30 feet, and the se-

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cond class 61 feet by 21 feet 9 inches. The whole of the saloons are 8 feet 3 inches high, and surrounded by sleeping berths, of which there are 26 with single beds, and 113 containing two, giving 252 berths. This large number is exclusive of the accommodation which could be prepared on the numerous sofas. The fourth deck is appropriated for the reception of cargo, of which 1,200 tons will be carried, in addition to 1,000 tons of coal. The engines and boilers occupy 80 feet in the middle of the vessel. The engine-room and the cooking establishment are in this part. There are three boilers, heated by 24 fires, which will contain 200 tons of water. There are four engines of 250 horse power each, the cylinders of which are 7 feet 4 inches in diameter. The chimney is 39 feet high, and 8 feet in diameter. She is fitted with 6 masts, the highest of which is 74 feet above deck. The quantity of canvas carried will be about 1,700 square yards; she will be fitted with the patent wire rigging; the hull is divided into four water-tight compartments; and the quantity of coal consumed will be about 60 tons per day; upwards of 1,500 tons of iron have been used in her construction and that of the engines and boilers; the draught of water, when laden, will be 16 feet, and the displacement about 3,200 tons, in addition to which she will be propelled by the screw instead of paddles; so that the whole vessel may be regarded as a great experiment of iron *v.* wood; screw *v.* paddle; and immense *v.* moderate length. She will also be fitted with very powerful pumps, which can throw off seven thousand gallons of water per minute. It is estimated that her total cost will be about 100,000*l.*

GARDENING HINTS.

THE plants which now require attention preparatory to another season are pelargoniums. There is little skill required in growing a pelargonium, but there is some little art required to produce them in that style of excellence which is characteristic of the plants exhibited at the Chiswick and other horticultural fêtes. Few persons in the country can form any idea of the magnificence of the specimens grown by Messrs Cock, Catleugh, Gaines, and others. It must be admitted that there are plenty of gardeners who can produce luxuriant specimens, but we have but few cultivators who can procure a head of bloom commensurate with the size of the plants. The reason of this is that in our desire to grow large plants we lose sight of an important physiological law,—namely, that whatever conduces to luxuriant growth is unfavourable to the production of flowers, and *vice versa*; and hence prize cultivators never allow their plants to become gross and luxuriant in the season, but by potting them in poor soil, and supplying them moderately with water, keep them in a healthy state. The effect of such treatment is the production of a great quantity of active roots, and the storing up of sap in a highly elaborated state, which, being brought into action by the increased light and heat of spring, is expended in the production of flowers instead of branches. For this reason it may be laid down as a rule of culture, that strong autumn-growing plants will not produce a fine head of bloom the following season, neither can any stimulus in the way of liquid manure induce them to do so.

This is the theory of the cultivation of the pelargonium, as exemplified in the management of the best cultivators. To apply it to practice—the plants that have done flowering must be turned out of the house and placed in the full sun, under a south wall, to ripen their wood previously to being cut down, and it willbe well at the same time, if seed is not desired, to remove the whole of the flower stems, but retaining as much of the foliage as possible. In cutting the plants down the amateur must be governed by circumstances, such as the sized plants he wants in the coming season, and the convenience he has at hand for large specimens. As a general rule I should never recommend the growth of large specimens; small ones in 32 or 24 sized pots are far more interesting, and there is quite as much merit in producing them of that as of a larger size; that is, if they are grown as plants ought to be, with the branches depending over the side, and hiding the greater part of the pot. After the plants are cut down they must be placed in a shady place until the forwardest young shoots are one inch long, at which time they must be shaken out and repotted into small pots, using sandy loam and peat only, and placing the plants in a close, cold frame until they begin to grow again; after which they must be fully exposed to the weather until the approach of frost renders it necessary to house them for the winter.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

MARRIAGE OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX TO LADY AUGUSTA MURRAY.

HIS late Royal Highness was married in 1793 to Lady Augusta Murray. Before the usual church ceremony was performed, the following contract or promise was given by the Royal Duke :—

"On my knees, before God our Creator, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, and swear on the Bible, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, that I will take thee, Augusta Murray, for my wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part,

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to love but thee only and none other; and may God forget me if I ever forget thee. The Lord's name be praised! So bless me, so bless us, O God! And with my handwriting do I, Augustus Frederick, this sign, March 21, 1793, at Rome, and put my seal to it and my name.

(Signed) "AUGUSTUS FREDERICK."

The lady gave a similar paper, duly signed, and headed by the following lines in the handwriting of his Royal Highness:—

"As this paper is to contain the mutual promise of marriage between Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray, our mutual names must be put herein, and both kept in my possession. It is a promise neither of us can break, and is made before God our Creator and All-merciful Father."

DOCTORS BEWARE!*

THE publication before us is not a mere argument—it is a statement of facts. Not content with defending their own practices the writers carry the war into the enemy's country, and with a degree of spirit, supported by a strong column of cases, which it will require a demonstration and careful accumulation of evidence on the part of their opponents to repel.

We have no interest in the question—no private or especial interest we mean; for who among the host of men, aware of a hundredth part of "all the ills which flesh is heir to," can say that he has no interest in the question, whether when he is sick he shall be dealt with in a way which, with great pain or annoyance, promises restoration to health, or be subjected to extreme misery and revolting treatment, at last to end in permanent decrepitude or death!

The book is dedicated to the Marquis of Anglesey, who is mentioned as one of the patients: having largely profited from this hydropathic treatment at the new establishment at Malvern; and Messrs Wilson and Gully say they have to "hail the accession to the principles and practice of the Water Cure, of such men as Mr Herbert Mayo, the senior surgeon of the Middlesex hospital, Mr Courtney, surgeon, R. N., Dr Smethurst, Dr Johnson, Sir Charles Scudemore, and Dr Freeman." They dwell on the reluctances to admit important changes in the medical art, and illustrate this by quoting Lord Wharncliffe on the treatment which Lady Mary Montague experienced in the last half century for subjecting her own child to inoculation. They say—

"Let her biographer and descendant Lord Wharncliffe speak on this point: 'Lady Mary protested that in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed she never would have attempted it, if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy, it brought upon her. The clamour raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children. We now read in grave medical biography, that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted by the principal members of the profession. Very likely they left this recorded: for whenever an invention or a project, and the same may be said of persons, has made its way so well by itself as to establish a certain reputation, most people are sure to find out that they always patronized it from the beginning, and a happy gift of forgetfulness enables many to believe their own assertion. But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and time? Why, "that the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference." So that it would appear that whilst the professional masses rose in arms, the great physicians of the day were open to the suspicion of tampering with a child's safety, in order to back a prejudice against a treatment of which they had no experience, and which they denounced with all the virulence of unreasoned opinions and unfounded reports. Precisely the case of the great physicians—to which add some surgeons—of this day with reference to the Water cure! great by courtesy of language, but not great enough in fact of candour and magnanimity to be trusted with a patient in the crisis of the water treatment.'"

A Dr Silvester, who is opposed to the new mode of treatment, speaks of a case in which the patient, finding boils come out on his person, came home from the Rhine. Then Dr Silvester says—

"Every effort was made to restore the debilitated constitution of the patient; but in vain."

Our authors proceed—

"Few words! but quite sufficient to convey to our minds, who know a trifle about the minutiæ of drug treatment, a long list of irritating stimulants applied to the internal organs 'to restore the debilitated constitution.' What mercury, what quinine, what opium and camphor, what ammonia, and what wine is there not implied in this restoration 'of the debilitated constitution!' But this 'hiszon may not be' to the uninitiated. The

* 'Danger of the Cold Water Cure.'

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object being to connect the death of the patient with the Water cure, 'this deponent' dwelleth only on the boils and the fatal termination, and 'saith not' of the intervening treatment. Yet some suspicion seems to have crossed his mind, that something besides the water may have contributed to the fatal event: why else does he finish his bald record of the case with this significant query:—'The patient sank a victim, shall I say, to the water cure?'

"No! we answer, you shall not. Nor you, nor any other practiser of drug medication have the right to cast upon the Water cure the mischief which that medication inflicts upon the patient whose system is labouring to rid itself of internal disease. Had the patient remained where he was on the Rhine, avoided stimulants, and kept the boils constantly moistened with lint pledgets wetted with cold water, we should have beheld a very different termination of his case. But if, whilst the systematic efforts at relief are at their height, a patient thinks fit to undergo all the worry and turmoil of some four hundred miles travelling; and if at the end of his journey he is submitted to all manner of internal stimulation and irritation, under the plea of 'restoring a debilitated constitution,' it strikes us that we have at least an equal, if not a better right to say, 'the patient sank a victim, shall we say, to the drug treatment?'"

PEACE FOR WALES AND JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

From day to day astounding tales
Arrive from Ireland and from Wales
Portending future slaughters.
How shall we silence these great guns?—
Compel O'Connell and his sons
To wed Rebecca and her daughters.

The Gatherer.

Ennis Legends.—Paddy O'Brien will point to the particular crag upon which a beautiful foal was reposing, when that indescribable monster called the Mochteedee, rose from the deep, scaled the cliff, and would have devoured the foal but for its dam, "who made a rush at the cratur, and kicked him clane into the say." Nor will he fail pointing out where, under the troubled sea, lies the ill-fated island of Kylestaffeen, waiting for its disenchantment "barring a little bit of it called the Munasthir, or Temple, on which the sea breaks every day in the year." The legend goes on to record that once in every seven years the island, with its fine city, rises for a single moment to the surface of the ocean, and then if any one can throw but a handful of earth upon it without so much as drawing his breath, the spell will be broken, and Kylestaffeen re-established in its pristine glory. O'Brien will tell you that the women of the city (often seen under the clear waters) are dark and beautiful, and wear red mantles; and he will also tell you that he has a friend who saw a person who told him he knew another person who declared most solemnly he had seen both the men and women of the city walking in the streets.—*Correspondent in the Athenæum.*

General Perofski.—The description given by Shakspeare, not Mr William, but Sir Richmond Shakspeare, of a Russian general is rather startling. He pictures General Perofski—"A man like a snake (a slender figure in green uniform), of black complexion, yellow eyes, and a coat covered with ducats."

State of the English Peerage.—In 1603 (accession of James I), there were only 1 marquis, 16 earls, 2 viscounts, and 40 barons in the English peerage—total 59; while in 1843 (reign of Victoria), there are 3 princes, 27 dukes, 33 marquises, 169 earls, 39 viscounts, and 157 barons—total 428.

Westminster School.—It is stated that the Right Rev. Dr Carey, Bishop of St Asaph, has lately placed in the hands of trustees the sum of 20,000*l.* for the benefit, after the death of his Lordship and Mrs Carey, of students elected from Westminster to Christ Church, Oxford.

A Veto.—"Pa," said an interesting juvenile to an indulgent sire, "Pa, haven't I got a veto as well as the President?' "No, my child." "Yes, I have, Pa; my fifth toe is a *V-toe*, I reckon." "Thomas, take that boy to his mother—he's ruined!'—*New York paper.*

Lead in a Stomach.—At the destruction of the Eddystone Lighthouse by fire, Dec. 4, 1755, while one of the men was looking up with the utmost attention to see the direction and success of the water thrown, a quantity of lead, dissolved by the heat of the flames, suddenly rushed like a torrent from the roof, and fell not only on the man's head, face, and shoulders, but over his clothes; and a part of it made its way through his shirt-collar, and very much burnt his neck and shoulder; from this moment he had a violent internal sensation, and imagined that a quantity of this lead had passed down his throat. His name was Henry Hall, and though aged 94 years, being of a good constitution, he was remarkably active, considering his time of life. He had invariably told the surgeon who attended him (Dr Spry of Plymouth) that if he would do anything effectual to his recovery, he must relieve his stomach from the lead, which he was sure was within him. The reality of the assertion seemed incredible to Dr Spry. The man did not show any symptoms of being much worse, or of amendment, till the sixth day, when he was thought to be better. He constantly took his medicines, and swallowed many things, both liquid and solid, till the tenth and eleventh days, after

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which he suddenly grew worse; and on the twelfth, being seized with cold sweats and spasms, he expired. On opening the stomach, Dr Spry found therein a piece of solid lead of a flat oval form, which weighed seven ounces and five drachms.

Thunder-storm.—The 'Sherborne Mercury' gives an account of violent thunder which visited that neighbourhood on the 13th.—The effects of the storm were most destructively felt at Marnhull. Several labourers engaged in the fields, haymaking, had taken shelter from the storm under a tree with a waggon load of hay, and were struck by the electric fluid. One of them was killed on the spot, another struck blind, and four, with one woman, very seriously injured. The waggon and hay were entirely consumed, and the whole ground torn up as though a plough had passed through it. The storm was accompanied by a fall of hailstones of an extraordinary size.

International Copyright Question.—From one of the strongholds of the piracy has come out an accession to the army of reformers. One of the leading houses of publication in Brussels, Messrs Famar and Co., has petitioned for the abolition of literary piracy; and announced its determination to have no other competition with French publishers than that which aims at the relative perfection of the original works produced in the respective countries.

Murder prompted by Painting.—The discovery of painting in oil colours led to a most cruel murder. Dominica Beccafumi imparted the secret to Andrea del Castagno, who, eager to be the sole possessor of such a treasure, assassinated his friend and benefactor. On his death-bed the horrors of guilt overtook him; he made a public confession of his crime.—*Arts and Artists.*

First English Races.—James VI was the first who established public races; at Gortenly, in Yorkshire, Croydon, near London, and Theobalds, on Enfield Chase, were the usual race-courses. The usual weight of the jockies was ten stone. The prize was in most cases a bell, at first of wood, but subsequently of silver; hence the origin of the phrase "bearing away the bell."

Sharp Sight.—An American describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with, "They even fight with daggers in a room *pitch dark!*" "Is it possible?" was the reply. "Possible, sir?" returned the Yankee, "why I have seen them."

— A fellow in Kentucky with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the *equinoctial line.*

— Mr J. B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby park, Yorkshire, died on the 12th inst. after a lingering illness, in the 72nd year of his age. He was one of the earliest and most extensive Greek travellers of the present generation.

— Out of sixteen millions of people in England and Wales, about one-eleventh, or 1,429,856, are absolute and recognised paupers. In the year 1842 not less than 4,036,453*l.* was levied from the general industry of the country for their maintenance.

— Caroline Pichler, a celebrated German authoress, much admired by her fair countrywomen, died in the earlier part of the present month, at Vienna, in the 74th year of her age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—To write with a body which will appear luminous at night:—Put a piece of phosphorus in a quill, and write on any material; it will be beautifully luminous in the dark.

The article on 'Heat,' will not suit the 'Mirror.' In several of his facts the writer is decidedly in error.

It is all very well for high classical scholars to scorn the trammels of modern verse, but those who condescend to bend to contemporary prejudices ought not to let such words as "things" and "skins" pass for rhymes. Chalk and cheese will perhaps next be used as such. Our poetical friend seems like Mathews's Frenchman, who was so extremely delighted with the rhymes of the old song which, according to him, began thus:

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served for parlour and kitchen and everything else."

Nemesis.—In answer to his question we reply, that we think there is no doubt that the vowels in the language accented short would, if correctly enunciated, be pronounced short also. The reason why the vowel is not generally pronounced short in such dissyllables as lăpis, ŏpus, *is because there is a difficulty in pronouncing without seeming to slur it over. In scanning Iambics, the commencing syllable of* lapis *would be pronounced like the French word* le; *but such a pronunciation is not permissible in reading the language. As to the difference between* lĕgit *and* lēgit, *the present and [illegible] tenses of the verb* lĕgo, *if it be necessary to [illegible] distinction between the words in reading, the present tense would correctly be read* le-git, *and the perfect* lē-git. *But in prose, it may be gathered from the context whether the [illegible] or past tense be intended, and in poetry it is evident, therefore there seems to us to be [illegible] occasion for interfering with the customary [illegible] nunciation. The practice of distinctly [illegible] the short syllable by calling it* lappis, *opposed [illegible] which is very unusual amongst scholars [illegible] our part we never remember to have heard [illegible] lables, commencing with a short vowel, like* ŏpus, *pronounced otherwise than* lay-pis, *[illegible] except by some few (very few) youthful [illegible] who affected a nicety and singularity of [illegible] nunciation which their limited attainments [illegible] ranted.*

We regret that accident has caused Mr Lowe's letter to be misplaced, and its insertion in consequence delayed.

The favours of many able correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

Erratum.—For 'louvres,' in our last number, p. 54, read 'livres.'

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 6.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

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Original Communications.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AND LIFE IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

For a long period we have heard so much from time to time of the great wall of China, that it was not unreasonably expected, now that the system which hermetically sealed the Chinese empire against European curiosity is relaxed, we should have learned something more, with the fullest details respecting all that is most interesting in that portion of the globe. We have, however, read less of the great wall since it was supposed it could be easily approached than heretofore. Mr Dunn could bring many things under our observation in his museum, but that was rather too heavy a concern even for him.

From a 'General Description of the Chinese,' an amply-illustrated pamphlet, we give a view of a portion of that far-famed structure. This stupendous mass is built on the north, and had for its object to separate China from Tartary. So it has been supposed, but looking at the general character of the Chinese and the policy of their rulers for many centuries, it is more likely to have been called into existence from pride than fear. Their early progress in the arts gave them advantages over all surrounding nations, and finding others inferior to them in knowledge, they complacently supposed themselves a celestial race. In this state of mind, looking down on the rest of the world with disdain, concluding that they could not gain from others, they resolved that others should not profit from them. They believed there was nothing of importance worth possessing, or worth knowing, which was not comprehended within their vast limits, and proudly decided to shut out the rest of mankind from wealth and wisdom. Hence, probably, in this spirit of exclusiveness, originated that enormous erection of which we speak. That it was raised merely to protect China from the incursions of the Tartars, feeble as the Chinese are in war opposed to European enemies, is incredible. For such a purpose so vast a work could not have been deemed necessary, or if it were, they would never have been allowed to complete it by the dreaded enemy. It is said to extend fifteen hundred miles, nearly four times the length of the road from London to Edinburgh, to be carried over mountains, vallies, and rivers, and to be from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and about twelve feet thick!

Of the arrogance of the Chinese ample proofs have been given. What could surpass the insolence which demanded that every representation made on the part of a foreign government should take the shape of a petition? It could only spring from that bloated pride which grew on the study of their preposterous maps, in which China was represented as a vast territory, and all the rest of the world little more than a mere speck. Attempts have been made to explain away the offensive character of the expression, ridiculously applied by them to the English and other foreigners. It has been denied that the term E, which has been rendered barbarian, or devil, has exactly that meaning; but the point is completely settled by Mr Hamilton Lindsay, who says, in a letter written to Lord Palmerston in 1836—

"I could quote numerous passages from Confucius in which the term *E*, which we translate 'barbarian,' is found to denote those out of the pale of the Chinese empire, and almost always in a derogatory and contemptuous sense. I cannot resist quoting one sentence, written by a classical Chinese author, and one of the most distinguished commentators on Confucius. I select this, as in all the arguments I have had with Chinese government officers on the subject, when in the 'Amherst,' on the north-east coast of China, it has always silenced them, and they have, invariably, confessed that its force was unanswerable, which they proved by afterwards substituting the word 'foreigner' in lieu of the offensive term 'barbarian,' in their correspondence, the originals of which are in my possession. Sootungpo, the author above alluded to, in defining the identical word *E*, says:

"'The *E* and the Teih cannot be governed by the same rules of government as those of the central nation (the Chinese). They are like the brute creation: if liberal rules of government were applied to them it would infallibly give rise to rebellious confusion. The ancient kings knew this well, and therefore ruled them without law. This method of government is decidedly the most judicious mode of governing them.'"

Than this nothing can be more decisive: nothing can more strongly evince the ineffable contempt with which they have been accustomed to regard all visitors from Europe. From Mr Wathen it appears that it was carried so far as to reach utter indifference, in a case of life and death, whether a human being perished or was saved. He was in a Chinese wherry; it sunk, and he and his companions were immersed in the water. "Every one," he adds, "shifted for himself. No assistance was to be expected from the Chinese, who would not interfere to assist any European within their reach." Mr Wathen saved himself by swimming to a Portuguese boat, and feeling uneasy about his wet clothes, he tells us, "a Chinese sailor, who certainly would not have taken the trouble to hand a bamboo oar to save me from drowning, very readily offered his jacket, made of a kind of [illegible] to preserve me from a cold." To him appeared of no moment whether the

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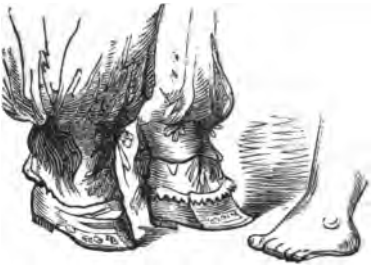
barian lived or died, but since life was saved, the Chinese was not unwilling to save the despised European from unnecessary suffering.

It would be absurd to suppose that in China, or anywhere else, all the individuals comprehended in the empire are in character precisely the same. No experience would point to such a conclusion. There are many kind and intelligent men in China. In the course of the recent negotiations, one of the celestials engaged is mentioned as being equal in every respect to the finished English gentleman. The writer just quoted speaks of a retired mandarin, named Pou-qua-qua, as a man with "a fine open countenance, displaying great traits of benevolence and sensibility," and with these much elegance. His house presented an elegant suite of rooms most richly furnished. There were seen tables of the most costly wood, some of them inlaid with marble, cabinets and ornaments, couches and sofas, placed and disposed with the most finished taste upon superb carpets. The apartments were shaded by an immense banian tree, the growth of ages, for which the ex-mandarin had a great veneration, as it had been planted by his ancestors. There were seats beneath it, where visitors were accustomed to sit while waiting for dinner. That given on the occasion to which we now refer, had its Chinese peculiarities, but in many respects it resembled an English banquet. Bird's-nest soup, and shark's fins might be among the delicacies, and the mandarin and his friends were amused at the awkwardness manifested by the Englishman in trying to pick out of the small tureen set before him in lieu of a plate, some morsels of meat with the chopsticks used by the celestials; but at last, he tells us, he put aside the chopsticks, "took to the knife and fork, and made an excellent dinner on fine roast beef, and ham and fowls."

One very curious custom among them has not been noticed. Every Chinese of family keeps in his house a table, on which are written the names of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, before which incense is burnt, and the members of the family occasionally prostrate themselves. When the father of the family dies his name is inserted on the table, and that of the great-grandfather is taken away.

We have been furnished with notes of other peculiarities connected with this strange people, which must be reserved for a future number. That parents should doom their children to protracted misery for the purpose of causing deformity, adds to the many instances in which "truth is stranger than fiction." The reader who has read of the sufferings Chinese females endure by having their feet constrained by iron shoes, will perhaps be startled by the result—with the representation of which this notice must conclude.



THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

(Continued from last week.)

THE NEPHEW TO THE UNCLE.

My pilgrimage is not yet at an end. As you observe, you will receive this hasty letter from Strasburg. An unpleasant scene nearly occurred here. One evening, although it was already dark, I took a fancy to ascend the tower of the cathedral. On the winding staircase, which is not over broad, I met some one descending in the dark. I coughed, in order to attract his attention, and to hinder our running against each other. He took no heed of the indication of my presence, although I called to him; and in the next moment there was a violent concussion. "Ill-mannered fellow," exclaimed a youthful voice.—"Whoever you may be, sir," said I, "you must ascribe it to yourself that you run against me, since you neither stood still nor got out of the way, although I endeavoured to attract your attention." One word gave rise to another: he spoke of unmannerly young people; I answered in the same manner; and it was perfectly ridiculous that two men, who neither knew, nor could distinguish each other, should hold such conversation in the dark. At length I gave him my name, and it appeared that we both lodged at the same hotel.

Sorrowfully I ascended the tower, and reached the platform. I awaited the moon, and in the grandeur of solitude at length forgot my absurd quarrel. The moon had illumined the landscape, and I was still there. I was happy, my dear friend, for in the far-extending slumber of nature my whole being was reminded of Emily.

It was late when I descended. I was in no mood for company, and was little pleased, on entering the coffee-room of the hotel, to find a number of persons still in conversation. They were disputing and

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talking loudly over the usual topics of the day. One screeching, shrill voice fell most unpleasantly on my ear. The young, inexperienced man knew everything; but my vexation was increased to anger as the fellow began to reason and chatter about Goethe, and could not sufficiently testify his delight at the discoveries which he had made in the works of the great master, and talked of faults, weak points, and contradictions; in fact, there was no end to his absurdity. Some stared at him, others only opposed him feebly; but my anger rose, and constantly increased, and at length, unable to restrain myself, I put an end to the senseless talk by the strongest and most striking proofs.

Seeing that my interference pleased the greater part of the company, I felt my confidence increase; in a word, I was quite young. For the moment he was silenced, and stared at me with astonishment; but as I added that he was the same who had annoyed me in the tower, he demanded an account of our rude meeting, and an apology.

It was of no use that two elderly men endeavoured to mend the breach, for we were both too excited; he doubly so, as I had humbled him before a company where he had been the spokesman. We appointed to meet the next morning, and the two elderly men offered themselves as seconds. I was rejoiced to find that chance had given me an opportunity of teaching a troublesome chatterbox a lesson.

I slept quietly, and on rising to proceed to the appointed spot, a note was brought, which informed me that my antagonist had been compelled, through unavoidable business, to set out during the night; but that if I travelled into Switzerland, as he had understood I intended doing, I should without fail find him in Basle, or Bern, Neufchatel, Lausanne, or Geneva, where the requisite satisfaction could be given.

The seconds, to whom I showed this note, laughed. There was nothing further to hinder my departure from Strasburg.

* * * *

I have now been several weeks in Switzerland, and think on Emily; and on you, dear uncle, more than ever. Yes, the cares and pangs of love, the hopes which are given rise to, and the beautiful day-dreams which follow the youth, may all be termed enjoyment.

There are moments in life which seem to contain years. Thus was the evening, as, between Aubonne and Lasara, I saw the Alps opposite, the whole chain from Mont Blanc to the Berner Upperland, and beneath me the Lake of Geneva. I think Tavernier must be right when he says that, with the exception of Constantinople and Naples, this is the most charming spot that he met with on his travels.

I have visited Lucerne, sailed on the Lake, and trod the free States; I have also been enchanted with the Lake of Neufchatel. From Lausanne I have journeyed through Rolle, Nyon, Copet, and again reached Geneva. How have I thought of you, of your adventures, and sufferings!

In Geneva I have, unexpectedly, again met with my duellist. He renewed the quarrel, and, as I was not in a humour to give way, we have again appointed to meet, and to-morrow the affair is to be decided.

The wrangler, who does not appear to be over-courageous, is named Firmin, and is of Italian descent. He was born and bred in the neighbourhood, where he also has an estate. He was partly educated in one of the numerous institutions of Germany, and therefore considers himself entitled to speak unreservedly of the Germans and their authors. I am of opinion that the affair will not terminate dangerously for either of us; for, as I have not forgotten my fencing, I only intend giving him a slight lesson; but in future I shall act more prudently and cautiously, and not quarrel about things so little suited thereto. Is not the poor fellow already sufficiently punished by being unable to comprehend the grandeur and beauty of our Goethe?

I wish, dear uncle, you had more accurately indicated the house in which you formerly spent so many hours. I now examine every large and small house, but cannot confidently fix on the scene of your youth.

My second has just come for me. In an hour I will inform you of the result of our combat, and then I shall immediately depart for the Lake of Constance, there to search every hut for my beloved Emily. When the object of my wanderings is accomplished—when I have found her, I shall return to you,—if not wiser, certainly happier: and yet I should be ungrateful if I were to say that I was not happy now.

The man is impatient; I break off, but will not conclude until I can inform you of the result of the battle, and how many have remained in each army.

* * * *

Yes, my life is indeed strange, very strange—insignificant as it may be. Like doubtful and yet beautiful landscapes by moonlight, strange and wonderful, and yet, if one pleases, so ordinary. But I must collect myself, my dear friend, in order to relate everything to you simply and in the proper order. If I do not quite succeed in so doing, the contents must excuse me.

When my second, an intelligent, elderly man, conducted me to the appointed spot, my rival was already there, waiting for his

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support. The place was very retired, a charming bush and a small meadow on the side of a hill which overlooked a great part of the lake. In the centre of this pleasant spot was a fine beech tree, round which a bank had been placed which seemed to invite the wanderer to be seated. On one side was a small bubbling fountain, prettily surrounded by pebble-stones.

I was compelled to think of your adventure, and believed that it was the very spot which decided your life; more especially as I saw a large well-built house at no great distance. I immediately thought that this must have been the habitation of Rosa's family.

But what were my feelings as I beheld on that delightful bank, under the beech tree, a red book with gilt edges, which looked like an old friend. It was Goethe's poems, which Emily had taken with her from Tharaud, my copy, your present. I hastened towards it, but my antagonist, whom I had quite overlooked and had even neglected to salute, stood nearer the tree and had already possessed himself of the volume.

"Give me my book!" I exclaimed passionately.

"Your book?" said he; "if it belong to you, how comes it here? It belongs to no one, or quite as much to me as to you, since I found it."

"My name is written in it," said I angrily, "and it is of the utmost importance that I should have this book which I had lost."

He, ill-mannered as he was, would not hear of it, and a fresh dispute arose, exclusive of our former quarrel. The book did not appear indifferent to him, and you can easily imagine how important it was to me, as it probably betokened Emily's proximity.

My intention of taking the matter coolly with him had completely vanished. Consequently, on his second making his appearance, our combat was very animated. He was more skilful and courageous, and evinced more presence of mind than I had anticipated; I was slightly wounded in the hand, he seriously in the shoulder, so that he was forced to let his sword fall immediately. He was led away, and I, after having thanked my friend, remained on the field of battle.

The pain of his wound had made the ill-mannered fellow forget the book, therefore I had now obtained possession of it. I seated myself beneath the cool shade of the beech, took up my treasure and kissed it as though it had been Emily herself. She had lightly marked several passages with a pencil, and they were always those that I best loved, and which I knew by heart. How eagerly I sought for them, perused, and so completely lost myself in these poems that, what with them and thinking of Emily, I had, without knowing or observing it, in three or four hours read through the whole book.

I was fatigued, confused, as in a dream. To whom should I address myself? Who was to inform me of Emily's whereabout? I could not help imagining she must be close by, that she had but lately been on that spot, that she had read in her favourite book, had forgotten, and would return to seek it.

Evening approached. I arose in order to strengthen and refresh myself by walking. I took care not to lose sight of the fountain and the beech tree.

No one came. The solitude became more lonely, the stillness more hushed, so that the slight rolling of the lake could be distinctly heard. I was already quite familiar with this little retreat, and knew every tree and bush. The sun bade the earth farewell, and the mountains glowed, then became grey, like old men who had nearly reached life's goal, and at length even their outline was lost in the darkness of evening.

I could not possibly return to the town, although the trifling wound, which had only been slightly bandaged, began to smart. I let the gushing fountain flow over my hand, and pictured to myself, being almost convinced of the identity of the scene, the feelings of your youth as you then painfully awaited the coming of your beloved Rosa. "O, Emily!" I sighed, "where do you tarry that my passion, the throbbing of this heart, does not irresistibly attract you hither?"

I had placed the volume of poems next my heart. It was too dark to read any longer, but I inwardly repeated the most beautiful passages. Then arose the moon, and her rays were beautifully reflected in the lake, her light kissed the shore, the trees and houses opposite, the grass around me seemed luminous, and the rustling leaves of the beech sparkled like emeralds. My drooping eyelids gradually transported me to the world of dreams, which, at length, gave her to me.

At first I still heard the bubbling of the fountain, the rustling of the leaves, and sometimes the splashing of an oar on the lake.

Presently I dreamt, not of her but of my childhood's years. I was again a boy, and hearkened to the nightingale in the dark green woods. Then the trunk of an old oak opened, and a noble-looking lady stepped forth as from a tent. Opening her beautiful lips, she asked me if I would take, and carefully preserve, the most precious treasure which the earth had ever produced. At first I had not the courage to say yes, much as my heart yearned towards it. At length, taking her white

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hand in mine, I begged her to conduct me to it. We rose into the air, and I no longer felt the earth under me; the topmost trees of the forest were beneath me. Suddenly she loosened her hold; terrified, I fell, and awoke. And before me stood, superhumanly great, the same beautiful female figure, more lovely, and more terrible. The moon-beams shone on her locks, and I could not distinguish her face. I believed it was the commencement of a second dream.

You must know by experience that when we awake suddenly in the dusk of evening, any person who may chance to be there appears gigantic in stature. The disturber of my slumbers was, therefore, mortal.

Dear uncle, where have I found the patience, although it happened the day before yesterday, thus to relate everything so circumstantially? The figure was really Emily, my Emily. She had missed the book, was persuaded that no one would meet her so late in the evening, had come to seek the treasure, and had found the book and myself. She was astonished to find a person sleeping beneath her favourite tree.

A shudder, as though I had seen a phantom, passed over me on first awaking. I rose. She stood before me, and moved hastily on one side. Now the light of the moon fell full upon her countenance, and I recognised her at once. "Emily!" I exclaimed, enraptured. She knew me again, and we fell into each other's arms.

The strange neighbourhood, the sudden meeting, Goethe, and the moonshine, had caused this so naturally and so simply, that we were not surprised at each other; but for this, I might have waited long for the kiss from those sweetest of lips. Yes, the moonlight had given her to me, and brought her thither; the moon had thus rewarded me, her faithful friend, her inspired panegyrist. I, too, have already dedicated several poems to her, but shall not favour you with a sight of them at present.

She and the uncle are living here with an aunt whom they have come to visit. I briefly related to her my wanderings, my search after her, and how I had seen her name in the antiquated album of the two sisters.

Who would have imagined it? The ill-mannered fellow whom I punished to-day is the son of the aunt with whom she is now residing. He is lying ill in the house from his wound; and this was the reason that my Emily did not come sooner to the tree to seek for the lost book. The whole forenoon she had read beneath this tree, her favourite spot. She had been called away, and in her hurry had left the volume. We forget and lose only that which is perfectly indifferent, or very dear to us; for commonplace matters we have always a commonplace attention, and therefore we always retain possession of them.

She took leave of me, saying that she would go and speak with her uncle: I could wait for her by a solitary linden tree. I saw her disappear in the white house that stands on a hill. After some minutes of anxious expectation, the door opened and two figures came forth and proceeded towards where I stood. It was she and the friendly old uncle.

I was invited, and crossed the threshold of the house. I remained to supper, was reconciled with the wounded man, and remained there because it was already late, and they would not allow me to proceed to Geneva in the middle of the night.

Yes, uncle, the youth, the most important epoch, of my life is, I trust, concluded. All are agreeable that the beautiful, the charming Emily shall be mine if you, my friend, my father, are not opposed, as I am convinced you are not, to my wishes.

Do you guess nothing, dear friend? Alas! how sweet, how wonderful, how rough is the dream of life! I now, for the first time, comprehend your manner, which sometimes appeared to me repulsive, bitter, and misanthropical. No, dear philanthropist, in future we will not be separated even for a second.

Emily already loves you most tenderly. I must always talk to her of you; the aunt, too, and the family, all speak of you as of an old, familiar, honoured friend.

My uncle, my beloved Emily is your daughter! Formerly, when the father forcibly and cruelly separated you, when you heard of the death of your wife she was still living, and bore beneath her heart the pledge of a new life. They wished to deprive you of all hope, and therefore the tyrannical father compelled his wife to write you that letter, which was so skilfully arranged that you were forced to believe it was sent off without the knowledge or consent of the father.

This man was inhuman, furious, and raving in his anger, when he saw that Rosa would shortly give birth to a child, whom he already hated before it had seen the light. Rosa was persuaded that you had died. Soon after the birth of the child she was buried; to the last she was allowed to believe that she would meet you beyond the grave.

The family was now completely separated from you. None knew ought of the other. No one had any interest in clearing up the matter, or communicating with you.

The ill-mannered young man with whom I fought is a son of her whom you name the childish Lidia. This Lidia herself is an ugly, tedious old woman; her

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husband died long since of drink. The house to which I now belong was at that time only apparently sold in order to deprive you of all clue; the family gave it to the wild drunkard, who afterwards, when you had left the country, lived here with Lidia, who bore him the hector, and a daughter, she whom I became acquainted with in Tharaud, and who then passed for E mily's sister.

Emily had been obliged to travel to Hamburg, because some distant relations laid claim to an inheritance which appertained to her. They asserted, in order to secure it for themselves, that she was no legitimate child, that she was not born in wedlock; and it was no easy matter for the uncle, although furnished with all the necessary documents, to obtain the victory for her.

Jenny and her mother, the cruel father, the uncle, and Rolle, are all long since dead. But your son, and Emily your daughter, call to you. You are neither so ill nor so weak as to be unable to make the journey. The uncle here, who was then a young man, and distinctly recollects you, joins his entreaties to ours. When you have received my letter, and have recovered from the shock, we are sure you will have out the carriage, and proceed hither without a moment's delay. Emily affirms that she shall know the hour when her dear, her honoured father will arrive, and alight at the threshold of the well-known white house. You may be sure, dear friend, that she has read your letters to me.

If you cannot come, dearest uncle, write to me, and we will fly to embrace you in your romantic cottage. But you will certainly travel here, again tread the theatre of your youth, visit the fountain, the beech tree, Geneva, and Rolle. Then we journey to Constance, to the uncle's estate, which Emily will inherit from him. Yes, dear father, we will pass many happy hours together. The evening of your existence shall clear up, and become as bright as the peaks of the lofty Alps when glowing with the rays of the departing sun.

How have I deserved to be so happy? My life resembles a

"Fairy-like and moonlight night,
Holding the senses captive."

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

Royal Agricultural Society of England.—At a monthly council held at the society's house, Mr W. Draycote presented a specimen of English cotton, with the following account:—"The enclosed cotton was grown, not in the interior of Mexico, but in the county of Nottingham. The tree has long been very interesting to me, and this is not my first effort to bring it into notice. I do so now in consequence of having read the report of the proceedings of the council of the 21st of June, in which it is stated that Mr Colman, the agricultural commissioner from the United States, exhibited some specimens of silk, silk-cotton, and cotton, this last the produce of a large tree. The specimen I send is also the produce of a large tree, growing on the estate of the Earl Manvers, at Edwinstowe. With the cotton I send some foot-stalks, and also some leaves. I am much inclined to think it a pure specimen of the one described by Mr Colman. I regret I did not attend to it sooner, as I then should have been enabled to procure some cotton in a better state, as well as finer foot-stalks, with the capsules more perfect. The seed is about twice the size of the germen in wheat; some will be found amongst the wool; I think they are emitted immediately on the opening of the capsules. It is desirable that an effort should be made to grow cotton in this country, if only for the purpose of making down pillows." The Marquis of Downshire presented a speci men of Irish flax of the growth of 1843, from a field, averaging 3½ feet in height.

Virtues of Tea.—Paris Academy of Sciences, July.—M. Peligot read a paper on the chemical combinations of tea. M. Peligot states that tea contains essential principles of nutrition, far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties, and shows that, as a stimulant, tea is a desirable article of use. The most remarkable products of tea are—1st, the tannin, or astringent property; 2nd, an essential oil to which it owes its aroma; and 3rd, a substance rich in azote and crystallizable, called *theine*, which is also met with in coffee, and is frequently called *cafeine*. Independently of these three substances, there are eleven others of less importance, which enter more or less into the composition of tea of all the kinds imported into Europe. What was most essential, as regards the chemical and hygienic character of the plant, was to ascertain the exact proportion of the azoted principles which it contains. M. Peligot began by determining the total amount of azote in tea, and finished by finding that it was from 20 to 30 per cent. greater than in any other kind of vegetable. M. Peligot states that by reason of this quantity of azote, and the existence of caseine in the tea-leaf, it is a true aliment.

— An Irish mile is 2,240 yards; a Scotch mile is 1,984 yards; an English or statute mile, 1,760 yards; German, 1,806; Turkish, 1,826. An acre is 4,840 square yards, or 69 yards 1 foot 8½ inches each way. A square mile, 1,760 yards each way, contains 640 acres.

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Arms. Or., two bars, ar., a chief quarterly, of the last and gu.; on the first and fourth, two fleurs-de-lis, or.; on the second and third a lion of England. This chief was anciently gu., the alteration being an honorary augmentation, showing a descent from the blood royal of Edward IV.

Crest. On a chapeau, gu., turned up, erm., a peacock in pride, ppr.

Supporters. Two unicorns, ar., armed, ermined, tufted, and unguled, or.

Motto. "*Pour y parvenir.*" "To attain the object."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MANNERS.

This family is of great antiquity. Some of its members, we are told by Dugdale, were "persons of note in the time of King Henry II, when Henry de Maners paid eighty marks for dowry of his father's lands in that county." The first name, however, that appears in the pedigree, is that of Sir Robert de Manners, Knight, Lord of the Manor of Ethale (now Etall) in Northumberland. His son Sir Robert, in the 17th of Edward II, was returned into Chancery among the principal persons of the county of Northumberland certified to bear arms by descent from their ancestors. Sir Robert signalised himself by the defence of Norham Castle, of which he was governor in the first year of Edward III, against the Scots. Sixteen of them, according to Barnes, "had effected an entrance, when they got such a warm reception from Sir Robert, who had previously been apprised of their intention, that five or six were made prisoners, and the rest put to the sword. Their companions below, informed of the disaster, thought it expedient immediately to retreat." In the next year he obtained permission to strengthen his mansion with a wall of stone, and about the same period he was commissioned, with others, to treat with David Bruce for a peace. He died in 1355.

Sir John, his son, Sir John, the grandson, and Sir Robert, the great-grandson, succeeded in due course. The son of the last, at the death of his mother, who was the daughter of Thomas Lord Ross, succeeded to the Barony of Ross, and the Baronies of Vaux, Triesbut, and Belvoir. He married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas St Leger, Knight, by Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV (who was divorced at her own suit from Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter), by whom he had five sons and six daughters. He died in 1513.

His son, Thomas, thirteenth Lord Ross, was installed a Knight of the Garter, and created Earl of Rutland, June 18, 1585. He filled several offices of importance in the course of that reign.

His son and grandson, Henry and Edward, were the second and third Earls. The latter left an only daughter, named Elizabeth. On his decease, in 1587, the Earldom of Rutland and the Barony of Ross separated, the latter descending to his lordship's daughter, and the former devolving upon his brother John, the fourth Earl.

Roger and Francis, brothers, the sons of John, were the fifth and sixth Earls. The latter, though married twice, had no male issue, but left an only daughter, and at his death, in 1632, the old Barony of Ross devolved upon her; the Barony of Ross of Hamlake expired; and the other honours passed to his brother George, who dying without issue, was succeeded in 1641 by his cousin, John Manners. The son of this nobleman was the next wearer of the title. He was summoned to parliament April 29, 1679, as Baron Manners, of Hoddar, in Derby. On the 29th March, 1703, his lordship was created Marquis of Granby and Nottingham, and Duke of Rutland. On his death, January 11, 1711, he was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who dying February 22, 1721, was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name. His grandson succeeded him in 1779. This nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1784, and died at the age of thirty-three, in October 24, 1787, when he was succeeded in the title by John Henry, the present duke.

In politics this nobleman is a Tory, or Conservative. He is Lord Lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of the county of Leicester, and Colonel of the Leicester militia; he is also Recorder of Cambridge, Grantham, and Scarborough, and a trustee of the British Museum.

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ADVENTURES OF CAPT. ABBOTT.

An amusing narrative has lately been published of a journey performed by a Captain Abbott, from Herat to Khiva, and thence to Moscow and St Petersburg. It is amusing from the picture the author gives of himself, his thoughts, and his sensations, which perhaps are such as few people, but for the publication of the book alluded to, would have expected to find known to a British officer.

Captain Abbott, who evidently thinks his adventures and hair-breadth escapes entitle them to stand on the same shelf with those of Captain Robert Singleton, was sent by Major Todd, British Envoy at Herat, to Khiva, in 1839, to gain intelligence respecting the advance of a Russian army to that place.

It was on the 24th of December that the gallant Captain set out on his journey. He begins forthwith to croak most musically, not only for himself but for others. He was alarmed for the situation in which he left Major Todd, and startled, not very unreasonably it must be confessed, at the amount of his own ignorance.

"We separate," he says, "under circumstances sufficiently gloomy. I leave him in the very stronghold of robbers. I go myself, as agent of the British Government, to a Court, of the language and manners of which I am utterly ignorant, and to accomplish that of which the most sanguine have no hope. It is simply a matter of duty, and as such, entered upon cheerfully, and with full determination to carry my efforts to the uttermost."

Very "cheerfully," certainly, he seems to have "entered upon his matter of duty!" What made it "a matter of duty" for a gentleman of his capacity to undertake the mission at all, does not very satisfactorily appear. That he had a fair claim to exemption from such a task, few of his readers will deny.

He advances over barren lands and fertile fields, but we do not find anything seriously alarming. His journeying by night in the desert, though not exceedingly delightful, seems to have been endurable enough.

"I rise," he says, "at midnight, and sit at a blazing fire, sipping tea without milk, until the camels are laden and have started. I then mount and follow them, and as camels walk something less than three miles an hour, soon overtake them. As the cold is intense, and our feet are by this time fully numbed, I alight and spread my carpet, and a large fire is soon made, around which we all sit half an hour. Wood is very abundant, and so dry that when the hoar frost or snow is shaken from it, it kindles instantly. It is likewise so deficient in solidity, that a stem, the thickness of a man's body, is torn up by the roots without difficulty. We now mount again, and proceed in silence, for the path admits not of two abreast, and the freezing of the vapour of the breath, upon one's beard and mustaches, renders the motion of the jaw singularly unpleasant. Indeed, in raising the handkerchief to one's face, it is tangled in a disagreeable manner with the crystals, and the chin has become so brittle, that a very slight titillation is painful. Jupiter is now far above the horizon, and Venus is shining gloriously upon the desolate wild. And by degrees we perceive the day itself slightly winking in the east, and again we pull up, to light a fire, and to thaw our frozen extremities. * * Ere the sun breaks from the horizon we are once more mounted and away. The profusion of hoar frost upon the leafless jungle sheds a glory over the desolate scene. It is a sight unwitnessed by me for seventeen years, and brings back many pleasant remembrances tinged with sadness. Now we are close upon the traces of the camels. The slave caravans keep them company. The hardy Toorcumuns as they trudge along in their clouted laced boots, and legs wound around with woollen cloths, and their white sheepskin caps heavy with hoar frost, have no cause to envy us, whose knees are cramped with the saddle, and whose feet are again freezing in the morning air. How frosty their cheeks and sharp noses appear, peeping above the cataract of ice which clings to their scanty beards, and below the snowy mass which overhangs their brows. The captive ladies are wisely invisible. They have tucked themselves below the felts of their Kujawurs, and yet I fear, in spite of all their management, have but a chilly berth."

Riding in a cold country, with the means of kindling a fire at pleasure, and being always well attended, is not the most fearful travelling we ever read about. The Captain, however, being "a bold man," exposed himself to some danger of being laughed at, when he, humble as his position certainly was in a diplomatic point of view, claimed a grand reception, or at least, that "there should be sent to wait upon him the highest officer ever employed in such ceremonies, my government being the greatest and most powerful government in the world." The minister at Khiva seems to have measured the hero's dimensions pretty accurately, though he could not have been prepared for some of the bouncing taradiddles the intrepid Captain hazarded. On one occasion he appears to have had the impudence to declare that "England was larger than Russia,"—"because the sea exceeds the land in extent, and all the sea belongs to England!" After this, if the captain only writes as boldly as he reports himself to have spoken, we know not what may be expected from his pen.

This hinted, it will not greatly surprise our readers to hear that the Captain Envoy made wonderful progress considering the astounding difficulties by which he was encompassed. His position was one of interest and deep anxiety:—

"I had been sent to execute," says he, "what

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might well appear an impossibility, and my fame, as well as life, was staked upon the venture. When I considered my imperfect knowledge of even the Persian tongue, my utter ignorance of that of the court and people, as well as of their manners and temper; my entire want of instruments suited to my need; that my sole instrument of intercourse with the natives was Ali Muhummud, a ransomed slave, new to my service, and of whose capacity or fidelity I knew nothing; when I considered the lightness of my purse; the impossibility of recruiting it at Khiva; the poverty of the presents to be offered the Khaun Huzurut, contrasted with the lavish gifts, which, it was well known, had been bestowed upon the government of Heraut; my want of suite to give dignity to my mission; that the Vuzeer Yar Muhummud Khan had agents at Khiva, secretly engaged in thwarting my endeavours, and throwing the most dangerous suspicions upon my motives; that the Persian ambassador had just preceded me, at the head of a hundred horse, and laden with handsome presents; that it must be his object to hinder the meditated alliance; that Dost Muhummud Khaun, the Ex-Ummeer of Cabul, had also agents at Khiva, who would naturally, if possible, poison the Khaun's mind against the English,—a nation whose very existence was a recent discovery at Khiva. When I considered that in demanding the confidence of the Khaun, I was empowered to promise him nothing, but rather to make excuses for non-compliance with every request he had made,—I confess the case appeared as desperate as possible."

"Wastly moving," as *Peter Pastoral* or *Lubin Log* would say, no doubt. It is clear that Captain Abbott would have liked to have been in a more dazzling situation; it is equally clear that one less conspicuous would have been quite as appropriate to modest merit like his.

Having such mighty difficulties to contend with, it will perhaps surprise our readers that he actually found his way to "the Supreme Lord." He did though, and thus he reports upon him:

"Ullah Koolie Khaun, the present king of Khaurism, is about forty-five years of age, and so far as I can judge, rather under the middle height. His face is round. The features are high and regular; the expression is the most amiable possible; but there is an absence of vigour, for which, at the present crisis, nothing can atone, unless it be the powerful interposition of some foreign power. His eyes are long, and not well opened. His beard is decent; his family having some mixture of Sart blood. He is inclined to be stout. He was seated upon a carpet, and supported by cushions. Before him a wood fire blazed up, sending its smoke and sparks through the sky-light of the tent. He shifted his posture from time to time. It was always ungraceful and unkingly. Sometimes cross-legged, sometimes kneeling, sometimes half-reclining. His dress was a green cloak, fringed and lined with dark sables, and showing at the waist a gold chain, the exact use of which I know not. On his head was the Oozbeg cylindric cap of black lambskin. He wore no ornament, and his sole insignium of office was a large dagger in a sheath of gold, which lay before him. No guards were visible about the tent, but the doors of the court were guarded. The black tent of felt which he occupied was of the usual dimensions, *i.e.* about twenty-four feet in diameter, and quite unadorned, its sole furniture being the carpet and cushions on which he reclined."

What we are to understand by want of vigour on the part of the Khan being "*atoned* for" by the "interposition of some foreign power," and what is meant by "a *decent* beard," we are at a loss to guess.

The poor Captain seems to have had an awful time of it. A house with a wall about it was to his mind a prison, and the look or character of one Ahris Mhatoor renders him quite sublime:

"I said, baring and offering him my throat, and touching with my finger his sabre, strike away, but save my servants. He shook his head, and intimated that we were safe, but I did not believe him. I returned and watched the rest of the night, determining to throw myself upon the first sword, that there might be no excuse for farther bloodshed. I meditated deeply on death. I imagined to myself its pang. I never could quite reconcile myself to the shape in which it was ever threatening; namely, the crushing together of the brain beneath the hatchet of Ahris Mhatoor. I had self-control, indeed, sufficient not to flinch as he flourished it near me, but a vivid imagination left no rest for the nerves. The sabre stroke had but one terrible accompaniment. The head, when struck off, retains life until the blood has discharged itself from the vessels of the brain. The eyes open and shut, the lips and muscles move. The system is still complete, the nerves of the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, communicating direct with the brain," &c.

This is so fine that nothing can surpass it, unless it be the funny fortitude of the gallant Captain, who, preparing to be assassinated in the night, "adjusted his throat, so that the stroke of death might not awaken him." How he effected that clever adjustment we are not told.

We have read of a criminal who doubted if an executioner could take his head off by one stroke of his sword. The blow was struck. "Aha!" exclaimed the condemned, "you have not done it." "Spit," said the executioner. The man did so, and off came his head, which had been severed though he knew nothing about it. Captain Abbott had no doubt heard of this admirable operator, and expected him to be in attendance.

The Capain did not, at last, effect any great things by his negotiation. His journey is more interesting as a "a sentimental journey," than anything else. He should have taken for his motto the following:

"Go, you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my grief away,
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay."

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Reviews.

The Herald of Peace. No. 23.

This publication has, as may be guessed from its title, Peace,—universal Peace, for its object. Such an object every kindly-disposed human being must wish to promote. It will gratify our readers to learn that a society formed for such a purpose is cheered in its progress with no common success, and in one instance at least has prevented a rupture between two nations. The following extract establishes this interesting fact :—

"A litigation between the United States and Mexico having given rise to evil dispositions in both countries against each other, and the spirit of party having been mixed up with it, it happened that the President of the United States made a communication to the Congress (which alone has the right to make war), in which he declared that all his efforts for the preservation of peace were ineffectual, and that it was the duty of the Congress to fix the epoch and the manner in which to obtain satisfaction from Mexico. The Committee of Foreign Affairs, according to parliamentary usage, took up the question, and prepared to make its report; when suddenly the Peace Society of New York, as a sentinel alive to whatever threatened the sacred object of its establishment, addressed a letter to the President of the Congress, to inform him that the Mexican Congress had issued a decree by which it proposed to refer the subject in dispute to the arbitration of a neutral and friendly power; and the Society besought the Congress of the United States to accede to this proposition. This was the first notice which the Congress and the President of the Committee of Foreign Affairs had of this act of the Mexican Government. From that moment a blow was struck at the hostile designs of the President of the United States; the public mind took hold of the question, and the Congress soon resounded with anathemas launched against an administration which would draw the country into a war against a weak and neighbouring nation, particularly when the legislative power of that nation had taken a step to settle the dispute which existed between the two Governments, without having recourse to arms. This Mexican decree had been issued eight months before. How did it happen that it had been unknown to the Government of the United States? Certain it is that, without the Peace Society, war would have broken out, and the maintenance of peace is due to that Society alone; for the majority of the Congress had agreed with the President.

"This is what has been stated by Mr Adams, ex-President of the United States, and now a member of Congress, who has expressed himself in the following manner, in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the New York Peace Society :—'The petition came most opportunely, and gave me an opportunity of declaring to the Congress and the country my aversion to a war against Mexico, which I perceived, with grief, was proposed in the message of the President. That petition prevented the Committee from making a report in favour of the war, which it inevitably would have done, without the step you have just taken; your petition is the first intimation given to the Government of the United States of the fact that, eight months ago, the Mexican Congress had, by a decree, authorized an arbitration. It seems that neither the President nor the Secretary for Foreign Affairs had any knowledge of this decree. The Congress is, therefore, indebted to your Society, and the proposition has appeared so reasonable, that not a voice in the Congress was raised against it. If the Peace Society never renders any other services to its country, this alone will entitle it to the thanks of the whole nation. The Peace Society of New York will always have my sincere and ardent desires for the triumph of its principles, and the success of its efforts.

(Signed) JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.'"

The Poems of Duke Charles of Orleans. By A. Champollion Figene. Paris.

POEMS written by a Prince four hundred years ago, and by one of the illustrious persons whom the fate of war at Agincourt made the prisoner of England, cannot but command some attention. His life was a singular romance. His father, at the age of thirteen, caused him to become the husband of a Queen, the widow of our Richard the Second. The death of that father, who was assassinated by the Duke of Burgundy, soon followed, and led to scenes of stormy contention between the houses of Burgundy and Orleans. While he was still very young, his Queen-consort died, and he married the beautiful daughter of Count d'Armagnac. The battle of Agincourt separated him from her, to pass twenty-five years in captivity. She died shortly after that great event, it is supposed, from sorrow for the loss of her husband. It was in this state of things that he wrote his poems. Some of them are rich in pensive feeling. One modernized, which relates to the death of Bonne de Armagnac, his beautiful wife, just mentioned, we subjoin :—

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

"Ballades, chançons et complaintes
Sont par moi mises en oubliance."

Ballads, songs, and mournful lays,
Are forgot in my despair;
Sorrow fills my weary days,
And I sleep to dream of care.

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If sad thoughts it could beguile,
I would sing, as oft of yore,
And revive those tones awhile,
Which have soothed my heart before;
But, alas! my voice, my lute,
Both with grief are hoarse and mute!

All the pleasant words I spoke,
Are extinct and passed away;
Lo! the spell of song is broke,
And no sweetness marks my lay.
Those who once have heard me sing,
Full of youth, and hope, and joy,
Pity now the falt'ring string,
Which but echoes my annoy;
Lost my voice and sad my lute,
Both in sorrow hoarse and mute.

Lovers utter painted words,
Fresh and fair their language glows,
Pleasure eloquence affords,
And each thought with spirit flows;
Thus I warbled once—but past
Is the time I sang so well,
All my skill is ebbing fast,
And no more my numbers swell;
When I tune my feeble lute,
Every note is harsh or mute.

A FEATHERED REPORTER.
REMINISCENCES OF A PARROT.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune named Aveline, residing at Camberwell, has now in his possession a most extraordinary parrot, to which he attaches great value, and for which he would take no sum of money that liberal curiosity might offer. It is not that he thinks the bird gifted with reason denied to the rest of his race, but memory most retentive and correct, it certainly possesses. Add to that, it is supposed to be forty or fifty years old, may have had many masters, and has certainly witnessed many scenes the actors in which little imagined that their speeches would be reported at a distant day, *verbatim*, by the unheeded prisoner who was the involuntary witness of their "sayings and doings."

Yet such is the fact; and as many of the conversations which the unconscious utterer repeats from day to day must certainly have occurred more than a year ago, it is not certain that the lapse of time at all effaces what the creature has once learned, and therefore what took place ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, may, for aught that is at present known to the contrary, come as trippingly off the parrot's tongue as that which it only heard yesterday.

The bird was bought on the 12th July, 1842, having been advertised in the 'Times' newspaper. From the 12th of July to the 31st of December she only repeated common sentences.

From the 1st January, 1843, every new sentence has been daily put down. Her style was thought to improve in March last; but about the 22nd of April there was a marked difference between what she uttered, and what had previously been heard from her.

Many parts of the Church Catechism, the Marriage Service, the Christening Service, the Lord's Prayer, in French and English, have been at various times correctly repeated; but what may be regarded as more curious, are the dialogues which she furnishes, and, as we are informed, with varieties of intonation not unlike to those heard at a theatre in what is called "a patter song." We quote one of them. The Mr and Mrs Wimbleton, as well as the other parties named, are at present wholly unknown to Mr Aveline:—

"Here's a letter from Mr Wimbleton,—'Mr and Mrs Wimbleton present their compliments to Mr and Mrs Robinson, and beg their acceptance of a glass chandelier, which they request they will see if it is perfect'—'Tell the man to bring it into the dining-room, and to be very careful.—(Mind that none of you touch this parrot.)—Bless me, this is a fifty-guinea concern! How very handsome and liberal of Mr Wimbleton!—Yes, it is all right.—Here is half a crown for you.'—'Thank you, sir.'

"'Do you think it would be more polite to write, or to go and thank Mr Wimbleton?' 'Oh, I think we had better write.'—'Mr and Mrs Robinson present their very best compliments to Mr and Mrs Wimbleton, and beg them to accept their warmest thanks for their very elegant present of a glass chandelier; and according to their request, have examined it, and found every iota perfect.'—'Don't you think it will do?' 'Very well; I suppose as well as you can do it.' 'Well, if you think you can do it better, try.' 'It was only my fun, Julia; get the sealing-wax.—To Mrs Wimbleton, No. 12 Castle street, Portman square.'"

This occurred on the 19th of last month. On the 20th the creature mentioned the Wimbletons again, and then brought forward a junior member of the family, who is thus introduced:—

"Here is a letter from Georgy: I do think it is his writing. Oh dear! there is a black seal; what's the matter now? However, he begins in high glee.—'My dear papa and mamma,—I have the pleasure to announce to you that we break up next Saturday, the 20th instant. I shall be delighted to find myself once more at home again, and have the pleasure of kissing you all. I hope you will find that I have made progress in every branch of my studies; and at any time when I find myself at all idle, I always think how grieved you would be, and also try to think what pleasure it would give you to see that I have got good marks. I will keep you in suspense no longer, but may say the reason why I put a black seal was because I have got no red wax, and Dick Nelson,

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who is in mourning, lent me some. I must now conclude, in love to brothers and sisters. Believe me your dutiful son,—George Henry Wimbleton.'—'Do you think there will be any occasion to write a letter to George?' 'Perhaps so; just a line or two.' 'Can't you write, Maria?' 'No, mamma.'"

The following amusing anecdote is given by Polly, of Miss Julia Robinson:—

"Do you know, Fanny, when I was at a drawing-room, my garter dropped off while I was dancing with a gentleman; and the gentleman said, 'you have dropped one of your keepsakes, Miss Julia Robinson;' and I felt the colour rush into my face. So I picked it up and put it into my pocket, for I could not leave the room just then, because we were in the middle of a dance; and before it was finished my stocking dropped over my shoe, and I thought I should have dropped too. To my great disappointment, when I got up stairs I found the clasp was off and gone. I did not know what to do, for I could not go down stairs, as my stocking was down; so I rang the bell, and asked the servant to sew my stocking to my petticoat."

The following singular conversation was lately repeated:—

"What a beautiful sermon Mr Dale preached last Sunday! It was in the 12th chapter of Matthew and the 40th verse, 'For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.'"

The text was found correctly repeated, word for word, when compared with the Bible.

The parrot has evidently been, and indeed is now, the property of a medical man. Her recollections of the sweets of an *accoucheur's* life are rich. We give them by way of finale:—

"'Who's there?' 'Mrs Jones wants you, if you please, sir.' 'Very well, I'll come directly.—What a bother it is! I don't believe it; I have not been in bed half an hour, and I went to see her the very last thing. She is so fidgety, and the nurse is as bad. I declare I'll have "*accoucheur*" scrubbed off my door, if they go on in that manner.—Well, I've been, and Mrs Jones no more wants me than you do, my dear; I'm sure she's in no need of me for these five or six hours. I'll make them pay for it prettily, calling me out of my bed when there is no occasion.'"

The bird, it may not be improper to mention, will not talk before strangers, nor even in a common way in the presence of Mr Aveline. Two highly intelligent young ladies, the eldest twelve years of age, are her confidants. Their character, as well as the nature of the conversations reported by the parrot, forbid suspicion of any trick. Besides, they have brought to their father remarks of his own, made when they were absent. He would be well content that the capacity of the creature should be tested by two gentlemen talking in her presence by themselves. Were this done, he is confident that in the following week he could give them an exact account of what passed, obtained from the "feathered reporter." The dialogues are given out piecemeal and slowly, with sometimes long pauses between the sentences.

GEORGE THE THIRD, THE LATE LORD SYDENHAM, AND MR PITT.

Mr Poulett Scrope gives an amusing incident in the life of his late brother. King George the Third saw him at Weymouth, and became so fond of him, he being not quite four years of age, that he insisted on a daily visit from him, often watched at the window for his arrival, ran down himself to open the door to let him in, and carried him about in his arms to show all that could amuse the child, in the very ordinary lodging-house then occupied by the royal party, and especially the suppers laid out for the children's balls, which their majesties frequently gave for the amusement of their young favourites. On one occasion, the king being on the pier-head, about to embark in the royal yacht upon one of his sailing trips, and having the child in his arms, he turned round to Mr Pitt, who was in attendance at his elbow, and exclaimed, "Is not this a fine boy, Pitt? Fine boy, isn't he? Take him in your arms, Pitt; take him in your arms: charming child, isn't he?" Then suiting the action to the word, he made the stiff and solemn premier, weighed down as he seemed to be with cares of state, dandle and kiss the pretty boy, and carry him some minutes in his arms, albeit strange and unused to such a burden. Pitt little thought, no doubt, that the infant he was required to nurse would, at no very distant time, have the offer of the same high official post which he then occupied, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

ON DRAWING.—(Art. III.)

Having, in the two preceding articles on this subject, briefly explained the utility of the various systems of drawing, and afterwards pointed out the methods to acquire the practice of perspective and artistic drawing, it will be unnecessary to enlarge on the advantages that must accrue to those who are enabled to comprehend the principles and to practise an art which has hitherto been, and is likely to be, more than ever employed in executing designs of the great variety of structures suited to the wants and tastes of the pre-

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sent generation, of their external and internal decorations, of their requisite fittings and ornaments; and above all, in illustrating the numerous and valuable records of the literary and scientific minds which have been engaged in different pursuits, so that others might benefit by their labours.

And although, individually and nationally, we are each deeply indebted to the united talent of our surveyors, engineers, architects, artists, and sculptors, and also to our persevering and industrious artisans, who have so fully carried out the designs of those placed over them, for the many personal and public conveniences which we in this free country are permitted to enjoy; yet all these comforts and advantages sink into insignificance when compared with the pleasures to be derived from devoting a portion of time to acquiring the principles of the art of drawing; for it will be remembered that before any person can with advantage enter on such a pursuit, he must have passed through the stages of childhood and youth; that state in which we are all expected to act and to think according as we are ordered by our elders or instructors, and in many instances without being allowed to know why or wherefore.

Individuals, therefore, by commencing to study the principles of drawing, enter into a channel which must, when properly arranged, lead them to exercise, strengthen, and improve their faculties in such a manner as will afford them true pleasure, satisfaction, and mental enjoyment. Whilst directing their attention to objects which exist, and on considering that their representations are in all cases to be either executed according to some predetermined law, or by an acquired habit, they will be led to apply the abstract and sublime principles of the science of geometry, in order to investigate, and eventually to determine, the best methods to be employed in the practice of executing representations of any of the tangible or visible objects which are scattered in every direction, at home, abroad, beneath, above; by this means they must acquire those habits which will enable them to enter on any other pursuit with greater pleasure than they could otherwise do.

Minds thus prepared, and gifted with bodily and legal powers to act, ought to prove themselves benefactors to all amongst whom they may have to move, or be appointed to guide, direct, or rule, whether in connexion with the theological, judicial, military, naval, manufacturing, or commercial classes of their own or of other countries. Further, by practising any branch of the art, they will be compelled to exert their faculties and powers of observation in order to determine various particulars relating to the objects which they purpose to represent; and in this pursuit they will learn habits of patience, perseverance, and of attention to the matter in hand; habits which will almost invariably ever after be effectively applied under all circumstances, in whatever station they may choose, or be appointed to occupy.

Having then acquired a knowledge of the principles and practice of drawing, they will be fully prepared to turn their attention to those illustrated records of literature and science which they have hitherto been incompetent to comprehend. Letters, words, and figures, they previously knew how to apply, and now that they have unravelled the use and construction of the invaluable system of signs, representations of objects, they may, if agreeable to their feelings and pursuits, at once proceed to gain that information of the generality of those arts and sciences so freely communicated to us in the writings of our best authors.

Here we must, as we have in the former articles (for want of space), curtail, if not end, the present series on drawing, yet not without expressing a hope that our correspondent, Mr J. Smith, will favour us, ere long, with one or two practical expositions of the methods to be employed in depicting scenes from nature, and which we shall feel happy to illustrate with suitable pictorial views, hoping that, in the meantime, our readers will give this series of articles that attention which they deserve.

We cannot close our notice of this subject without directing the student's attention to the pamphlet which we have been induced to notice in the former articles, in which they will find the science as well as the principles of the art of drawing clearly and explicitly developed: further, they will there see reference to the standard practical works from which details of some of the methods of drawing formerly alluded to may be obtained.

We need not recommend our correspondent to the especial notice of amateurs, artists, surveyors, architects, engineers, and officers of the army and navy. Those who are desirous of acquiring the practice of any or of all the systems of drawing, may advantageously avail themselves of his services, seeing that he, as a practical engineer and architect, can readily and pleasantly communicate, assisted by the original and beautiful series of models and drawings with which he is provided, more valuable knowledge in one hour than an individual, aided by books alone, could acquire by years of labour.

ENGLISH GROWN COTTON.

Since Draycott's cotton, judges own,
For many uses good enough,
Let none presume, though English grown,
To tell the world it is all *stuff*.

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The Gatherer.

English Gentlemen.—"I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the man of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame, and freshness of complexion, which I attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country."—*Washington Irving.*

Independent Minister.—When Charles II went to Winchester with his court, the house of Dr Kenn was destined to be the residence of Nell Gwynne. The doctor declared she should not be under his roof. The intelligence was carried to the king, who said, "Well, then, Nell must take a lodging in the city." Some months after the Bishoprick of Bath and Wells becoming vacant, the minister recommended several learned divines, to whom the king answered—"No, none of them shall have it, I assure you: what is the name of that little man at Winchester that would not let Nell Gwynne lodge at his house?" "Dr Kenn, please your Majesty." "Well, he shall have it, then; for his independence I resolved that he should have the first bishoprick that fell, if it had been Canterbury."

The Sword of Washington.—The battle sword of Washington was recently exhibited at a military dinner at Philadelphia. It is described as being about two feet eight inches in length, slight, exceedingly well balanced, and made of the best steel. The handle is green, with a spiral silver band extending the whole length, and a small silver ornament on the guard. The scabbard is of leather, tipped with silver.

The Camel.—The extensive use to which the camel has been applied for the purpose of military transport under the most opposite circumstances of soil and climate, in modern times, makes its neglect by the Romans the more remarkable. It was used by the Parthians in their memorable campaign against Crassus to carry their reserve store of arrows. In our own times it has been found equally available and indispensable in the arid plains of Beloochistan, the mountain passes of Cabool, and the intensely-frozen snows of Khiva. 22,000 camels were brought under the walls of Vienna when Solyman besieged that city in 1529.—*Lord Francis Egerton's Mediterranean Sketches.*

Refined Raillery.—"At Prince Galitzin's," says the Margravine of Anspach, "in the most animated part of our conversation, a handsome young lady came up, and was thus accosted by Madame de Phoun, 'Tell me what part of your agreeable person is in pain this evening, that I may measure out for you the proper dose of pity,' and then turning to me, she continued, 'Don't be surprised, for she is always complaining. Look at her, and tell me if she wants pity to render her more interesting.'"

The late Charles Mathews.—In early life, Mathews, like many other ornaments of the drama, had great difficulties to contend with. At the time he had his wife engaged with Tate Wilkinson, he is described to have become a tall, thin, consumptive-looking person, the twist in his mouth having rather increased, so as to bear out the after description of a fellow-performer:—"Why, he's the tallest man in the world, and the funniest. He has no regular mouth, but speaks from a little hole in his cheek." Such was the figure which presented itself to the York manager; and he received his visitor with expressions of chilling discouragement, calculated to extinguish every spark of professional ardour. He declared that Mathews was too thin for broad comedy; indeed, he had never seen anybody so thin to be alive. "Why, sir," he added, "one hiss would blow you off the stage!" His perseverance eventually overcame all obstructions; he rose into high favour, and became the leading comedian on the York "circuit," conducted by the same manager.

Insect Voracity.—A silk-worm is one of the greatest gormandizers in creation. When first hatched they require forty-eight meals in a day!

Chinese Iron Works.—A Berlin correspondent of the 'Debats' writes, on the 11th inst.: "We have received letters from our fellow-countryman, the missionary Gutzlaff, in China, stating that he had ascertained that the art of constructing buildings of cast iron, of which the English *pretend* to have lately been the first discoverers, has been practised for centuries in the Chinese empire. M. Gutzlaff has found on the top of a hill, near the town of Tsing Kiang Fou, in the province of Kiang Nan, a pagoda entirely composed of cast iron. It is covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, which, from their forms, characters, and dates, show that they are as old as the dynasty of Tang, who was on the throne as far back as from the 5th to the 10th century of the Christian era. It is in the shape of an octagon pyramid, is forty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter at the base. It has seven stories, each containing extremely curious historical pictures. M. Gutzlaff represents this monument as being strikingly elegant, and surpassing in this respect everything of the kind he had previously seen in China.

French Finance.—The national debt of France, which in 1572, under Charles IX, was only 17,000,000f., was in 1832, 5,417,495,016f. At the present time it is

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almost 7,000,000,000f. France has already been bankrupt six times, viz.:—Under Sully, who deducted the interest formerly paid on the capital; at the end of Louis XIV's reign, under Desmaret, who paid neither capital nor interest; at the fall of the "*système* Law," under Lepelletier; under the Abbe Terrai, who did not pay the assignments; during the revolution, after the creation of 45,000,000 of mortgages; lastly in 1799, by the reduction of two-thirds of the debt.

Anecdote.—During the minority of Lewis XV, when the Duke of Orleans was Regent of France, a Count d'Orme, related to the Emperor as well as to the Regent, killed a Jew stock-jobber in Paris, and stole his actions. He was apprehended, convicted, and condemned to death. The princes and nobility interceded to have the sentence mitigated, and to strengthen their remonstrances in favour of the Count, they told the Regent that his blood ran in the veins of this nobleman. The Regent told them, that when he had bad blood he always had it drawn from him; and ordered him to be executed the next day, which was Good Friday, fearing, as an express had been sent to the Emperor, that his imperial Majesty might ask his life by the return of the messenger, who was soon expected.

Modern Inventions Revivals of Old Discoveries.—Some of the methods of destroying the shipping of an enemy, lately brought before the public, it will be seen from the following, are more than a century old:—"Two of the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions:' Art. 9. An engine portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened in the inside of the greatest ship, which at an appointed minute, though a week after, shall irrecoverably sink the ship. 10. A way from a mile off to dive and fasten such pocket-engine to any ship, so as punctually to work the same effect, *either* for time or *immediate* execution."

Arrowroot Pudding (Soufflé).—Three table-spoonsful of arrowroot to half a pint of milk, and one ounce of butter mixed in with it. To be boiled till thick, stirring it all the time. Two ounces of loaf sugar, half a dozen bitter almonds, four eggs, the yolks and whites beat separate. Mix the sugar, almonds, yolks of eggs, with the milk, &c., and add lastly the whites of eggs beat to a froth. Twenty minutes, or half an hour, to bake it.——*Arrowroot Mange.*—Take three table-spoonsful of arrowroot, with a little milk to mix it. A pint of milk put on the fire, with eight bitter almonds chopped fine, or bruised, and two laurel leaves, and three to four ounces of loaf sugar. Pour the boiling milk on the arrowroot, stirring it well, and give the whole a boil up till it thickens. It must be turned into a mould. To be made the night before required. It should look like blanc mange.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Salmon.—They are occasionally, though rarely, killed in Britain of the weight of forty and even fifty pounds. In the comparatively unfished rivers of Scandinavia, although large salmon are much more frequent, the largest we ever heard of was an English fish, which came into the possession of Mr Groves, of Bond street. It was a female, and weighed eighty-three pounds. In the year 1841, Mr Young marked a few spawned salmon along with his grilse, employing, as a distinctive mark, copper wire instead of brass. One of these, weighing twelve pounds, was marked on the 4th of March, and was re-captured, on returning from the sea, on the 10th of July, weighing eighteen pounds.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Nun's Wish.—Southey, in his 'Omniana,' relates the following:—"What was last at ——— a nun made her [illegible] from the Irish nunnery. The first thing which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

— A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

— Of 100 parts into which the surface of the earth may be divided, Europe contains 7, Africa 21, Continental Asia 33, New Holland, &c. 8, South America 15, North America 16.

— In marching, soldiers take 75 steps per minute; quick marching, 108; and in charging, 150 steps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on Shakspeare cannot appear. It is rather late in the day to tell the British public that his name is celebrated, and his works inimitable.

Several suggestions from old correspondents are kindly acknowledged, though it may be impossible to act upon them for a time, in consequence, as the playbills say, of "the necessary arrangements for forthcoming novelties."

The notice of "The Bell" has been mislaid. We hope shortly to recover it.

"The Moon-seeker" has never appeared in English before. It has been translated expressly for the 'Mirror.'

"The best publication to send a work on Harbours to" we hesitate to name, as we do not know the merits or the tastes of all our contemporaries. After the 'Mirror,' perhaps the 'Naval and Military Gazette' may be advantageously tried.

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Original Communications.

MACAO—THE RETREAT OF CAMOENS.

THE island of Macao has lost much of its importance in modern days. Once it was a great mart of trade. Perhaps emulation of its British neighbours, now we have become possessed of Hong Kong, will work a change. The degenerate Portuguese may rise from that slothful negligence into which they appear to have long slumbered, and render Macao again an object of interest in a mercantile point of view.

Situate near the mouth of the Bocca Tigris, and separated from the continent but by a narrow river channel, in the prouder days of Portugal, it was the principal medium of commercial communication between Europe and China. Now become comparatively insignificant, it contains a population of about twelve thousand souls, of whom one-third are Portuguese.

Approaching it from the sea, its situation and aspect much resemble Cadiz. It is a small granatic peninsula, attached to the Island of Heang-shan by a very narrow isthmus. The climate is healthy, being freely exposed to the sea air, and the place has good water, bread, and a well-stocked bazaar. The functionaries belonging to the East India Company's factory at Canton were accustomed to reside here during the whole of what is termed the "dead season." On landing, the spectator has before him a semicircular bay, encompassed with rising hills, crowned with forts, convents, churches, and private buildings. The circuit of the peninsula is about eight English miles, its extent three, and its greatest breadth nearly a mile. It was about the middle of the sixteenth century that the Portuguese established themselves here, having had temporary shelter on shore as early as 1537. They pay a ground-rent to the present day; and mandarins periodically inspect the Portuguese forts, as well as levy duties on the Macao shipping. In 1573, the Chinese erected a barrier wall, with a guard-house, across the isthmus. A civil mandarin resides within the town, and governs it in the name of the Emperor. The Chinese population of Macao is entirely under the control of the mandarin; but the Portuguese enjoy the privilege of governing themselves.

The houses in Macao are large and commodious, built generally in the European style, and stuccoed or white-washed. There is a well-supplied market. The church of Saint Antonio stands on a hill, from which most beautiful prospects of the

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surrounding land and water are obtained. In the building many splendid statues and paintings are to be seen.

Among the objects of curiosity at Macao the cave and garden of Camoens are eminently distinguished. The latter commands a noble view, continually varied by the numerous vessels which are constantly in sight. The romantic cave in which the poet of the 'Luciad' is supposed to have composed his great work, is shown with reverential care, and the stone seat on which, according to tradition, he sat and wrote, is of course honoured with the special attention of every votary of literature.

In the history of Camoens, the Homer of Portugal, there is much to interest. His life was a stormy career. He had great afflictions to mourn, hope gladdened only to disappoint. Beauty caught his eye and inflamed his heart, but vanished at his approach. On the 11th of April, 1542, Dona Caterina de Ataide, the object of his purest attachment, met his ardent gaze in the church of Christ's Wounds at Lisbon. He was then eighteen years of age, and full of enthusiasm. The lady was virtuous as she was fair. Their love was mutual, but hers was for many months concealed. He continued to worship at her shrine, with but slender encouragement, and when, after what in our day would be called a long courtship, he ventured to solicit a ringlet of her charming hair, she would only bestow one of the silken fillets which encircled her head, with an intimation that in the fulness of time a lock of hair would requite his devotion. Some imprudence into which he was betrayed, scandal says with a married lady, caused him to be banished from Lisbon. It was then that the fair one he had so fondly wooed, the beautiful Caterina, relented, and confessed to the desponding poet the passion which he had inspired. He left the presence of his mistress, and sought for glory fighting against the Moors. In a sea-fight he had the misfortune to lose his right eye, by some splinters from the deck of the vessel in which he was engaged. The courage which he displayed in many battles won favour for him, and he was recalled from exile. He hastened to Lisbon, to throw himself at the feet of Dona Caterina, and on his arrival had the affliction to find that she was no more.

To the sorrows caused by her loss, those which now grew on straitened means were to be added. The reward to which he considered he was entitled for his services he long sought in vain. He determined at length to endeavour to gain for himself independence in India. The feeling with which the resentful poet left Portugal is very distinctly transmitted to us. "The last words," he says in a letter to a friend, "which I uttered when leaving, were those of Scipio Africanus, '*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.*'"*

Again he fought bravely, but indulging a satirical vein, and holding up to just derision a ridiculous parody on a tournament given by a despicable governor, procured for Camoens another sentence of banishment. The following are some of the reflections suggested to him:

"I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes,
And he was poor, without a friend,
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r,
Which rightly suffering wrong,
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,
But Virtue late and long."

The varied scenes which he was fated to know, tantalised with all that love, and fame, and fortune could offer at various periods, yet doomed to disappointment, banishment, and want, might well justify the feelings he breathes in his 'Luciad:'

"What perils numberless and imminent
Ceaseless assail life's mutable career,
Ev'n where we centre all our fondest hopes
They vanish like an unsubstantial dream."

And how natural is the question which the care-worn pilgrim subsequently asks:

"To what asylum shall frail man retreat,
Where pass secure the narrow span of life,
That placid heaven unruffled may not launch,
Its thunderbolt against so poor a worm!"

He had to complain of the world; but one humble object in it connected with Camoens, we cannot but contemplate with admiring wonder — his glorious slave! Antonio (a man of colour), a native of Java, having saved his life when he suffered shipwreck, accompanied him to Lisbon. There faithful to him in his extremest distress, the noble-hearted Antonio would never leave him, but begged through the streets of Lisbon during the day, to share the produce of his mendicity with his master at night. Camoens at length reached life's goal in wretched poverty. The following inscription was placed over his remains: "Here lies Louis de Camoens, Prince of the Poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable, and died such; Anno Domini 1579." Sufficient honours have since been rendered to his memory. Those who coldly permit the struggling man of genius to sink neglected to the earth, generally are extremely liberal when the object of their admiration can nothing profit from their gifts. It would seem as if they expected to buy absolution for cruelty by a sickening exhibition of folly.

* "Ungrateful country! thou shalt not possess my bones."

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KING JAMES THE SECOND AND THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE various stages of James the Second's life are marked by strange varieties: brave at one time; pusillanimous at another; coldly cruel and tyrannical on the throne; and a model of pious resignation in exile. These changes are presented to our view in the several stages of his existence. "My Lord Chief Justice is on his campaign," is the mirthful conceit in which he indulges while Jefferies was engaged in what writers of the period called "the bloody assizes." His conduct to his nephew, the unfortunate duke, was marked by gloomy, inflexible severity. In speaking of him, he manifests a feeling that he who aspires to be a king should never be wanting in dignity and courage; nay, he who had only aspired to a throne he considered ought never to exhibit momentary weakness. In a letter written to the Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third dated July 14, 1685, he thus expresses himself:—

"The Duke of Monmouth is brought up hither with Lord Grey and the Brandenburgher. The two first desired very earnestly to speak with me, as having things of importance to say to me, which they did, but did not answer my expectation, in what they said to me: the Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not so well as I expected, nor so as one ought to have expected, from one who had taken upon him to be king. I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow. For Lord Grey, he appeared more resolute and ingenious, and never so much as once asked for his life."

The same sentiment is breathed by the royal uncle in announcing the death of the young duke. Writing on the 17th July, he says,—

"He was very solicitous to have gained more time, and did many things towards it, not very decent for one who had taken on him the title of King. He was beheaded on Wednesday on the Tower hill. He died resolutely, and a downright enthusiast."

Yet what can be said of the firmness of the king writing thus, who did not dare to see the nephew in the presence of two other persons, without having him securely bound:

"Barillon in his despatch of the 26th of July, 1685, says that he saw the Duke of Monmouth pass through the apartments of the palace to his interview with the King; that his arms were tied behind, but his hands free; that none but the two secretaries of state were present at the interview."

LIFE OF OEHLENSCHLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

THE subject of the following memoir furnishes a singular instance of successful versatility. It would almost seem as if his actual doings had suggested the fanciful character of *Tristram Fickle* in the farce of the 'Weathercock,' which playgoers love to laugh at. His powers appear to have been stirring within him, and to have denied him repose, till at length they could be exerted in that particular direction which has rendered him the delight and the glory of his countrymen.

Adam Oehlenschläger was born in a suburb of Copenhagen on the 14th November, 1779. His father held the situation of organist and steward at Friedricksberg, a royal country seat in the neighbourhood. This residence, which had been built by Frederick IV after his return from Italy, animated and gay with the pomp and bustle of the court in summer, was left in winter almost deserted, under the charge of the poet's father. The poet was left to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent, and solitary apartments, to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes; and surrounded by these splendours, not his own, to pore over romances and fairy tales. At the age of twelve he exchanged the freedom of the country, and the stately rooms of the royal residence, for a narrow lodging in the town, to commence his studies, under Edward Storm, a Norwegian, a poet, and a man of talent. Though Oehlenschläger's reading had been of the most desultory kind, Storm saw in his activity, and the energy with which he pursued those studies which interested him, the promise of improvement. He had been overheard in the chapel of Friedricksberg, when he thought himself alone, delivering extempore discourses from the pulpit, much to the satisfaction of the clergyman, who happened on one occasion to listen to him from the sacristy, and forthwith advised his father to make him a preacher. Whatever he learned himself he instantly set about communicating to others. Having promised to give one of his young friends instructions in anatomy, he prevailed on him to accompany him to Friedricksberg, where he had procured the skeleton of a child for the purpose of demonstration. The friends were to sleep in the same room; the skeleton, after the conclusion of the lecture, was left on the table; and the lecturer and his pupil had dropped asleep. Suddenly they were awakened by a knocking at the door, and lay motionless with terror, thinking that the owner of the skeleton had come in person from the tomb to reclaim his bones. Great was their relief when they found that it was only the old maid servant, who had come to bring the anatomist his night-shirt. At school,

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instead of being devoted to Latin and history, he took the direction of stage-playing, dramatic composition, and pugilistic exhibitions. The latter were, indeed, in some measure forced upon him. His father, who was not very well able to defray the expenses of his education, had, as a good speculation, purchased from the keeper of the king's wardrobe a number of faded suits, out of which the young poet had been equipped for school. "There I walked about," says he, "for a long time in coats which had once figured on the backs of crown princes, and stiff boots which had been worn by kings, while my pantaloons were made out of the cloth which had covered some old billiard table, now out of commission." This strange raiment, his long dark hair straggling over his shoulders, and his tall thin figure towering above the rest, "like the minster over the houses in Strasburg," rendered him at first the butt of the school; and it was only after bestowing a sound drubbing on some of the ringleaders, that he was allowed to wear these memorials of ancient grandeur in quiet. Once fairly naturalized, his liveliness and ingenuity rendered him a favourite. He headed the sports of his companions, and organized a regular system of stage plays, the young poet himself being generally the composer and the principal performer. "My dear child," Storm used sometimes to say, "you are a greater poet than Molière; *he* used to think it quite a feat to write a piece in eight days; *you* manage the matter with ease in one." Occasionally some blundering comrade ruined the effect of Oehlenschläger's most impassioned scenes by some unlucky *contre-temps*. He and his comrades were one day performing a very touching piece, in which the heroine was to faint on being informed by a truculent father that she was not to wed her lover. The despairing father, who could not remember a word of his part, but who with a strange perversity had bestowed his chief attention on the stage directions, looking at the fainting lady, repeated with much gravity, "During this time the other characters support her;" and after uttering this affecting apostrophe, immediately disappeared. A well-administered blow from the prompter sent him back upon the stage, and, like an application of animal magnetism, restored at the same time the memory of the performer.

Approaching his sixteenth year he became more diligent; praise and rewards had occasionally been bestowed upon him; he had acquired a passable knowlege of history, geography, and his mother tongue; understood German well, French indifferently, and had a superficial acquaintance with the sciences. Like Shakspeare, he had little Latin and less Greek. His father's first intention had been, that he should devote himself to merchandise; but ignorant as he was of English, and a bad arithmetician, he had no inclination to commerce. To his great relief, the merchant into whose counting-house his father had hoped to introduce him could not receive him, and so the obnoxious proposal was dropped, and he prevailed on his father to allow him to resume his studies, with the view of passing his examination in arts, and again plunged into belles-lettres and poetry. It is singular that most of his early efforts should have been in the comic and satirical vein. The gaiety of youth is instinctive, not reflective, while comedy, with its exhibitions of the weaknesses and absurdities of life, is the result of an enlarged experience of society, reflection on its follies, and of those feelings of vanity and vexation of spirit which that experience and reflection give rise to. In such a mind as Oehlenschläger's we should have imagined that the tragic or epic would have pre-occupied the ground which might have been assigned to the comic or idyllic; but, probably, his choice was influenced by no deeper principle than imitation, and the chance which had thrown Holberg's Comedies, Wessel's *Liebe ohne Strumpfe* (Love without Stockings), and such parodies on the sentimental school into his hands before the grave pieces of Schiller and Goëthe.

He felt strong delight in romance reading, and particularly works in which spectres and chimeras dire formed the machinery of the story. Hoffman had not at that time astonished the world by his ghastly phantasmagoria, in which the devil and his angels seem perpetually on the broad grin, and the reader wandering among doubles of himself, and passing inexplicably from the regions of this lower world into a land of shadows, and from fairy land back to reality, feels himself throughout, as it were, in a hazy, troubled, oppressive, and night-mare dream. Weber's romantic legends of the olden time he read with approbation; but for the genuine ghost story, which makes the knotted and combined locks to part, and the reader to feel as if he were undergoing the operation of scalping, Spiess was the man! Over his horrors Oehlenschläger loved to pore, till the fantastic began to overpower the satirical tendency in his mind, and the common events of life to be overshadowed by an atmosphere of terror. On the road, for instance, between Copenhagen and Friedricksberg, stood the public place of execution, in a waste field looking towards the sea, the wheel and gallows reading a moral lesson to the traveller and the gentlemen of the shade, as they past. During the dynasty of Spiess and his brethren, a criminal had been executed

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at this spot. Oehlenschläger had gone one afternoon with his sister and the servant to the Suderfeld, to gather some walnuts, which the gardener had still left on the topmost branches of the trees. His sister had been rather silent and gloomy during their walk;—the sun had set, the autumn evening was closing in. Suddenly she proposed to him to go out to the field and see the dead man. Ashamed to decline following where a female offered to lead, he assented, though the nut which he held in his hand actually fell to the ground in the extremity of his terror. When they came to the high road, opposite to the place of execution, his sister and the servant would go no further.

"But some irresistible power," says Oehlenschläger, "seemed to impel me on, like a bird into the jaws of the rattlesnake. I had never been there before, but now I sprang over hedges and ditches to shorten the way. I drew near to the terrific spot in the lonely field. The sun had gone down; the darkness of an autumnal evening rested upon all. I did not dare to look up. I saw only the green sward beneath me, and its risings and hollows, as I hurried over them, seemed to heave like the waves beneath my feet. At last I saw the dark pillar right before me. I looked up: a pale and bloody head grinned at me from the stake, beneath which lay a severed hand. A headless carcase was stretched upon the wheel, and the arms hanging down, and the legs covered with woollen stockings. A panic terror seized me; I took to flight; I thought the criminal was at my heels, nor did I venture to draw breath till I reached the high road and rejoined my sister and the servant."

These wanderings of a heated imagination, it may be supposed, are symptomatic of no great progress in the graver studies to which the attention of Oehlenschläger should have been directed. In Greek he utterly failed. Had he been allowed to commence with Homer, or Herodotus, or even with the historical books of the New Testament, something, he thinks, might have been done; but the doctrinal and argumentative Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians he found himself unable to master, and began to feel that the Temple of Fame was shut against him.

It was during this period of despondency that the idea of devoting himself to theatrical pursuits, as a profession, occurred to him; not that he had any particular attachment to stage-playing, or any very romantic conception of the pleasures of an actor's life. His motives were, in the first place, to procure the only means of gratifying what had now become a habit, and almost a necessary of life with him, his taste for witnessing theatrical representations:—a passion the more violent, perhaps, that he had scarcely ever had a farthing of his own wherewith to gratify it: secondly, as musical composers prepare themselves for their art by familiarizing themselves with the range and compass of instruments in the orchestra, Oehlenschläger, who seemed to feel that dramatic poetry was not unlikely to be his ultimate destination, thought that the best school in which a knowledge of stage effect was to be acquired was the green-room, and the stage itself. One path of dramatic poetry seemed at that time almost unoccupied: the success of Holberg's comedies had turned the course of Danish poetry decidedly into the channel of the comic. Tragedy, except in a few translations from Lessing, Kotzebue, and Shakspeare, had already been scarcely cultivated at all. Samsoe's play of *Dyvecka*, no doubt, by the nationality of its plot, the brilliancy of its decorations, and above all, by the sudden death of its author, just as it was in the course of rehearsal,—and the Secretary Sanders's *Niel Ebbesen*, a melo-dramatic Pizarro-like effusion, also on a national subject, and full of 'gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,' had excited considerable attention in their day, but failed to maintain any permanent reputation.

This plan, which had haunted his brain for some time, was at last suddenly resolved on: his father, always too ready to gratify his whims, agreed to it; and his mother, though she would willingly have seen him devoting himself to another employment, was silent. He was introduced to Rosing, the star of the Copenhagen stage, and embarked in a course of fencing, singing, and dancing, as preparatory to his appearance on the boards. He had been too much accustomed to theatrical displays in his early life to feel any great apprehension on his first appearance, which seems to have been attended with no remarkable approbation; and though some of his subsequent performances were more favourably received, it did not seem by any means clear that the Copenhagen public would "certainly go to his benefit;" on the contrary, his appearances, generally speaking, were rather tolerated than applauded. Oehlenschläger, never much enamoured of an actor's life, and now more thoroughly awake to its annoyances from personal experience, soon thought he had reaped all the advantages he was likely to derive from it in reference to his culture as a dramatist. An acquaintance with two brothers of the name of Oersted, the one a student of law, the other of medicine, tended to increase this feeling; the jurist did everything in his power to induce him to abandon the stage, resume his classical studies, and devote himself to law. With the poet, a total change of profession, a transition from gay to grave, was a light matter; he

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ran home, procured (as usual) his father's consent, and instantly transmitted his resignation to the stage-manager in a few dignified lines, who, somewhat to his annoyance, was pleased to accept of the tender without any expression of regret.

The curtain now rose upon him in a new character, that of the student of law, pursuing his studies, with the assistance and encouragment of Oersted, in hopes of qualifying himself in two years for his degree. A new incitement was shortly afterwards added to his diligence. This portion of his history is agreeably diversified by some love passages with Christiana, the daughter of the Councillor Heger, whom he afterwards married. The most singular part of the business, which is pleasingly and naturally told, was the coolness of the old Councillor on receiving the announcement of Oehlenschläger's attachment. All the poet's means, it is to be observed, were merely, as the schoolmen would say, *possible*, but not very probable, *entities;* he had not yet distinguished himself in literature; his law he could not hope to render available for years, and therefore the prospects of the lovers were anything but flattering. It was with a beating heart, therefore, that Oehlenschläger laid his proposals before the father, a musician, optician, fire-work maker, and fifty other things besides. He might have spared himself all anxiety on the subject; for the old gentleman, after listening to the young lawyer's maiden speech on the question, coolly rang the bell for his daughter, told her in a moment how the matter stood, placed her hand in that of Oehlenschläger, and—changed the subject.

As if to interrupt his studies still more, a war with England, and the expedition of the British fleet against Copenhagen, in 1801, occurred, converting all ranks for the time into volunteers. The military manœuvres were pleasant enough during fine weather; but, like Major Sturgeon's forces at Hounslow, they grumbled much at their marchings and counter-marchings when it rained or blew, and Oehlenschläger, who was an ensign in the corps, maintains that once, upon a raw and gusty day, when he was carrying the colours, the wind rose as if on purpose to discomfit him. Being all philosophers too, the volunteers had a bad habit of demanding to know the *reason* of any manœuvres they were called upon to perform. One of them, in a fit of absence, loaded his piece, but forgot to draw his ramrod, and, lost in deep thought, was coolly taking aim at his commander. The latter perceived his danger in time, and stepping up to the pensive recruit, struck his gun aside, and observed, "My friend, when you load your piece, always make it a rule to draw your ramrod. *I will tell you the reason why:* otherwise you may shoot your commanding officer through the body!" The services of this valiant corps, however, were not called into action; the encounters were confined to the ocean; one fine summer morning they were reviewed by the Crown Prince, who made them a speech, and thanked them for the fatigues they had undergone, and the blood they had shed (from the nose chiefly) in behalf of their country; the warriors were refreshed with wine and eatables on the field; a ball followed, and next day all was peace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOND; OR, THE DEVIL OVERREACHED.

THERE is no country which abounds more in works of imagination than Germany; where the wildness of the scenery—the awe-inspiring grandeur of the mountains, and the mysterious solitudes of the forests, seem to betray the mind into a belief in supernatural agency, even in the disposition of events the most trivial.

An instance of this delusion, to an almost fatal extent, occurred to a friend of mine residing at * * * *.

He was very much addicted to reading works of fiction, in which the arch-enemy of man, and his numerous agents, figure; and he might often be seen with his book, wending his way towards some gloomy recess, where he could indulge his appetite for reverie and solitude.

He was noticed, after one of these rambles, to be in a very desponding state; often exclaiming, "I am a lost man! He has me! The deed is signed and sealed!" In short, nothing could be obtained from him but lamentations for having committed himself in some way to the arch-fiend. At last, after much solicitation, the cause of his melancholy was frankly disclosed. He gave a circumstantial detail of his having been visited by Satan in person. He was reading, he said, a marvellous account of an interview between Satan and some great philosopher, who had sought incessantly for the means of procuring a longer lease of life than is generally granted to mortals, for the purpose of studying those abstruse sciences, the truth of which, he was persuaded, the life of man did not afford sufficient time to develop. It stated that his infernal majesty appeared to the philosopher in the form of a counsellor, with a bundle of parchment under his arm, and a bottle of indelible ink in his hand; and, addressing him, said, "he knew what he wanted, and had taken the liberty of laying him under an obligation by granting his desires, without expecting any equivalent worthy of the gift. That his bonds were ready printed by his devils and fit for use, wanting only the signatures. That

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he had had little else to do of late but supply mortals with more time; as the march of intellect was so rapid, that the life of a man was passed over before he had half finished his studies. He felt deep compassion for their wretched condition, and had sacrificed his personal convenience for the good of his adopted mortal favourite; without expecting any greater return from his gratitude, than simply to enjoy the pleasure of his company after he had at length closed his earthly labours."

My friend added, when he had reached this part of the narrative he involuntarily exclaimed "Impossible! What! the devil to show himself to man in bodily shape, and hold conversation with him! I never will believe it."

These words had scarcely passed his lips when an ugly, blackened, stunted trunk of a tree, which stood directly opposite to him, gradually assumed the human shape in the form of a respectable-looking old gentleman dressed in black, who, with a good-natured smile on his countenance, that seemed to say, "What, you would not believe it, would'nt you?" at once produced a roll of parchment, with the words "Satanic Policy of Assurance" printed on it, and politely requested him to sign his name.

My friend continued, with tears in his eyes, to report that the influence of the demon was so completely overpowering, that he involuntarily received the offered parchment and pen, and he had a distinct recollection of having written his name where the fell destroyer pointed. It must have been many hours, he said, subsequently to this rash act, before he came to himself, for he had fainted immediately after the deed was signed.

This narrative was seriously submitted. In vain did I, and his other friends, attempt to reason him out of his belief that he had signed the devil's bond. His mind appeared to be so completely possessed with this idea, that day after day he sank under the dreadful consciousness that he had lost all hope of future happiness. "The bond! the bond!" he would exclaim; "ah! why did I sign it?"

At last the thought struck me, that, as a man who had lost his reason could not be open to conviction of error by the force of reasonable argument, it might be well to assume the tone of a similar belief. I therefore appeared to credit the fact of his signing a bond, and all the particulars his disturbed mind unceasingly dwelt upon. With this intent I took an opportunity of confidentially telling him I had at last come to a conviction that what he had stated about his interview with the devil was true.

"Ah!" he replied, "now you speak like a sensible man. Now I can derive satisfaction from conversing with you." "Well," I said, "it is a melancholy circumstance, and I fear there are no hopes for you. I wish my condolence for your lost condition could afford any ease; you have it sincerely." He appeared touched with my kindness; and said that it afforded him some consolation to think there was one person among his friends who did not think that his wits were lost, and that what he had stated had merely been the effects of a heated imagination.

I appeared to agree with him in everything. We were both in the same attitude; both leaning our heads on our hands —he with tears in his eyes, and I with well-feigned sorrow; when on a sudden I exclaimed, "Ha! ha! a thought strikes me: the devil presented the bond?" "Yes!" he exclaimed, rousing himself in great agitation. "You signed it, you say? Are you sure the ink was not dried up in the pen by his fiery fingers?" "Alas! no; there was plenty," he replied, in his most desponding mood. "Another question, and I have done," said I; "did you notice whether the instrument was duly stamped?"

I had no sooner uttered the word than he started up, and with the greatest vehemence cried out, "I'll be hanged if it were," and began prancing about with an air of exultation.

I took the cue from him, and danced about, snapping my fingers, and crying out, "You have done him! you have done him! What's a bond without a stamp!"

I need only add that my poor friend recovered his health rapidly; and leaving off his solitary rambles, together with the habit of reading tales of fictitious horror, he at last became completely sensible that he had certainly recovered from a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by studies which only tended to estrange him from that free and natural intercourse with the society of his fellow creatures for which man was created.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

See how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And heedless of censorious eyes,
Pursue their unpoluted joys:
No fears of future want molest
The downy quiet of their nest;
No interest join'd the happy pair,
Securely blest in nature's care,
While her dear dictates they pursue:
For constancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,
Our moral maxims, our religious rules,
Can learning to our lives ensure
Virtue so bright, or bliss so pure?
The great Creator's happy ends,
Virtue and pleasure ever blends:
In vain the church and court have try'd,
Th' united essence to divide;
Alike they find their wild mistake,
The pedant priest, and giddy rake.

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Arms. Ar. a chevron gu. between three torteaux.
Crest. Out of a ducal coronet, or., a peacock's tail, erect, ppr.
Supporters. Two rams, ar., armed and unguled, or.
Mottoes. "*Le roy et l'estat.*" "*Hostis honori invidia.*" "The king and the state." "Envy is the enemy of honour."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HARBOROUGH.

From this family of the Sherards, which was powerful and opulent at the time of the Conquest in the counties of Chester and Lancaster, the Harboroughs spring. The immediate founder of its dignities was William Sherard, Esq., of Stapleford, county of Leicester, descended from Robert Sherard, Lord of Bromhall in Cheshire, in the time of King Stephen, who was knighted by James the First, at Oatlands, July 3, 1632, and raised to the Irish Peerage by King Charles, July 10, 1627, as Baron Sherard of Leitrim. His son Bennet, and his grandson, also named Bennet, were the next wearers of the title. The latter was enrolled among the Peers of Great Britain as Baron Harborough, of Harborough, county of Leicester, October 19, 1714, with remainder in default of male issue, to Philip, second son of the first lord. His lordship became a Viscount October 31, 1718, by the title of Viscount of Sherard of Stapleford, and was created Earl of Harborough May 8, 1719. On his death, October 16, 1732, the Viscounty became extinct, and the Earldom and Barony devolved upon Philip Sherard, Esq. of Whissendine, as second Earl. He was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Bennet, who, dying without issue, it next came to his brother, the Rev. Robert Sherard, Prebend and Canon Residentiary of Salisbury. The title on his death, in 1799, descended to his son, and when he deceased, December 10, 1807, it came to his son Robert, born August 30, 1797, the present Peer.

DUTCH POETRY.

We know less in England of Dutch poets than of Dutch painters. The language of Holland, considered to be corrupted German, is not cultivated, and has been slighted by many scholars, as if that which is not in in accordance with the established rules of other tongues could not be rendered the medium of expressing wise and beautiful ideas, as well as our own Roman, Saxon, Norman, French, Babylonish speech. Holland has her poets, which have only to be known to be admired. Of these Tollens is one. He is an admirer of English poetry, and has beautifully translated parts of Pope's works, especially his Heloisa to Abelard. A translation of one of his own poems we subjoin, which every reader of good taste and kindly feeling will admire.

WINTER EVENING'S SONG.

Het oosten blaast, het wintert fel.

The storm-winds blow, but sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank heaven, with blazing coals and wood
We sit in comfort here!
The trees as whitest down are white,
The river hard as lead.
Sweet mistress! why this blank to-night?
There's punch so warm and wine so bright,
And sheltering roof and bread.

And if a friend should pass this way
We give him flesh and fish;
And sometimes game adorns the dish,
It chances as it may;
And every birth-day festival
Some extra tarts appear,
An extra glass of wine for all—
While to the child, or great or small,
We drink the happy year.

Poor beggars! all the city thro'
That wander,—pity knows
That if it rains, or hails or snows,
No difference 'tis to you.
Your children's birthdays come, no throng
Of friends approach your door,
'Tis a long suffering, sad as long;
No fire to warm—to cheer, no song—
No presents for the poor.

And should not we far better be,
We far more blest than they,
Our winter hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine cups full and free;
And we were wrought in finer mould,
And made of purer clay.
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold,
And made *them* rags display.

I! better I? O would 't were so,
I am perplexed in sooth;
I wish, I wish you'd speak the truth.
You do not speak it—no;
Who knows, I know not, but that vest
That's pieced and patched all through,
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged—by good possest,
Generous and just, and true!

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And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favoured stand;
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor deserted man.
And then I sit to muse; I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit,
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

And thus, and thus alone I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me;
That having more than I require,
That more I'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.

And thus I found, that scattering round
Blessings in mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Come beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our love.

List! boys and girls, the hour is late,
There's some one at the door;
Run, little ones, the man is poor—
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear, run fast, run fast;
What do I hear so sad,
'Tis a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling, I heard her as she past,
And weeping o'er her lad.

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee, thou didst train me so
To learn thy way in this:
That wishing good, and doing good
Is labouring, Lord, with thee.
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. VI.

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE AND HIS MURDERER.

EVERY reader of history is familiar with the tragical end of the French King, Henry the Fourth; the singular narrative of L'Etoile is known comparatively but to few. In the sixteenth part of 'The Pictorial History of France,' published on the 1st instant, a translation of it is given. We copy it as it appears in that interesting work:—

"On Friday, the 14th of May, 1610, a day sad and fatal for France, the king, at ten in the morning, heard mass at the Feuillants. On his return he withdrew to his cabinet, where the Duke de Vendome, his natural son, for whom he had a great affection, sought him, to tell him that an individual named La Brosse, a professor of astrology, had told him that the constellation under which his majesty was born threatened him with great danger on that very day, and therefore he advised him to be especially on his guard. 'La Brosse is a cunning old trickster,' said he, laughing, to the Duke de Vendome, 'who wishes to have some of your money; and you are a young fool to believe him. Our days are all numbered before God.' The duke, upon that, went to report what had passed to the queen, who entreated the king not to leave the Louvre for the rest of the day. He gave the same reply to her which he had given to the duke.

"After dinner the king threw himself on his bed to rest, but not being able to sleep, he rose, sad, uneasy, and thoughtful, and walked backwards and forwards in his chamber for some time, and then again laid down on the bed. Still unable to sleep, he rose, and asked the exempt of the guards what time it was? The exempt replied that 'it was four o'clock;' and said, 'Sire, I see your majesty is sad and pensive; it would be better that you should take a little air. That will refresh your spirits.' 'Well said,' replied the king; 'order my carriage to be brought. I will go to the arsenal to see the Duke of Sully, who is indisposed, and who takes a bath to-day.'

"The carriage was made ready, and he left the Louvre, accompanied by the Duke de Montbazon, the Duke d'Epernon, Marshal de Lavardin, Roquelaure, La Force, Mirabeau, and Liancourt, his first gentleman. At the same time he ordered the sieur de Vitry, captain of his guards, to go to the palace to hasten the preparations which were making for the entry of the queen, and directed that his guards should remain at the Louvre. Such being the arrangements, the king was followed but by a small party of gentlemen on horseback, and a few valets on foot. The carriage was unfortunately open at each door, as the weather was fine, and the king wished to see, as he passed along, the preparations which were making in the city. His carriage was entering the rue St Honoré, from that of Ferronnerie, when it encountered on one side a vehicle laden with wine, and on the other a waggon filled with hay, which caused some obstruction, and he was forced to halt, as the street was very narrow, from the shops coming forward, which were built against the wall of the cemetery of the Innocents.

"Being thus impeded, a great portion of the valets passed on foot into the cemetery, to run more at their ease, and to get before the carriage to the end of the street. Of two valets, who alone followed the coach, one went forward to remove the obstruction, and the other was stooping to tie his garter, when a miscreant from hell, called Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angoulême, who had had time during the pause

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which had taken place to note on which side the king was seated, mounted on the wheel of the carriage, and, with a two edged knife, struck the king a blow between the second and third ribs, a little above the heart, which caused the king to exclaim, 'I am wounded!' The villain, without being frightened, repeated the assault, and struck a second blow on the heart, from which the king, having breathed one deep sigh, immediately expired. This second blow was followed by a third, so fierce was the parricide against the king; but this only struck the sleeve of the Duke de Montbazon.

"Most surprising to relate, none of the lords who were seated in the carriage with the king had seen him struck; and if the hellish monster had thrown away his knife, it had not been known from what quarter the violence had proceeded. He, however, remained fixed, as if to make himself seen, and to glory in the greatest of assassinations."

We add the awful description of the sufferings of Ravaillac, by whose hand the monarch fell:—

"The first care of the regent, after having secured her own authority, and the throne of her son, was to punish the assassin of the late king. This was a duty which she owed to mankind; but humanity shudders to recal the manner in which it was fulfilled. Francis Ravaillac, beneath whose hand Henry IV perished, seems to have been a gloomy enthusiast, who had no great or settled object to gain by becoming a regicide. It was natural to suspect that he might have accomplices. To detect them, if such were in existence, was most desirable. None, however, were discovered; but the wretched prisoner was put to the torture in order to make him disclose the names of his companions in guilt. He was first sworn; and then the dreadful engine called 'the brodequin,' a sort of boot, was produced. His legs being inserted in the brodequin, wedges were introduced and driven down. The most dreadful anguish was inflicted as they were tightened, and force continued to be applied till the limbs were crushed, and the sufferer fainted. While he retained his senses, a minister of religion was in constant attendance to heighten the horror of the moment, by telling the victim that the exquisite misery he then experienced was trifling in comparison with that which awaited him in the world to come, when his sinful spirit should be dismissed from this. Not merely once was this attempt made on his conscience, but repeatedly was the question applied. No confession, however, could be wrung from him, though he was continually assured that for him there was no pardon in another state of being, unless he named those who had prompted his crime. It almost moves our admiration, to find that, thus pursued, he had the resolution to abstain from seeking a momentary respite from agony by making a false confession; but to this he could not be subdued. Other men, in the like melancholy circumstances, have been unable to resist the brutal importunities of those about them, and in their maddening throbs have breathed accusations against all they were desired to inculpate, and the guiltless have in consequence been sacrificed. In numerous instances, poor wretches have accused themselves of holding communion with the devil, and described minutely the various shapes in which, as they said, he had appeared to them, and the worship they were accustomed to offer to his infernal majesty. Bernard de Gué, it has been seen, produced to his judges, while suffering from being exposed to a fire, two bones, which had, he said, been extracted by magic from his heels; and Americ de Villiers declared to his tormentors, when tortured, that he had personally taken part in the crucifixion of the Redeemer. With equal ease might Ravaillac have purchased a respite from intolerable agony, by naming innocent persons as his accomplices. To this weakness, in his greatest extremity, the unhappy victim was never brought. He was at length sentenced to a horrible death. Justice, throwing aside all moderation and dignity, proceeded with insane ferocity, not merely to destroy the unhappy culprit, but the house in which he had lived was razed to the ground; and it was ordered, that within fifteen days after the promulgation of the sentence, that his relations, who were not shown in any way to have participated in his crime, should 'be banished by sound of trumpet from the kingdom, and forbidden ever to return, under pain of being hanged and strangled, without other process of law.' The miserable Ravaillac, no longer sustained by the enthusiasm which had carried him away in the first instance to an outrage so dreadful, now recalled the crime he had perpetrated with horror. He was carried in a cart to Nôtre Dame, there to ask pardon of the Almighty for the dreadful deed he had committed, and thence taken to the Place de Grève, where his right hand was burned from his body by sulphur, his limbs were torn with pincers, and melted lead, boiling oil, and flaming resin, were poured on his wounds. The infliction was long protracted, and the groans and struggles of the culprit are said to have been witnessed with joy by the populace. He was finally attached to four horses, which, pulling in opposite directions, at length terminated his existence, by tearing his body to pieces. Fragments of his corpse were then seized by the excited crowd. Portions of it were

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preserved, but bonfires were made in several parts of Paris to consume the quarters of the criminal, which were reduced to ashes, amidst the furious execrations of the frantic multitude."

A GENTLEMANLY EXECUTIONER.

It is known, at least by the readers of Mr Cooper's 'Headsman,' that in some parts of Germany the situation of public executioner is an hereditary office, but it is not so well known that the holder of it is considered a gentleman; and less still is it suspected that he may be a man of sentiment, who decapitates in a spirit of benevolence. Yet all this is so. Some time since the functionary, who, on certain awful occasions, operates at Rastadt and other towns, resigned his office, or at least engaged an assistant or substitute; but shortly afterwards, being at Heidelberg, he was shocked at seeing an execution performed in a very bungling manner. He takes off the head invariably at a single blow. The Heidelberg executioner made two or three chops before he finished his task. Upon this the ex-headsman is said to have exclaimed, "Good heaven forgive me! I am the cause of that poor man's suffering;" and, in consequence of that, he resumed the office which he had for a time performed only by deputy.

An eye-witness of his labours gives the following picture of a scene in which he was one of "the observed of all observers." It will be found the whole of the spectacle is sufficiently recorded.

"On my arrival at Rastadt, at eight o'clock, I proceeded to Derrichtplatz (place of execution), a spacious field near the river Murg, and obtained a place within eight yards of the military, who were stationed around the scaffold. From eight o'clock to half-past ten countless numbers continued to pour into the field from all quarters. The scaffold was a platform about ten feet high, twenty-five feet long, and fifteen feet broad, surmounted by a railing; at one end was a table covered with black cloth, surrounded by about eighteen chairs for the officers of justice; in the centre of the platform was a chair, in which the prisoner was to be seated when the sentence of death should be read to him; at the other end was a low-backed chair, firmly screwed to the flooring, and secured by iron bars, in which he was to be seated when judgment should be executed. As half-past ten approached anxiety was depicted on every countenance, and although a crowd of between 20,000 and 30,000 persons were congregated, the greatest decorum was observed. At the appointed time several carriages appeared, containing the officers of justice escorted by a detachment of life-guards. As soon as the court had assembled the criminal was led to the scaffold. He was smoking his pipe with the greatest *sang froid*, laughing in the most jocular manner, and in a lamentable state of intoxication. Criminals are allowed, a day or two previously to their execution, whatever they choose to ask for, and this wretched culprit had been regaling himself with champagne till it was with difficulty that he could walk straight. The greatest abhorrence was expressed at his disgusting demeanour, and nothing was heard around but 'My God, he is smoking,' and 'Heaven be gracious to us, he is drunk.' During the time that sentence was being read he continued to smoke, and after having addressed the crowd, and shaken hands with the judge, he was firmly bound in the chair, his shirt stripped over his shoulders, and his hair cut as close as possible. All this time he evinced not the slightest dread of what was going to take place; on the contrary, he appeared the most unconcerned person present. Two assistants now approached, the one with a black cap, which he secured over the culprit's head, and continued to hold it by a loop at the top at arm's length, the other took his station at a convenient distance, with that tremendous weapon the two-handed sword, holding it by the sheath. Everything being prepared, the headsman made his appearance, and drawing the sword he severed the criminal's head from his body at a single blow, in the most dexterous manner. So wondrous was the skill with which this was done, that the man could not possibly have been conscious of the blow. The head was then held to the view of the spectators, during which time jets of blood were spirted from the neck of the corpse until it was completely deluged. The cords which bound the arms were then unloosed, and the body fell through a trap door from the view."

SYMPATHY.

"Out from my path, thou ragged boy,
Thou can'st not taste what I enjoy;
Look at my chariot, chaise, and horse,
And then despise your garb so coarse;
Down with your hat from off your brow,
Look up, and view your master now!"

This is in thought the rich man's strain,
The poor man's greeting and his pain.

Could but the wealthy ponder once,
And heed the call to sage and dunce—
"Earthworm! what are ye? can'st thou be?
Lay down this night as mean as he!"
Could he but think that life's a shade,
That man, like blossom, soon must fade;
Did he reflect, that marbled stone,
Whose tenant once so brightly shone,
And o'er whose form the wint'ry gust,
Blows but the truth, "that all is dust!"
Could he think this,—the poorly born,
Would ne'er feel pangs, nor meet his scorn.

J. B.

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THE PEN.

In a little pamphlet, called 'Stylophology,' written to make known the merits of Mr Alderton's improved steel pens, ink, and paper, we have the following history of the pen:—

"In the old Jewish chronicles we hear of 'calami,' which properly signify the reeds which the ancients used, being employed for the preservation of their verbal traditions respecting the early patriarchs; and this is the first mention made of pens or writing with which we are acquainted. But the oldest certain account we have of pens, as instruments for writing, is in a passage of Isidore, who died A.D. 636, and who distinctly alludes to the power of making and mending them. These reeds were used long after the introduction of writing pens, which have only been introduced into Europe since the sixth century. A poem on a pen, written in the seventh century by Adhelm, a monkish historian, who was the first Saxon that ever wrote in Latin, is still in existence, and manifests, even then, a full and fervent appreciation of the great importance of his subject, which at an age prior to the introduction of printing and the penny postage, must have been limited in its uses, misdirected in its aim, and misunderstood in its estimation. This poem by Adhelm was originally written in monkish Latin, but a few years afterwards a rough translation was made by Layamon, one of the old Saxon chroniclers, which, as being perhaps slightly the more intelligible of the two, we subjoin, from the original preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. The following extract will serve as a sample of the rest:—

"'Ye Penne thilk Paynimmine ne ye Christyan honde
Canne nathemo tellen sough yn owyre londe,
Thœt witen ye welle alle whilkced wellen hennen,
Thurge Creyserie syne ydette en eke pennen.'

"The following is a nearly literal version of the above:—

"'The Pen which neither Turk nor Christian hand
Can speak too highly of in our land.
This know ye that well that do dwell herein,
The great crusades were owing to the pen.'

"The quill pen has been used in this country, for writing purposes, nearly five hundred years."

Reviews.

The Juryman's Legal Hand-Book; and Manual of Common Law, &c. By T. H. Cornish, Esq. Barrister-at-law. Longman and Co.

This book is lively, but often very nonsensical. The barrister-at-law, like many of his learned brethren, does not seem overburdened with that very uncommon commodity, common-sense, and he knows as little of law as a legal gentleman need to know. George the Third once remarked that members of the legal profession did not know the law better than he and others did, who were not lawyers, but they knew better where to look for it. Many of the ornaments of Westminster Hall, who strut in wigs and gowns, have to look for their law when they want it, and if they speak from themselves can only mislead those who purchase their advice. Mr Cornish, however, has great taste for that by which we suppose he lives, or wishes to live,

"For 'tis a duty, all the learned think,
To fight for that by which they eat and drink."

See what a lovely picture he gives of Equity:—

"Of this dignified and comely daughter of even-handed justice, she, like her mother, is of heavenly origin. Equity has her courts, to which the injured resort; at whose petition she condescends to detect latent frauds and concealments; she takes cognizance of matters of trust and confidence; she delivers her conscientious suitors from the perils into which unavoidable calamity or oversight has plunged them; she grants the boon of a specific relief adapted to their several fortuitous exigencies; she throws her shield around the person and property of the adult who shall be deemed incapable of acting—*non compos mentis*; she makes a fair division between equal claimants, rendering the haste and clamour of the greedy vain; she is the widow's friend; the benevolent guardian of fatherless innocents."

This of Equity! Truly it is all very fine from "a barrister-at-law," but talk to a poor devil in the tenth year of a chancery suit, who has scarcely a hope of living to its conclusion, about this "dignified and comely daughter of heavenly origin," and we believe, writhing under attornies' bills, fees to "barristers-at-law," expenses of court, &c., and it would not be very astonishing if the victim should wish Dame Equity, not perhaps above the skies, but in "t'other place"—the place where Hamlet hints his most gracious Majesty King Claudius has his permission to seek the late Lord Polonius himself.

Personal Observations on Sindh. By Captain T. Postans. Longman and Co.

Nothing particularly striking appears in this volume. Individuals who happen to be on the ground when anything very remarkable occurs, naturally think of making a book. Captain Postans has done so, and with some success. What he recounts is often amusing though it is not important. His description of the hunting is curious:—

"Their method of pursuing these sports is among the inferior classes, with dogs and spears; but with the princes and chiefs it is a very systematic and luxurious affair. The Amirs, seated in temporary huts erected for the occasion at the termination of one of the enclosed preserves, have the game driven

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towards them by an immense crowd of men, the inhabitants of the country being collected from every direction for this purpose. Thus the Hindú is forced from his shop and the Mahommedan husbandman from his plough, and detained for several days without food, or a farthing of remuneration for their services, but too often losing their lives, or sustaining serious injuries, merely to contribute to the sport of their rulers. Thus driven from their covert by the yells and shrieks of the beaters, who, surrounding the sporting grounds armed with staves, and loudly beating drums, gradually close towards the centre, the poor frightened brutes in the preserves make towards the only path of escape left to them, which is an opening leading directly under the muzzles of the matchlocks of the sportsmen, who pour upon them a destructive fire. The mass and variety of game that is forced from the shelter of the jungle by this means is most surprising, for not only does it include numerous hogs and black buck, the nobler sport, but great varieties of smaller game, the beautiful cotahpacha, with foxes, hares, &c., in abundance. Hawking is also a very general sport throughout the country, for the capture of the beautiful black partridge, very similar in plumage to that of Cutch, abounding both in the interior and on the banks of the Indus."

CHAPS AND FELLOWS.

Why, Celia, look so grave when Spring
His genial warmth vouchsafes to bring
To all the smiling land?
Relieved from chill can you deplore
The numerous *chaps* are now no more
Which claimed your *lip* and *hand?*

"No," cried the pretty wag, "though bold
Those *chaps*, I thought them all too cold,
And you can hardly doubt,
Spring's welcome and the length'ning day,
Since while old *chaps* are driven away,
Young *fellows* are brought out."

H. T.

Miscellaneous.

Dr Stenhouse's New Mode of employing Creosote for the Preservation of Butchers Meat and Fish.—Creosote, so named from its great antiseptic power, which exceeds, perhaps, that of any other substance, has been long employed to preserve animal matters from decay. The only two ways in which creosote is usually applied for this purpose, consist either in exposing the meat which we wish to preserve to the smoke of burning wood, of which creosote is the effective constituent, or else in immersing it for a short time in water containing a few drops of creosote. Articles of food prepared by either of these methods may be kept for a long time; but both these modes of using the creosote are attended with the inconvenience that the food acquires the taste and smell peculiar to smoked meat. This may be entirely avoided. During the past summer it struck me that perhaps the vapours of creosote might be found efficient. The method adopted was the following very simple one:—I placed a small plate containing a little creosote under each piece of meat as it hung suspended in the larder, and covered both over with a cloth. The creosote soon gave off vapours which formed an antiseptic atmosphere around the meat, and kept it quite fresh three or four days longer than it would otherwise have kept. If the plate is gently heated before the creosote is put into it the vapours rise more quickly, and if the additional precaution is taken of suspending the meat in a box or jar closed with a lid, the beneficial effect is still more discernible. I tried this process during the greater part of last summer with invariable success, and a butcher, who tried it on a larger scale, was equally convinced of its efficacy. The meat, when cooked, has not the slightest smell or taste of creosote. Another advantage attending the use of creosote is, its smell is so disagreeable to flies that it frees a larder from the presence of these noxious insects. The same quantity of creosote may be used for several weeks, but on being long exposed to the air it loses most of its smell, and is partly changed into a species of resin.

Funeral of a Persian at Bishopsgate.—In 1626 there died at London a merchant, who was a Persian both by birth and religion, and belonged to the retinue of the ambassador, being his secretary. His name was Maghomet Shaughsware, and he was buried without the churchyard of St Botolph, Bishopsgate, but in a place close adjoining to it. His son erected a tomb for him, which, in 1720, when a new edition of Stowe was published, still remained, but was removed when the present church was built, on which was cut, in the Persian tongue, the name of the deceased with the following words, "This tomb was erected for Coya Shaughsware, the chief of the servants of the King of Persia, during twenty years, who came here on the business of the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian travelling from his own country comes to this place, let him read this, and offer up a prayer for the deceased. The Lord receive his soul! Here lies Maghomet Shaughsware, who was born in the city of Novoy in Persia." The funeral solemnities were performed in public, August 10. Between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, the ambassador, followed by the son of the deceased, and several other persons, accompanied the corpse to the place where it was interred. The son seating himself to the north of the sepulchre, with his legs across, read and chanted certain things alternately, intermixing with his reading and chanting abundance of sighs and tears. This,

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with other ceremonies performed over the grave, lasted nearly half an hour, after which the friends of the deceased, to the number of six, did not fail of coming to the tomb every morning for a month together to offer up some devotions and prayers, and would have done so, perhaps, much longer if the populace, who began to insult them, had not prevented it.

GAMBLING EXTRAORDINARY.—The following is reprinted from the newspapers of April, 1812 :—"On Wednesday evening, an extraordinary investigation took place in Bow street. Croker, the officer, passing the Hampstead road, observed at a short distance two men on a wall, and directly after saw the taller of them, a stout man of six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp post, attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off by the short man. The officer made up to the spot, when the tall man fell to the ground, the handkerchief with which he had been suspended having given way. Croker produced his staff and demanded the cause of such conduct. In the meantime, the man who had been hanged recovered, got up, and struck Croker a violent blow for interfering. The short man endeavoured to make off; however, both were secured and brought to the office. They worked on canals, and had been together on Wednesday afternoon, tossed up for money, and afterwards for their clothes. The man who was hanged won the other's jacket, trowsers, and shoes; they then tossed up which should hang the other, and the short one won the toss. They got on the wall, the one to submit, the other to hang him on the lamp iron. They both agreed in this statement. The tall one, who had been hanged, said, if he had won the toss, he would have hanged the other."

AN AMERICAN BOARDING HOUSE DINNER.—It was a numerous company—eighteen or twenty, perhaps. Of these some five or six were ladies, who sat wedged together in a little phalanx by themselves. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken; and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defence, as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast time to-morrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which may perhaps be considered to have formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was a turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as rapidly as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished; whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums; and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; feeding, not themselves, but broods of nightmares, who were continually standing at livery within them. Spare men, with lank and rigid cheeks, came out unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, and glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. What Mrs Pawkins felt each day at dinner-time is hidden from all human knowledge. But she had one comfort. It was soon over. —*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

The Gatherer.

Persepolis. — Under the early Persian monarchs Persepolis was the religious capital of the empire, to which the kings repaired at certain periods to perform devotional rites; to the eyes of the genuine Persian it would always appear as their true and national metropolis. Here the monarch, after his death, reposed in a tomb hewn out of the native rock, and in whatever distant part of his empire he might die, his body was conveyed in solemn procession to the city where his ancestors rested. The chief attendants of the king, the guardians of his harem, accompanied the body of their master, and closed their often eventful life in watching at their sovereign's grave. Two sepulchres, hewn in the mountain rock near the ruins of *Tschil-Minar*, are still shown. One is said to be the tomb of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the most kind and benevolent of the Persian monarchs. Near the close of his life, he visited the original and native seat of the Persians, where it is probable he died, and was buried; his faithful servant, Bagapates, watched over his tomb for seven long years, till death put an end to his weary vigils.

A Judge and an Acquitted Prisoner.—Lord Thurlow called on Tooke at Wimbledon, in the year 1802. "Mr Tooke," said he, "I have only one recollection which gives me pain. As Attorney-General, I must confess that I was prevailed on to act against my own feelings, for I had always an esteem for you." "I am aware of it, my lord. You made a promise to perform your duty with impartiality and without rancour. Notwithstanding this, as if influenced by magic, you laboured with all your might to convict me." "It is true," said Thurlow. "I acknowledge it, and I lament it. So good morning, and farewell." "Stay, my lord," said Tooke, "if I could not escape you at that time, you shall not escape me now." "What is your meaning?" exclaimed Thurlow. "I fear no man on earth, nor

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shall you threaten me with impunity." "I mean, my lord, that you shall stay and dine with me." "No, I will come to-morrow." He kept his word, and they remained friends during his life.

Missionaries Wanted.—When the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas Moore was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic. The learned Budæus and others took it for a genuine history, and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity.

The True Cross.—Fragments of wood, stated to have been cut from the true cross, were to be found, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in every church in Europe, and would, if collected in one place, have been almost sufficient to have built a cathedral.—*Mackay.*

Newly-invented Paper.—Mr Alderton, whose steel pens were lately mentioned, has brought out a new description of writing paper, made wholly from linen, and adapted to the metallic pen, as it presents a smooth surface without that glaze which is sometimes found disagreeable. The specimen we have seen is excellent.

Meanness of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—It was told of Sir Joshua that he made his servant, whose name was Ralph, gave him half the shillings and half-crowns bestowed upon him for showing his master's pictures. Dr Farmer, on this being mentioned in his presence, applied to the circumstance two lines from Hudibras—

"A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
Who in th' adventure went *his half.*"

A Gratuitous Treat Refused.—An island in the Humber is called Sunk Island. In a letter which has been published, written in 1711, the following passage occurs relating to the rats, by which the island was infested:—"The present proprietor of the island has dressed these rats for food, but could never persuade his workmen to feed on them, though they might have had plenty of them for nothing."

Church-yard Payments.—For the sake of publicity it was formerly customary to make certain payments in churchyards. In Langdale's 'Dictionary of Yorkshire,' we are told—"John de Collingham, the rector of Easington, a little before the destruction of *Odd*, near Ravenser, used to sit on a tombstone in Easington churchyard, and there receive of fifty inhabitants 50*l. pro decimis quadragesimalibus*; that is, for Easter offerings."

Tulip-Tree.—This is increased either by layers or from seeds procured from its native country. There is no necessity for pruning it further than to cut out any dead wood which may occur in old trees. To render the plant more vigorous, the best plan will be to water it occasionally when in full growth with liquid manure.

Cuttings.—Honeysuckles, jasmines, and similar climbers, will strike readily from cuttings after this time. A little bottom-heat will forward the production of roots, and establish them better before the approach of winter.

Moths.—The readiest mode of destroying moths in woollen or other clothes, is to pass them through a mangle, the larvæ of the insect being, at this season of the year (August), destroyed by the slightest pressure.

A Card.—The person who advertises the horse-hair gloves, which are said to be adapted for promoting CIRCULATION, is requested to apply without delay at the office of the *Morning Post.*—*Punch.*

Sea Sickness.—A girdle worn round the body above the bowels, that is, over the epigastrium, will prevent sea sickness.

Beauty of English Girls.—I never see nothin' like it since I was raised, nor dreamed nothin' like it nother. It beats all natur. It takes the rag off quite. If that old Turk, Mahomed, had seed these gals he wouldn't a bragged about his beautiful ones in Paradise so for everlastinly, I know; for these English heifers would have beaten all hollow, that's a fact.—*Sam Slick in England.*

Recollections of the Departed.—Very trifling things connected with those who are no more make a strong impression on the youthful mind, more especially when the departed were persons of eminence. "I little thought," says Miss Hawkins, "what I should have to boast when Goldsmith taught me to play Jack and Gill by two pits of paper on his fingers; and when Israel Mauduit, the author of the 'Considerations on the German War,' dissected a flower of the horse-chesnut to give me an idea of the science of botany."

The Dog of Alcibiades.—The celebrated piece of sculpture, a cast of which is now seen in almost every piece of ornamental ground, is supposed to be the work of Myron. Dallaway, in his description of statuary and sculpture, says "it was discovered at *Monte Cagnuolo*, and procured by Henry Constantine Jennings, Esq., who brought it to England, and from whom it was transferred to Mr Duncombe for a thousand guineas. It ranks among the five famous dogs of antiquity."

Persecuted Royalists injured by Prosperity.—The followers of Charles II, when they had been exposed for ten years to the unfeeling brutality of Cromwell and his soldiers, did not learn wisdom from suffering. For them "the uses of adversity" had but moderate value. This we learn from Lord Hale, who, in his reflections 'On the Modesty and Reasonableness of Jacob's De-

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sire,' says—"I have very often known those persons that have carried themselves steadily and commendably in a condition of mediocrity, may have been able to bear with victory the shocks of those temptations that arise from want and poverty; yet when in the late times they were advanced to wealth, power, and command, were lost, and could not bear the temptations that attended greatness, wealth, and power, and the sun of wealth, and prosperity quickly disrobed them of that mantle of innocence, piety, and virtue, that they kept about them against the storms of wants and necessities."

Angels.—"I have often tried to make out the exact ideas the poor people have of angels, for they talk a great deal about them. The best that I can make of it is, that they are children, or children's heads and shoulders winged, as represented in church paintings, and in plaster of Paris on ceilings. It is notorious and scriptural they think that the *body* dies, but nothing being said about the head and shoulders, they have a sort of belief that they are preserved to angels, which are no other than dead young children."—*Blackwood.*

The Queen.—Mr Howitt says, in his 'Rural Life,'—"Since the universal use of carriages, for anything I can see, thousands of people might just as well be born without legs at all. With the exception of the Queen and her attendant ladies, who, during the then princess's abode at Claremont, might be every day met in the winter, walking in frost and snow, and facing the sharpest winds of the sharpest weather, I scarcely remember to have met half-a-dozen of the wealthy classes on foot a mile from their residences."

The Great Condé at Chapel.—It is amusing to remark in some cases how professional men apply the language of their art to the ordinary affairs of life. After a gay and giddy career the Duchess de Longueville became a devotee, and one day prevailed on her brother, the Prince of Condé, to accompany her to hear Father Bourdaloue preach. The minister kept the congregation waiting, and the Duchess fell asleep. Bourdaloue shortly after made his appearance, when Condé immediately jogged his sister, at the same time whispering with perfect gravity, "Rouse, sister, rouse; the *enemy* is here."

Family Longevity.—About fourteen years ago, a farmer of Elmstead, named Pilcher, died at the great age of eighty-eight, leaving five sons and six daughters still living. On Sunday, the 23rd ult., these eleven persons, whose united ages now amount to seven hundred and sixty years, all dined together at the George Inn, Stone street, and afterwards went to church, where Divine service was performed by the Rev. Mr Prideaux, who took his text from Proverbs xvi, 31, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

— The musical festival of North Germany has this summer been held at Rostock, under the direction of Herrn Marschner and Pott. No particular novelty was brought forward.

— Mr Bunn, it is stated, has again become lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr Henry Wallack of Covent Garden.

— Respecting the Shakspeare's autograph, and the deed to which it was attached, lately purchased for the City of London Library, a correspondent thus writes to us:—"I have read so much about the only known autographs of the great Bard, that I think it right to inform you, that thirty years ago I saw his signature to a fine, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, then deposited in the Chapter house, Westminster. It was shown to me by a Mr Ellis." This is probably the deed referred to by a former correspondent—Mr Devon (No. 709)—from which the autograph has been cut off, and purloined. If so, there can be no difficulty in fixing the responsibility. Here we have proof that the [illegible] was unmutilated only thirty years ago, in whose official custody has it since been?

— The daily papers say that Mr Washington Irving has come into possession of a large fortune, bequeathed to him by [illegible] of the Society of Friends—to whom the story runs, the distinguished [illegible] was personally unknown; and from this legacy is a homage to his [illegible] and literary fame. Mr Irving, it is [illegible] intends to resign his appointment as American minister at the court of Madrid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber for Ten Years" is informed that the price of the 'Mirror' has never been altered. Original articles are supplied in place of selections, and a type is used which enables the proprietors to give much more matter than formerly, but no increased charge is made. The monthly parts, when they contain four numbers, are 8d., when five, 10d.; in one instance it happened that the usual supplementary number published at the close of a volume came in a month which gave five numbers besides the supplement, which necessarily, in that single instance, made the cost of the six, one shilling.

X. Y.—Small-pox.—This malady existed in China and Hindostan some centuries previous to its being known in Europe. In 572 it destroyed the Abyssinian army at the siege of Mecca.

Emma.—Tripharmacum is made of—

Common Plaster	-	-	-	4 oz.
Olive Oil	-	-	-	2 ,,
Vinegar	-	-	-	1 ,,

Set them on the fire, and stir them till they become a paste. This recipe is now exploded by the faculty. It was printed in the late 'London Dispensatory.'

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 8.] . SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

THE RHINE.

Englishmen were long since said to be in a manner "native to the Rhine." The attraction of this celebrated river has not abated in the present year. Possibly the great publicity gained by Victor Hugo's animated pictures has called attention more generally to its beauties. A letter just received from a correspondent who has passed from Rotterdam to Manheim, describes the English travellers to be numerous, and most enthusiastic in their admiration of the noble varieties which charm the tourist as he advances. Such is the gratification experienced from the exquisite views which it affords, that he and all his fellow-passengers on board the 'Nederlander,' with a refined greediness, dined on the deck as they proceeded, that not a moment might be lost for gazing on the glorious scenery around.

But it is not only the charms of nature that gratify the wanderer, the grand historical reminiscences bound up with the history of the cities found on the banks of the Rhine inspire additional interest. Some of these will be noticed in future numbers, but for the present we are anxious to call attention to one of the poets of the Rhine. The admirable poem from a Dutch votary of the muses, quoted last week, was not more affecting than that we are about to transcribe. It is from the pen of Borger, who died about twenty years ago. But little of him is known. Enough, however, of his biography is given in the elegant verses which follow, to prove that his career was a melancholy one, and that the "cup of bitterness was filled for him to overflowing." His ode "To the Rhine," while it celebrates the admired features of this ancient stream, gives a deeply affecting picture of the heart-broken bard, "who could his hairs well number but not his tears."

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Few will be able to read the poem without emotion. It goes far to negative the assertion of Tickell, that—

"Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart."

We know not which is more exquisite—more rich in unaffected sensibility, the lament for the wife, or that breathed over the tomb of the daughter. Nothing can surpass them in tenderness.

TO THE RHINE.

"In the Borean regions stormy
There's silence—battling hail and rain
Are hush'd. The calm Rhine rolls before me,
Unfettered from its winter chain.
Its streams their ancient channels water,
And thousand joyous peasants bring
The flowery offerings of the spring
To thee, Mount Gothard's princely daughter!
Monarch of streams, from Alpine brow,
Who rushing, whelm'st with inundations,
Or, sovereign-like, divid'st the nations;
Lawgiver all-imperial, thou!

I have had days, like thine, unclouded—
Days passed upon thy pleasant shore;
My heart sprung up in joy unshrouded,
Alas! it springs to joy no more.
My fields of green, my humble dwelling,
Which love made beautiful and bright,
To me—to her—my soul's delight,
Seem'd monarch's palaces excelling,
When in our little happy bower
Or 'neath the starry vault at even,
We walked in love, and talked of Heaven,
And pour'd forth praises for our dower.

But now—I could my hairs well number,
But not the tears my eyes which wet:
The Rhine will to their cradle-slumber
Roll back its waves, ere I forget—
Forget the blow that twice hath riven
The crown of glory from my head.
God! I have trusted—duty-led,
'Gainst all rebellious thoughts have striven,
And strive—and call thee Father,—still
Say all thy will is wisest, kindest—
Yet—twice—the burthen that thou bindest
Is heavy—I obey thy will!

At Katwyk, where the silenced billow
Thee welcomes, Rhine, to her own breast,
There, with the damp sand for her pillow,
I laid my treasure in its rest
My tears shall with thy waters blend them,
Receive those briny tears from me,
And when exhaled from the vast sea,
To her own grave in dew-drops send them—
A heavenly fall of love for her.
Old Rhine! thy waves 'gainst sorrow steel them.
O no! man's miseries—thou can'st feel them,—
Then be my grief's interpreter.

And greet the babe, which earth's green bosom
Had but received, when she who bore
That lovely undeveloped blossom
Was struck by death—the bud—the flower.
I forsed my daughter's tomb—her mother
Bade me—and laid the slumbering child
Upon that bosom undefiled.
Where—where could I have found another
So dear—so pure? 'Twas wrong to mourn,
When those so loving slept delighted.
Should I divide what God united?
I laid them in a common urn.

There are who call this earth a palace
Of Eden, who on roses go—
I would not drink again life's chalice,
Nor tread again its paths of woe.
I joy at day's decline—the morrow
Is welcome. In its fearful flight
I count and count with calm delight
My five-and-thirty years of sorrow
Accomplished. Like this river, years
Roll. Press, ye tombstones, my departed
Lightly, and o'er the broken-hearted
Fling your cold shield, and veil his tears."

Many desperate struggles have been witnessed on the banks of this river. The Rhine was crossed in 1672 by the French army. Louis XIV was almost deified for it by the Parisians, such wonders being reported to have been performed by his Majesty, who, after all, modern French historians declare, was not "present." In a letter to his queen, Louis the Great gives the following account of the operation:—

"I commanded the Count de Guiche to discover a part of the river over against a place called Tolhuys, which upon trial he found to be fordable. I planted two batteries upon the bank of the river to play upon them that should open to oppose the horse I intended to send over on the right and left of the batteries, while I was making a bridge of boats in the meantime to pass over the foot upon. On the information brought me by the Count de Guiche, I commanded 2,000 horse of the left wing to pass the river under the command of the said count, at the Ford which he had discovered. The regiment of Cuirassiers was to move first; of which ten or twelve commanded men were to swim over, some by fording it, and some by swimming; they espied three squadrons advancing towards them from behind the hedges and willows, and were at first briskly charged by the first squadron, they drawing back some few steps in the river, till those that had followed to second them could come up, made their way afterwards so bravely and resolutely, that the second and third squadrons, with the fright of it, discharged at random in the air and ran. The first, which hitherto had set a good face upon it, gave back as well as the others, to which the constant fire of our cannon did not a little contribute, and now the rest of the army were all passing over at the Ford, one party of them advanced towards the enemy under the command of the Count de Guiche, and the rest stood in Battalia, on the bank of the river.

"This act was attended with all the success and glory we could desire, having lost very few horses in the passage, Nogent being the only person of note that was drowned. But afterwards, as ill fortune would have it, the prince (Condé) to whom I had sent not to pass the river, was already gone, before my order reached him, in a small boat to see what men we should put into the castle of Tolhuys, and to inform himself better of what passed on the other side of the water, so that not knowing anything of my design, and seeing the Prince of Condé and Duke de Longueville advance upon this spot toward a barricade where the three squadrons I mentioned before had joined themselves

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with some other horse and foot, he made all the haste he could thither, and was followed by several others, who now began to keep no measures after such an exploit.

"At first the prince and those other gentlemen astonished the enemy with their threats and their fires, and besides this, Count de Guiche, supporting them in the rear with some squadrons, had pressed them so close that they put themselves in a posture of yielding, on condition that they might have fair quarter; but Monsieur de Longueville having passed the barricade, and crying 'Kill, kill,—no quarter,' and as some say, having discharged a pistol upon them, out of pure desperation they made one volley more, in which the Prince of Condé had the bone of his left wrist broke, and MM. de Longueville and Guitry were killed on the spot."

The most gratifying part of this royal statement is the fact given that the heartless duke, who wished to kill an enemy who offered to ground their arms, paid for his folly and cruelty with his life.

A WEEK AT HAMPTON COURT.

Letter I.

Few localities, if any, in the kingdom, present such remarkable public features as Hampton Court and its vicinity—the well-known resort of royalty, nobility, the middling and lower classes of society, the last generally "making a day of it" to recreate themselves amongst the pleasant and cultivated scenes of the gardens and Bushy park, where they are allowed to roam quite at ease, forming pic-nic parties—promenading in the gardens and picture galleries, threading the labyrinth, or those who are so inclined, retiring to the yews and hawthorns with

"Seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

It is only, however, the sojourner or the inhabitant of Hampton Court who can be aware of the contrasts which the daily crowds in the summer season present. The mere visitor would draw a wrong conclusion in supposing there is no retirement here; on the contrary, the distance from London compels a moderately early departure of the crowds; and those parts which at six o'clock in the evening were full of the busy hum of life and enjoyment, are, at sun-set, positive solitudes. Then do the aristocratical inhabitants of the palace (who enjoy this residence under the Crown, and without payment) emerge from their mahogany-panelled apartments to trip over the grassy lawns, and inhale the refreshing breezes from the Thames. On certain days, "weather permitting," a military band adds to the evening enjoyments, and there are few more picturesque and agreeable scenes than these evenings present both to the eye and ear of the visitor.

To those who are not acquainted with the history of Hampton Court and Palace, it may be interesting to state that Wolsey, the Cardinal, who was in mind and ambition far greater than the king his master, obtained a lease of the whole manor of Hampton (whilst yet an archbishop) from the prior and brethren of the Monastery of St John of Jerusalem, near Smithfield, for ninety-nine years, at a rent of 50*l.* a year, with liberty to cut so much timber as was necessary for the repair of the wears on the river Thames, from St John's wood, which then belonged to the said monastery, though it would now be in vain to look for a "wood," or any traces of it, amongst the villas and streets to the north of Paddington. This lease was granted to Thomas Wulcy, at "a chapitur holden in oure house of seynt Johns of Clarkenwell, beside London, the 11th day of Januraie, in the yere of our Lord God a thousand five hundreth and fourtene" (1514).

The palace and gardens have, properly speaking, two approaches; one opposite the road from Hampton, coming towards London, the other by the celebrated avenue and road of Bushy park, the present residence of the Queen Dowager. By the first of these approaches you enter the old part of the palace—the quadrangles—scarcely altered from what they were in Wolsey's time. By the latter the visitor is conducted to the gardens and the modern palace of red brick, built by William the Third, "who made the palace what it now is, and laid out the gardens and parks in their present form." For further details of the history of this celebrated spot, which has been the abode of a succession of royal personages down to George the Second and his Queen Caroline, the visitor may do well to consult an excellent 'Stranger's Guide,' by Mr John Grundy, who has the care of the Gallery of Pictures numbering upwards of one thousand.

But why is that group of persons lingering about No. 55? It is the reclining Venus of Titian! The young are afraid to look—the old prefer not to be seen looking, and content themselves with a glance—none can pass without it. Some may question the propriety of placing such a picture in a public gallery, but being a royal picture, we will leave it with the royal motto—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

A few words may not be thrown away on some of the paintings, the portraits especially, bringing before us, as they do, the personages of "other times" in all the freshness and vigour of their own days. The large pictures speak for themselves, and will be viewed and appreciated according to the inclinations and tastes of the visitor. In this choice we follow the example of the

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author of the 'Diary of an Invalid,'—noticing the plums, and leaving others to discuss the pudding.

No. 56, 'De Bray and his Family,' painted by himself, in the characters of Antony, Cleopatra, &c.—A painting full of life.

No. 118, 'Venus and Cupid,' by Rubens.—Notice the flesh; can flesh itself be more natural?

No. 165, 'Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.'—An especial favourite, and finely painted by a lady.

No. 220, 'A Sybil.'—A charming picture, by the same lady.

No. 78 is the 'Lady' herself, and her own performance.

No. 249, 'Still Life.'—In this beautiful composition there is a brass pan which certainly cannot be mistaken for any other metal.

No. 313, 'The Jester of King Henry the Eighth,' by Holbein, considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of this master, and in the collection it is without price. To fully appreciate the expression of this picture, look upon it a second time, after you have contemplated a more sombre portrait, such as that of Henry the Eighth (who was no jester) adjoining, No. 315.

No. 375, 'The Woman taken in Adultery.'—What charming, small figures, and how admirably grouped. The distinctness of each figure is remarkable.

Nos. 380 and 381, by Deuner, who was the painter, *par excellence*, of old men. Notice the moisture in the eye of the latter picture, not that it is in all respects faultless, but it has an expression about it which must have been painted from the life.

Nos. 388, 349, 308, and 435, are all by first masters, and have distinct and peculiar merits.

No. 499.—The head and hands of Peter are exquisite.

No. 853 is a portrait by Mierevelt, the only one by this author in the collection. His chief characteristics were a remarkable smoothness of style, and his paintings are on wood.

No. 597 shows how a glass of wine was poured out in the olden time.

No. 750.—Those who have read the 'Diary of Madame d'Arblay' (Fanny Burney), and few have not, will be interested in this painting of the luscious grape, by Campidoglio. It was presented by Mrs Delaney, together with her own portrait (No. 868), to George III, and we scarcely know which to admire most—the happy complacency of countenance of the old lady, or her tempting present, which no king could refuse to accept.

No. 863, 'Fair Rosamond,' is a melancholy picture, and the position of the body not easily to be accounted for, unless the moment is supposed to be that when she decided to take the veil.

Nos. 871 and 872, 'Mary de Medicis' (the former) has a remarkable head-dress; 'Henry IV' (the latter) an admirable painting.

No. 908. Decidedly the finest female face in the gallery, but of her history nothing is stated.

No. 910.—This celebrated woman ('Madame de Pompadour'), the governor of Louis XV, died at 44. The picture will be admired for the exquisite mode in which the blonde lace of the cap is painted. The beauty of the portrait is of a more equivocal character.

The next attraction within the walls of the palace is the ancient dining-hall and drawing-room of Wolsey; in the latter is an oil painting of him in profile. It is said the Cardinal had but one eye, and on that account never had his portrait painted a full face.

The promenade of the gardens is a privilege granted to the public at all times, the only restriction being that you shall not destroy the plants and flowers. An intimation to this effect is delicately and even classically conveyed—"It is expected that the public will protect what is intended for public enjoyment." The proximity of the Thames to Hampton Court adds considerably to its attractions, for although the avocation of the "jolly young watermen" are now beginning to be interfered with by steam so high as Hampton bridge, the winding reaches of the river are constantly visited by amateurs in rowing and angling, and for the mere pleasure of the *promenade à l'eau*. All the inhabitants of the banks are followers of Isaak Walton, and the conversation in visits is sure to turn upon this science—the use of the "fly" for trout, the gudgeons for perch, and the "gentles" for gudgeons themselves. If angling, followed as a daily amusement, be a waste of time (and we incline to think it so), it is generally held to be at least an innocent one. Some oppose it on the score of cruelty—but where is the cruelty of hooking a fish, who, had he not fallen into such a mistake, might the next minute have been swallowed by the pike, or would have unceremoniously gorged one of his finny neighbours. On this subject, also, what says the biographer of the good Sir Roger de Coverley—he whose nature is represented as overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." "I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair."

We now turn from the contemplation of these lively scenes to what is always an

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interesting subject to us—the churches of the neighbourhood. There is a chapel within the palace, and always well attended. Do not mistake a sham painted window on the left side of the altar for a real one.

At Hampton, one mile distant, is the parish church, which the Dowager Queen and her household always attend when residing at Bushy. The monuments are of a courtly character, as the following specimen shows.

"Here lyeth the body of Edwarde Pigeon, Esquire, yeoman of the Jewel House to King Henry VIII, and by whose special command he attended him at Boloigne, and continued in that office under King Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, who made him also clerk of her robes and wardrobes.

"Nickolas Pigeon, sonne of the said Edwarde, succeeded his father in both of the said offices, and after he had faithfully served Elizabeth and James above forty years, he departed this life the 1st March, 1619, was buried near unto his father, and left issue Hugh Pigeon and Alice."

LIFE OF OEHLENSCHLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

(Continued from last week.)

THERE was no longer any pretext for evading his studies, and Oehlenschläger now began to flatter himself that he was really making some progress in law. Still he continued to attend to private theatricals and literary clubs, at which he became acquainted with several persons, all eminent in different ways, and most of them not less distinguished for their peculiarities of character, than for their genius or learning. Such were Pram the poet, clever and vain, with a literary short-sightedness which could see no merit beyond the range of its own microscopic views,—who used to maintain that 'Wallenstein' was one of those pieces which any non-commissioned officer in a marching regiment might write to order in twenty-four hours, if required; Hieronymus Meister, also a poet, and a determined wag, who knowing Oehlenschläger's old inclination to the marvellous, used to practise on his feelings by sitting down to read to him some pretended romance of his own composition, and when, by a few artful and mysterious paragraphs, he had roused his curiosity, suddenly breaking forth with the abruptness of the historian of the 'Bear and Fiddle;' Steffens, then young and enthusiastic, since distinguished by his ability and eloquence in many departments of literature; and above all other oddities, the savage, dirty, old antiquarian Arndt, a German Ritson, who seemed to consider all Europe as an extensive library or museum, and kept moving incessantly from one end of it to the other, lodging everywhere without ceremony or invitation, invariably abusing his host, and carrying his masses of manuscripts in his voluminous Peter Schlemihl-pockets, or burying them when they became too bulky, in different parts of Europe, in some corner of those ancient ruins among the mouldering remains of which he lived, moved, and had his being. From this "unwashed artificer," who presented himself one day like a spectre, Oehlenschläger derived important assistance in the study of 'Northern Antiquities;' Alf's, Frithiof's, and Vilent's Sagas he perused with attention, and guided by this strange pioneer, whose acquaintance with the past was only equalled by his ignorance of the present, he thoroughly imbued himself with the inmost spirit of the remote and picturesque antiquity, to which his researches had been devoted.

The first fruits of his new studies appeared in a small Collection of Poems, which he published in 1803, containing several Danish ballads, somewhat modernized, in *ottava rima*, and a dramatic lyrical sketch, entitled 'St Johannes Abend spiel,' a piece somewhat in the taste of Goethe's 'Fastnacht-spiel,' though at the same time not without claims to originality, for many of the gay scenes it contains were recollections from the poet's own gaieties in the Thiergarten. This collection was shortly afterwards followed by 'Freia's Altar,' a satirical comic opera, which from its literary allusions produced a considerable sensation—and by 'Vaulundur's Saga,' modernized from a fable in the Edda.

Hitherto Oehlenschläger had done but little to justify the bold assertion, with which he had one evening astonished his companions at a symposium of the club, that he would yet rescue Danish poetry from the lethargy into which it had sunk since the days of Ewald. No sooner had he uttered this sally than he shrunk back into his seat, terrified at his own assurance; and yet, startling as the prophecy might seem, coming from such a quarter, many of those who heard it lived to see it fulfilled. By a series of Dramatic Poems, chiefly, though not exclusively, on national subjects, he has rendered the Danish Drama an object of European interest, and placed it in a far more imposing position than it ever occupied under Ewald.

His first drama was anything but northern in its character. It was a successful attempt to give a dramatic form and colouring to one of those tales of the east which are the delight of our childish days; and which still, in the hands of a true poet, exercise something of their old fascination upon maturer minds. Every highway and byeway in fairy-land; every "dingle and alley green" in that wild wood,

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had Oehlenschläger traversed in his childhood. Many a pilgrimage had he made from Friedricksberg through the snow to procure a supply of its wonders for winter quarters; and having once garrisoned the old palace in this way, he cared little for the imprisonment of storms from without.

In his dedication of 'Aladdin' to Goethe, he thus pictures the influences under which he acted:—

"Born in the distant North,
Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth
From Fairyland;
Where flow'rs eternal blow,
Where strength and beauty go
Linked hand in hand.

Even in my childish days,
I pored enchanted o'er its wondrous lays,
When the thick snowy fold
Lay deep on wall and hill,
I read, and felt the chill
Of wonder, not of cold."

When he resolved to dramatise some of his old favourites, his choice naturally enough fell upon 'Aladdin.' The splendour, variety, and beauty of the incidents, the artful blending of the human with the supernatural interest, the many light but effective touches of character and pathos which it exhibits, form so clear and distinct an outline for the dramatist as to leave him little to do but to fill up details, and to exhibit, somewhat more at length than in the rapid sketches of the Arabian story-teller, the feelings and reflections of the characters. Besides this he had discovered, as he thought, some fancied resemblance between Aladdin's situation and his own. He too, like the Arabian youth, had discovered in his bosom a wonderful lamp, that of Poetry; his mind had been developed in the same irregular and eccentric course; he was in love, like Aladdin; and his mother, too, like Aladdin's, had died shortly before. This analogy, remote and fanciful as it was, probably influenced his imagination, and strengthened the dramatic colouring of the tale.

The chief difficulty in the management of such subjects lies in this—that in the attempt to reduce them to the form and proportions of a European drama, the *naïveté*, the airy lightness of the original often disappear; the fairy groundwork looks too thin and gossamer for the tissue of reflection with which it is wrought up; and the result is something half childish, half philosophical, an awkward *imbroglio* of Eastern fancy and Western sentimentalism. To avoid this elaborate failure, and to give to the subject that relief which, like most Oriental drawings, the original wants; and that tinge at least of European feeling which seems necessary to interest the inhabitants of our northern regions, is the object, and one which has seldom been attained with success. Gozzi has not made the attempt at all. He has taken his fairy tales as he found them, and revelled in all the fantastic absurdities of the original, which he rather aggravates than relieves. Tieck, in his management of such subjects, either retrenches the Oriental and the marvellous altogether, as in 'Blue Beard,' and paints his characters on a background of chivalry, or renders his fable a mere vehicle for literary satire, as in 'Prince Zerbino,' the 'World turned upside Down,' and 'Puss in Boots.' Oehlenschläger has met the difficulty more fairly—the vein of reflection, the occasional satirical points or humorous touches which occur (though perhaps not strictly Oriental) are still sufficiently in harmony with the whole, while from the magical canvas on which they are delineated, the natural pathos and deep human interest of many of the incidents stand out with the same force and simplicity as in the original. There is much fine poetry in the scene where Aladdin, just at the moment when his gratitude to heaven for the blessings it had bestowed upon him is pouring itself out in prayer, is arrested by the orders of the sultan; and also in his reflections in the dungeon. The cheerfulness which at first supported him gives way before the gloom of the prison and the continued sounds of the death-watch in the wall, and he sinks by degrees into the following train of melancholy thought:—

"How dark these dungeon walls close over me!
How hollow is the rushing of the wind
Howling against the tower without! 'Tis midnight—
Midnight! And I must tremble for the dawn!
The lovely dawn which opes the eyes of men,
The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;
To them it brings new life, but death to me.
[*The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.*
What gleam is that? Was it the day that broke?
Is death so nigh? Oh no—it was the moon.
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?
Com'st thou to tell me I am not the first
Upon whose ashy cheeks thy quiet light
Fell calmly on his farewell night of life;
To tell me that to-morrow night thy ray
Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake?
Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night!
How often hast thou, like a favouring goddess,
Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,
While nightingales from out the dusky bowers
Vented out mute felicity in song!
I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,
Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form
Could lurk such coldness or such cruelty.
Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face,
On myrtle bowers, on wheel and gallows, down.
The self-same ray, that shone above my joys,
And kissed the couch of innocence and love,
Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided
O'er mouldering gravestones, which, above their dead,
Lie lighter than despair upon the heart
Of those that yet are living!
Com'st thou here,
Thus to insult me in mine hour of need—
Pale angel of destruction, hence—disturb not
The peace of innocence i'the hour of death.
[*The moon is obscured with clouds.*
By heaven she flies! She sinks her pallid face
Behind her silver curtains mournfully,

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Even as an innocent maiden when she droops
Her face within her robe to hide the tears
That flow for others' sorrows, not her own.
O, if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon,
Forgive me. O forgive me. I am wretched;
I know not what I say. Guiltless am I—
Yet, guiltless, I must yet endure and die."

The composition of 'Aladdin' seems to have confirmed the impression long lurking in Oehlenschläger's mind that he would never be a lawyer; his intended bride was of the same opinion, and to poetry he now resolved finally to turn as to his natural home. By the interest of Count Schimmelmann, he obtained from the Danish government a travelling pension, and leaving Copenhagen, set out on a tour through Germany, with the intention of visiting France and Italy before his return.

He visited Halle, Berlin, and Dresden, and made the acquaintance of most of the eminent literary men of those places. Weimar, however, was with him the chief object of attraction, though death had shortly before been busy among some of its greatest names. The clear-headed, open-hearted Herder was dead; so also was the enthusiastic and noble Schiller; but Wieland, though now on the verge of the grave, still lived to greet the Danish wanderer with his cheerful smile, and to write in his Album the touching words, "Fuimus Troës:" with Goethe he enjoyed a friendly and confidential intercourse for several months; the old Duchess Amelia invited him to her parties, and he quitted Weimar at last, loaded with kindnesses and complimentary verses.

Meantime the political horizon was darkening around him, unknown to Oehlenschläger, who never read newspapers, and was totally ignorant of the rapid progress of Napoleon's armies. They, however, in hostile guise, soon drew near. Immediately after the first balls from the French cannon began to fall into the town, Weimar was still as the grave, the shops closed, the streets were empty, the inhabitants concealed in the cellars and lower floors of the houses; the October sun shining pale and almost as faint as the moon, through the thick sulphurous smoke of the cannonade. The French marched in without resistance, "regular as rolling water," and quartered themselves through the town. When the Royalists took possession of London, our great republican poet interposed merely the shield of poetry between himself and the rude attack of military violence; he placed a sonnet above his door as a protecting spell. Oehlenschläger, who knew well that no "captain, or colonel, or knight in arms" in the French army would hesitate, upon any such ground,

"To lift his spear against the Muses' bower,"

adopted the safe expedient of joining his companions in the cellar. The landlord of the Elephant, where Oehlenschläger lived, was fortunate in the guests that fell to his share. They made free enough with his brandy and kirschwasser, enforcing their application, as Bobadil expresses it, "civilly—by the sword," but in other respects the barbarous people showed them no little kindness; they mounted guard behind the door, and when a set of bacchanalian marauders attempted to break into the house during the pillage that followed, assisted the landlord to defend his household against the intruders.

Oehlenschläger, wearied with the anxieties and fatigues of the day, had thrown himself on a sofa to sleep. The French were carousing in the room below, heedless of the moans of a young Silesian officer, who was expiring in a corner of the apartment. Suddenly the poet was awakened by a sound of cries from without; he started up—the room about him was as light as day—the city was on fire, and the sounds which had roused him from sleep were the shrieks of women and children. The flames had been kindled by some wretches to enable them to plunder with more facility and effect. Fortunately they were got under without much loss; but the plundering ceased only with the entrance of Bonaparte, by which time, in truth, there was little more to take. A rigid order was then issued against it, and "every day," says Oehlenschläger, "two or three volleys of musketry from the park announced the summary fate of those who had violated the prohibition."

(To be continued.)

Good for Nothing after Dinner.—When the congreve rockets were introduced into the navy, the admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to King Don Juan VI the effect of these formidable projectiles. His majesty consented, and the whole court were assembled in the balconies of the palace at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia grande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the king was only equalled by the mortification of the admiral, who dispatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps;* and offering to let off another, but the terrified monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition.

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, az., three sinister gauntlets, or in chief a trefoil, slipped of the last, for Vane; second and third or, a bend, compony, ar. and az., between two lions, rampant, gu, for Stewart.

Crests. Of Vane: a dexter gauntlet erect, holding a sword, ppr., pommel and hilt, or. Of Stewart: a dragon statant, or.

Supporters of the family. Dexter, a Moor, wreathed about the temples, ar. and az., holding in his exterior hand a shield; of the last, garnished, or, charged with the sun in splendour, gold; sinister, a lion.

Supporters borne by the present Marquis. Two hussars of the 10th regiment, mounted upon a grey horse, and the sinister upon a bay horse, with their swords drawn and accoutred, all ppr.

Motto. "*Metuenda corolla draconis.*" "The dragon's crest is to be feared."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LONDONDERRY.

THE Londonderry family is descended from Sir William Stewart of Garlies, who is recognised also as the ancestor of the Earls of Galloway. It was from his second son, Sir Thomas Stewart of Minto, that John Stewart, Esq. of Ballylaw Castle, descended. The latter was the first of the family that settled in Ireland. A grant was made in his favour by James the First, in the county of Donegal, where he erected the castle which has been named. His eldest son, Charles, succeeded him, whose great grandson, Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Mount Stewart, county of Down, became his next successor, and by him the county of Down was represented in Parliament. He died in 1781, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Stewart, Esq., of Ballylaw Castle, county of Down. He sat in Parliament, became a member of the Privy Council, and was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, November 18, 1789, as Baron Stewart. His lordship was created Viscount Castlereagh, October 6, 1795, and Earl of Londonderry, January 22, 1816. He married, in 1766, Sarah Frances, second daughter of Francis Marquis of Hertford, by whom he had Robert Viscount Castlereagh, his successor. In 1775 he married a second time, Frances, eldest daughter of the first Earl Camden, and sister of the present Marquis, by whom he had Charles William, the present Marquis of Londonderry, and seven other children. On his death, which took place April 8, 1821, he was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, above named.

Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry, acted a most distinguished part on the stage of politics. He was born July 18, 1769. In connexion with Mr Pitt and his followers, he will be found as Lord Castlereagh and Marquis of Londonderry, actively engaged in the councils of the nation up to the time of his decease, August 12, 1822.

Few men in public life have been attacked with more bitterness than this celebrated man. His speeches in the House of Commons were certainly somewhat desultory, indifferently expressed, and occasionally involved; but notwithstanding these obvious defects, tact and power were not wanting, and he seldom resumed his seat till the point he desired to carry had been forcible pressed on his auditory. If his character as a minister is to be read, as it will be in a future age, by the events of his time, in what period of history did the world ever behold a series of such stupendous deeds, shedding glory on the British name, as illustrated those years in which he was most ostensibly connected with the councils of the empire? How many triumphs grace our arms and our policy from 1811 to 1815! The treaty of peace concluded by the Marquis of Londonderry was deservedly welcomed, as he was himself, on his re-entering the House of Commons, with transports of applause. If deathless renown belongs to Cardinal Mazarin for the treaty of Westphalia, what may not be said in honour of that pacification which has already given to Europe repose for the long space of twenty-eight years, and which, according to a report made in the American congress a few years back, with no wish to flatter England, left this nation in possession of almost all the strong places in the world which had ever been the object of contest, and which were deemed, on the other side of the Atlantic, to be equal in power to a million of men under arms?

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Political hostility described him as "feeble in wisdom but potent in guile," and he was rancorously attacked as an enemy to the liberties of mankind. Party politics are excluded from these notices, but it is due to truth to state that the circumstances of the times in which he wielded the power of the State were difficult, and seemed to demand extraordinary measures. That he sought to hold the world generally in thraldom cannot be inferred from the course he took when the great military powers wished this nation to join them in an invasion of Spain. Such, he contended, was not the duty imposed upon England by friendship with them. She, he steadily argued, "had never become a member of a union formed for the government of the world, and charged with the superintendence of the interior affairs of other states." He added, with great force and dignity, in a confidential minute on the affairs of Spain, communicated to the monarchs of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France, in May, 1820:

"We shall be found in our place when actual danger menaces the system of Europe; but this country cannot, and will not, act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution. The alliance which exists had no such purpose in view in its original formation. It was never so explained to parliament; if it had, most assuredly the sanction of parliament would never have been given to it; and it would now be a breach of faith were the ministers of the Crown to acquiesce in a construction being put upon it, or were they to suffer themselves to be betrayed into a course of measures inconsistent with those principles which they avowed at the time, and which they have since uniformly maintained both at home and abroad."

In private life he was most amiable, and in the House of Commons his matchless command of temper was universally admired. Nothing seemed capable of disturbing his serenity. His courage in various situations was most conspicuously displayed. When, as our minister, he was with the allied armies, his presence of mind was the theme of warm panegyrics. Bonaparte, after the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, by a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes, pushed between the armies of the allies to interrupt their communications, and fall in the rear of the Austrians. A council was called at the head-quarters of the sovereigns, and a retrograde movement was proposed. Lord Castlereagh, in that critical moment, spoke in favour of a bold advance. His advice was acted upon, and Paris fell.

His mind seemed remarkably calm under circumstances that would have ruffled others. When a serious charge connected with trafficking for seats in Parliament was made, and while the House of Commons was debating on the case, he went to the Lyceum, where the Drury-lane company was then acting, to see 'Grieving's a Folly.' That his firmness should at last give way, and that he should be seen to fall by his own hand, was one of those melancholy instances of human frailty which from time to time awfully remind us how weak are the strongest of the sons of men. He and those who were most distinguished in many of the debates in which he took part, Mr Whitbread and Sir Samuel Romilly, were among the last whom it would have been supposed that labour or danger could subdue, yet all mournfully passed to the grave by suicide. The Marquis died August 12, 1822.

The present Peer was born May 18, 1778. On the death of his brother without issue, he succeeded to the title. He had served the country in the army, and had been raised to the peerage as Baron Stewart, July 1, 1814. To the titles already mentioned, his lordship adds those of Viscount Seaham and Earl Vane, with remainder to his lordship's heir male by his second marriage. He married, August 8, 1804, Catherine, youngest daughter of John third Earl of Darnley, by whom he has a son, Frederick William Robert Viscount Castlereagh, born July 7, 1805.

He again married Frances Anne, only daughter of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, by Anne Catherine Countess of Antrim in her own right, upon which occasion his Lordship assumed the additional surname and arms of Vane, by whom he has issue George Henry Robert Charles Viscount Seaham, born April 26, 1821.

The Marquis is a General in the army, Colonel of the 10th Hussars, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a knight of several foreign orders, and *custos rotulorum* of the counties of Londonderry and Down.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A communication from the Compte Lelieur respecting strawberries was read; it stated, that, in addition to the usual distinctive characters by which strawberries are recognized, several others might be added, viz., 1, the age at which each variety, raised from a runner, bears fruit; 2, the age at which each kind arrives at the maximum of its production; 3, how many years the same plant will continue in good bearing; and 4, what varieties will bear two crops in the same season: thus, for instance, Keen's seedlings and the British Queen will, if planted in the open border after being forced, grow luxuriantly, and produce a second crop more abundant than the first; whilst the Elton, under similar treatment, throws out nothing but runners; although these three sorts, after being forced, make extraordinary growth towards the end of the season, and bear a prodigious quantity

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of fine fruit for several succeeding years. Compte Lelieur was of opinion that it would be useful to select a certain number of plants of each of the best varieties after forcing, and to plant them in the open border, to ascertain which kinds will produce a second crop; and then a good plan, before turning them out of the pot, is to withhold water for a short time, in order that they might afterwards be excited into a new growth by repeated waterings. The writer also observed that the temperature of pine stoves was too warm for strawberries, when first placed in heat to bring them forward; that the flowers of these plants, particularly of those kinds which throw out abundance of foliage before blooming, should be brought on gradually. Thus, for instance, the Elton is barren, while Keen's seedling succeeds in a rather high temperature, provided the house is kept cool until the fruit is set.—Mr Pepys exhibited two lupines, one planted on the 26th of April, when weighing 2·6 grains, in soil composed (in 100 parts) of silica, 75; alumina, 15; and carbonate of lime, 10; it was then watered with 3oz. 5drs. of distilled water, and afterwards with ½oz. of the same, every day; on the 30th of July it was in a dying state, and weighed 42·5 grains. The other, planted on the 8th of May, in peat and loam, and weighing 2·6 grains, was watered in the usual way, and weighed, on the 30th of July, 192·5 grains. Both plants were grown in glass pots. The experiment was made to ascertain how far it is possible to make plants grow without those elementary substances usually considered as forming their food.—From the garden of the society were four plants of the common hydrangea, each of which had been treated in a different manner, to find out, if possible, what ingredient it was in the soil that changed the flowers from pink to blue. No. 1, treated in the usual way, was by far the most healthy plant, and bore pink flowers; 2, to which ½oz. of phosphate of iron had been administered, was evidently in an unhealthy condition, the flowers being pink, small, and having with the leaves a yellowish tint; 3, treated with ½oz. of caustic potash, bore small and pale pink flowers; while 4, to which ½oz. of alum had been given, produced blue flowers—the dose had, however, been too strong, as was shown by the weak condition of the plant and the small size of the flowers; nevertheless it proved that alum will produce the desired effect.

DOCTOR SPURGIN'S PATENT.

THE machine invented for hoisting bricks, mortar, water, or other materials employed in building, and adapted to the unloading ships and warehousing of goods, which has now been successfully brought into use, is of the form represented in the accompanying engraving.

The main part of the machine rests upon the ground (fig. A). The second part of it is a trestle, which may be placed upon the scaffolding of the bricklayers (fig. B); in the upper part of which is a wheel which corresponds perpendicularly with another wheel (fig. C), attached to the principal body of the machine, resting on the ground. The wheel C is put in motion by one or several men, who turn the handle (fig. D) by which the chain operates its rotation. The workmen attach their hods, full of materials, as at fig. B, and others detach them (fig. F), to carry them to the bricklayers. The empty hods are attached to the chain as at fig. G, and they are detached as at fig. H. The chain may be lengthened and shortened as necessary. When a story is added to the scaffolding, the trestle is placed upon the new story, and the chain lengthened as required. The figures I, K, L, are accessaries used for hoisting the materials, viz., I for the broken bricks; K for the water; and L for the pieces of stone for windows, chimneys, &c.

From what has been stated it will be seen the effect of this invention is to relieve the workman from the most toilsome part of his labour by doing away with the practice of ascending the ladder, and to prevent the accidents arising from this practice. By means of it building operations will be carried on with much greater expedition than heretofore, and it will considerably diminish the cost of such works.

The hods are fastened to the chain at the rate of three in a minute; each hod contains 16 bricks (or the same weight in other materials), equal to 48 bricks a minute, 2,880 an hour, or 28,800 in ten hours, the average of a day's work.

If the hods are placed more closely to each other on the chain, four can be affixed in a minute, 3,840 in the hour, 38,400 in the day.

If, instead of hods with their handles, baskets be used, the amount raised will double the above, as the handles necessarily occupy much space.

Whatever the height of the building, the results will be the same, and without increasing the number of workmen necessary to fasten the hods, &c., and unfasten them at the top of the scaffolding. Where the height, however, is greater, the number of men working the machine must be increased.

When the hods are once fixed the same quantity of materials can be raised, and in the same time, to 100 as to 10 feet.

Of late years building in England has been carried on to an extent formerly unknown; and houses are now, for the most part, raised to four or five stories, where two or three used to be the height. The consequence is, the labour of the men employed in conveying the materials for the building has become much more severe than it was, and their strength often becomes unequal to the task imposed. In such cases the value of the machine will be duly appreciated.

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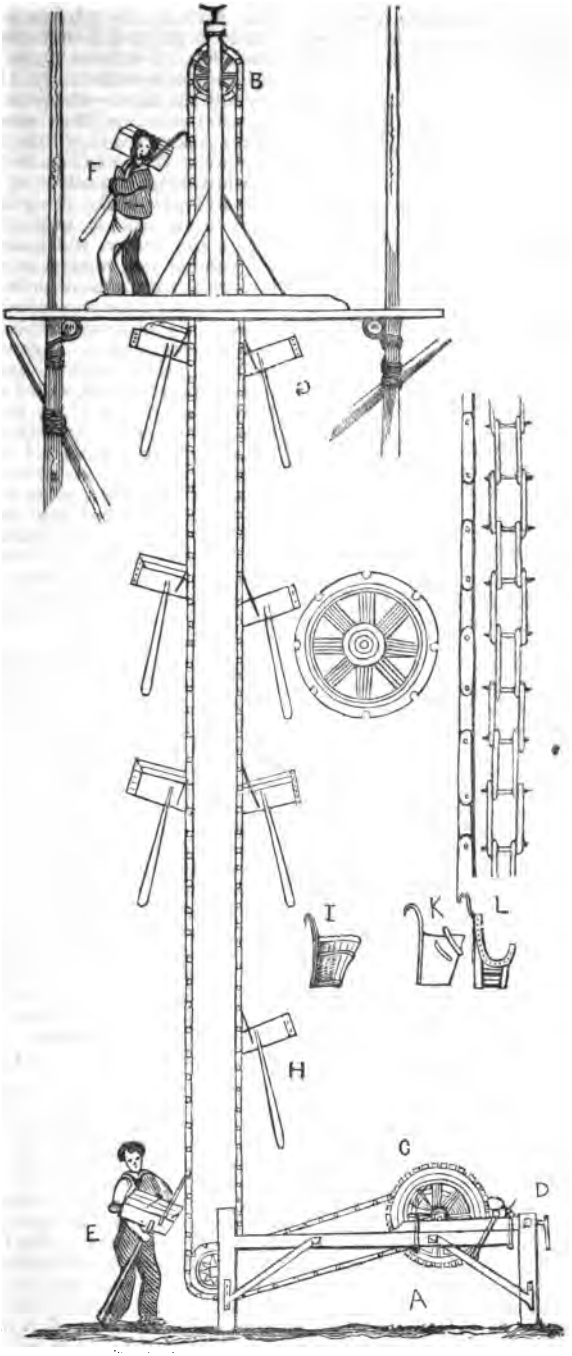

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To explain the advantages which it offers in expediting the work of building, and diminishing the expense, it is sufficient to refer to the following:

Height.	A Minute.	An Hour.	Ten Hours.
	Bricks.	Bricks.	Bricks.
To 10 feet	90	5,400	54,000
„ 20 „	45	2,700	27,000
„ 30 „	30	1,800	18,000
„ 40 „	22	1,350	13,500
„ 50 „	18	1,080	10,800
„ 60 „	15	900	9,000

Mr Cubitt and Messrs Grissell and Peto have adopted the machine, and have it in use at this time, the former at Prince Albert's gate, Hyde park; the latter at the new Houses of Parliament. Other eminent contractors have also certified in favour of the invention.

Applications to be made to Mr Journet, the licensee of Dr Spurgin, the patentee, No. 2 Chester terrace, Eaton square, Pimlico.

The ladder was first adopted by Dr Spurgin for saving the lives of miners.

AMATEUR'S GARDEN FOR AUGUST.

One of the first things to be attended to now is sowing mignonette for blooming in pots through the winter and spring. It is a plant rather difficult to manage in low and damp situations. To insure success the pots must be clean, and well drained; the compost used should consist of three parts good mellow sandy loam, to which one part of decomposed leaf-mould may be added. Fill the pots quite full of soil so as not to allow much room for subsiding. The plants must not be allowed to become crowded in the pots; six plants is sufficient in a 48-sized pot. Through the winter the proper treatment is to secure them against frost—to keep the soil moderately moist, but not wet—and to give them all the air possible at favourable times. A few small plants, potted now from the open borders, will bloom in November; those sown now will succeed them in January, and a few more pots sown towards the end of the month will give a succession as long as bloom is wanted in pots in the spring.

The plants to which attention is first required in the way of propagation for another season are those of a delicate habit, and which are consequently difficult to keep through the winter. Among these may be noticed the different kinds of Nierembérgia, as N. intermédia, calycina, grácilis, and filicaulis. The first is the most delicate, and rarely to be met with in greenhouses, much less in flower-gardens; but it makes an excellent bed, and those who possess a plant will do well to propagate from it. N. calycina is also scarce, but it is not so difficult to manage as the preceding. Bouvárdia tryphilla and angustifólia or splendens,—for I believe they are both the same,—are plants which make beautiful beds in ordinary seasons, though in the present one they have by no means done well. B. angustifólia is the best both in constitution and colour of flower, but both will now strike freely in sand in a little heat, and, if gradually dried off before the winter, will make nice plants for turning out next season. Another favourite plant is Lantana Sellowi, which also requires to be propagated early, so as to get the plants well established in small pots before winter. Lotus Jacobæus, with its yellow variety, and the lovely little L. microphyllus, with its pale orange flowers, are plants which make excellent beds, but require very kind treatment in the winter; and, as an old plant which is admirably adapted for drooping over the sides of a basket or vase, or even for making an excellent bed late in the season, may be mentioned Myoporum débile; it blooms freely in the autumn, and is not readily injured by cold weather. These are all good plants, which hitherto have not been so cultivated as their merits entitle them to.

Of pelargoniums a large quantity of the scarlets should be got out as quickly as possible. The best of these for beds are Smith's emperor, the shrubland, Frogmore, Brighton hero, globe scarlet, and a prostrate-growing scarlet, which in some places is called the huntsman, but which is scarcely known in the neighbourhood of London. Ingram's and Cooper's scarlets are two dwarf kinds of good habit, the latter with a slight tinge of black in the upper petals. These are the cream of the scarlets at the present time, but there are several seedlings which will probably displace some of them next year. There are, moreover, many pencilled varieties which make good beds, and to which I shall next week allude.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

JOHN YOUNG'S CASE.

REFUSAL TO SUBMIT TO THE EXECUTIONER.

Most of the unfortunate beings whom law dooms to die, however they may confess the justice of their sentence, would gladly escape the execution of it. Those who scrupled not to take another's life, have often a great dread of laying down their own. But, notwithstanding this, very few, being convinced of the hopelessness of their case, think of attempting a struggle with the constituted authorities when the fatal day arrives. Such an effort they feel must be vain, and the pain of an additional defeat would only add to the bitterness of death.

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There have, however, been some instances in which the sufferer has resisted till the last. A sad and extraordinary scene was presented in Edinburgh, December 19, 1750. A sergeant in Lord Ancram's regiment of foot had been doomed to die for vending false notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland. He bitterly repined at his fate, considering the crime not deserving of death, and that others implicated in it were more guilty than he, whose lives nevertheless were spared.

He firmly resolved not to surrender himself to the hangman. Though he had no longer a hope of pardon, as he had been sentenced to die between two and four o'clock in the afternoon, it will be seen he conceived an idea that if he could baffle the officers of justice till the latter hour had struck, his object would be gained, and they would not dare then to conduct him to the scaffold. How to get through those two important hours became the unhappy man's care. The accounts of the time thus detail what occurred on the day fixed for his punishment :—

"The magistrates appointed to witness the ceremony assembled about two o'clock at the prison door, accompanied by the proper officers, the guard, and a multitude of spectators. They, attended by two clergymen, went to the prisoner, and having read over to him the sentence, asked his objections to the same. Young answered, that he had none; but observing that the sentence appointed the execution to be performed betwixt two and four in the afternoon, that suggested a thought to him, that if he preserved his life till past four, the magistrates could not execute him. He desired leave to retire a short time with the two reverend ministers, for ghostly consolation, which being granted, he went with them to the iron room, where he had been confined since sentence; and after talking with them he begged they would allow him to spend a few minutes in private devotion; which seeming reasonable, they withdrew, and he ushered the clergymen to the outer door of his apartment, which shutting behind them, he retired to the inner room, the iron door of which he immediately bolted.

"The officers of justice, after waiting some time, surprised at his delay, endeavoured to open his door, which, to their great surprise, they found bolted: they knocked and desired him to come out. 'No,' said he, 'in this place I am resolved to defend my life to the utmost of my power.' The door was attempted to be forced, but it being of iron, in vain were the most violent endeavours used for that purpose. The lord provost was sent for. The city clock was stopped, and surprise and expectation appeared in every face. A considerable time being spent to no purpose in forcing the door, that attempt was given over, and the only possible method of getting in was found to be by breaking up the floor of the room over the prisoner, which was in about two hours effected. A passage being opened a gun was presented in order to terrify him, and compel him to open the door: this had not the desired effect; for he said, as he lived, so he desired to die, like a soldier. The man who had the gun, being a little remiss, Young, making a leap up, laid hold of the muzzle, and pulled it down, threatening to shoot the first man that dared to enter; but the gun was unloaded, which prevented such a catastrophe. Rewards were offered to such of the city guards as would seize him; and, after several refusing, one had the courage to go down, whom Young welcomed with a violent blow on the breast from the butt end of his gun, that laid him on the ground. Had Young been armed with a sword or a bayonet, it is likely the fate of the first adventurer would have stopped the attempts of the second; but he having only an empty musket, and the passage being wide, three or four more jumped in at once, and, after a violent struggle, overpowered and bound the unhappy victim; who still refusing to walk, the door was opened, and he was dragged headlong down stairs, in a most deplorable condition. When brought out he asked if it was yet four o'clock (as indeed it then was); but being answered, that he should be hanged were it past eight, he immediately composed himself to suffer that so much dreaded death. Still he refused being accessary to his own murder (as he was pleased to term it) by walking, as usual, to the place of execution; he was therefore forced into a cart, where, the hangman sitting by him holding the end of the rope, which was immediately put about his neck, he was in this manner dragged to the Grass-market, amidst thousands of amazed spectators; where again refusing to ascend the scaffold, he was carried up by the guard, and after about fifteen minutes, being near half an hour past four, and just almost dark, he was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

"The poor man had served in the army many years with reputation; was beloved by his officers, being never before convicted of the least offence."

Not the least singular part of this remarkable narrative is the incident of the city clock being stopped, as if that would save the point of law and arrest the march of time.

Tight Lacing.—A learned Doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

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Reviews.

Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford. Vol. II.

In the letters contained in this volume we find but moderate entertainment. They offer a good deal that every one knows, and not a little of what few would care to know. Meanness and corruption in connexion with state affairs are unfortunately neither novel nor obsolete. The manner in which Irish business was transacted in the last century will perhaps be read with some interest, it being borne in mind that at the time referred to, eighty or ninety years ago, Ireland had that blessing of all blessings, a parliament of her own:

"May 24.—As things are circumstanced business may be easily carried on next sessions; but the leading people must have *douceurs*, a great many of which I must at a proper time lay before his Majesty, by these means he may do what he pleases with that country. The Princess of Hesse may have her pension of 5,000*l.*; but other things of the like nature must be given in Ireland. Pensions to the amount of above 5,000*l.* per annum have been extinguished since my going to Ireland. * * *

"To propose the following persons to be made peers:—The Chancellor, if his Majesty shall please to make an augmentation of 500*l.* per annum to his salary, to be created a Baron.[1]—Sir Arthur Gore, a Viscount.[2]—Sir Maurice Crosbie, a Baron.[3]—John Lysaght Sen, a Baron.[4]—William Annesley, Esq., a Baron.[5]—James Stopford, Esq., a Baron.[6] (Agreed to.)—Lord Viscount Castlecomer, to be made an Earl.[7]—Lord Tullamore to be made an Earl.[8] (Not the present family.)—Lady Athenry to be made a Countess.[9] (Agreed to.)—Likewise Mr Cole[10] and Mr Mason's[11] request to be made Barons. (Not at present.)—And Lord Rusborough to be made a Viscount.[12] (Not agreed to.) * *

"The following persons to have pensions during pleasure, for the sums set against their respective names:—

	£.
Countess of Drogheda . . .	200
Mrs Gore and her daughters .	200
Guy More, Esq.	200
John Blennerhassett, Esq. . .	200
James Hussey, Esq. . . .	200
The Hon. Mrs. Walsingham . .	200
Hon. William Molesworth and Anne his wife, in addition to their pension	100

The following anecdote reflects great honour upon Lord Temple. It shows that he made a determined effort to save an unquestionably brave man from being unjustly sacrificed:

"I cannot forbear telling you Lord Temple pressed him some days ago very strongly for a pardon for Mr Byng; his Majesty persevered, and told his lordship flatly he thought him guilty of cowardice in the action, and therefore could not break his word they had forced him to give to his people—to pardon no delinquents. His lordship walked up to his nose, and, *sans autre cérémonie*, said, What shall you think if he dies courageously? His Majesty stifled his anger, and made him no reply. I think I never heard of such insolence."

The robbery of Mrs Hodges is so extraordinary that we know not how to believe it. Townsend, the Bow-street officer, used to suppose that many of the alleged daring robberies were committed in a very quiet way by the loose companions of those who complained of having been despoiled. We know nothing against the character of the lady just mentioned, but if she had been open to suspicion we know what many would have surmised from a story like the following:

"Though it is eleven o'clock, I must tell you of the most curious of all robberies that was committed last night. A Mrs Hodges, of Hanover square, got into her coach at the playhouse, and from under the seat of the coach, as it was going along, up jumps a thief, and with a pistol in his hand demands her money and jewels, and orders her, upon pain of instant death, to stop her coach at a certain place and let him out, and wish him good night, all which she complied with, and he carried off a thousand pounds' worth of her jewels."

Miscellaneous.

Mr Carson's Patent Salting Machine.—This is one of the simplest and, perhaps, the most useful little invention that has for years come within our observation. The instrument is only 10½ inches in length, and 3½ in breadth, and is capable

(1) Created Baron Bowes of Clonlyon.

(2) Member of parliament for the borough Donegal, created Baron Saunders and Viscount Sudley of Castle Gore, in the county of Mayo, and in 1762, Earl of Arran, in the county of Galway, on the recommendation of the Earl of Kildare.

(3) Member for the county of Kerry, created Baron of Branden, county of Kerry; on the recommendation of the Earl of Shannon.

(4) Member for the borough of Charleville, created Baron Lisle of Mountnorth.

(5) Member for the borough of Middleton, created Baron Annesley of Castle Wellan.

(6) Member for the borough of Lethard, created Baron of Courtown, county of Wexford.

(7) John Wandesford, Viscount Castlecomer, created Earl of Wandesford.

(8) Charles Moore, second Lord Tullamore, advanced to the dignity of Earl of Charleville.

(9) Dowager Baroness, created Countess of Brandon, county of Kilkenny.

(10) John Cole, Esq., member for Inniskillen. In the Duke's private Diary this note: "Mr Cole, member for I., was with me to lay in his pretensions for the title of Ranelagh, which he said was promised to be recommended to the King by the Duke of Devonshire." "I gave no promise but to lay his pretensions before the King,"—created in 1760, Baron Mount Florence of Fermanagh.

(11) Most probably Aland Mason, Esq., member for the county of Waterford.

(12) Joseph Leeson, First Earl of Milltown; advanced to the Viscounty of Rusborough, 1760.

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of salting a round of beef in ten minutes. It also possesses one great advantage over all other means of salting meat—that of regulating the degree of saltness, and adapting it to the palate of the curer. There is no doubt, judging from the utility and extreme simplicity of Mr Carson's instrument, that it will be adopted by householders in general, and be considered invaluable by farmers who cure provisions, butchers, innkeepers, emigrants, and particularly residents in tropical climates.

THE DEAD JUDGED.—The Egyptians passed solemn judgment on their dead. The assembly of the judges met on the side of a lake, which they crossed in a boat; he who sat at the helm was called, in the Egyptian language, *Charon*; hence the Greek mythological fiction of that redoubted personage. They only permitted the rites of burial after a scrutinizing examination into the character of the deceased. On those who were deemed worthy of interment by the judges of the State, panegyrics were pronounced, which referred to their personal merit; and afterwards the people besought the Gods to receive them into the assembly of the Just, and to admit them to partake of everlasting felicity. From this scrutiny not even kings were exempt; and this portion of the custom was imitated by the Israelites, as we read in Scripture that bad sovereigns were not interred in the monuments of their ancestors.—*Fry.*

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."—It is a remarkable fact in the history of the picture, that it narrowly escaped destruction in the lifetime of the great artist. Paul IV took offence at the nudity of the figures, and wished the whole to be destroyed. On hearing of the Pope's objection, Michael Angelo said, "Tell the Pope that this is but a small affair, and easily to be remedied; let him reform the world, and the pictures will reform themselves." The Pope, however, employed Daniele da Volterra to cover the most prominent figures with drapery, an office which procured for him the epithet *Brachettone*, or the breeches-maker. Michael Angelo submitted to the Pope's will, but revenged himself on Messer Biagio, of Siena, the master of the ceremonies, who first suggested the indelicacy of the figures. He introduced him in the right angle of the picture, standing in hell, as Midas, with ass's ears, and his body surrounded by a serpent. Biagio complained to the Pope, who requested that it might be altered: but M. Angelo declared that it was impossible; for though his holiness was able to effect his release from purgatory, he had no power over hell. In the last century, Clement XII. thought that the process of Daniele da Volterra had not been carried far enough, and in his fastidious scruples did serious injury to the painting by employing Stephano Pozzi to add a more general covering to the figures. We see it, therefore, under many disadvantages: the damp of two centuries and a half, the smoke of the candles and incense, and the neglect which it has evidently experienced, have obscured its effect, and impaired the brightness of its original colouring. The accidental explosion of the powder magazine in the Castle of St Angelo, in 1797, which shook the buildings to their foundations, is said to have seriously injured all the frescos in the Vatican.

The Gatherer.

The New Houses of Parliament.—The Commissioners have issued a public invitation to artists, in various departments, to send in specimens of works that may aid in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament—statues in bronze and marble of British Sovereigns and other illustrious personages—stained glass windows, with figures or heraldic devices relating to the Royal Families of England—carved wood, consisting of designs for doors and panels—specimens of fresco painting, and of paintings executed in any other method free from a shining surface—arabesque paintings, and heraldic decorations in gold and colour, the designs to be executed in water colour, tempera, oil, or encaustic—ornamental metal work for screens, railings, grates, and ornamental pavements. The whole to be delivered by the first week in March next year.

Uncommonly Thin.—When the Duke de Choiseul, a remarkable meagre man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered "he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

Flattering Preference.—Two natives of the Marquesas Islands have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage one of their fellow passengers asked them which they liked best, the French or the English? "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the FATTEST." "And a great deal more TENDER," chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth, as sharp as a crocodile's.

Sharp work for the Clergy.—A document drawn up at the Council of Elvira, A.D. 305, article 28, prohibits bishops receiving any emoluments or free-will offerings from those who are not members of the church. Art. 48 prohibits those who are baptized from putting money into the basin, lest it should be supposed that the priests had received pay for that which ought to have been done gratuitously.

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Consoling—Very!—The directors of the new railway of Frankfort-on-the-Oder have resolved to keep at every station a quantity of bandages and medicines, in order that in case of accident relief may be promptly given.

Cast-iron Buildings.—Letters from M. Gutzlaff state that the art of constructing buildings in cast-iron has been known for centuries in China. He has found a pagoda entirely composed of cast-iron. It is covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, which, from their forms, characters, and dates, show that they are as old as the dynasty of Tang, which was upon the throne as far back as from the fifth to the tenth century of the Christian era. It is in the shape of an octagonal pyramid, is forty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter at the base. It has seven stories, each containing extremely curious historical pictures. M. Gutzlaff represents this monument as being strikingly elegant, and surpassing in this respect everything of the kind he had previously seen in China.

A Widow's Duty.—The Carriers of New Caledonia, like the people of Hindostan, used till lately to burn their dead; a ceremony in which the widow of the deceased, though not sacrificed as in the latter country, was compelled to continue beating with her hands upon the breast of the corpse while it slowly consumed on the funeral pile, in which cruel duty she was often severely scorched.—*Simpson.*

Mexican Tennis.—The Mexicans had one singular law in their play with the ball. In the walls of the court where they played, certain stones like millstones were fixed, with a hole in the middle just large enough to let the ball pass through, and whoever drove it through won the cloak of the lookers on. They therefore took to their heels to save their cloaks, and others pursued to catch them, which was a new sort of amusement.—*Omniana.*

Louis Philippe's Collection of Portraits.—The catalogue of the engravings in the Royal Library, Paris, made out to the 1st January, 1841, contains 1,895 by Rembrandt, and 2,498 by Callot. The portraits, from the earliest period down to that of the Count de Paris, amount to 90,565. Of Henri IV there are 300 portraits; of Napoleon, 433; and of Louis XIV, 531.

Paris Theatricals.—There were produced in 1842, at the different theatres of Paris, 191 new pieces.

Anecdote.—Cardinal Mazarin was dictating one day a letter to his secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study; when he had come to the conclusion he turned towards his secretary saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The cardinal was very partial to the secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a box on the ear; the secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said coolly, "Now, sir, as we we are both wide awake, let us proceed with our letter."

A Hard Cough.—A friend having visited Curran one morning, and perceived that he coughed with difficulty, told him so, on which Curran said, "It is strange that I should, for I have been practising all night."

A Hissed Actor.—The French Revolution affords illustration of the worst human passions. When the wretched Collot d'Herbois was tossed up in the storm to the summit of power, he projected razing the city of Lyons, and massacring its inhabitants—he had even the heart to commence and continue this conspiracy against human nature: the ostensible crime was royalism, but the secret motive is said to have been personal vengeance. A wretched actor, d'Herbois had been hissed off the theatre at Lyons, and to avenge that ignominy he had meditated over this monstrous crime.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Νεανιας.—Our remarks in a former number had reference but to one other language. We think Νεανιας *must have forgotten himself when he said that "with some the same difference prevails." Never has the word λόγος, or ἐγὼ, intentionally been pronounced long. It is a mistake not to be committed by any person who has gone through the 'Accidence.' Where the distinction in the quantity of syllables is so very marked, as it is in the Greek (which, of all languages, is the most accurate), it must necessarily be preserved.* Νεανιας, *if he wishes to preserve a reputation for scholarship, ought to look over the alphabet before he again ventures to write Greek, for* Σγο *(as his letter has it) will nowhere pass current for* Ἐγὼ.

A. A.—To silver Brass, &c.—Clean the article to be silvered by scouring it with a small quantity of very fine sand mixed with a little diluted nitric acid. Wash the whole off with clean water. Prepare the following powder:—Dissolve silver in nitric acid; when dissolved, put some pieces of copper into the solution, the silver will be precipitated in a metallic powder. Take 20 grains of this powder, and mix it with acidulous tartrite of potash and common salt, each two drachms, and half a drachm of alum. When you use the powder, moisten it, and rub it for a short period on the cleaned surface of the metal. This will coat it with silver. It may afterwards be polished with leather.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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QUEEN ISABELLA OF BAVARIA, WIFE OF CHARLES VI.

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Original Communications.

ISABELLA OF BAVARIA.

Among those who at the close of the fourteenth century stood prominently forward in the ranks of pomp and pleasure, was Isabella of Bavaria. She was the daughter of Duke Clement, and married to King Charles the Sixth of France. He was young, brave, and chivalrous, and much attached to Isabella. Her beauty and vivacity charmed the young monarch, and a long and joyous life lay before him, when an event occurred, threatening in itself and most dismal in its consequences.

The king had been somewhat indisposed, and his manner had been deemed strange, when, on 3rd of August, 1392, his conduct became more extraordinary than ever.

"Having drawn up his troops," says the 'Pictorial History of France,' "in battle array, and armed himself at all points, he made a promenade, apparently without any object in view, to a lazar established in the middle of a wood for the reception of deceased persons, at a short distance from the city. There a man of grim aspect, but half dressed, and wearing a loose cloth coat or frock, started from among the trees, and seizing the king's bridle, 'Pass no further, noble king,' he exclaimed, 'you are betrayed.' Charles manifested alarm. His hands fell on the saddle, and he gloomily moved on without speaking. The man had disappeared. On leaving the wood they entered on a sandy plain, and the royal cavalcade solemnly advanced; when one of the men-at-arms, rendered drowsy by the heat of the sun, accidentally dropped his lance. It fell on the king's helmet, which a page carried before him. The noise of the shock, shaken as the king's nerves were, overthrew his mind altogether. Raising himself furiously in his stirrups, he drew his sword, and exclaiming 'treason!' killed the involuntary offender on the spot, and then attacked all who were near him, galloping, and striking right and left, till at length he sunk exhausted in the arms of his guards. He had become a maniac."

He recovered his senses on the third day, but his health was often interrupted, and a second accident rendered his case hopeless. We are told "there was a grand celebration of the second marriage of a German lady in the suite of Queen Isabella, at which Charles was present, disguised as a satyr, with four lords all chained together. To render the representation faithful to mythological tradition, they were dressed in a sort of cloth swathing, smeared with pitch and resin, and dotted with locks of wool. The king's brother, approaching with some of his friends, applied a flambeau to one of them, to make the ladies laugh. In a moment the whole were enveloped in flames, and the danger was the greater from their being chained. Charles alone was saved from the consequence of this freak by the Duchess of Berry, who had recognised him, and who, forbidding him to move, threw herself upon him, and covered him with her mantle till assistance could be obtained. The relapse which followed was terrible. He no longer wished to be a king or a husband. He threw away his arms, tore the *fleurs-de-lis* from his clothes, and obliterated them from his plate. The sight of his queen, whom he had fondly loved before, threw him into a fury."

If Isabella was affected at the melancholy condition to which her husband was reduced, she was not long before she found consolation. The king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, was a man of pleasure, the husband of a celebrated beauty, Valentina of Milan, a princess whose gentleness and worth are recorded to have been equal to her charms. She soothed the unhappy monarch, and he seemed to wish no one else to approach him. While generous charity moved her to comfort the benighted Charles, the Duke of Orleans and the Queen, exercising all the powers of the monarch, ran a career of extravagance and dissipation that scandalized all France. The most bitter reproaches were breathed against Isabella. It was said the money extorted from the people was spent by the Queen and her paramour in heartless luxury in fêtes at the Louvre, unmindful of the deplorable situation of the King. An Augustine monk named James Legrand had the boldness, when preaching in the Queen's presence, to reprove the monstrous excesses with which she was charged, and that in such unsparing terms, that one of her officers, indignant at the affront offered to his mistress, threatened to throw the priest into the Seine. The menace was treated with contempt, and the preacher continued his labours, while, fired by his example, the occupants of other pulpits, took a similar course. Extravagant statements were put forth of the expenses incurred at Paris and Vincennes, and as one instance of it the assailants of Isabella declared that she and her attendants wore head-dresses so enormously tall that they could not pass through the doorways of the palace without bowing their heads.

The consequences of misconduct so gross were what might be expected—humiliation and calamity. One of her knights, Bois-Bourdon, who was honoured with her attentions, was seized, tied up in a leathern sack, and thrown into the river. A reform of her household was demanded, and her jewels were taken from her to meet the expenses of the war then carrying on against England. Other treasures which

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she had concealed were discovered, and received a similar appropriation.

Her lover, the Duke of Orleans, was assassinated by persons engaged for that purpose by the Duke of Burgundy. He was known to be with the Queen, when a message was sent to him that the King, who had occasionally had intervals, wished to speak with him immediately. He mounted his mule, and followed by two esquires, one on horse, and four or five valets on foot, had reached the old Rue de Temple, and leisurely advanced, "singing and playing with his glove," when those who waited for him presented themselves. Believing that he was mistaken for some one else, he hastened to declare that he was the Duke of Orleans. "We know it, and you are the man we look for," was the reply. A violent blow from a battle-axe severed his left hand from the arm, and, says Monstrelet, "so many rushed on him that he was struck off his mule, and his skull split so that his brains were spilt on the pavement."

The unfortunate Valentina deeply lamented the fall of her lord, neglected as she had been, and claimed justice against the Duke of Burgundy, who had caused his death, but the interesting mourner died without obtaining it.

This catastrophe did not abate Isabella's love of pleasure. She continued her vicious courses, an object of hatred and contempt, which from time to time exposed her to severe mortification. Her wretched existence closed in 1435. She died at Paris, abandoned by all. "Desertion," says the history quoted in the early part of this article, "may be said to have followed her to the grave." John Giffart, her counsellor, and Happart, her confessor, led the funeral procession. The corpse was followed by one German lady, and some young females belonging to her household. They placed the coffin in a small boat with four attendants, who conducted it to the isle St Denis; and the monks to whom, when dying, she had given her little country house at St Owen, got up for her, as well as they could, a service in their desolate abbey.

ON THE ELECTRICITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE AND LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

The immense mass of air and vapour surrounding our globe, constituting the atmosphere, is always more or less charged with free electricity, sometimes in a positive and at others in a negative condition. This state is seldom known to the many, being only detected by an instrument termed an electroscope; except in some few instances in very elevated situations, and where the atmosphere is highly charged, it has been detected by a luminous point, of a pale bluish colour, at the mast-heads of vessels, and on the spears of soldiers.*

The free electricity of the atmosphere appears, from Williams's 'Climate of England,' and from recent experiments by Mr Price, to be essential to and influenced by all growing vegetables. These, by thin leafless points, are constantly conveying the electricity down through their trunks into the earth, a process which appears to be essential to the growth and fructification of the plant. How this electricity is produced in the atmosphere is a problem yet unsolved, as also its connexion with animal and vegetable life.

It is not, however, this phenomenon that we propose to consider in our present article, but rather that splendid convulsion of the elements which, by its sudden and all-powerful force, will frequently level even the stoutest hearts to the condition of the

> "Poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

The electrical discharges comprehended under the general term lightning, differ materially in their effects, in reference to the danger which may be apprehended from the passage of the fluid. Thus, frequently in the evenings of sultry days we have very brilliant discharges of the electric fluid, commonly called summer lightning, resulting from the approach of two clouds, oppositely charged, within what is termed the striking distance, the electric fluid then breaking through the resistance of the intervening air, effecting the equilibrium of the two clouds.

The next condition, and that which more immediately demands our attention, is when the earth is included as one of the boundary planes between which the electric fluid has to pass, that is, either it passes from the clouds to the earth, or *vice versa*, the former being much more frequent than the latter. It is this effect which we have now to consider, with a view to protect ourselves from the devastating results which sometimes attend its passage. We are indebted to the "immortal Franklin" for having pointed out a simple yet efficacious plan, by which much of the injury likely to occur may be avoided. It unfortunately but too frequently happens, that that which every individual could have, few care to possess. This circumstance, combined with ignorance and prejudice, has contributed in a great degree to prevent the universal employment of a most valuable safeguard. The lightning conductor, in its simplest form, consists of a rod of iron or copper, about half an inch in diameter, firmly fixed to the wall of the

* This peculiar appearance has received different appellations, as Castor and Pollux; by the French, *Feu de St Elm*; by the Germans, *Elmsfeuer*.

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house, extending from a foot above the building, and terminating about three or four feet in the earth. In attaching it to the building staples of the same metal as the rod may be employed, driven into the brickwork, without any foolish attempt at insulation. The rod may, or may not, be pointed at its upper extremity, and the old custom of making the point of gold can only add to the expense without any corresponding benefit. The only subject of importance in the erection of the conductor, more particularly when the building to which it is applied extends over a considerable space, is that of bringing into metallic connexion all the metal gutters, water-spouts, and other pieces of metal upon or about the roof, with the conductor, by copper or lead bands of the requisite length, and about three quarters of an inch in width.

In most of the towns and cities in this country nearly every house is provided with more than two-thirds of a lightning conductor, in the metallic pipe attached to the house for conveying the rain water from the roof; to complete this it is merely necessary to affix to the chimnies an iron or copper rod, allowing the lower end to terminate in the upper portion or shoe of the water pipe, and attaching to the latter, should it not extend sufficiently deep, which is seldom the case, a rod of iron driven a few feet into the earth.*

The absurd and childish fears which some entertain in reference to the attractive power of metals, more particularly iron and steel, for the electric fluid, is unworthy of a moment's consideration. The first authorities of the present day assign to the lightning conductor and metals generally, an action purely passive, viz., that, should the electric fluid in its descent to the earth pass in a line, or if it is destined to enter the earth over which entry the house offers a feeble resistance, it would, were it not for the conductor, pass through the building; but as the fluid in its passage at all times travels in the line of least resistance, that line, as far as the house is concerned, will be the metallic rod by which it is safely, and in most instances imperceptibly, conveyed into the earth, when all action ceases. B.

* The writer has had his house thus fitted by Messrs Gale and Co. of 320 Oxford street, who he has no doubt would willingly give any information to parties desirous of availing themselves of this economical mode of protection.

A WEEK AT HAMPTON COURT.

Letter II.

We halted in our last letter at Hampton church. The most ancient monument herein is to the memory of a lady named Pen, whose effigy is still in existence, and who died in the sixteenth century. A most profuse poetical eulogium on her virtues may be read by those who have leisure. A more simple and interesting epitaph is as follows :—

"Here lyeth the body of Huntingdon Shaw, of Nottingham, who died at Hampton court on the 20 day of October, 1710. He was an artist in his way. He designed and executed the ornamental ironwork at Hampton Court Palace."

The "ornamental" ironwork here alluded to is that which separates the Deer (or Home) park from the terrace next the Thames, and will be found by those who will take the trouble to inspect it well worthy the artistical genius of Huntingdon Shaw. The length of this fence is something less than half a mile, and it is divided into twelve compartments by screens of wrought iron, emblematical of the nation and its then ally—France. The design is uniform throughout, and the devices are—the order of the garter, England; the fleurs-de-lis, France; the initials G. M., for William and Mary, in whose reign it was erected; the thistle, Scotland; the rose, England; the harp, Ireland. Next comes a larger work, the centre piece, when the same order of devices occur to complete the uniformity of the design. Observe, however, that the last of these screens has been recently restored.

Sunbury is one of the numerous pleasant villages on the banks of the Thames. Its church, having been modernized, presents little attraction either without or within, and we were surprised to find a record above a century and a half old—

"Under this pwe (pew) on the right hand lyeth the bodye of Richard Billingsley, son of Richard Billingsley, Gentleman, of the parish of Saint Martin's, Westminster, who was unhappily drowned on the 15 of September, 1689."

Pursuing the road by the river, and crossing it at Walton bridge, the village of Walton-on-Thames will be found of a remarkably secluded character, but its church is not without interest in several particulars a notice to the following effect greets your entrance :—

"He that cometh here to pray
And malice doth retain,
Need make no stay, but go his way,
His prayers shall be in vain."

Richard Boyle, Lord Viscount Shannon, is honoured, and, according to his epitaph, most deservedly, with a splendid monument by Roubilliac (1740), the great sculptor, who, it may be presumed, was incapable of executing an inferior work. As a contrast to the elaborate fashion of honouring the dead of the last century, we now draw the reader's attention to one of the most perfect specimens of brass records we remember to have seen.

Near the altar, on a mahogany tablet,

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are placed certain engravings representing the effigies of the defunct and his family, to whom we are introduced by the following epitaph in old English characters :—

"Here lyeth ye bodye of John Selwyn, Gentn. keeper of her Majestie's parke of Otelande, under the Right Honourable Charles Howarde, Lord Admyral of Englande, his good lorde and master, who had issue by Susan his wyfe V sonnes and VI daughters, all living at his death, and departed out of this worlde the xxii day of March, A. D. 1587."

"Keeper of her Majestie's park of Otelande." The domain of Oatlands, late the residence of the Duke of York, adjoins Walton parish, and from the above it appears that the property, in the reign of Elizabeth, was vested in Howard, the Lord High Admiral of England, who partially commanded the Spanish Armada.

The "effigies" alluded to represent Selwyn and his wife, six daughters and five sons, all full-length figures, and engraved with great force and spirit; but it should be remarked, as a defect in the state of the art of drawing in those days, that the eleven children are all of one size! At the top is a spirited representation of the manner of Selwyn's death. He is seated on a stag, and has plunged a dagger into its neck, having undertaken, either in the way of wager or a trial of skill, so to destroy the animal, but, as tradition says, he met his death in the attempt; the stag having, at the moment he was struck, thrown back his head, and killed Selwyn by a blow of his horns.

We consider these mementos of the dead in brass as belonging to a very interesting period in the history of our country—the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and from the enduring quality of the material employed, a better history of that era may be read in all our old churches than of any other ancient period. It can only be a matter of conjecture if the effigies of the individuals were really attempts at portraits in stature and features, or whether the artist worked from memory or imagination. Most of those we have inspected (and they are not a few) are erect or in the attitude of prayer, and from the great similarity in the workmanship, they were probably executed in a metropolitan manufactory, in the same manner as the "New road," on the way to Paddington, is the depôt for talent in tombstones, a more perishable material than that on which we have shortly digressed.

A curiosity of another description exists in this church, being a machine, something allied to the ancient ducking stool, as a cure for scolds. It consists of an open mask of iron, constructed to fasten over the face, with a projection about an inch and a half long passing into the mouth, and most effectually gagging the individual. The inscription upon it, which is nearly obliterated by age and oxidation, states that—

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb woman's tongues that talk too idle.
Anno. 1633."

Pursuing these inquiries on the Surrey side of the Thames, we find the old churches of East and West Moulsey. The latter being under repair, we only observed in the churchyard that there are ten distinct graves where lie the Nightingale family! At East Moulsey the oldest inscription again breathes the atmosphere of royalty.

"Here lyeth Anthonie Standen, Gentn., third son of Edmund Standen, Esq. which Anthonie was cup-bearer to the King of Scotland, sometyme Lord Dudley, father to King James, now of England, and also sworne servant to his Majestie, who, after much experience in the various states of humane things, marying, bequeathed himself to a private and quiet life, where, notwithstanding, evermore endeavouring (although with his own cost) to make peace between those that were att debate, promoting the poor man's cause often with his own expense, and full of other pious workes, departed this life the x of Marche, 1611, in the 71 year of his age."

At Kingston church there is an excellent organ, which is done full justice to by the artist who plays it; and moreover, this being an ancient borough town, the corporate body, attended by the "mace," &c., are rather a conspicuous assemblage. At Petersham, near Richmond, is one of the smallest edifices of the district, containing an ancient monument consisting of two reclining figures. Teddington, Thames Ditton, and Twickenham, all offer objects of some interest; and amongst the new buildings of the present century is the District church of the latter place, a remarkably neat building as to architecture and internal accommodations, besides having the best singing choir of the twelve churches of Middlesex and Surrey over which the reader has travelled with us. The rich and beautiful lands around it, formerly belonging to Pope's Villa, are immediately to be sold in small plots for building purposes.

LIFE OF OEHLENSCHLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

(Continued from last week.)

As soon as matters had subsided into something like quietness, Oehlenschläger hastened to leave Weimar, now converted into a lazaretto, and where the very theatre was at that moment used as an hospital for the wounded. He pursued his way by Gotha towards Paris, through a track marked by misery and desolation;

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the coachman drove over corn-fields thick with grain, and when Oehlenschläger remonstrated with him on his wantonness, coolly observed "It was war time," and, like the Lady Baussière, rode on.

In Paris, Oehlenschläger devoted himself with activity to composition. 'Hakon Jarl,' 'Palnatoke,' and 'Axel and Walburg,' three tragedies on national subjects, were completed during his residence in that capital. Though Oehlenschläger had drunk deeply from the fountain of German literature in his preliminary course of reading, these tragedies are no echoes of any particular school, but are full of originality and independence of mind, both in their conception and execution. The coarse personifications of Kotzebue, at one time so enthusiastically admired and imitated—and from their very faults always likely to conciliate a certain class of spectators—had been succeeded by the empire of the romantic in its different modes and applications. In the works of Werner, and still more of Müllner, Raupach, and others, it appears in its coarsest shape, in the garb of exploded superstitions long since worn out as to all influence on the mind, and in the employment of a dark, inscrutable, and arbitrary fate, as the leading principle of dramatic action—in views of life, where man is represented as a puppet driven about by an invisible hand, scared by dreams and forebodings, comforted by prophetic visions and mystic extacies. Free will is represented as crushed at once beneath a blind unalterable fate; the victim of crime falls, not by gradual seductions and temptations, with struggles, with relentings, with remorse, but at once and for ever:—everything seemed arranged for him by fate itself; the victim is bound, the dagger is thrust into his hands; it is the 24th or the 29th February, the doomed anniversary of crime; the clock strikes twelve, and the murder is done with as little free agency on the part of the perpetrator as if it were performed by steam. Surrounded as we are on all sides in these fate tragedies with infernal influences, we may truly say with Ferdinand, when he leaps into the sea,

> "..... Hell is empty,
> And all the devils are here!"

In the hands of Tieck and the Schlegels the romantic assumes a more refined disguise. The dark Nemesis which stalks openly through the gloomy castles and vaults of Werner, Müllner, Grillparzer, and the rest, is here kept in the background, visible only in dim and distant outline, or shown under the doubtful twilight of a rich and balmy eve:—the masks and daggers of Werner, Ingemann, and Raupach; the ghastly presentiments of Müllner and Grillparzer are thrown aside as too coarse and vulgar instruments of excitement; but still we are left wandering in a land of wonders, to which we have been abruptly transferred, without anything to connect us with it; still we are in the same region of shadows, calling shapes, airy tongues, and inexplicable emotions, in which we trod when under the guidance of the former votaries of the romantic. In short, the wonders of the mind within instead of miracles from without, continue to haunt and hover round us; the old Märchen and devout legends of the middle ages take the place of the half-pagan, half-christian superstitions of the other class; and 'Guilt,' and the 'Twenty-ninth of February' are only exchanged for something as unsubstantial in 'Octavian' and the 'Holy Genoveva.'

Both these conventional systems Oehlenschläger has ventured, greatly to the annoyance of some of the critics of the Tieck school, to throw aside; though fully sensible of the dramatic capabilities afforded by the romantic, or the power of the superstitions of the middle ages, or of the lingering remains of yet more ancient mythologies, when judiciously kept down, and used only as an accessary to the picture of feelings and passions, as they were and are. His studies under Arndt had deeply imbued him with the knowledge of the Scandinavian mythology, and with the spirit of the elder times of Denmark and Norway. The wild, savage, straightforward energy and calm submission to their fate, when it overtakes them, which characterise those ancient sea-kings; the pure, exalted, constant attachment, or passive courage of their northern dames; the contrast of the dark and gloomy religion of Paganism, with its maxims of cruelty, its blood-stained altars and human victims, with the spirit of Christianity, its milder manners and purer precepts; or occasionally with the more temporal devices of monkish superstitions and fraud; are themes which, in the hands of Oehlenschläger, are made to yield the most striking materials for tragedy; while his perfect acquaintance with the time is shown, not in the accumulation of minute particulars or antiquarian allusions, but in a primeval simplicity, and essential truth pervading and informing the whole. The superstitions of the time, Pagan or Christian, he also employs without hesitation; for to have omitted them as influential motives of conduct, would have been to have left out one of the most marking features in the character of the age; but they are used sparingly, not as the grand moving principle of the drama.

In 'Hakon Jarl,' a usurping heathen tyrant is opposed to the young and rightful heir of the throne, who is a Christian. The deep, steady, unflinching cruelty and bloody superstition of Hakon, are por-

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trayed with a force and truth which make the reader shudder. Some of the scenes, that for instance in which, supposing it to be the will of the gods, he sacrifices his almost infant son, Erling, would not be endured on the stage in this country; we hardly think on that of any other. The good old Horatian precept, "Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet," is, we suspect, of universal and invariable application. Yet individual scenes of this play are rich in poetical beauties, and the impression of gloom and desolation from the whole is complete and consistent. An iron strength pervades the dialogue; solemnity and gloom rest upon the scenes, as if we were really wandering in some druidical forest, and catching glimpses of warriors and priests, kings and white-veiled dames, through the dim smoke of sacrifices, and the dusky twilight of interlacing oaks and immemorial pines.

As in 'Hakon Jarl' the piety of Christianity had been represented in contrast with the barbarity of Paganism, so in 'Palnatoke,' an open honourable heathen nature is opposed to the artifices of monkish cunning. The main object of the play is to paint the feelings of one hitherto conscious of an unsullied fame, but who, by having yielded to the passion of a moment, has stained the brightness of his shield by a stain which nothing but death—his own death—can efface. Having thrice detected the treacherous king in attempts upon his life, he at last yields to the demon of revenge, enters the apartment where the royal assassin is sitting to receive the tidings of Palnatoke's death, and there pierces him with an arrow from his unerring bow, for Palnatoke is the Tell of Denmark, and this play opens with a scene (founded on tradition) similar to that of the apple in the square at Altdorf. Though he feels that the treacherous monarch has deserved his fate, yet the thought that he had thus slain an old man unable to resist him preys upon his mind, and he looks for death as the only means of restoring his fame, or tranquillising the deep feeling of remorse which gnaws his mind. Knowing that he has been invited to the funeral of the king only with the secret view of arresting him, he shrinks not from going thither, and in the face of the assembled multitude avows the deed, and the motives which had actuated him, and awes them into silence by his commanding deportment. The traitor, Fiolnir, who attempts to seize him, he cuts down upon the spot; then seating him at the table, with an energy which makes the very windows of the old hall shake above them, he thus proceeds—

"Peace in the hall I say!—By Asa Thor!
Make but one motion to lay hold upon me,
And your hearts' blood shall answer it.
[*To Swend, the young King.*
Young Milkbeard,
So thou wouldst lay thy hand upon a hero!
Who was it taught thee, aye, who taught ye all,
Ye smooth-tongued brood, to wield the sword in battle?
Who made ye what ye are, trained ye to warriors?
I, Palnatoke!—Will ye then believe
Your father, your instructor, was a villain?
By Denmark's honour, even Walhalla's gods
Blush in the clouds and are ashamed of ye.
[*The warriors sheath their swords and sit down ashamed.*
I could depart at once. I need not render
Account to such as you; but I am come,
To take farewell as would an honest man,
And silence the reports that stain mine honour.
I slew thy father, yesternight, because
By fratricide he gained the throne, because
He sold our Denmark to the priests, because
He thrice before had aimed against my life.
That is enough for my defence with you.
The hoary sinner had deserved his death.
Farewell to thee and all, I sail for Usedom.
Seek'st thou revenge? Then meet me like a man
There, with thy fleets upon the open sea,
But stain not thou thine honour, nor insult
The man who hath been more than father to thee.
I go from hence as calmly as I came,
And where is he that will impede my passage!
I may have been too hasty, may have sinned,
But the eternal Gods must be my judges,
Not men. I fall not by such hands as yours."

'Palnatoke' is distinguished by one peculiarity—the introduction of a new unity. Those of time and place, Oehlenschläger, like most of his northern brethren, holds rather cheap, but here we have, instead of them, the unity of sex, for females are, by a sort of Salic law of the drama, entirely excluded. If, however, they are somewhat unceremoniously used in this picture of the darker ages of Denmark, they are restored to their ascendency in his next play of 'Axel and Walburg,' of which love and constancy is the moving principle; and where a melting tenderness takes the place of that savage strength which had sparkled through 'Hakon Jarl,' and 'Palnatoke.'

In Paris, where these tragedies were composed, Oehlenschläger had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one who at a later period became his most determined enemy—the vain, witty, clever, but vacillating, Baggesen; as well as with Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant. After a short tour through Switzerland, he went, by invitation, to visit Madame de Staël at Coppet, with whom Constant and Augustus Wm. Schlegel were then residing. No very cordial union appears ever to have taken place between Schlegel and the Danish poet. The former thought the Dane too opinionated, too little disposed to adopt those views in criticism which he himself and his sect advocated; the latter thought the critic and philosopher too much attached to the aristocracy and the hierarchy, too exclusive and *exigeant* for his tastes. Schlegel read over Oehlenschläger's works, and assisted him in his German translations of them, but with a cautious abstinence from any remarks on their literary merits or demerits. With Madame de Staël he found himself more

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at home. To her kindness, her talent, her enthusiasm, her deep and sincere love of truth, he does ample justice; making only some deduction for her vanity and her undisguised want of sympathy with the calm, the simple, and the profound. If, however, Madame de Staël erred on the score of vanity—if a mote could be pointed out in her eye, it must be admitted that there was occasionally an absolute beam in that of her critic, whose conduct was really now and then perfectly ludicrous. Among other visitors, for instance, at this general literary meeting-house was Zacharias Werner. Oehlenschläger had read his 'Sons of the Valley' and his 'Consecration of Strength;' but with some feeling of admiration for the occasional flashes of genius which in these tragic extravaganzas broke through the "blanket of the night," he had an insurmountable and well-founded dislike to his mystical æsthetics, his violent contrasts and transitions, and the inexplicable principles of composition which he had latterly adopted and advocated. All this, on the contrary, was just the thing likely to captivate Madame de Staël, ever anxious for originality, even when it was but a transition from bad to worse, and shaping, by the aid of her own fertile and brilliant imagination, a vast and magnificent outline, out of those misty and objectless fragments, which were strewed about with a certain imposing and colossal vastness in the works of Werner and his brethren. She accordingly expressed enthusiastic admiration of his 'Attila,' which he one day read aloud to the party at Coppet. A feeling of jealousy at the admiration so warmly expressed was probably awakened in Oehlenschläger's mind, which was increased by an incident which shortly afterwards occurred. The poets were walking one day together on the Geneva road, when Oehlenschläger communicated to Werner the plan of a new tragedy he was then contemplating on the subject of the life and (traditional) death of Correggio, and in return begged to know the nature of the new "Mystery," on which he understood the visionary was engaged. "Excuse me," said Werner, "I have sometimes communicated my plans to people beforehand, and somehow or other they always found their way into the newspapers." Madame de Staël, coming up shortly afterwards, asked what they were talking of. "I am scolding Werner," said Oehlenschläger, "because, although I have told him the plan of my tragedy, he is making a mystery of his. Is it not too bad?" "Ah!" said Madame, gravely, "*C'est une autre chose; vous avez besoin de vous former.*"—

"Without answering her," says Oehlenschläger, "I turned my back and left her. She waited, expecting me to return; but as I did not make my appearance, she sent a servant to inquire for me. I told her I was packing my trunks in order to depart. She then came to me in the kindest manner, and begged me to remain and not to be angry. 'You know,' said she, 'how much I esteem you; I prize Werner on account of his poems, but you on your own account.' I assured her that her friendship did me honour, and that if I were nothing more than a promising youth, as she seemed to think, that would be enough; but that I had written as long and as much as Werner; that I did not think I had anything to learn from him; for though he possessed genius and goodness of heart, he wanted good taste entirely, and if he went on as he was doing, would soon want good sense also: that I could not expect her to have any great consideration for me as a poet, since she was as yet acquainted with none of my works; only she might have deferred, till further acquaintance, the judgment she had pronounced as to my poetical deficiencies. She agreed with me, and so peace was concluded. Shortly afterwards she had an opportunity of perusing my 'Hakon Jarl' and 'Aladdin,' and then she found I had no need to go to school to Werner."

(To be continued.)

THE BLUSH.

(From the Italian.)

In vain the bosom labours to conceal,
The wound which faithful hearts alone can feel;
The rising sigh—the tear, it may repress,
That none from these may know the heart's distress.
But now, impetuous grown, the prisoner rushes,
To the fair cheek, and Love 's disclosed in blushes.

Eleanor Rumninge, the Good Alewife.—John Skelton, the poet-laureat to Henry VII, wrote the following lines of a seller of good ale. To a modern ear they will hardly seem so smooth or so soft as might have been expected from the pen of a courtly poet:—

"This comeley dame,
I understande her name
Is Elynoure Rumninge,
At home in her wonryng;
And, as men say,
She dwelt in South-ray,
In a certaine stede
By side Lederede.
She is a tonnishe gyb
The devell and she be sid:
But to make up my tale,
She brueth noppy ale
And maketh thereof poorte sale,
To travellers, to tinkers
To stewters, to swinkers,
And all good ale drynkers,
And bringe themselelf bare,
With nowe, awaye the mare,
And let us sley care,
As wise as an hare."

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Arms. Quarterly, or. and gu., over all a bend, vair.
Crest. Out of a coronet, composed of eight fleurs-de-lis, or., an estoile of a like number of points, ar.
Supporters. Two leopards, ar.
Motto. "*Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.*" "Either never attempt, or accomplish."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF DORSET.

The Sackvilles or Saukevilles are among the families who have been of importance in England from the time of the conquest. Sir Robert de Saukerville, third son of Herbert de Salkavilla, who was one of the commanders who came with William from Normandy, is named as the founder of the house. A descendant of his, John Sackville, Esq., was sheriff of the counties of Sussex and Surrey in the time of Henry VIII, and member of parliament for East Greenwich in the 4th and 5th of Phillip and Mary, being the only return ever made for Greenwich before the passing of the Reform Bill. He married Anne, second daughter of Sir William Boleyn, Knight. By this lady, who was aunt to Queen Anne Boleyn, he had a large family. His eldest son, Sir Richard Sackville, who succeeded him, was a member of the Privy Council in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, chancellor of the Court of Augmentations in the former, and under-treasurer in the latter. He was also member of parliament for Kent and afterwards for Surrey. He was succeeded in his estates by his son Thomas Sackville, Esq., who was knighted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, June 8, 1567, by the Duke of Norfolk, and on the same day he was created a peer of the realm, under the title of Baron Buckhurst, of Buckhurst, county Sussex. He became Lord High Treasurer of England in 1594, and on the 13th of March, 1603-4 he was advanced to the rank of an Earl, by the title of Earl of Dorset. He is well known to fame both as a Latin and English poet. He went to the Inner Temple, but studied the Muses rather than law, and wrote the tragedy of 'Gorbaduck,' which was performed in the great hall of the inn at a grand Christmas entertainment, and afterwards before the Queen at Whitehall, the 18th of January, 1561. He was Lord Steward of England at the time of the trial of the Earl of Essex. He was succeeded in his title by Robert his eldest son, who was followed by his eldest son Richard. The last-named peer dying, left two daughters, and the honours of the family next devolved upon Edward his brother, K.G. This nobleman, before he came to his title, was involved in a fatal and remarkable duel, of which an interesting and detailed narrative, written by himself, will be found at page 61 of the present volume of 'The Mirror.' He was a leading member of the government of Charles the First, and the melancholy end of that monarch so affected him that, after the event, his lordship never left his house.

His son and grandson, Richard and Charles, were the next wearers of the title. The latter was created, April 4, 1675, Baron Cranfield of Cranfield, county of Bedford, and Earl of Middlesex. His son and heir, Lionel Cranfield, became Duke of Dorset, June 7, 1720. He was succeeded by his eldest son Charles, and the nephew of the latter, John Frederick, succeeded him. George John Frederick, his eldest son, was the fourth Duke. A fall from his horse while hunting terminated his life, February 14, 1815, being then but twenty-two years of age. He was at the time on a visit to his mother, and Earl Whitford, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As this Duke was unmarried at the time of his death, he was succeeded by his cousin Charles Sackville Germain, lately deceased. He was son to the once celebrated Lord George Germain, on whose demise, August 26, 1786, he succeeded to the Viscounty of Sackville and Barony of Bolebrooke.

Stage Feeling.—Austin used to relate that, in walking up the stage with Garrick, until the applause which followed one of his displays in 'Lear' should subside, the great actor thrust his tongue in his cheek, and said, with a chuckle, "Joe, this is stage-feeling." On another occasion, King, the celebrated comedian, reported, in the same character, Garrick, in a part where his pathos filled the eyes of his audience with tears, used the like action, at the same time saying, "It will do, Tom ; d—n me, it will do."

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RELICS OF LONDON.

No. XVI.—Scattered Relics.

(Concluding Paper.)

"Solitary ruins, sacred tombs, ye mouldering and silent walls, all hail! While the vulgar shrink from your aspect with secret terror, my heart finds in the contemplation a thousand delicious sentiments, a thousand admirable reflections. Pregnant I may truly call you with useful lessons, with pathetic and irresistible advice to the man who knows how to consult you." Such was the exclamation of the French philosopher, De Volney; and who, with a mind capable of reflection and susceptible of pleasing impressions, can fail to echo those sentiments when viewing the ruins of ages passed away; or to say, with Webster,

> "I do love these anncient ruines;
> We never tread upon them but we sett our foot
> Upon some reverende historie."

And are the remnants of antiquity which we have visited in the course of our perambulations less suggestive of "delicious sentiments and admirable reflections," than the ruins of the east? Have we not relics of Roman grandeur?—and memorials of the prowess of the Templars and of the piety of the White Cross Knights?—coeval with the days of chivalry, and still, though mouldering and crumbling to dust,—still surviving and magnificient even in decay? Look at St John's Gate, and the Temple Church, London Stone, and the City Wall, which, though centuries have passed away since the hands that reared them have mingled with the dust, yet exist, strong and stately to the last—worthy memorials of their founders.

Glance at the manners of the middle ages, for in London you have ample materials for the retrospect. Crosby Hall and Winchester street are before you—what think you of the domestic architecture of your forefathers? Perhaps, reader, you would see memorials of chivalry? Off then to the Tower, the palace and the prison of the fifteenth century. Monastic institutions have passed away, but have they left no trace?—Have we not inspected the ruins of the Bartholomew's, St Augustine's, and St Helen's? Who, then, will pretend that London is poor in antiquarian remains?

I have passed many a pleasant and instructive hour in seeking these relics; but how many yet remain unseen! how many are still buried beneath the surface, which the spade and the axe of the excavator are to lay bare to the admiration of future ages. We are living on a prolific soil, and every time we penetrate beyond its surface may open to us a mine of antiquarian interest, and frequently does disclose a treasure. So far, however, as they are at present open to us, we have seen all the relics of London which time has spared, and now we cannot conclude them more appropriately than by visiting the tomb of London's great historian, honest, humble, good John Stowe.

John Stowe and London! how nearly identified is one word with the other. John Stowe and London! any one who has read the "Survaie" of the city's quaint historian, must be convinced that John Stowe and London were made for each other. Had London not existed, Stowe would have lived and died the obscure tailor which he originally was, and, had it not been for Stowe, London would have been to us a riddle incapable of solution—an immense mass of human life, collected no one knew when and no one knew how, an intricate labyrinth of houses and buildings, of whose origin and erection we should have been left in utter ignorance. It was reserved for a poor and half-starved tailor to search out the history of the greatest capital in the world, and to hand down to generations yet unborn, some account of its origin, its grandeur, and its wealth; and fully and industriously did he perform his task—would that his reward had been commensurate with his labour, and that it could not be said of the historian of so great a city that he died a beggar!

And so, reader, this stone beneath us covers the dust of that poor beggar—now equal to the richest monarch that the world ever courted, and the modest church of St Andrew Undershaft has the honour of containing the ashes of him whom men scorned and scouted, but whose name still lives, while the fame of those who despised him, rich and powerful though they were in their day, has passed into oblivion and obscurity. How transient is the distinction which riches purchase—how lasting that conferred by worth and genius!

And now, gentle reader, here, at the tomb of old John Stowe, we must part, and each go upon his separate way. Our search for relics is concluded,—we have examined all that remains, above ground, of ancient London; but when future excavations shall disclose some buried ruin, we may, perhaps, take another stroll to inspect it, and to feast our eyes upon the crumbling fragments of former days.

Alexander Andrews.

[Our readers will be sorry to find Mr Andrews deems his task performed. His interesting papers will long be read with warm approbation, and we shall not be sorry if he find an excuse for resuming his antiquarian labours.—Ed.]

March of Lotteries.—The following notice was recently posted in the window of the Cherry Tree public-house, at Bromley, Middlesex:—"A coffin to be raffle on tomorrow evening, Aug. 8, 1843."

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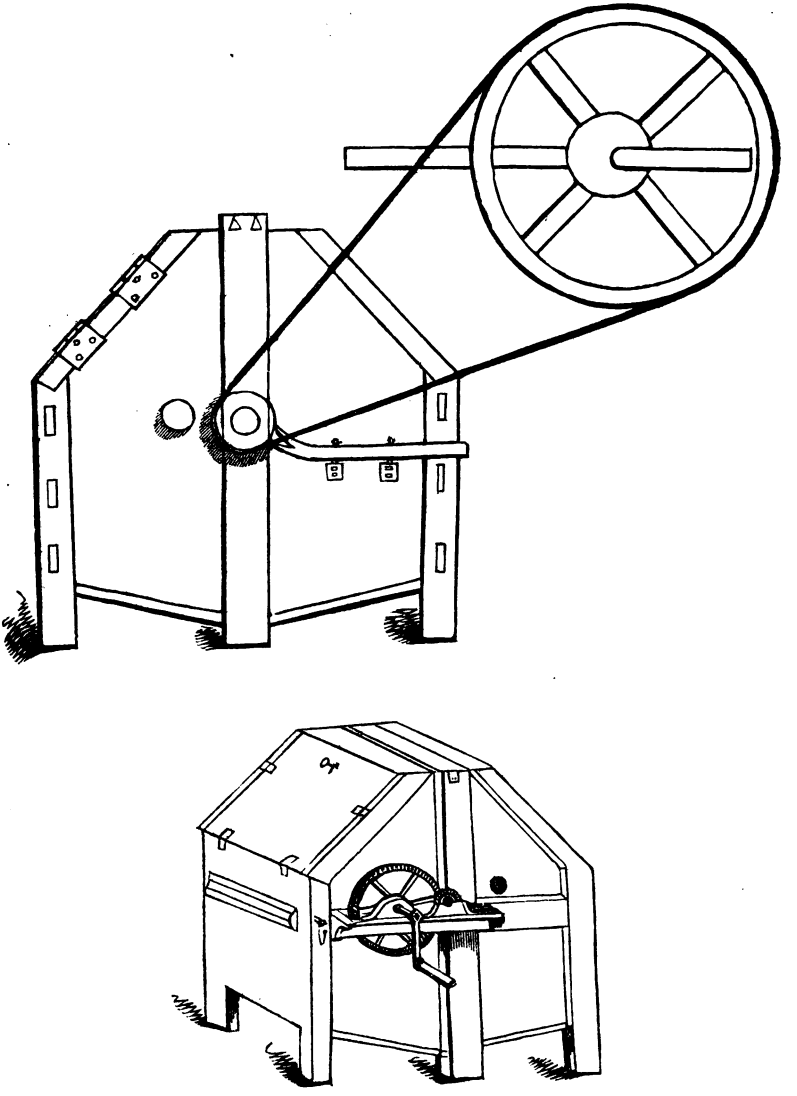
CLOTHS INSTANTANEOUSLY DRIED.

If "The Wizard of the North," or any other magician or conjuror, at the Adelphi Theatre or elsewhere, were to exhibit a garment soaking in a tub of water and bone dry within the space of three or four minutes, it would be deemed an admirable deception, and the spectators would go away with an impression that some very adroit substitution had been effected. Without trick or confederate, however, this seeming impossibility may now be witnessed. The Patent Drying Machine of Mr Robinson, of Charles street, Middlesex hospital, accomplishes what in other days would be deemed



a miracle. We have seen the machine, of which a representation is given above, in action, and the effect is really wonderful. A piece of woollen cloth rolled closely up was taken out of a pail, in which it had been completely saturated. It was put

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into a chamber of the machine, and a handle like that of a barrel organ being turned round for one minute only, it was produced so nearly dry that not a single drop of water could be extracted from it by wringing. After this it was only necessary to expose it to the fire for a minute or two, to air it off, and make it perfectly fit for immediate use.

It is proper to state that in effecting this nothing is done that can in the slightest degree injure the fabric of the cloth. It is, as already mentioned, simply placed in a sort of pocket or bin, and then turned round, so that the water is expressed without the slightest injury to the linen or woollen goods. The machine generally used for public institutions occupies a space of four feet square; that for noblemen and gentlemen's families is about three feet square, and generally worked by hand. There are two boxes of equal dimensions; each will hold from ten to twelve pairs of sheets, or seven to nine pairs of blankets, and although full of water, the blankets in four minutes are nearly dry, only a slight moisture being left—the linen in eight minutes. The process of wringing, so destructive to linen, is wholly avoided. A great saving is thus offered to the public in the wear and tear, and, besides, we have better colour. The machine is worked with great rapidity, aided by a current of atmospheric air, which produces the desired effect; and counterpanes or blankets, which have commonly required a day, or more than one day, to drain, may now be completely dried within half an hour from their rinsing out.

The discovery will prove of much importance to hospitals and public institutions. It has been already adopted with great success at the Hanwell, the Surrey, and the Northampton Lunatic Asylums; in the Penitentiaries, Millbank and Pentonville; at the Foundling hospital; in the workhouses of St Martin, Marylebone, St James, and Lambeth; in the City Unions of Peckham and Stepney; and in many large establishments in England and various parts of Scotland.

SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIA.

A LADY RESCUED FROM BURNING.

It is not impossible that the course of events will make us still more intimately acquainted with the superstitions and peculiar ideas of India than we are at present, long and intimate as our connexion has been with that part of the world. Though some of the practices of the original natives are fully exposed to view, all pertaining to them is not so soon understood. In that part of India where our sway has been established for the most extended period, from time to time we have been astonished by the discovery of principles being in fearful action, the very existence of which had never been suspected.

The ancient usages of India in connexion with religion are very remarkable. Not only were the pious exercises or attitudes of the gymnolophists enjoyed by some of the creeds which obtained them, but it was an established custom, and one continued down to the last century, for men to burn themselves. It got much out of fashion a hundred and fifty years ago; and notwithstanding Calenus and other philosophers had set the example of throwing themselves into the fire, as it was believed in later days that that was only because they were weary of life, those who were not tired of existence very rationally declined to follow in their footsteps. They continued notwithstanding to burn women with the bodies of their deceased husbands with great ceremony.

We do not remember to have seen anywhere so carefully written a detail of all the circumstances connected with the burning of a widow, as that furnished by the Dutch Admiral Stavorinus, about the year 1770. The account he states to have been drawn up at the time. It has every appearance of being impartial and correct.

"I was an eye witness of the burning of a Bengalese woman, and of the ceremonies which accompanied it; and the following is the account of it, which I drew up at the time:—

On the 25th of November, having received intimation that this solemnity would take place about noon, I went betimes, with some of my friends, to the place which had been pointed out to us; it was a few paces out of Chinsurah, upon the banks of the Ganges.

We here found the body of the deceased lying upon a *kadel*, or couch, covered with a piece of white cotton, and strewed with *siri*, or betel-leaves.

The woman who was to be the victim sat upon the couch, at the foot end, with her legs crossed under her, and her face turned towards that of the deceased, which was uncovered. The husband seemed to me to have been a person of about fifty years of age, and his widow was full thirty. She had a yellow cotton cloth wrapped around her, and her arms and hands were adorned with rings of *chancos*. Her hair, which hung loose all round her head, was plentifully strewed with ground sandal-wood. She held a little green branch in her right hand, with which she drove away the flies from the body.

Round her, upon the ground, sat ten or twelve women, who kept supplying her with fresh betel, a portion of which she had continually in her mouth; and when she had half masticated it, she gave it to one of her female friends, or to others of

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the bystanders, who begged it of her, wrapped it up in pieces of cloth, and preserved it as a relic.

She sat, for the greatest part of the time, like one buried in the deepest meditation; yet with a countenance that betrayed not the least signs of fear. The other women, her relations and friends, spoke to her continually of the happiness which she was about to enjoy with her husband, in a future life. One of these women, who sat behind her upon the couch, frequently embraced her, and seemed to talk the most, and very earnestly, with her.

Besides the women, several men, as well her relations as brahmins, were present, who at intervals struck their cymbals, and beat their drums, accompanied by the songs or cries of the women, making a most deafening noise. About half-past ten o'clock they began to prepare the funeral pile, at a distance of a little more than eight feet from the spot where the unfortunate widow was sitting, but which she beheld with the most stoic indifference, as if it in no ways concerned her.

The pile was made by driving four green bamboo stakes into the earth, leaving about five feet above the ground, and being about six feet from each other, forming a square, in which was first laid a layer of large firewood, which was very dry, and easily combustible; upon this was put a quantity of dry straw, or reeds, which hung over beyond the wood, and was plentifully besmeared with *ghee*, which is a sort of butter when it becomes old and rank. This was done alternately, till the pile was about five feet in height; and the whole was then strewed with fine powdered resin. Finally, a white cotton sheet, which was first washed in the Ganges, was spread over the pile, thus completely prepared for consuming the devoted victim.

The widow was then admonished by a brahmin that it was time to begin the rites. She was then taken up by two women from the couch, carried a little further, and put down upon the ground, while the others made a circle round her, and continued to offer her fresh betel, accompanied by entreaties, that, as she would, in so short a time, appear with her husband in the presence of Ram, or their highest god, she would supplicate for various favours for them; and above all, that she would salute their deceased friends, whom she might meet in the celestial abodes, in their names.

In the meantime, the body was taken up from the couch by four men, and carried to the river, where it was washed clean, and rubbed with turmeric, but which was afterwards washed off again. Upon this, one of the brahmins took a little clay out of the river, and marked the forehead of the deceased with it, wrapping the body up in white linen; which, when this had been done, was carried to the pile, and laid upon it.

The woman, who had beheld all these preparations, was then led by two of her female relations to the Ganges, in order to wash in the river. When she came again upon the bank, her clothes were pulled off, and a piece of red silk and cotton gingham were wrapped round her body. One of her male relatives took out her gold nose jewel while she sat down, and gave it to her, but she returned it to him for a memorial of her. Hereupon she went again to the river, and taking up some water in her hands, muttered some prayers, and offered it to the sun. All her ornaments were then taken from her, and her armlets were broken, and chaplets of white flowers were put upon her neck and hands. Her hair was tucked up with five combs, and her forehead was marked with clay in the same manner as that of her husband. Her head was covered with a piece of silk, and a cloth was tied round her body, in which the brahmins put some parched rice.

She then took her last farewell of her friends, both men and women, who had assisted her in the preparation, and she was conducted by two of her female relations to the pile. When she came to it, she scattered from that side where the head of the deceased lay, flowers and parched rice upon the spectators. She then took some boiled rice, rolled up in a ball, and put it into the mouth of the deceased, laying several other similar balls of rice under the pile. Two brahmins next led her three times round it, while she threw parched rice among the bystanders, who gathered it up with great eagerness. The last time that she went round she set a little earthen burning lamp at each of the four corners. The whole of this was done during an incessant noise of cymbals and drums, and amidst the shouts of the brahmins and of her relations. After having thus walked three times round the pile, she mounted courageously upon it, laid herself down upon the right side, next to the body, which she embraced with both her arms; a piece of white cotton was spread over them both; they were bound together over the arms and middle, with two easy bandages, and a quantity of firewood, straw, *ghee*, and resin, was laid upon them. In the last place her nearest relation, to whom she had given her nose jewel, came with a burning torch, and set the straw on fire, and in a moment the whole was in a flame. The noise of the drums was redoubled, and the shouts of the spectators were more loud and incessant than ever, so that the shrieks of the unfortunate woman, had she uttered any, could not possibly have been heard.

What most surprised me at this horrid and barbarous rite, was the tranquillity of the woman, and the joy expressed by her

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relations and the spectators. The wretched victim, who beheld these preparations making for her cruel death, seemed to be much less affected by it than we Europeans who were present. She underwent everything with the greatest intrepidity, and her countenance seemed at times to be animated with pleasure, even at the moment when she was ascending the fatal pile.

Her feet appeared from between the firewood on the side where I stood; and I had an opportunity of observing them, because a little breeze, playing upon that side, cleared it of the flame and smoke; I paid peculiar attention to her, in order to discover whether any convulsive motions agitated her feet, but they remained immovable in the midst of the conflagration.

The women who were present, and who all, sooner or later, would have to undergo the same fate if they survived their husbands, appeared to rejoice at the sacrifice, and showed every token of exultation."

For a long period it was supposed that this custom was too general, and by the natives deemed too sacred, to admit of its being safely interfered with by the British. It however was at length forbidden, and no fearful convulsion arose from the effort made to put down a practice so revolting to humanity.

How it came to be supposed that the horrid custom was so dear to Indian hearts, we do not at this moment very distinctly remember to have heard, but we have read of its being interfered with, and that by a few strangers, with impunity and success, as if those engaged in the work of death were little interested in seeing the butchery unaccomplished; as if they were glad to save themselves trouble.

'The Memoirs of a Gentleman who resided several years in the East Indies during the late Revolution,' published by Donaldson in 1774, give a very curious and amusing account of an effort of this kind. The book is seriously written, and seems to have been put forth to serve the cause of truth.

The writer was a medical man, and was called upon to attend the brother of a Rajah to whom he had engaged himself for pay in some other capacity, who was, however, too far gone for medicine to save him. The doctor then gives the following narration of what followed immediately after the death of his patient.

"His wife was exceedingly pretty, and on or about seventeen years of age. The distance of their house from that of my Rajah was not great.

When the news arrived that she was to burn herself the idea of her person was still fresh in my memory, and just at that time two Frenchmen came to the house of my Rajah. They had each a set of good pistols, and well tempered broad swords: and my seeing them so well armed induced me to form the resolution of setting the lady at liberty, so as to prevent her being burned. All the troops belonging to the Rajah were then on an expedition to assist the Nabob, and the Rajah, my master, being ill, he did not take the field.

The inhabitants being mostly Gentoos, who will not fight, we did not doubt but three Europeans, properly armed, would put them all to the flight, nor will they attempt to rescue a woman after a European or any person who is not of their religion has touched her hand.

I told my Rajah by one of the servants, that I intended to return to my own country, and that unless he would pay me my wages I would be revenged on his son who was in the army.

Upon that he sent me three hundred rupees and desired me to stay, telling me that he would use me well, and give me the same sum every month, which is about thirty-six pounds. However, I refused, for I could not place any confidence in what he said; and being determined to leave him, I asked such of the servants that attended me, whether they would assist me against the Gentoos?

The two Europeans were obliged to walk, but I took care to keep up their spirits by means of good liquor which we took along with us. We arrived at the place where the horrid ceremony was to be performed just about daybreak, and about twelve o'clock, a fine bed embroidered with gold and silver, with the dead body upon it, and an urn to hold the ashes, were brought to the place. Perfumes were put under the bed, and the whole were arranged with fine art. The place where the bed stood was raised about a yard from the ground, and the lady was brought to it in triumphant dress, in the richest manner, preceded by music, both vocal and instrumental, according to the custom of the country.

The vehicle in which she stood was wide open that every one might see her, and she looked at me in such a manner as to induce me to believe that she remembered me. I looked at her in the most sorrowful manner, as she turned her head three times while she sat on the sofa. My men walked before me with swords drawn, according to the custom of the country, and I followed, attended by the two Europeans.

A parcel of the inhabitants, vile fellows whom they employed to hang malefactors, attended with clubs in their hands: and the reason they do so is, that if the woman attempt to make her escape, they are to bring her back to the fire; but they are such cowardly fellows that few need be afraid of them. When the wood is kindled,

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if the woman seeks to escape, they knock her down, and keep her fixed to her bed with their sticks.

She was to dance three times round the bed before she went upon it, and I placed myself as near to it as I could possibly get. In coming round the first time, she saw me, and fixed her eyes on me in the most wishful manner, as if desirous that I would save her. At that moment I caught her in my arms, while my two Europeans and my other servants prevented any one from following me. My carriage or palanquin was ready at a little distance, and when I told her that she should be treated with every mark of respect, she seemed content, and declared that she was willing to place herself under my protection.

Upon that I placed her in my palanquin, and walked on foot behind it, followed by the two Europeans and the Moor men, my servants, whom I took care to make as cheerful as possible by giving them plenty of liquor. I humoured them lest they should take away my prize. However, the next morning, when I got up, the Europeans and two of my Moor men had deserted, taking with them all they could lay hold of."

The lady proved grateful, and afterwards rendered important services to her deliverer.

Miscellaneous.

TWICKENHAM NEW PARK.—The sale of the rich and beautiful grounds formerly belonging to Pope's Villa has been adapted to the means of small capitalists who wish to secure a pleasant retreat now or hereafter. This is not often done with a property so celebrated. It will destroy old associations by creating a new neighbourhood.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The directors have advertised the temporary closing of their useful and instructive establishment for the laudable purpose of introducing, on a grand scale, Mr Armstrong's new discovery of generating electricity through the agency of steam. It is not in the power of private individuals, or even public institutions, generally to afford room sufficient for machines of such magnitude as that now to be employed, or even the gigantic plate electric machine, which could only be effectively worked by steam power. Great credit is due to the directors for the efforts they continue to make in the cause of science by the liberal appropriation of their funds to procure machinery so vast and magnificent, while the price of admission is not advanced, thus giving to the public, through the able assistance of the learned professors there engaged, the most complete explanation of any matter, chemical or philosophical, that may be arranged for the lectures of the day. The philosophical apparatus of this institution, as well as its laboratory, is not to be equalled in London, and of course it is no bull to say, cannot be *approached* anywhere else.

SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISE. — A scientific expedition is commenced to the Xanthus. Mr Fellows is on his way to Malta, whence the expedition will start in October. It will consist of 100 persons,—engineers, carpenters, masons, &c., besides an architect and artist,—under Mr Fellows. A government steamer, the 'Medea,' whose officers, having been employed before, have volunteered again, is placed at his command. They will arrive during the healthy season, and not, as was the case when the Syrian marbles were fetched away, at the time when the climate becomes intolerable. The firman given to Mr Fellows before is still in force; the local pachas are prepared to render every assistance; timber is felled in readiness to pack up all that may be acquired.

MELONS.—When the late Sir A. Burnes returned from his adventurous visit to Bokhara, he mentioned, as one of the more remarkable products of that country, its magnificent melons,—large, juicy, and rich beyond anything he had seen in the East. This fruit appears to have not less attracted attention among those who visited Cabul; and seeds have been sent home in abundance by officers employed in the Affghan expedition. These seeds are now bearing fruit, and delicious they prove: not hard-fleshed, with a thick rind, like oak bark, forming their larger part, and almost as indigestible as that substance,—but noble fruits, thin-skinned, delicate, and almost wholly eatable. Such a one was produced at a late meeting of the Horticultural Society by Mr Fleming, the Duke of Sutherland's gardener at Trentham; and we have since seen a specimen of the famous Sirdar kind, grown in the Isle of Wight, which weighed nearly nine pounds, and would not have been inaptly named (as some actually are, in the poetical language of the East) "a mountain of sugar."

Few things more plainly show the great progress that has been silently made in gardening, than the skill with which this delicate fruit has been thus readily brought to perfection in a most unfavourable summer. In our opinion, a melon is an infinitely better fruit than a pine-apple, provided it is like the Ispahan, the Hoosainee, or, above all, the Sirdar; it has the great merit of being much more easily grown, and we strongly recommend everybody who values his dessert, not only in future to procure seeds of the melons of the East, or of those which have been raised from them, such as the Beechwood, but in future

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to expel the whole race of Cantaloupes and Rocks as entirely unworthy of a modern garden.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The Gatherer.

Extraordinary Discovery of Preserving Vegetables for an unlimited Period.—Our energies and exertions of late years have been directed to the improvement in the growth of fruits and vegetables; but we have never yet been able to discover how to grow them at every season of the year; but, thanks to the talent and research of a French gentleman, we are enabled, by a singular process, to enjoy not only fruits and vegetables, but poultry, game, meat, and even milk, at all times and all seasons.

Window Duty.—The returns of window duty for the twelve towns in England paying the largest amount, and just published by order of the House of Commons, gives the several amounts as follows:—For Bath, 21,898*l.*; Birmingham, 11,093*l.*; Brighton, 15,216*l.*; Bristol, 15,056*l.*; Cheltenham, 6,755*l.*; Clifton, 7,850*l.*; Leeds, 7,514*l.*; Liverpool, 30,790*l.*; Manchester, 19,157*l.*; Newcastle, 5,710*l.*; Norwich, 7,141*l.*; Plymouth, 11,391*l.*

Tragic Vengeance.—Tullia, in M. Ponsard's 'Lucrèce,' is made thus to *flare up:*—

"And when I die, before the shades I seek,
I'll snatch my anger, while my ashes reek,
From midst the pile, and bear it thence away,
As flies the tiger to devour his prey.
I'll cross the Styx, my vengeance fostering still,
To make all Hell accomplice of my will."

She ought to add—

"Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time,
To render my resolves just possible!"

Art-Union.—Mr C. Landseer's 'Monks of Melrose' is the 400*l.* prize; and the 'Jephtha's Daughter' of Mr O'Neil, has found a discriminating possessor in a 300*l.* prize-holder.

Fattening of Cattle.—M. Caffin d'Orsigny states that every ration of food should be equal to 5 per cent. of the weight of flesh of the animal.

Large Mushrooms.—Two prodigious mushrooms were gathered on the 1st of August last; one in a field near Fort Green Cottage, Garstang, the residence of Mr Saul, which measured forty-two inches in circumference, and had a stem six inches long and two inches in diameter, the height of the whole being nine inches. This immense mushroom must have grown within twenty-four hours, as the ground had been looked over the previous evening, when there was no such thing to be found. The above was perfect in colour and well formed in all its parts. The other was gathered in Witinton Hall park, near Kirby Lonsdale, the residence of T. Green, Esq., and measured twenty-three inches and three quarters in circumference; it was well formed, and in a state of growth when gathered.

Literary Oddity.—A new work has recently appeared at Berlin, by Goethe's well-known child correspondent, Bettina. It bears the singular title, 'Dieses Buch gehört dem König'—'This Book belongs to the King.' It appears to consist of anecdotes and reminiscences, said to be related by Goethe's mother.

The Marquis de Fortia d'Urban.—This nobleman lately died in Paris at the age of 88 years. He was a member of the Academy, author or editor of a great variety of works, and one of the most conspicuous amongst those who employ their wealth in the interest of letters.

The Side-saddle.—Queen Anne, wife of Richard II, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV, is recorded to have first taught English ladies the present way of riding they now use. Before her time they were accustomed to ride "after the fashion of men."

Nuns and their Looking-glasses.—Pope Innocent X appointed a *religieuse* of great virtue, discretion, and experience, secretly to visit the nunneries, to persuade the nuns to discard everything not perfectly consistent with the state they had embraced. He returned greatly edified with what he had seen, but not satisfied: edified, because he had found such penances, such fasting, such discipline, such cilices, such praying and devotions, that it had been necessary to moderate the excess of their ardour, and had persuaded them to part with all unsuited to their religious poverty and simplicity but one thing; but disappointed because he had not been able to make them part with that one from their walls, and still more from their affections. That one was the looking-glass.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vapour.—*The hydrometer is an instrument to measure the gravity of liquids. It was first invented by Boyle, and was called by him "a new assay instrument." Dr Desaguliers made a great improvement on it. It was afterwards further perfected by D. G. Fordyce. Sykes's hydrometer is the one authorised by Government to be used in the Excise, to regulate the duties paid on spirit, &c.*

A. B. C.'s article we think will not interest those who are strangers to the parties to whom it refers.

Next week we shall have the pleasure to lay before the readers of the 'Mirror,' part the first of 'Original Notes of a Tour through Finland and Russia.'

Caustic's 'Satyr' was not acknowledged because any acknowledgement that we could have made would not have been agreeable to the writer.

The lines from Rickmond are not original, though sent as such.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 10.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843. [VOL. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

THE arrival of the Spanish chief Espartero, the Duke of Victory, among us, was preceded by the melancholy intelligence that the fine city of Seville had been bombarded by his orders. That a city which is densely peopled should be subjected to such a visitation must always shock humanity; but attention is more especially fixed on the circumstance when the place assailed is so ancient, so splendid, and so famous as Seville.

This city, called in Spanish *Sevilla*, and in Latin *Hispalis*, the capital of the province, or as it was formerly called, the kingdom of the same name, was one of the largest and handsomest in Spain. Its antiquity is so great that we find it mentioned by Strabo and Pomponius Mela, Pliny and Ptolemy, as being ancient even when they wrote. Hercules, Bacchus, the Hebrews, and the Chaldeans, have been named among its founders, but in this matter no proof can be obtained. It became a Roman colony, and was called 'Julia Romula,' or 'Little Rome.' It was afterwards subject to the Gothic kings, who made it the place of their residence; and in 582 it participated in the rebellion of Ermenegild, son of King Leudivigild. In 711 it opened its gates to the Moors, and in 1027 it supported the rebellion of the Moor who was its governor in favour of the King of Cordova, whom it proclaimed King of Seville. In 1144, having been previously subdued, it again rebelled and chose itself a king, whose descendants united Cordova to their new dominions. Aben Hut, the last of the kings of that race, being assassinated at Almeria, and Ferdinand II and Leon having seized upon Cordova and Jaen in 1236, it threw off all authority, formed itself into a republic, and was governed by its own laws. It was

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conquered by Ferdinand II in 1247, after a whole year's determined resistance, Nov. 23, 1248. From that date Seville has always formed a part of the dominions of the kings of Castile.

It is situated on a beautiful and extensive plain, on the banks of the Guadalquiver. Its shape is circular, and its circumference, as it was left by the Romans, is marked by a wall, more than a league in circuit, flanked by 176 towers. There are twelve gates, that of Triana being of Doric architecture, and ornamented with columns and statues. Over one of the gates is the following inscription:—

"Condidit Alcides renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus Tertius Heros."

The streets are narrow, crooked, and ill paved, but the houses are well built, and including those of the suburbs amount to about 12,000. It is believed the number of inhabitants is from 90,000 to 100,000. There are 84 convents and 24 hospitals. Many of the houses have long courts, surrounded by galleries or columns, with fountains in the middle. In summer the families live in the galleries or courts, where they spread tents. There are many squares, the best of which are those of *La Lonja*, or the Exchange, the Hotel de Ville, the Arsenal at the entrance of the harbour, with the Custom house and the Gold house, in which the gold and silver brought from the Indies are deposited. There are fine suburbs, and a handsome promenade called Alameda, having three walks planted with trees, and ornamented with seats and fountains. This city is the see of an archbishop, and contains the public ecclesiastical edifices. The cathedral, constructed by Guever, the Moor, in 1568, is much admired for its lofty tower, which was originally 250 feet high, and to this height 150 feet have since been added, while the ascent is so easy and the space so great that two horsemen may ride up to the top side by side. It is surmounted by the Giralda, or brazen image, which with its palm branch weighs nearly a ton and a half, and yet turns with the slightest variation of the wind. The cathedral measures 420 feet by 263. The height is 126 feet. It was erected in the year 1401. Four score windows, formed of painted glass, furnish the interior with more than "a dim religious light." Each of these cost 1,000 ducats. They are the work of Arnao, of Flanders.

This church is very rich. One altar is wholly composed of silver, with all its ornaments, as are the images, large as life, of St Isidore and Leander, and a custodia or tabernacle for the host, more than four yards high, adorned with forty-eight columns; yet these are greatly surpassed in value by the gold and precious stones deposited by the piety and zeal of Catholics during the period in which all the wealth of a newly-discovered world flowed into this city. The profusion of gold, silver, and diamonds would be more striking were not the attention occupied by the innumerable pictures which grace its walls, the works of those Spanish masters who flourished immediately after the revival of the art in Seville. Every chapel preserves monuments of their superior skill. Of these the most conspicuous are the works of Luis de Vargas of Fr Zurbaran, and the far-famed Murillo. By the last there is a Nativity in the chapel of the Conception, and near the baptismal font St Anthony of Padua, with the baptism of Christ.

The construction of the organ is peculiar. It contains 5,300 pipes, with 110 stops, being, as it is said, fifty more than are contained in the celebrated one of Haarlem, yet so ample are the bellows when stretched, that they supply the full organ for fifteen minutes. The mode of filling them with air is rather singular. Instead of working with his hands, a man walks backwards and forwards along an inclined plane about fifteen feet in length, which is balanced in the middle on its axis. Under each end is a pair of bellows of about six feet by three and a half. These communicate with five other pair connected with a box, and the latter are so contrived that when they are in danger of being over strained, a valve is lifted up and gives them relief. Passing ten times along this inclined plane fills all the vessels.

The manner in which some of the ceremonies of the church are here performed is peculiarly striking. A description of these we reserve for another article.

The soil of Seville is rich; but in consequence of the stagnant waters in and near it putrid fevers are very common. Among its productions liquorice may be mentioned. Not less than two hundred tons of this are exported annually, and it is said a large portion of it is purchased by the brewers of London.

Here, as in many parts of Spain, mendicity seems to flourish. The impudence of the beggar in 'Gil Blas' is nobly sustained by some of the students in a state of destitution, who are not unfrequently to be found bawling out, "*una limosna para un poure estudiante*," an alms for a poor student; words which, the "Young American" observes, they utter in a tone and manner that seems to say, "An alms, and be d—d to you!"

Chinese Ingenuity.—If we may credit one of their traditions, the Chinese have lost a very curious secret, by which they could paint their porcelain with fishes, so that the figures never appeared to the eye till the vases were filled with liquor.

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NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND AND RUSSIA.—PART I.

(For the Mirror.)

[ATTENTION is particularly called to the following details of a recent tour. It will be found that the writer had opportunities of collecting much entertaining and useful information which other travellers have passed lightly over, or not been able to obtain.]

From Stockholm to Abo our steam-packet's course lay through a vast archipelago of rocky, pine-clad islands, as barren of other vegetation as can be well imagined, and the navigation was very intricate and not a little dangerous. On reaching Abo, and finding that the St Petersburg steam packet had left some days, we were compelled to undertake the land journey through Finland, and most fortunately encountered a Norwegian gentleman, who, having purchased a spare carriage at Stockholm, kindly made us an offer of its use as far as Petersburg, a favour which we gladly accepted, the more especially as there was combined with it the pleasure of very agreeable society during our journey, and access to the services of a retinue of domestics speaking all the requisite languages. Abo is the most commercial town of Finland, and possesses many handsome buildings.

We proceeded on our way, but on the second evening of the journey, in consequence of having been delayed by sandy roads, a terrific thunder-storm overtook us. The night was excessively dark, and the occasional flashes of lightning only tended to show more distinctly its pitchy blackness, while the rain fell on us as if the string of a shower bath had been pulled. The plunges of the carriages down the hills were absolutely fearful, but, more indebted to good fortune than aught besides, we escaped with the harmless upsetting of one carriage of the cavalcade, and arrived after midnight at our resting station perfectly saturated by the deluge.

Helsingfors is said to be a miniature duplicate of St Petersburg, and is a peculiarly handsome little town, and has been much improved since its dependence on Russia, and since it became the capital of Finland. One of the medical gentlemen of the place kindly conducted us through the University, which is an extensive and elegant building. An observatory stands on one of the hills in the immediate neighbourhood, and we beheld from it, in the roadstead, five Russian vessels of war covered with gay flags in honour of the fête of St Alexander Nievskoi, of which that day happened to be the anniversary. The scenery hitherto, since leaving Abo, has been little varied, consisting chiefly of rocky hills covered with pine trees, between which lie log villages surrounded by patches of cultivated and meadow land.

There was nothing to vary these objects unless where the scattered birch trees, whose leaves had been changed by the early frosts of night, stood like giant laburnums with their yellow foliage; and these, contrasting well with the dark pines, seemed like the vegetable gold and emerald setting of those rocky mountains.

The Finlanders are certainly not a handsome race, but are interesting by means of their quiet simplicity, integrity, and poverty. Happening to pass through a part of their country on Sunday, we met great numbers of the peasantry *en route* to church, with their bibles under one arm and their shoes and stockings, after the Irish fashion, under the other. It would no doubt greatly grieve the sanctified spirit of Sir Andrew Agnew to learn that, though a law has existed for above 200 years in Finland prohibiting Sunday travelling, it has, for more than half a century past, been a dead letter in the Statute Book.

The Finlanders are a rather undersized race of people, and a cavalcade of them, with their small carts and still smaller horses, might, without much stretch of imagination, be taken for so many Orkney or Highland cottagers. At Borgs, where we slept, a pleasing anecdote is related of the late Emperor Alexander during his journey through Finland many years since. The Czar was, at an early hour of the morning, enjoying as usual his cigar at the hotel window, when he observed an old man advance and survey very inquisitively his travelling carriage. The sentinel on duty was about to repulse him, when the Emperor interfered, and familiarly inquired the object of his curiosity. The man proved to be the vehicle maker of the little town, and on the Emperor asking how he liked the carriage, he replied that it was "passably good," but not at all like he could have made it. The Emperor's humour happening to be amused with the self-sufficiency of the obscure village cart-maker, ordered him to be furnished with everything needful for building a handsome carriage. The order was duly executed, and the carriage reached St Petersburg, where it had the merit of being very unlike all the others, and though not the most elegant, was no doubt the most curious, both from its history and form, in the imperial stables.

The small town of Fredericsham, through which we passed, is chiefly known by its having been the place in which the Swedish commissioners arranged the treaty which, more than thirty years since, gave over Finland to Russia. The change which takes place in the appearance of the inhabitants on leaving that part of Finland which is still called Swedish is very

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marked. The half Calmuc, half Esquimaux features, the long beards, sheep-skin dresses, and the excessive filth and apathy of the Russian Finlanders, make indeed a very disagreeable impression on the stranger. Viburg, through which we next passed, was, at a remote period, colonised from Germany, and still bears traces of a style of building materially differing from the Russian, while in respect to language it is a little modern Babel, where four distinct tongues are very generally spoken by the inhabitants, viz., German, Swedish, Finnish, and Russian. The hotel at Viburg is so good, that it is one of the most desirable resting-places on the whole route from Abo to St Petersburg.

In Western Finland we met with moderate cleanliness, and always with extreme civility in the small posting inns where we stopped to rest or take meals; but after passing Viburg this ceased to be the case, and the horrors of a sleepless night passed in a miserable inn, about thirty miles from St Petersburg, will not readily be forgotten.

Eastern Finland is much more level in surface than the western district, and the same interminable pine forests meet the eye in every direction, without the agreeable variety afforded by mountain and valley in the latter.

The posting arrangements of Swedish Finland are excellent, and even where no courier had been sent in advance we never were detained for horses, the charge for which seems so ridiculously low, that from Abo to St Petersburg, a distance of about 650 versts, or 420 English miles, our expense for two horses certainly did not exceed a hundred rubles, or about 4*l.* 3s. 4d. English, a sum scarcely sufficient to convey a carriage from London to Brighton.

Our fellow traveller, who kindly undertook to manage the paying department for us, often translated to me the expressions of thanks made by the rustic postboys on receiving 20 copecks (which is 2d.) for having driven a stage of 16 versts, such as "I am your grateful servant for life," or some other phrase equally strong; and though at first sceptical as to whether such a trifle could really excite these feelings, yet, on attentively studying the triumphant smiles which the boys exchanged with each other on receiving this reward, the satisfaction expressed by their words was fully confirmed by the expression of their youthful faces, which would hardly deceive, as they were

> "Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
> When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

One of the little Finnish Jehus was so diminutive that a friend, M. de M., jocularly presumed to question his capability to drive, which, naturally enough, roused the urchin's feelings, and caused him to boast of having once driven a carriage with four horses, and on being cross-questioned as to who was in the carriage, he replied, with perfect candour and simplicity, "Mr Demidoff's dog, and all his kitchen utensils."

So much pleasure do trifles afford here that any philanthropist, whose means to afford gratification to his fellow creatures are more limited than his desires, might gladden the hearts of a score of little Finlanders while travelling in this country by what an English postilion would receive with dissatisfaction.

Everything in Finland is, however, proportionably low, for horses may be purchased at from 3*l.* to 4*l.* English each, and, on inquiring the cost of wooden houses, I was informed that an inn of several rooms in which we had comfortably slept in Swedish Finland, might have cost about 10*l.* to build, and one of very superior appearance, which was pointed out, scarcely more than 20*l.*

It is certainly more agreeable to reckon one's progress along a road by Russian versts than it is by English miles, for the distance-posts being passed more rapidly, the gain in pleasure is somewhat similar to that which one feels in skimming the pages of a modern book in large type, over which the eye wanders rapidly and pleasantly compared with its progress over the smaller print and more dingy paper of older times.

St Petersburg has so long been ranked as one of the most elegantly-built capitals of Europe, and every traveller's expectations are consequently raised so high that it can scarcely be hoped the reality will always equal the panorama which an over-active fancy has painted. To enter any capital jaded by a long journey is also an unfavourable circumstance, yet on reaching the long wooden bridge which crosses the Neva, the appearance of that noble river, the splendid granite quays, and the innumerable public buildings by which they are lined, almost realized our high expectations, for even the most travelled visitor has nothing superior with which to compare them. This first impression has now been sobered by some days' residence, yet still, the number and magnificence of the public buildings, as well as the spaciousness of some of the streets and the fresh stone-coloured hue which has been recently given to every house, continue to excite an agreeable impression. It would be ungrateful too minutely to analyze these sources of satisfaction, by saying that the buildings generally are merely brick, plaster, and whitewash, or that the plaster of Petersburg is not at all times equal to that called "of Paris." Time, reason, and daylight are sad destroyers of enthusiasm, and it is therefore

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more pleasurable to retain the first impressions of St Petersburg, which novelty, moonlight, and imagination supply.

"He who would view the city aright,
Must visit it by the pale moonlight."

—That light is just sufficient to enable one to see the beauties without exposing the blemishes, and the shadow which each colonnade then casts against the wall appears as a duplicate range of pillars standing in the background by command of the moon, and in despite of the architect.

We soon found ourselves exalted on the gilded spire of the admiralty, and surrounded by its hundred whitewashed saints gazing upon the city around.

This is the true panoramic point of view, and embraces all the numerous palaces, domes, gilded spires, and green-painted cupolas of the city.

These foreground attractions are bounded by a flat forest country in all directions, such as courts not the eye to wander beyond the limits of the city, except indeed, that where the Neva was seen flowing into the Gulf of Finland a certain number of vessels added variety to the scene in that direction.

Churches are among the principal objects of interest in every city where either the Catholic or the Greek religion prevails, and St Petersburg certainly possesses many of much beauty. Of these the most striking at present is the Cazan church; but the Isaacs church, which has now long been in progress, will, when completed, almost rival the colossal church of Rome itself.

Though sufficiently gorgeous is the interior of a Catholic church generally, that of one of the Greek faith is even more so, in so far at least as gilding may bestow lustre on them, for the quantity of it which surrounds every picture is such that the painting itself appears only as a dark speck amid the glitter of gold. The incessant crossings and never-ending prostrations of the devotees proclaim the religion to be one in which the ceremonial is deemed all important. In the prostrations of the more zealous, the lips and forehead are frequently brought into contact with the ground, in much the same manner as is done by Mussulmen, and in moving about we often found it difficult to avoid stepping on persons lying prostrate on the floor. Russians of the lower orders seldom pass by any of the churches without repeatedly crossing themselves, and I one day observed a party of about two hundred soldiers, nearly all of whom went through that ceremony in marching past the Cazan church. Even intoxication does not cause it to be overlooked, and we were rather more amused than religiously impressed by one day seeing a man, in a very advanced stage of drunkenness, go through the usual crossings and prostrations. The clergy of the Russian Greek church are usually large, stout, coarse-looking men, with huge beards, and very long hair, which is combed to each side from the centre, and conveys a primitive though not very prepossessing appearance.

The Greek church offers an extreme contrast to that of Rome in one respect, namely, that its rules will not permit any of its clergy to remain in a state of celibacy. A Russian priest is, however, only permitted to be "the husband of one wife," and in the event of her death his reverence is compelled to resign the clerical office, and become a monk. The hardship of this regulation is stated to be much felt, and perhaps the only benefit that results from it is, that the health of every priest's helpmate is cared for with a degree of tenderness and anxiety surpassing the ordinary limit of earthly affection. For a priest to lose his wife is in reality to lose the world, and they are consequently stated to exercise an excessive degree of prudence in the selection of their partners. Beauty, amiability, talents, accomplishments, connexions, or wealth, one or other of which other men usually seek for, are all stated to be unimportant in the eyes of a Russian priest, compared with physical constitution.

The tolerant spirit of the Greek church is, perhaps, its chief excellence, and as the confessional is only resorted to once in a season, it has consequently less objectionable minuteness in this respect than its Catholic sister. The Russian priests are not always immaculate, and scarcely even exemplary beyond the limits of the sacristy, and are considered as very generally addicted to inebriety; indeed, their gross figures and unintelligent faces lend some character of probability to that rumour.

The picture gallery of the Hermitage palace is very extensive, and particularly rich in Rembrandts, Vandykes, Teniers, Berchems, and Ruysdaels. One room, which contains nothing but Rembrandts, is absolutely darkened by them, though those lively spots of light which are found in nearly all his works, appear like so many diamonds which only shine the more for being set in his usual coal-black surface. Of these, 'Abraham about to offer Isaac' is a particularly striking picture; and a 'Madonna,' by P. del Vega, as well as 'A Holy Family,' of small dimensions, by Raphael, are also exquisitely pleasing. 'A Domestic Scene,' by P. de Hooge, can scarcely be surpassed in finish and atmospheric effect; and a picture of 'Saint Peter nailed to the Cross,' by Caravaggio, is full of the most powerful expression, resembling so much that on the same subject by Rubens, at Cologne, that it is difficult to imagine but that Rubens must in this case have had Caravaggio's picture in

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his mind's eye while painting the great Cologne work. The gallery possesses many pictures by J. Verriet, almost equal to those of Claude.

Some of the cattle pieces by Cuyp are scarcely surpassed by the more celebrated picture of Paul Potter, which is here, and ranks next to the 'Young Bull at the Hague,' among the works of that great master. The almost camel-like hump into which the back of one of the cows (the action of which gives name to this picture) is drawn up, is full of expression, and such as has almost nowhere else been attempted. If, however, Paul Potter has excelled all others in the vigorous expression of his bulls, it may, perhaps, on the other hand, be admitted that Cuyp and Vandevelde have portrayed more completely the quiet, and almost benevolent expression of the lowing cow. I must not, however, venture to pursue this subject, least the same interpretation might be met with, which a simple youth once received from a lady on remarking while crossing a field, and in the absence of other matter for conversation, that a cow was a motherly-looking animal,—"Yes," replied the lady, "a cow must, no doubt, appear very motherly to a calf."

LIFE OF OEHLENSCHLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

(Continued from last week.)

This is not the only extravagant sally of vanity in which the Scandinavian indulges. He fairly quarrelled, for instance, with the Danish ambassador, because he would not take his word for his own identity, without his passport. Leaving these follies, however, we now accompany him on his long-looked-for visit to Italy. A bright sunshine seems spread over this portion of his life. The sight of the Alps, he says, exceeded all the visions of them which his imagination had formed. In Parma he visited the frescos of Correggio in the churches of St Joseph and St John:—

"As I was gazing at the cupola," says he, "through my spectacles, the church gradually filled with persons, who placed themselves on their knees about me, and began to pray with fervour. As I wished to give no offence, and at the same time thought it would be a piece of affectation to kneel, I placed myself in a corner, and silently commenced my own devotions. I find my prayer written in my Journal, among long-winded criticisms on art, in these terms: 'O God, open and purify my heart, to recognize thy greatness, goodness and beauty, in the works of nature and of man. Preserve my country, my king, my love, my friends. Let me not die in a foreign country, but return to my home in peace. Give me cheerfulness and courage to pursue my path along this fair earth, without hating or despising my neighbour, nor weakly yielding against my own conscience to the prejudices of the world. Let me be a good poet; thou hast formed my mind for art; it is the telescope through which I acquire a nearer intercourse with thy perfections. Let me live in my works like this good Correggio, that when I am dead many a young heart may yet be cheered by my poetical pictures.' Such was the prayer, neither altered nor improved, which I uttered beneath the cupola of Correggio: the idea of writing a play on the subject of his life—an idea which I had already entertained in Paris, again occurred to my mind; and in Modena, when I saw the little fresco painting over the chimney-piece in the Ducal palace, which had been executed in his seventeenth year, it was finally resolved on."

The intention was shortly afterwards carried into effect in a play of no ordinary originality and beauty, though based on the simplest and most tranquil elements, in which southern imagery and southern feelings, the pure inspiration of art and the even tenor of a domestic and innocent life, have been caught by the poet, with the same distinctness and grace with which he had already depicted the stern scenery and sterner passions, the warlike heroes and tumultuous life of Scandinavian antiquity. Taking Vasari's (somewhat apocryphal) account of his death as the ground-work, he has delineated with perfect success, and in a style of which "the plainness moves us more than eloquence," the hopes, visions, and disappointments; the fears from without, the fightings within, as despondency or renewed elasticity of mind obtain the ascendency, the chequered life and melancholy death of that great artist. Correggio is represented by Oehlenschläger as a quiet, gentle, talented being, but of a weak bodily frame, easily depressed for a moment by censure, as easily restored to cheerfulness by the voice of encouragement; not yet conscious of the full extent of his own talent, but feeling that nature has formed him either to be an artist or nothing; and clinging to art through good report and bad;—calmly, and at a distance from the courts of princes, pursuing in his own village his beloved occupation, and devoting his hard-earned gains to the support of an amiable wife and child. In contrast with Correggio, a timid shrinking child of genius, stands the bold, impetuous, hasty-tempered Michael Angelo; blasting for a time, by a rash sneer uttered in anger, all the visions of hope with which the modest Correggio had been cheering his village solitude; while between both, and linking together these distant extremes, is placed the calmer, kinder, more practical

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and common-sense character of Julio Romano, alive to all excellence, however dissimilar to his own. Correggio himself is exhibited also in his domestic relations as a fond husband and father, cheered by these blessings in his humble home, though assailed from without by the envious persecutions of Ottavio, who entertains a criminal passion for his wife, and Battista, the meaner instrument of his master's plans. He is exhibited under all the different moods, of which a mind so gentle is capable, now almost worn out by petty vexations, now consoled by some heavenly dream, or rapt into ecstacy even while bending with fatigue and bodily suffering under the load of copper in which his painting is paid for, by the tints of a rainbow or the glories of the evening sun; and at last, like that setting luminary, expiring tranquilly in the arms of his son, just as the gratitude and patronage of his countrymen, on whom his productions had shed a new lustre, are beginning to show themselves in the distance.

The piece to which Correggio bears most analogy is the Tasso of Goethe, which is to poetry what this tragic Idyll is to painting. But the natural, kind-hearted, simple, and modest Correggio justly excites a warmer interest than the more fiery, self-willed, and somewhat self-conceited being whom Goethe has delineated.

We pass rapidly over the remainder of his stay in Italy, which was distinguished in particular by one incident of a more adventurous nature than is generally met with in a poet's biography, namely, his falling into the river at Tivoli immediately above the cataract, and very narrowly escaping being hurried over into the abyss. The poet, who had now been separated from his country, his friends, and his intended bride, for five years and upwards, naturally began to feel some symptoms of homesickness. The sight of the Alps on his homeward journey was now as delightful to him as it had been on his entrance into Italy, though from another cause. As he approaches the Simplon, he writes as if his spirits rose with every step of his progress. His thoughts are truly poetical:—

"Once more among the old gigantic hills
With vapours clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
The rocks ascend before.
They beckon me, the giants, from afar,
They wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.
My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth—
Why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle and the vulture's cry,
The nightingale's no more.
Where is the laurel, where the myrtle's blossom?—
Bleak is the path around;
Where from the thicket comes the ring-dove's cooing?
Hoarse is the torrent's sound.
Yet should I grieve? when from my loaded bosom
A weight appears to flow;
Methinks the Muses come to call me home
From yonder rocks of snow.
I know not how—but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still.
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The Zephyr on the hill.
They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam—
It seemed not so to me!
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,
My thoughts were o'er the sea."

In his passage through Germany his only anxiety was to revisit Goethe.

He saw him, and the meeting afforded him much pleasure, though it caused some disappointment.

The poet's marriage, long delayed by his wanderings, immediately followed his return. He read his Correggio with much approbation in the Royal Cabinet, and was shortly afterwards named professor extraordinary of Æsthetics in the University. Over the remaining part of his life we must pass hastily. He delivered public and private lectures on poetical literature during the winters at Copenhagen, while his leisure was completely filled up by assiduous and varied composition. In 1815 he was made by the king a knight of Dannebrog. In 1817 he made another tour through Germany, reviving old acquaintances, and making new, and in 1827 he was elected ordinary professor and assessor in the Consistory. For fuller details respecting the poet and his works, we refer to the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' of which we have largely availed ourselves in the foregoing article.

Doctor Southey's Picture of Sunday.—What is the scene in England at this time? All public amusements are prohibited by the demon of Calvinism. The Savoyard, who goes about with his barrel-organ, dares not grind even a psalm-tune upon the sabbath. The old woman who sells apples at the corner of the street has been sent to prison for profanation of the Lord's-day, by the Society for the Suppression of Vice; the pastrycook, indeed, is permitted to keep his shop-window half open, because some of the society themselves are fond of iced-creams. Yonder goes a crowd to the Tabernacle, as dismally as if they were going to a funeral; the greater number are women;—inquire for their husbands at the ale-house, and you will find them besotting themselves there, because all amusements are prohibited as well as all labour, and they cannot lie down, like dogs, and sleep. Ascend a step higher in society,—the children are yawning, and the parents agree that the clock must be too slow, that they may accelerate supper and bed-time. In the highest ranks, indeed, there is little or no distinction of days, except that there is neither theatre nor opera for them, and some among them scruple at cards. Attempts have even been made to shut up the public ovens on this day, and convert the sabbath into a fast for the poor.

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, az., second and third, gu., three antique crowns, or.
Crest. A buck's head erased, or, attired, arg.
Supporters. Two bucks, ppr.
Motto. "*Je suis prest.*" "I am ready."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LOVAT.

DESCENT from the Normans is claimed for the clan Frazer, of which Lord Lovat is the head. Their original name was Frizell, which will be found in the roll of Battle Abbey, and which establishes their claim to rank among the followers of the Conqueror. They originally settled in East Lothian, in Scotland, whence they spread into Tweeddale in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and subsequently into the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. The then chief of the clan, Oliver Frazer, built the castle which continued long after his time their greatest feudal hold. A lengthened pedigree presents the usual varieties in succession, till the twelfth Lord Lovat introduced a melancholy and memorable feature from the share which he took in the rebellion of 1745. His trial commenced March 9, 1747, when it was proved that he had received a commission from the Pretender. Others were associated with him, and these persons, at their meetings, drank healths, and sung catches, such as "confusion to the white horse and all its generation;" and

"When Jemmy comes o'er,
We shall have blood and blows good store;"

which last were originally composed in Irish.

Many facts implicating him in the treasonable practices of the time were proved, and at the end of seven days he was found guilty. Lord Lovat then desired the lords to recommend him to his majesty's mercy, and said to the managers of the commons, "I hope as ye are stout, ye will be merciful;" and going from the bar, added "God bless you all, I wish you an everlasting farewell, for we shall never meet again in this place."

He received sentence to die, and Thursday the 9th of April was fixed for his execution. He was a man of violent passions, and had led a dissolute life, and at this period was eighty years of age. The following very minute details of the final scene appeared immediately after the event:—

On the fatal morning he woke about three o'clock, and was heard to pray with great devotion; at five he rose, called for a glass of wine and water as usual, appeared cheerful, sat and read till seven, and then drank another glass of wine and water; at eight he desired his wig might be sent that the barber might have time to comb it out genteelly, and provided himself with a purse to hold the money which he intended for the executioner.

At about half an hour after nine his lordship eat very heartily of minced veal, ordering coffee and chocolate for his friends, whose healths he drank in wine and water.

About eleven the sheriffs sent to demand his body, upon which he desired the gentlemen would retire for a few moments, while he said a prayer, and this being immediately complied with, he presently called for them again, saying "I am ready."

At the bottom of the first pair of stairs, General Williamson invited him into his rooms to rest himself, which he accepted, and on his entrance paid his respects to the company politely, and talked freely. He desired of the general in French that he might take leave of his lady and thank her for her civilities: but the general told his lordship, in the same language, that she was too much affected with his lordship's misfortunes to bear the shock of seeing him, and therefore hoped his lordship would excuse her. He then took his leave and proceeded; at the door he bowed to the spectators, and was conveyed thence to the outward gate, in the governor's coach, where he was delivered to the sheriffs, who conducted him in another coach to the house (hired for the lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, who had lately suffered) near the scaffold, in which was a room lined with black cloth, and hung with sconces for his reception.

His friends were at first denied entrance, but upon application made by his lordship to the sheriffs for their admittance, it was granted. Soon after, his lordship addressing himself to the sheriffs, thanked them for the favour, and taking a paper out of his pocket delivered it to one of them, saying he should make no speech, and that they might give the word of command when they pleased.

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A gentleman present beginning to read a prayer to his lordship while he was sitting, he called one of the warders to help him up, that he might kneel: he then prayed silently a short time, and was afterwards again set in his chair; being asked by one of the sheriffs if he would refresh himself with a glass of wine, he declined it because no warm water could be had to mix with it, and took a little burnt brandy and bitters in its stead.

He requested that his clothes might be delivered to his friends with his corpse, and said that for that reason he should give the executioner ten guineas.

He also desired of the sheriffs that his head might be received in a cloth, and put into the coffin, which the sheriffs, after conferring with some gentlemen present, promised should be done; and that the holding up the head at the corners of the scaffold should be dispensed with, as it had been of late years at the execution of lords, as they had no written order to the contrary in the warrant.

When his lordship was going up the steps to the scaffold, assisted by two warders, he looked around, and seeing so great a concourse of people, "God save us," said he, "why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head, that cannot get up three steps without three bodies to support it."

Turning about and observing one of his friends much dejected, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Cheer up thy heart, man; I am not afraid, why should you be?"

As soon as he came upon the scaffold, he asked for the executioner, and presented him with ten guineas in a purse; then desiring to see the axe, he felt the edge, and said "he believed it would do."

Soon after he rose from the chair which was placed for him, and looked at his coffin, on which was written

"Simon Dominus Fraser de Lovat,
Decollat. April 9, 1747,
Ætat. suæ 80.

He then sat down again, and repeated, from Horace,

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori;"

and afterwards from Ovid,

"Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco——"

He then desired all the people to stand off, except his two warders, who supported his lordship while he said a prayer; after which he called his solicitor and agent in Scotland, Mr William Fraser, and presenting his gold-headed cane, said, "I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I have upon earth," and then embraced him. He also called for Mr James Fraser, and said, "My dear James, I am going to heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world." And taking leave of both, he delivered his hat, wig, and clothes to Mr William Fraser, and desired him to see that the executioner did not touch them: he ordered his cap to be put on, and unloosing his neckcloth and the collar of his shirt, he kneeled down at the block, and pulled the cloth which was to receive his head close to him.

But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired him to remove a little further back, which with the warders' assistance was immediately done, and his neck being properly placed, he told the executioner he would say a short prayer, and then give the signal by dropping his handkerchief. In this posture he remained about half a minute, and then, throwing his handkerchief on the floor, the executioner, at one blow, severed his head from his body, which was received in the cloth, and, together with his body, put into the coffin, and carried in a hearse back to the Tower, where it remained till four o'clock, and was then taken away by an undertaker, in order to be sent to Scotland, and deposited in his own tomb in the church of Kirkill; but leave not being given, as was expected, it was again brought back to the Tower, and interred near the bodies of the other lords.

His lordship professed himself a papist, and at his request was attended by Mr Baker, belonging to the Sardinian ambassador, and though he insisted much on the services he had done the present royal family in 1715, yet he declared, but a few days before his death, that he had been concerned in all the schemes formed for restoring the house of Stuart, since he was fifteen years old.

When he thus resigned his life on the scaffold, Lord Lovat left behind him a son, General Simon Frazer, a brave man, who it appeared had unwillingly been numbered among the friends of the Pretender. He received a free pardon, and subsequently distinguished himself in the British army at Louisbourg and Quebec, and in defence of Portugal, 1762. He died in 1782, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Colonel Archibald Campbell Frazer, of Lovat, who dying without issue, the male representative of the family, as well as the right to its extensive entailed estates, devolved upon the descendant of the Hon. Thomas Frazer, second son of the sixth Lord Thomas Alfred Frazer, of Lovat and Stricken, the twenty-first chief in succession from Simon Frazer, of Inverness-shire, the rights of the house of Lovat and Stricken having centred in him 227 years. After the second son of the sixth Lord Stricken acquired the estate of Stricken, November 2, 1823, he was second nearest and lawful heir of the

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body of Hugh Lord Frazer of Lovat, grandfather of Thomas Frazer, of Knockie and Stricken, second nearest and lawful male heir of Hugh Lord Frazer of Lovat, grand nephew of Thomas Frazer of Beaufort, otherwise Thomas Lord Frazer of Lovat; thirdly, nearest and lawful heir male of Thomas Lord Frazer of Lovat; fourthly, nearest and lawful heir male of Thomas Frazer of Beaufort, otherwise styled Thomas Lord Frazer of Lovat, father of Simon Lord Frazer of Lovat, and grandfather of the Hon. Archibald Frazer of Lovat, and having presented a petition to the King, praying a recognition of his claim to the dignity of Baron Lovat, the same was remitted to the House of Lords, and on the 28th January, 1837, he was created Lord Lovat. His Lordship married, August 6, 1823, Georgiani, eldest daughter of Lord Stafford.

MY PRESENTATION AT COURT.

It was a lovely day when I was presented at Court!

I was blooming and just twenty-one, and my husband was the most amiable of men. Our fortune permitted me to indulge in all the delights of the toilet. I had a handsome allowance, which was increased by the presents I daily received from my husband.

These wanted but one thing to make my happiness complete. Brilliant entertainments were about to be given at Court, and to be invited, it was requisite to be first presented.

Besides Louisa M——, my intimate friend, had just obtained that honour. Every person I knew either had been presented or desired to be. It was absolutely necessary that I should do as they did, and be advanced as they were.

I had scarcely announced this wish to my family, than all made their endeavours to satisfy my desire.

Twenty mantua-makers were engaged on the occasion, who, after cutting, contriving, and fitting on, agreed that a beautiful robe with a long train, together with a superb scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold, should be prepared for the ceremony.

A friend of my aunt, the dowager, read over to me the particular formalities prescribed for such an occasion.

Mr Swing, the eminent dancing master, was engaged, who every day made me repeat the requisite obeisances, with grace, elegance, and dignity.

Three curtsies were to be made in advancing towards the throne; each to be lower as I approached than its predecessor.

The grand day arrived. I had been put to the torture since ten o'clock. My two waiting maids were not deemed sufficient. Pleasure exhausted all her art in making something extraordinary of a most beautiful head of hair, which now sparkled with diamonds.

As on this great occasion a first-rate *artiste* was necessary, Mr Musk was called in, but his engagements rendered it impossible to wait on me after three in the morning. At that hour he attended, and declared himself almost exhausted by the fatigue he had already endured. He gave me the finishing touch, received his fee, and made his exit; and I, from between three and four in the morning, for fear of disturbing his handiwork, could not venture to lie down, and scarcely dared to leave my chair till the moment arrived for proceeding to the palace.

At last I was pronounced perfectly beautiful; though, I must confess, I felt nearly stifled by the tightness of my waist, which could be spanned by my two hands.

Half an hour previous to starting, all the family were assembled; and I rehearsed before them, in my brilliant costume, the curtsies I had to make in the Royal presence. A large arm chair was placed on a table, and one of my relatives was seated in it to represent the King on his throne.

I advanced gravely towards it, and acted my part so well that I received, and flattered myself I deserved, the unanimous applause of every one.

The carriage was now announced at the door; the coachman flourished his whip, and the horses went like the wind. I entered the palace and mounted the grand staircase. How my heart beat!

I heard on all sides felicitations on my appearance. One said, "what a charming robe!" another, "what a superb mantle!" I made the most courteous acknowledgments to these amiable whisperings; and my head was quite bewildered.

The doors opened and an officer of state called forward the ladies whose names were to be repeated to the King; my turn came at last. I could not move! Some pushed me; others encouraged me; at length behold me in the presence chamber.

I commenced the first curtsey, which went off wonderfully well: but the brilliancy and splendour which surrounded the monarch—the waving of plumes and sparkling jewels—so dazzled me, that I found myself at the foot of the throne after the second curtsey.

What was I to do? the third was not made. Should I go back? should I go on one side?

In my rehearsal this dilemma had not been foreseen.

I had no time to reflect, for somehow or other my feet got entangled in the train of my dress, and in trying to disengage myself, I heard a rent! and in an instant

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my splendid equipment was all in tatters. A dizziness came over me; I forgot I was in the presence of the King, and that all the Court were looking at me; for, snatching up my vexatious train under my arm, I absolutely ran out of the chamber with the air of an angry cook, and confounding all court dresses, curtsies, and presentations.

This adventure made some noise at Court. The King and the Princes laughed a good deal at my confusion. The old duchesses considered I had been very indecorous; the young ladies, that I had evinced much ridiculous awkwardness! But they declared that, considering the nature of the accident, I had shown great prudence as well as presence of mind in making my escape, by taking up my train under my arm, and emulating in speed the *train* of a railway.

IMPROVED SALTING PROCESS.

A BRIEF notice of Mr Carson's little machine appeared in a recent number. We hardly did justice to it, for though small in itself, it may be regarded as of vast importance in husbanding and virtually increasing the quantity of human food.

Some of the facts stated to us in connexion with this invention are such as to stagger belief, if they were not well vouched for, and if the means of testing them were not constantly at hand. We are assured, for instance, that the instrument charged with the pickle being applied to a round of beef, already tainted and supposed to be spoiled, saved it, and rendered it sweet and wholesome. The process is thus explained:—At the commencement of decomposition, a fetid gas is generated in the fibres of the meat, whence it passes in a regular current to the surface. This current, if met in the first instance by the power of Mr Carson's instrument, is rendered inoperative. The foul gasses are overpowered and expelled, and the meat is charged with the preserving composition (the usual pickle or fluid), which immediately arrests the course of decomposition, and the meat, when dressed, will be found perfectly sweet, tender, and good, in every respect; in fact, better than if cured immediately after the animal was slaughtered. The old mode of salting meat was merely by the slow process of absorption, which, when decomposition had begun by the current passing from the centre outwards, no absorption could take place. It necessarily followed, that provision in such a state was invariably sacrificed. Hot meat could not heretofore be salted. Mr Carson will undertake to preserve the flesh of any animal that has just been killed, as his process drives out the warm gasses, and thus at once overcomes the obstacle so long deemed insuperable.

Any servant may use the instrument with ease. A few words, taken from Mr Carson's 'Directions,' will suffice to explain the simple method of its use:—"Insert the nipple or tube of the instrument into the centre of a clearly marked division in a piece of meat; hold the instrument firmly with the left hand upon or against the meat, to make a tight joint and to keep it steady; then draw up the piston or handle gently as far as it will draw; drive it down again with a smart motion; so work it thirty-five to fifty times per minute, until the pickle is seen to escape through the pores or surrounding parts of the meat."

TAX UPON PLAY TICKETS.

IN the middle of the last century it was proposed in some of the principal magazines of the time to put a tax on play tickets. How it would have succeeded then, when the attraction of Garrick and many performers might be calculated upon, who are now supposed to have been miracles of talent, whose equals have not since been seen, is only to be supposed; but the recent history of theatricals would not justify a hope that it would prove very productive. The reasoning on which the plan was urged is amusing, as well as the glimpse it affords us of the then scenes of public amusement in London.

"Abundance of single persons, who have their fortunes in the funds, pay little or nothing towards the support of the government. These frequenting very much all public diversions, by this tax would be obliged to contribute towards the public expense. Nobody can with reason object against this tax, because all who will may be exempt from it. I am persuaded that far the greatest part of the kingdom would approve of this way of raising money. Sure no thinking person could have so little share of public spirit as to grumble at or oppose it!

"I beg leave to offer a few hints towards a method how to execute it.

"No person whatsoever to be admitted into any place of public diversion without a stamped ticket, on forfeiture of ten pounds for every person admitted without one, to be paid by the master or proprietor of the place; half to the informer, and half to the poor of the parish. The person so admitted to be received as an informer; the information to be made within two days from the day of admittance before a justice of the peace; the fine to be laid by two justices of the peace, upon the oath of the informer, he producing one witness of his having been at that place where he swears he was so admitted. All tickets to be stamped *pro rata*, according to the price they are now at, viz., a box or pit ticket to the opera or oratorio to be stamped with

two one-shilling stamps and one sixpenny stamp; a gallery ticket for the opera to be stamped with one one-shilling stamp; a box ticket for the play to have one one-shilling stamp; a pit ticket for the play one ninepenny stamp; a first gallery ticket for the play, one sixpenny stamp; an upper gallery, or pigeon hole, or upper seat ticket for the play, to have one threepenny stamp. Tickets for Ranelagh or Vauxhall gardens to have each one threepenny stamp. Tickets for the booths of Bartholomew fair, Tottenham-court fair, &c., to have each one penny stamp. The like proportion to be observed in the diversions of Sadler's Wells, Goodman's fields, &c., as also in public concerts. The subscribers to the opera, &c., to pay a certain sum in proportion to the subscription."

Where shall we find the minor places now of entertainment above enumerated? All, with the exception of Sadler's Wells, have vanished "like the baseless fabric of a dream."

AAGER AND ELIZA.

THE Danish and Norwegian literature is rich in tales of supernatural wonders. Many of them have been imitated without acknowledgment by English writers. The poem quoted below will show that they have not excelled their masters :—

'Twas the valiant knight, Sir Aager,
He to the far island hied,
There he wedded sweet Eliza,
She of maidens was the pride.

There he married sweet Eliza,
With her lands and ruddy gold,
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead he lay beneath the mould.

In her bower sate sweet Eliza,
Scream'd, and would not be consol'd;
And the good Sir Aager listen'd,
Underneath the dingy mould.

Up Sir Aager rose, his coffin
Bore he on his bended back;
Tow'rds the bower of sweet Eliza
Was his sad and silent track.

He the door tapp'd with his coffin,
For his fingers had no skin;
"Rise, O rise, my sweet Eliza!
Rise, and let thy bridegroom in."

Straightway answer'd fair Eliza:
"I will not undo my door
'Till thou name the name of Jesus,
Even as thou could'st before."

"Rise, O rise, mine own Eliza!
And undo thy chamber door;
I can name the name of Jesus,
Even as I could of yore."

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Down her cheek tears streaming ran;
Unto her, within the bower,
She admits the spectre man.

She her golden comb has taken,
And has comb'd his yellow hair,
On each lock that she adjusted,
Fell a hot and briny tear.

"Listen now, my good Sir Aager!
Dearest bridegroom, all I crave
Is to know how it goes with thee
In that lonely place, the grave?"

"Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,
Are my lonely grave's recesses,
All with leaves of roses lin'd.

"Every time that, love, thou grievest,
And dost shed the briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Fill'd with black and loathsome blood.

"Heard I not the red cock crowing?
I, my dearest, must away;
Down to earth the dead are going,
And behind I must not stay.

"Hear I not the black cock crowing?
To the grave I down must go,
Now the gates of heaven are opening,
Fare thee well for ever moe."

Up Sir Aager stood, the coffin
Takes he on his bended back;
To the dark and distant churchyard
Is his melancholy track.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Full courageous was her mood;
And her bridegroom she attended
Through the dark and dreary wood.

When the forest they had travers'd,
And within the churchyard were,
Faded then of good Sir Aager
Straight the lovely yellow hair,

When the churchyard they had travers'd
And the church's threshold cross'd,
Straight the cheek of good Sir Aager
All its rosy colours lost.

"Listen, now, my sweet Eliza!
If my peace be dear to thee,
Never thou, from this time forward,
Pine or shed a tear for me.

"Turn, I pray thee, up to heaven
To the little stars thy sight:
Then thou mayest know for certain
How it fareth with the knight."

Soon as e'er her eyes to heaven
To the little stars she rear'd,
Into earth the dead man glided,
And to her no more appear'd.

Homeward went the sweet Eliza,
Grief of her had taken hold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead she lay beneath the mould.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

LETTER I.

CHEMISTRY, considered even abstractedly, will always repay the ardent labours of the student; but when that science can be directed to some useful object,—to the accumulation of social or relative comforts,—the assistance of art and commerce, and especially to the prolongation of health, and the larger and cheaper production of the necessaries of life, then does it become, indeed, the benefactor of our race.

It is our intention, in a series of plain and practical papers, to bring before our readers some of the fundamental laws of

chemical action, in order to explain to them many of those important changes which are continually going on in the great laboratory of nature, and which give rise to products affecting the vitality of both plants and animals.

It is a beautiful provision of nature that *nothing should be lost* or destroyed. Matter, so far as human agency is concerned, is *perfectly indestructible*. If we pile fuel upon our domestic hearth, or light a piece of paper, a candle, or a lamp, we are not *merely* supplying the heat or light necessary to our comfort, but, during the apparent destruction of the materials employed, we are agents in the hands of nature for the reproduction of two important compounds, *water* and *carbonic acid*; one the essential food of plants, the other necessary to the existence of both animals and vegetables. In the course of these papers, it will be more especially our duty to explain clearly the chemical changes which, during the combustion of common fires, give birth to the compounds to which we have already referred. However, even thus early, we would recommend one experiment, by means of which the production of water, while burning wood or paper, may be seen.

Take a cold dry glass vessel—a tumbler for instance—and invert it over the flame given off from a piece of wood or paper. The glass loses its transparency, owing to the condensation of watery vapour upon its sides. Thus, comparing small things with great, and remembering how large an amount of combustion must be going on throughout the whole world, we may form some idea of the vast quantity of water given off from flame. If chemistry could teach us this one practical truth, and no other, it would be worth years of laborious research, offering, as it does, to our minds, a most convincing proof of that wisdom which has created all things, and watches with untiring care the wants of every portion of organized life.

In order that we may render the subject of agricultural chemistry as intelligible as possible, it is our intention to adopt the following arrangement:—

We shall consider, first, the constitution of plants, and the nature of the elements entering into their composition.

Secondly. The nature of soils, and the sources from which they are produced and renovated.

Thirdly. The nature of the food upon which plants live, derived from the atmosphere and from the soil.

Fourthly. The changes which are produced in the atmosphere during combustion, respiration, and thunder storms, and which changes are necessary to the fertilization of the soil, and the vitality of the plant.

We shall, in treating these important topics, avoid as much as we possibly can all unnecessary technicality and scientific detail, assuming that our papers will find their way, as well to the kitchen hearth of the plain husbandman, as to the drawing room of the more wealthy agriculturist.

Miscellaneous.

KNIGHT-ESSES OF THE GARTER.—There is reason to believe that as well as knights there were knight-*esses*, or ladies, of that order. In 1358 Queen Phillippa, it appears from the Wardrobe accounts, received 500*l.* from King Edward, for her dress and that of her ladies, in which they attended the chapel in Windsor Castle, on Saint George's day, their attire being, it is presumed, the livery of the Garter. On the same authority we learn that in the days of his successor, in 1379, an order for ladies' habits for the feast of Saint George was made. Two thousand three hundred garters, bearing the well-known motto of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," were prepared by command on that occasion, with robes and hoods of long woollen cloth, for the King, the Duke of Lancaster, and other Knights of the Garter, and "also for the King's mother, and other ladies newly received into the same society of the Garter, against the Feast of Saint George." "Ladies of the fraternity of Saint George" was the name at that time bestowed on the high-born dames admitted to the honour.

WHAT OATH SHOULD A FOREIGNER TAKE?—On the discussion of "The Oaths Validity Bill," June 15th, 1838, Lord Denman laid down, and strongly insisted on the principle that the forms proper to be used were those which the individual to be sworn held to be binding on his conscience, however strange they might appear to the natives of the country where he took the oath. This, he contended, was the common law of England. His lordship said he had taken the liberty of referring their lordships, the last time this subject was under discussion, to one of the most important and enlightened judgments that had ever proceeded from the distinguished men who presided over courts of justice in this country. The case was tried by Lord Hardwicke, and the question was, whether an individual swearing according to the Hindoo form was a competent witness. That learned judge felt the case to be a novel one, and he obtained the assistance of the heads of the other three courts in determining on the admissibility of a person as witness who swore in a form utterly abhorrent to our English notions and forms of Christianity. The arguments of Lord Mansfield, who was then Solicitor-General, and of Sir H. Ryder, were such as none of their lordships could read without great admiration and profit, if it so

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happened that they had not looked into them already; and the consequence of the trial was the full and complete settlement of the principle that the conscience of the individual was the only law to be resorted to in swearing him.

Dr Schonbein's Description of Queen Victoria.—The Doctor, being at Windsor, got posted at a door leading to the park. After waiting some time, he says,—"At last two noble chargers stretched their proud heads through the narrow doorway. In an instant the expectant crowd ranged themselves in due order; the hat flew from every male head; a moment or two elapsed, and the maiden of twenty, on whom fell the singular lot of being called to reign over the mightiest nation in the universe, and to be the mistress of more than a hundred millions of human creatures, appeared mounted on a noble palfrey. The cavalcade was followed by a light calèche, drawn by four elegant little ponies, to be used in case the Queen should be tired by her ride. As her Majesty rode out quite slowly, and I had planted myself so close to the door, that the royal garments almost touched me, I was thus enabled to view the object of my curiosity with sufficient leisure to impress its image distinctly on my memory. Though it would be palpable exaggeration to describe the British Queen as the perfection of female beauty, it would, on the other hand, be as great a deviation from truth to deny her the possession of grace and of an attractive appearance. The expression of her roundish face has a certain fresh youthfulness, an engaging and truly feminine expression; and her person appeared to me beautifully proportioned, and of more than common gracefulness—a point on which I had a good opportunity of judging, as the English riding dress displays the female bust better than any other. Placed as I was, so near the royal person, I did not fail, of course, to express my respect for her, not merely by uncovering, but by a low reverence, which was the occasion of procuring for my humble person (*meine Wenigkeit*) the unmerited honour of a benignant and condescending glance from her Majesty, and even besides this, the distinguished favour of a gracious nod."

Opening of a Roman Tumulus.—An interesting discovery, illustrative of the funeral customs of the Anglo-Romans, has been made in the parish of Rougham, on the estate of Mr Philip Bennet. At the corner of the two roads leading to Hesset and Bradfield Manger, and within a few feet of the highway, stands the half of a hill, called Eastlow hill, and a slight distance therefrom were two semicircular mounds, about 50 or 60 feet in diameter, covered with herbage and shrubs. The men belonging to Mr Levett's farm were engaged in clearing away one of these mounds, to lay the soil upon the land, when, having come to the centre, the pick of the workmen broke into an oven-shaped cist or cavern, containing sepulchral remains. A hole, between three and four feet square, appears to have been first dug about three feet below the general level of the country. Four rows of red hollow tile bricks, each eleven inches long, about six inches wide, and seven inches deep, and nearly an inch thick, and having a circular hole in the middle of each end, were then placed on the soil, and covered over with large flat tiles. The whole was arched over with flat tiles, forming a chamber of about two feet and a half square and two feet deep, open at one end. Each tile was ornamented with two striated bands, placed diagonally from angle to angle, and crossing in the centre. In this chamber was a large square canister-shaped urn of emerald green glass, with a handle on one side. It was nearly sixteen inches high, and eight inches wide; and was about half full of burnt bones. By the side of the urn was a large plain iron lamp, of the accustomed form, in length from the wick chamber to the handle nearly a foot. This part of the country must have been extensively occupied by the Romans, for pateræ, and pieces of pottery, swords, spurs, and other articles of iron have been frequently and for many years discovered within two feet of the surface in this part of Rougham, and within the adjoining parish of Whelnetham. The land was common till within the last thirty years, and so many human bones were found, it is said, on removing part of the Eastlow hill, that the then owner of the estate (Mr Kedington) refused to permit any more of the hill to be cleared. Adjoining to the tumulus which has been opened is another, as yet quite undisturbed; and near to them are the pits or trenches whence, it is probable, the soil was procured to heap up these simple and long-enduring resting-places.—*Suffolk Herald.*

The Gatherer.

Suspicion Removed.—Some years ago a noble duke was fleeced of a large sum of money at hazard, by means of false dice. The duke, suspecting the deceit, when the play was over put the dice into his waistcoat pocket, and retired to bed. The plunderers were alarmed lest they should be detected; and resolved, therefore, when he should be asleep, to enter his bed room, take the false dice from his pocket, and put others in their place. As they threw dice to decide who should in this instance officiate, he on whom the lot fell ordered his domestic to invite the duke's servant who attended him to take a bottle of wine

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with him below. When everything was quiet he proceeded to the bed room, where he found the duke asleep, and silently accomplished his purpose. His grace, on splitting the dice next morning, found them to be correct, and was satisfied.

Parliamentary Anachronisms.—Before the debates of Parliament were published as we now see them, the substance of what was said used to be given as orations made by Greek or Roman lawgivers or heroes. The effect was ludicrous enough, as Solon would occasionally refer to what had passed in the time of Queen Anne, Lycurgus would refer to Coke upon Littleton, and Cato would speak of the Conduit in Cheapside, and insist upon the necessity of repairing Newgate, or pulling down the Little Old Bailey.

Ingenious Torture.—In the prisons of the Inquisition in Spain, three kinds of torture were in use, of which that by water was the most agonizing. The patient was extended in a kind of trench or coffin open at the feet and at the head; his face was covered with a wet cloth, on which water was thrown, intended to filter drop by drop into the throat; and as the nose and mouth could not breathe through this cloth, which intercepted at once the air and water, the result was that on removing it the cloth and throat were found full of blood, from the small vessels which had burst.

Structure of Woman.—A handsome woman is not only the most beautiful spectacle in the world, she does not only entertain the sight more agreeably than any other object whatsoever, but she passes imperceptibly into the brain and heart, and inspires all with love and devotion at the same time. The reason is, her eyes are quick interpreters of her thoughts, and the spirituous rays of these have the same influence upon the soul as the beauty of her person has upon the sense. God is said to make man, but to build woman; and all anatomists agree, that her interior structure is full of wonders; as if the Creator had contrived in her, apartments as well for the reserve of the most precious curiosities, as the entertainment of a more sublime and spiritual essence.—*Gentleman's Magazine for* 1747.

Jack Ketch.—This *soubriquet* of the common hangman is perhaps not generally known to have been derived from Sir Richard Jaquett, of whom no other memorial exists but an almost illegible deed of the reign of King Edward VI, of England, wherein he is appointed "Lord of the Manor of Tyburne," with its appurtenances, including the gallows. It is to a corruption of Jaquett that antiquaries attribute Jack Ketch.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

French Literati.—De Launoy and Baillet, two learned critics, employed themselves in tracing the real histories of those who, in times comparatively modern, had been named saints. Their labours cleared up a multitude of fables, false miracles, and fictitious stories; whence they got the name of *Denicheurs de Saints*—Unroosters of saints.

Singular Religious Institution.—In the last century a new religious fraternity started up, and was approved by the Pope, called the "Barefoot Clerks of the Passion of Jesus Christ." The religious of this order were bound by a particular vow to inculcate, in their missions and other exercises, a devotion to the passion of our Saviour.

Melancholy.—Why is it that, at the moment of deepest enjoyment, we often feel the most melancholy? What power does the pale, quiet planet, passing along in solitary grandeur, possess over the hidden springs of feeling, that she always disposes the heart to regret, and to memory, never to hope!—*Sketches of Corfu.*

"*What's in a Name?*"—The title of the 'Rambler' was so little understood at the time of its appearance, that a French journalist translated it, 'Le Chevalier Errant;' and when it was corrected to 'L'Errant,' a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day by innocently addressing him by the appellation of "Mr Vagabond."

Tarring and Feathering.—This ludicrous but painful punishment would appear to be an European invention, as one of Richard Cœur de Lion's punishments for sailors was, if any man were convicted of theft, or "pickery, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief."—*Holinshed.*

Scandal on Queen Elizabeth.—It is curious to note how fond the populace are of connecting the name of some great personage with the spots they themselves inhabit. Thus the people of Bisham believe to this day that Queen Elizabeth resided among them, and insist, notwithstanding the opinion of all the world to the contrary, that she died no maid. They point out in this church a small monument with the sculptured figures of two children, which they assert was erected by that princess in memory of twins, of which she was delivered in that village; of course they are but the old women of both sexes who believe this story, but it has been current for nearly two centuries and a half.—*Mackay.*

Interesting Discovery—On the site of the old Julia Cæsarea, at Algiers, a fine statue of white marble has been found, representing a youth taking a thorn out of his foot: and near it a monument of a knight piercing a soldier with his lance, and above it an inscription in tolerable preservation.

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Advantages of Travelling.—Of all the pleasures in this pleasant world, travelling is surely the most delightful; not only as it enhances the enjoyment of the present moment, but because it enables one to lay up in the mind's storehouse a series of pictures wherewith to amuse the after-hours of life, when we shall be quietly seated in the arm-chair of old age.

Town and Country Funerals.—Nothing can be more widely different in feeling and effect than town and country funerals. In town a strange corpse passes along amid thousands of strangers, and human nature seems shorn of that interest which it ought especially in its last stage to possess. In the country, every man, woman, and child goes down to the dust amid those who have known them from their youth, and all miss them from their place. Nature seems in silence to sympathise with the mourners. The green mound of the rural churchyard opens to receive the slumberer to a peaceful resting place, and the yews or lindens which he climbed when a boy in pursuit of bird's nest, moth, or cockchaffer, overshadow, as it were, with a kindred feeling his grave.—*Howitt.*

Comparative Longevity.—There is nothing in the system of nature which appears so unintelligible as the scale of longevity. All that is known of domesticated animals tends to the strange result that longevity bears no relation to strength, size, complexity of organization, or intellectual power. Thirty is a great age for a horse; dogs usually live only from fourteen years to twenty; but the goose and hawk exceed a century. Fish, evidently a lower rank in creation than either, are longer lived than birds; it has been said of some species, and of certain snakes also, that they grow as long as they live, and as far as we know, live till some accident puts an end to their indefinite term of life. And the toad! it cannot, indeed, be said that the toad lives for ever, but many of these animals, who were cased up at the general deluge, are likely to live till they are baked in their cells at the general conflagration.—*Southey.*

— "I like a child that cries," said the Abbe Morelatt. "Why?" "Because then it will be taken away."

— On Friday, the 18th ult., the first stone of the Queen's College of Medicine, at Birmingham, was laid by the Principal, Dr Johnstone, assisted by Mr G. Drury, the architect. The visitor of the College is Dr Warneford, of whose beneficence it is another monument.

— The 'Medea' of Euripides, recently set to music by Taubert, was performed for the first time on the 7th inst., before a select audience, in the theatre of the palace at Potsdam. It was to have been performed publicly at the Opera House at Berlin; but this, we regret to learn, is impossible, that house having been burned to the ground on the 19th inst.

— Man in his present condition may be likened to a portrait copied from an original, there is the outline perfect, but the softer touches of pristine innocence are wanting. His moral symmetry is defective, having been severely injured by the fall.

— The Emperor of Russia, in testimony of the services which Mr Murchison has rendered by his geological researches in Russia, has, in addition to the decoration of St Anne, received in 1841, presented him with a vase of Hyaline quartz (Avanturine) upon a pedestal of porphyry, both extracted from the Altaic mountains, and wrought at Kolyvan. Also a plateau of watered damask steel, wrought at Stataust, in the Ural mountains, with gold ornaments in relief, representing the chief mining operations of those countries, and bearing a Russian inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"To the geologist Murchison, in testimony of its peculiar esteem, the administration of the mines of Russia."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. does not state what Varnished Silk he desires: one is prepared as follows:—

Pipe-clay (sifted through a silk sieve) 15 *parts.*
Letharge, ground in water (dried and sifted as before) . . . . . 3 „
Lamp-black . . . . . 1 „

Linseed oil, sufficient in quantity to make the mass into a paste. Spread the paste over the silk with a knife, which is made for the purpose, being flexible in the blade, and has two handles; when dry, any unevenness can be rubbed down with a piece of pumice stone and water; lastly, varnish it over with copal varnish. This silk is used for covering for hats, cloaks, &c.

Varnished Silk for sticking, or court, plaister, is made as follows:—Soak any quantity of isinglass for twenty-four hours in warm water; expose it to heat to dissipate a great part of the water. Supply the place of the water with alcohol, or proof spirit of wine, which will combine with the isinglass. Strain the whole through a piece of linen. Take care that the mass, when cool, shall have the consistence of jelly as used at table. When applied, warm it, and put it upon the surface of the silk with a badger-hair brush. You must apply stratum after stratum until you make the plaister of the required thickness of the preparation of isinglass. As soon as the whole is dry, varnish it with one or two coats of a strong tincture of the balsam of Peru. This is the real court plaister: *spurious articles are made for sale.*

Dyer.—Black and scarlet colours can be dyed in the following easy manner:—Dip the calico into a strong solution of acetate of iron. Dry it quickly, and put it by for two or three days. Wash it afterwards in hot water, then boil it for ten minutes in a strong decoction of Brazil wood; it will now be black. Dry it, and then take any device cut in wood which has attached to the pattern part a cloth which will absorb a small quantity of a solution of the muriate of tin. Press this on the black cloth, and the figure will assume a scarlet colour, the ground remaining black.

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The Mirror

OF

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Original Communications.

ANCIENT CHURCHES.—OLD CLEVEDON.

A SOCIETY was formed at Bristol, two years and a half ago, under the title of "The Bristol Architectural Society." Its objects are described to be—

"To promote the study of English Gothic architecture, and of mediæval archæology, by surveys of old churches, and other ecclesiastical buildings; as well as of baronial edifices. By collecting of books, prints, and drawings; models, casts, and other architectural specimens; and by making grants from the funds of the society towards the restoration or building of churches."

It now comprehends many influential inhabitants of Bristol, and has recently brought out an archæological magazine in furtherance of its views. Those who regret the fast-vanishing monuments of the past will agree that nothing better can be attempted to console the lovers of antiquity than to explore, and, if possible, preserve, what remains of objects of real interest, and, where this cannot be done, to give descriptions and graphic representations of structures about to disappear.

The society have done their best to preserve for posterity a correct representation of Old Clevedon Church, which appears at the head of this article. It stands in the lap of an insulated hill at the western extremity of Old Clevedon, facing the south, and open to the sea towards the north. It is a cross-church, with a tower at the intersection; a south aisle to the nave, and a south porch. The figure of a knight is found in the south transept, seven feet in length, wearing armour of the time of Edward the Third. In the churchyard there are the remains of an old stone cross. Of the manor we have the following account:—

"At a period antecedent to the erection of any part of the now-existing church, the manor of Clevedon, or Clivedone, was granted to Mathew de Moretania, by William the Conqueror; but shortly afterwards we find its possessors, or occupants, bearing the name of De Clivedon. William de Clivedon held it in 1166, of William earl of Gloucester, and was succeeded by Mathew de Clivedon, who held it at the close of the twelfth century. In 1297 (25 Edward I) John de Clivedon was summoned to perform feudal service, by attending the king, with horse and arms, into foreign parts. Mathew de Clivedon was in possession in 1360; Richard, his son, in 1387; and Alexander de Clivedon in 1409. 'These last,' says Collinson, 'seem to have been out of the regular line of descent; for it is expressly shown, that Edmund de Clivedon

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was the last lord of Clevedon of that name, and that dying, 50 Edward III, without issue, the estates which he possessed descended to Edmund, the son of Thomas Hogshaw, by Emmelina his wife, daughter and heir of the said Edmund de Clivedon. Which Edmund Hogshaw died seised of the manor of Clivedon, and divers other, late in the possession of the family of Clivedon, 14 Rich. II, leaving no issue; whereupon the said lands were divided between Sir Thos. Lovel, Knt., the husband of Joan, one of the sisters of the said Edmund Hogshaw, and John Bluet, the husband of Margery, his other sister.' In this partition the manor of Clivedon was assigned to Bluet, who soon afterwards conveyed his right therein to Sir Thomas Lovel, Knt., son of the Sir Thomas Lovel before mentioned. At his death the manor passed into possession of his son-in-law, Sir Thomas Wake, Knt., gentleman of the privy chamber to King Edward IV. From him, his son, Sir Roger Wake, received it. This gentleman, who was sheriff of Northamptonshire, 2 Rich. III, having espoused the cause of that monarch at the battle of Bosworth-field, 'was attainted in parliament, and his lands seized to the use of Henry VII, who, in the third year of his reign, granted one moiety of this manor of Clivedon to Sir Humphrey Stanley and Sir James Parker, Knights; and the other to John Croker and John Dudley, Esqrs.: to hold by the service of a red rose, payable yearly at the feast of the nativity of St John the Baptist. But shortly after the said Roger Wake obtained a pardon, and the restitution of all, or the greater part of his lands, and settled this manor, with the capital mansion, on Richard his second son.'

"In this family the manor continued for nearly a century and a half, and then passed, by marriage, to John Digby, earl of Bristol, of whose family it was purchased by Sir Abraham Elton, the first baronet of that name, whose descendant, Sir Charles Abraham Elton, is the present possessor.

"The church of Clevedon was appropriated to the abbey of St Augustine, in Bristol."

In Abbott Newland's accounts as *cellarer* of St Augustine's Abbey, of 1491-2, payments are mentioned for the carriage of grain from Clevedon and Tickenham to the granary of the Abbey.

There are some people, we know, who think any attention bestowed on matters not immediately connected with the acquiring of pounds, shillings, and pence, for the present day, time wasted. Mr Saunders was met with a great deal of silly ridicule when he strove for the restoration of the Chapel of Our Lady in Southwark, and a booby auctioneer in the Court of Common Council, recently snuffled out some solemn impertinence on the folly of attaching any value to the autobiography of Shakspeare! There are, however, many who can still value remains which vividly recal by-gone ages, and we are not without hopes that the Bristol Society, by its successful and intelligent labours, will have the honour of being imitated in the metropolis.

Few of those who, "mindful of the honoured dead," only occasionally devote half a day to such inquiries, fail to discover that the most sottish neglect has withdrawn from view monuments well deserving of moderate care. The magazine we have mentioned gives one instance of this, which is worth quoting. In St James's Church, Bristol, there is a statue, originally intended, it is supposed, to commemorate the founder of the church:—

"It is a small figure, of feminine proportions, clothed in simple drapery, with a belt or cord round the waist, one end of which depends nearly to the feet; an amulet sculptured with a star is attached by a string round the neck; the hair is long, and curled in one large lock on either side the face; the right hand is laid upon the breast, and the left gathers up a fold of a cloak, or outer garment. The execution of this figure is very good; the folds of the drapery are neatly implicated, and delicately wrought; and the dress altogether bears a close resemblance to that of King John, shown on his effigy in Worcester cathedral. We see no fair reason to doubt but that this is, as tradition asserts, the effigy of Robert of Gloucester; though some have confidently maintained that it represents a female. There is indeed little of the warlike character of the earl to be traced in this figure, and the dress is very different from the martial accoutrements in which warriors were represented on their tombs at a later period; but the earlier effigies were rarely carven in war panoply.

"For some years this monument was concealed from view behind pews; Barrett speaks of it as a thing of which there existed a traditionary memory. 'In the south wall,' he says, 'there was once preserved a stone figure of a man, habited like a pilgrim, supposed to be for him, which is remembered by some old persons now living, which, in the several repairs this church has received, is now destroyed and lost, or concealed by the high wainscot seats there.' And, in a note, he adds, 'In the south aisle, near the belfry door, in 1710, was a tomb, with a naked figure at full length (the nudity of the figure was a mistake of the manuscript from which his information was obtained), supposed then to be for the founder, Robert, Earl of Gloucester.' Fortunately the effigy was not destroyed; and by the removal of a pew, in 1819, it was again brought to light, when the following inscription was put up on a brass plate above it.

"'Within this tomb was interred Robert, son of King Henry I, earl or consul of Gloucester, Lord of Bristol, and builder of its castle: the pious and munificent founder of this church, and of the priory of St James. He died XXXI Oct. A.D. MCXLVII, Ætatis suæ lvii, or lviii.'

"The arms of the consul Robert, *gules*, three lance-rests *or*, are placed over the tomb, and were probably cut when the south aisle was built, and the effigy removed to its present situation."

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ESPARTERO, THE EX-REGENT OF SPAIN.

THIS distinguished man, whose presence at this moment amongst us under circumstances of peculiar adversity renders him an object of curiosity and interest to all Englishmen, belongs to that class of heroes who carve their fortunes in the world by the innate energy of their own genius. Espartero owes nothing to the accidents of birth, connexion, or patronage, or to any of those chances which place individuals without any effort of their own in prominent and commanding positions: he owes everything to himself—except his misfortunes, which alone are unmerited.

He was born in 1793, in the small village of Granatula, in the province of La Mancha. His father was a carpenter in poor circumstances, with a family of ten children, of which Baldomero Espartero was the youngest but one. Being of too weakly a constitution to follow his father's calling, he was placed out at school at an early age, with a view to the clerical profession, his eldest brother, a curé, defraying the necessary expenses of his education. Here he remained until the French invasion of 1808, when the long pent-up hatred of the Spaniards against the destroyer of their independence inspired the young student with a resolution to throw himself into the patriotic ranks of the volunteers then forming in all parts of the country.

At fifteen years of age he abandoned the calm pursuit of letters, which he was destined through a life of tumult never afterwards to resume. He enrolled himself as a simple volunteer in a corps composed exclusively of ecclesiastical students. His zeal procured him some notice, and at three-and-twenty, having completed his military education, he obtained the rank of sub-lieutenant in the regular army.

But there was now no occupation for his arms at home; and fortunately at this juncture the insurrection of the South American colonies against the new monarch who had been forced upon the mother country, opened a field for the immediate employment of the young and ardent soldier. He offered himself to one of the generals commanding an expedition to reduce the refractory colonies to obedidience, and was accepted with promotion. On landing at Chili he was appointed secretary and aide-de-camp to the general, and distinguished himself on one remarkable occasion by an action of such signal bravery and presence of mind, that his subsequent brilliant destiny seemed from that moment to dawn upon him.

He returned home with the rank of colonel: but this was not all. Spaniards are proverbially fond of gambling, and amidst the adventurous warfare of Peru there were many idle hours which were filled up with dice. Espartero was always fortunate. The success which attended him in his military career followed him even in his vices; and he carried back with him to Spain not only the command of a regiment, but of a fortune amassed at the gambling-table of not less than eighty thousand pounds sterling.

Every day brought him fresh honours. At the presentation of the despatches with which he was charged he was advanced to the rank of brigadier, and was soon after sent to take the command of the troops stationed at Logrono. There he became acquainted with the daughter of a wealthy proprietor, named Santa Cruz. He was then thirty-one years old, a man of fortune, and a general officer. An intimacy commenced under most favourable circumstances, soon ripened into affection, and speedily ended in marriage. The daughter of Santa Cruz is now Duchess of Victory.

From that period, 1825, to the breaking out of the civil war, the life of Espartero was a blank so far as military or public affairs were concerned. During the interval he was stationed at Palma in Majorca, and lived in tranquillity and domestic happiness, with the power of gratifying every wish which could be accomplished by wealth and local influence.

The death of Ferdinand, in 1833, threw the whole country into disorder. Espartero immediately declared for the cause of the infant daughter, and sent in his adhesion to the Government of the Queen Regent. He was named at once commander-in-chief of Biscay. From this moment, for a long interval, his former good fortune abandoned him.

It was his misfortune to be opposed to the terrible Zumalacarreguy. Wherever he appeared he was driven back by that almost irresistible hero. But he possessed one great merit, he never despaired; although his name had at last become literally ominous of defeat, he continued to march at the head of his division with the tone and confidence of a conqueror. This is the true way to vanquish fortune.

A detailed account of his career would be in part a history of the civil war itself. For three years he was almost uniformly unsuccessful; yet he was highly popular with his army, for he shared with them freely all their dangers and privations. Continued disasters were not lost upon him. He improved in the knowledge and practice of war, and in September, 1836, was appointed by a ministerial decree to the vice-royalty of Navarre, the captain-generalship of the Basque provinces, and the command-in-chief of the army of the North.

That army was then in a state of disorganization and mutiny; but Espartero soon restored it to a condition of perfect discipline. His popularity did much to-

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wards the achievement of this desirable end, and his energy and sincerity towards everybody around him accomplished the rest.

An opportunity soon offered itself for the display of his military talents. Bilboa was open and unprotected, and the neighbouring heights were commanded by the Carlists. Espartero advanced to the relief of the town with 1,600 troops, which were shortly increased to 22,000. It must be observed, however, that he suffered the town to be reduced to the last extremity before he actually attempted to dispossess the enemy; he being upon the right bank of the Nervin, while the citizens were starving, and vainly entreating him to come to their help. He was ill, apathetic, or timid, or all together. At last he got up out of his bed, and making a violent assault on the enemy at midnight, during a tremendous snow storm, drove them with great difficulty from their positions, and entered the town in triumph. For this gallant action, he received the title of Count of Luchana, derived from the name of the heights.

His next victory was over the retreating forces of the Carlists, now rapidly breaking up and flying in every direction. He advanced on Penacerrada against a superior army, and in three days planted the Queen's flag on the battlements. This exploit was one of the most brilliant in which he was engaged, and the victorious result, it is but just to add, was mainly attributable to his personal intrepidity.

Estella was now the point of attack. It was a position of great importance, and Espartero made his dispositions accordingly. At the head of 30,000 men he successfully assailed and became master of Pena del Moro, Ramales, and Guardamino; and these rapid triumphs procured him the title of Duke of Victory and the rank of a grandee of Spain of the first class. From this moment the fate of the insurgents was sealed. Dispersed and spirit-broken, they fled before the Christinos from one bivouac to another. The progress of the Christinos was literally a series of orations; and the treaty of Bergara finally crowned the settlement of the country by the total expulsion of the pretender and his followers.

The events which have subsequently agitated unhappy Spain, and driven the Regent from the elevation which he occupied with so much advantage to the country, belong to contemporary history, and need not be repeated here.

In person Espartero presents the perfect model of a soldier. Like the famous Du Guesclin, he is of middle stature, cast in a robust mould. His complexion is dark, and his features, which are not distinguished by such an expression of firmness as we might anticipate, are buried in dark mustache and beard. He is now only fifty years of age, but the anguish of the malady under which he suffers has imparted rather an aged character to his face. Though of a variable temper, and subject to sudden outbreaks of passion, his manners are polished and dignified. His honour as a man has never been impeached, and even those who have lost large sums of money to him at the gambling table, have ever been earnest in praise of his integrity and generosity.

A DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER CHARGED WITH SORCERY.

THE following very gloomy narrative from 'The Chronicles of London,' edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, appears in the last publication of the Camden Society.

"Also in this same yere the duchesse of Gloucetere was arested and put in holt, for she was suspecte of treson; and a clerk that was longyng to here, whiche was clepyd Roger, whiche was taken for werchynge of sorcery ayens the king, and he was put into the Tour; and after, he was brought into Poules, and there he stood up on high on a scaffold ageyn Poulys crosse on a Sonday, and there he was arraied like as he schulde never the in his garnementys, and there was honged rounde aboughte hym alle hise instrumentis whiche were taken with hym, and so shewyd among all the peple; and after he was broughte to-fore the lordys, and there he was examyned, and after broughte to the Yeldehalle, and there he was regned aforen the lordes of the kynges counseill and to-fore alle the juges of this land; and anon after, the lady of Gloucestre afornseid was mad to apere thre sondry dayes afore the kyng and alle his lordes spirituell and temperell; and there she was examyned of diverses poyntes of wicchecraft, of the whiche she knowleched that she hadde used thorugh the counseill of the wicche of Eye, the whiche was brent on the even of Symond and Jude in Smythefeld.

"Ao. xxmo. In this yere my lady of Gloucestre hadde confessyd here wicchecraft, as it is afornseid, she was yoyned be alle the spritualté assent to penaunce, to comen to London fro Westminster on the Moneday next suynge and londe at the Temple brigge out of here barge, and there openly barehede with a keverchef on hir hede, beryng a taper of wax of ij . in here hond, and went so thorugh Fletstrete on here foot and hoodles unto Poules, and there she offred up here taper at the high auter; and on the Wednesday nest suenge she com fro Westminster be barge, unto the Swan in Tempse strete, and there she londyd, and wente forthe on here feet thorugh Brigge strete, Graschirche strete, to the Ledenhalle, and so to Crichirche in the wyse aforenseyd; and on Fryday she londed at Quenhithe, and so forth she wente into Chepe, and so to Seynt Mighell in Cornhull, in the forme aforenseid; and at iche of the tymes the mair with the schirreves and

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the craftes of London were redy at the places there she sholde londe: and after, Roger the clerk aforenseyd, on the Satirday, that is to sey the xviij day of Novembre, was brought to the Yeldehalle, with sire John Hom prest, and William Wodham squyer, the whiche sir John and William hadden there chartres at that tyme; and the clerk was dampned, and the same day was drawe fro the Tour of London to Tiborn, and there hanged, hedyd, and quartered, and the heed sett upon London bregge; and his oo quarter at Hereford, another at Oxenford, another at York, and the fourthe at Cambregge; and the lady put in prison, and after sent to Chestre, there to byde whill she lyvyth."

NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND AND RUSSIA.—Part II.

(For the Mirror.)

The Petersburg Arsenal is of course visited by all strangers; but there is so much of sameness in those exhibitions that this can only be distinguished from its fellows of other countries by the possession of a greater number of Turkish and Persian flags, and Pachas' tails, as well as by containing an excellent marble statue of the Empress Catherine, and a very clumsy gig of Peter the Great's handiwork. This vehicle contains some brass machinery intended to measure the distance travelled, and having hitherto considered that as being a discovery of later origin, we felt some surprise on finding it attached to a gig of that period.

On entering the Alexander Theatre we found the Russian language, as spoken on the stage, soft and agreeable, indeed somewhat resembling French in its general sound. The actors and actresses might have been mistaken for Germans, and the approved mode of salutation consisted in the gentlemen kissing the hands of the ladies, while the ladies return them the same compliment on the cheek. The French theatre was, however, much more fashionably attended, and I may pretty confidently venture to say that at least every second gentleman was dressed in uniform. We found the large Opera-house well attended, but not crowded to excess like that of London, for no such barbarism is permitted in the Russian theatres—every person who is admitted having a place reserved for him. When Taglioni was brought over to exhibit to the Russians her "poetry of motion," or how the houris may be supposed to dance in other spheres, her arrival created an exceeding sensation, and the usual prices of admission were increased three-fold. She continues still to be the star of every print-shop window, but the rude likenesses of her here displayed are exceedingly different from those tasteful little prints which in the London shops seem almost to improve the perfection of her fairy form.

Zzarskoe Selo palace, at the distance of twenty-four versts from St Petersburg, may, perhaps, be considered as the Windsor of Russia, infinitely inferior though it be in natural dignity of position, as well as in magnificence and solidity of architecture, to the truly Royal residence of England.

One of the great curiosities of the apartments is a room, the entire surface of which is amber, but however costly or rare the material, its jaundiced hue is anything but pleasing. This palace contains few pictures, but its chapel is exquisitely rich in decorations, in somewhat better taste than I have elsewhere seen in Russia, indeed the painting of the ceiling is such as may be regarded with entire satisfaction. The park and gardens of Zzarskoe Selo are well laid out in the English style, and are stated to contain sixty versts of ornamental walks, among which are scattered an armoury, a telegraph tower, farm buildings, &c. In the former are ostentatiously exhibited the diamond-covered saddle cloth, and other articles, presented to the Emperor by the Grand Sultan, when he solicited the assistance of Russia against Ibrahim Pacha some years since, as well as another which was sent after the danger had been averted, and which, it must be confessed, is less magnificently ornamented.

In driving to Zzarskoe Selo we passed through the district occupied by the descendants of some German colonists who were brought to Russia by the Empress Catherine, in order to supply the St Petersburg market with vegetables. These industrious cultivators are understood to be in a generally thriving condition, and, as usual with German emigrants still retain their original language and habits.

The chief wonder of the St Petersburg Museum of Natural History is perhaps the huge skeleton of a mammoth, found in Siberia some years since, and now for the purpose of comparison placed by the side of the skeleton of a large-sized elephant. It would require either more microscopic or more scientific eyes than we possessed, to discover between these skeletons any difference of form, beyond the slight mouldering which had been produced in the one by time and decay.

The question therefore arises, whether, supposing them to be identical, Siberia was once warmed by a vertical sun, so as to be a natural abode for such inhabitants; whether this mammoth skeleton is merely the solitary one of some Chuny of a Siberian Exeter Change, or whether it is that of an enterprising elephant traveller, some Mungo Park of the race, who may have

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gone forth from the tropics to explore the regions of the north ?

The largest terrestrial globe which is said to have ever been made may be seen in one of the apartments of the museum. An adjoining building contains a very curious collection of anatomical singularities, as well as some hundreds of specimens of the mechanical industry of Peter the Great, from model ships down to ivory toys. Instead, however, of admiring his ingenuity and indefatigable industry, we feel disposed, while surveying many of these objects, to think that the time of the founder of the great Russian Empire might have been more advantageously employed. Such a feeling is, perhaps, unjust towards that great man, who thus early may have made the discovery that mechanical invention is one of the chief elements of civilization.

The public droiskies of Petersburg amount in number to about 5,000, and they are certainly very inconvenient, low, rickety vehicles ; for on one bench running lengthways sits both the driver and his fare. It is very difficult for a third party to wedge himself in, and if so, his position, almost in contact with the dirty apparel of the long-bearded Isvoschtchicks, or drivers, is anything but agreeable.

These drivers cannot read, therefore to point out on paper where one wishes to be driven to is of no avail, and to pronounce Russian names correctly is often impossible. They are not limited by any code of regulations, so that an arrangement requires to be made for each drive, and in hiring a vehicle for any unusual distance, not a little time is sometimes required for bringing the matter to a satisfactory termination.

Were one to judge of her literature by the length of her alphabet, Russia would be entitled to claim a high place in the republic of letters, as she boasts twelve more of these elements of knowledge than the other countries of Christendom.

Many of the Russian letters are so curious in form, that the sign-boards of St Petersburg appear more as if they had been turned topsy-turvy in a frolicsome mood, than like anything one elsewhere meets with. Education is here, even at the present day, little attended to as respects the slave population, and it is not improbable that this may continue to be the case for a century yet to come.

Russia has hitherto contributed scarcely anything to the literature of Europe ; indeed some of the more ordinary elements for it are wanting, inasmuch as antiquity, which elsewhere excites the minstrel, the historian, and even the novelist, is in her case little else than barbarism, and the songs of liberty must not be sung. As regards poetry, the deficiency of material is still more remarkable, for the country possesses neither legends, chivalry, feudal beauty, nor romantic scenery—her peasantry are merely good-humoured slaves, and instead of the rose-decked cottages of England, many of which rival her palaces in cleanliness, and sometimes surpass them in the morality and sentiments of their inmates, the villages of Russia are filthy and uninteresting. Such love tales as those which Miss Mitford has so beautifully imagined for our village belles and rustic swains would, in Russia, be considered absolutely ridiculous.

Having chanced one day to remark to a lady that the most useful ukase which the Emperor could issue would be one ordering every peasant's beard to be cut off, and prohibiting sheep-skin garments, I was reminded that Peter the Great had his power nearly destroyed by a rebellion originating in an order to deprive his soldiery of that filthy ornament, a Russian beard. Peter, however, carried his object, and survived the rebellion of the military beards, and there is no reason to suppose that his present majesty would be less successful, should he attempt to unbeard the whole serf population, by at least putting a tax on that ornament.

We one day attended the service for the dead in a church appertaining to one of the principal cemeteries, and found the ceremony somewhat tedious. The coffins which contained the bodies were placed in the centre of the church, without any covering, the face of the deceased being exposed to the public gaze. The incense-box was next freely swung, and myriads of tapers lighted, in the vain hope, seemingly, of competing with the light of the sun at high noon.

A substantial and tasteful style pervades, generally, the granite and marble monuments of this cemetery, and different in some degree from those elsewhere met with. When the deceased, for example, had been cut off in infancy or in the prime of life, it was usually indicated by a broken pillar, and from the height of this the period at which death had arrived might even be guessed.

The botanic garden, to which our attention was next directed, is large, but we found it to contain nothing very wonderful, and in compliment to our own unjustly reviled climate, I may say that we found the box, laurel, holly, and all the numerous tribe of evergreens which lend their verdure to enliven our English winter scenes, can only exist here as greenhouse plants.

The Academy of the Mining Corps is one of the most interesting sights of St Petersburg, for it is here that the superintendents of the Siberian exiles and criminals are instructed, and it was quite a

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pleasure to survey the fine collection of minerals and fossils—the beautiful amalachite and the giant mammoth—masses of native gold, which almost led one to doubt of the preciousness of the metal—asbestos fabricated into gloves, which the guide quaintly remarked had only to be thrown into the fire to be cleaned—pebbles containing water, trees containing bones, and petrified wood richly encrusted with amethysts.

All these are the productions of Siberia, and after having surveyed them, as well as plans of the mines and machinery, we were finally conducted through a considerable extent of Model Mines, running under the neighbouring play-ground to the extent of nearly half a mile, and intended to illustrate the strata and general relative positions of the mineral kingdom. It appears that all the mines of Siberia are worked by convict labour, and round the walls of the Museum there are suspended views of many of the chief towns of that district, and these I must say appear quite equal to the other towns of Russia; and, to an imagination tutored to expect nothing in Siberia but rocks, chains, misery, and snow, the appearance of comfortable towns and agreeable verdure created a feeling of surprise. The government of Russia does not, like that of England, send their malefactors to a climate better than their own.

The exiles of respectability do not generally labour in the mines, and they form a very large society in Tobolsk, much superior, indeed, to that of any of the other provincial towns of Russia. Advantage has lately been taken of the visit of the Prince Royal to Siberia, to extend an act of grace to a large portion of the political exiles of 1826, who are thereby permitted to return to Russia and reside on their estates in the country, though not in the capitals.

The monuments to Peter the Great, and the late Emperor Alexander, are among the chief ornaments of St Petersburg. The size of the single rock on which the former is placed has been so often described, that the effect of the reality unfortunately becomes one of disappointment, and part of it has been chiselled away in a manner that might well have been dispensed with. Instead, likewise, of being raised up so that its full size might be visible, and the greatest effect produced, it is rather sunk into the ground.

Of the spirited equestrian bronze statue itself, it is scarcely possible to speak in too high terms.

The pillar in honour of Alexander is a beautiful piece of red granite, upwards of eighty feet high, which being raised on a pedestal, the height alone may be supposed to place it far beyond the reach of ordinary criticism.

SILVERING CAST IRON.

BY MAJOR JEWREINOFF, AS PRACTISED AT ST PETERSBURG.

THE liquid for silvering is prepared in the following manner:—Cyanide of potassium, prepared according to Liebig's method, is introduced into a stoppered vessel, and freshly-prepared pure chloride of silver, still in a moist state, added; the whole being covered with water and shaken violently for some time at the ordinary temperature. An excess of chloride of silver is taken, and should a small quantity of it remain undissolved, a few pieces more of the cyanide are added after some time, taking care, however, to avoid having an excess of the latter salt, but always a small quantity of undissolved chloride at the bottom of the vessel. This last circumstance is important, because when the liquor contains too much free cyanide of potassium it is easily decomposed, and moreover does not silver so well; before employing it, it is filtered, and is thus rendered perfectly clear, iron and a little chloride of silver remaining on the filter. I effect the plating by means of a galvanic pair of plates, consisting of zinc and a coke cylinder, which are separated from each other by means of an earthen diaphragm. The pair are placed in a glass vessel containing dilute sulphuric acid, and dilute nitric acid is conveyed into the earthen diaphragm. The cleansed cast-iron object is immersed in the silver solution, and connected with the zinc pole by means of a conducting wire, and a platinum plate immersed in the liquid at some distance from the object to be silvered, and connected with the coke cylinder. A plate of cast iron, of four square inches surface, is generally completely plated in thirty minutes.—*Bulletin de St Petersbourg.*

TIGER-KILLING.—The following method of destroying tigers is said to be common in Persia and the north of Hindostan:—"A large semi-spherical cage is provided, made of strong bamboos or other efficient materials woven together, but leaving intervals throughout of about three or four inches broad. Under this cover, which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets, in some place where tigers abound, a man, provided with two or three short strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog, which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which by its agitation answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt, and very composedly goes to sleep, in full confidence of his safety. When a tiger comes, and perhaps, after smelling all around, begins to rear against the cage, the man stabs him with one of the spears through the interstices of the wicker-work, and rarely fails of destroying the beast."—*Oriental Sports.*

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Arms. Ar., on a saltier az., a bezant.
Crest. A lion's head, erased, ppr., collared, gu., thereon a bezant.
Supporters. Dexter, a lion, rampant, guardant, or, collared, gu., charged with a bezant; sinister, a stag, ppr., attired and unguled, or, collared as the lion.
Motto. "Nec cupias, nec metuas." *"Neither desire nor fear."*

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HARDWICKE.

THE first person of note in this family was Simon Yorke, of Dover, merchant, a man of large property. He died in 1682, leaving two sons, the elder of whom, Philip, was a solicitor at Dover, who married Elizabeth, the daughter and heir of Edward Gibbon, Esq. of Westcliffe, county of Kent. That gentleman had a brother named Mathew, who was ancestor to the historian Gibbon. Mr Yorke dying, June 18, 1721, left an only son, Philip Yorke, by whom the family became ennobled. He devoted himself to the study of the law. His talents and assiduity caused him to prove eminently successful. In 1720, being then but twenty-nine years of age, he became Solicitor-General, and Attorney-General four years afterwards. In that high situation he remained till November, 23, 1733, when he was elevated to the bench and peerage, as Lord Chief Justice of England, by the title of Baron Hardwicke of Hardwicke. In 1736-7 he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and advanced, April 2, 1754, to a Viscounty by the title of Viscount Royston and Earl of Hardwicke. His Lordship was appointed, in 1746, Lord High Steward of England for the trials of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie, and for those of the Lords Lovat and Balmerino. He was one of the Lords Justices for the administration of the government during the King's absence in 1740, 1748, and 1752, and was unanimously chosen High Steward of the University of Cambridge in 1749. His Lordship had five sons and two daughters, and, dying, was succeeded by his eldest son, Philip, who, dying in 1793, was succeeded in his titles by his nephew of the same name, the son of Charles, the second son of the first Earl, who was also an eminent lawyer. He reached the highest honours of the profession, and, having gained the woolsack, died suddenly, June 20, 1770, at the moment a patent was being made out for conferring upon him the title of Baron Morden.

On the death of Philip, the third Earl, he was succeeded by the present wearer of the title, Charles Philip Yorke, who was born April 2, 1799. His Lordship married, October 4, 1833, Susan, sixth daughter of Lord Ravensworth.

ACCOUNTS AND DISBURSEMENTS IN THE TIME OF EDWARD IV.

To contrast the payments of the present day with those of former periods is often amusing and useful. Those of Piers Courteys, in the time of King Edward IV, deserve to be noted. He was keeper of the great wardrobe. In the Harleian MSS. No. 4,780, the following appear to have occurred from April 18th to Michaelmas, 20th of Edward IV.

By the King's writ, to John Bishop of Ely, treasurer, &c. &c., we find that prelate, and some other persons named, were auditors of Courtey's accounts, and paid his wages, and those of his assistants.

"And also xl shillings yearly for the pension of the psone of Seynt Androwe, at Baynardes Castelle in London, in recompens of certayne oblacions, obvencions, emoliments, and other dutes to him due out of oure seid gret wardrobe, by reason of his said chyrch and benefice of the old graunte of the Prynce of ryght noble memory King Edward the Third."

Courteys had the care of the liveries of the brotherhoods of St George and the Garter, the robes of the King, Queen, their children, lords, ladies, and knights of St George and the Garter, and the prelates of those orders. His salary was 100*l.* per annum; William Misterton, clerk, received 1s. per diem; William Dunhan and William Hall, yeomen, tailors, 6d. each; and Thomas Stanes, "portitour," * 4d.

John Easter, skinner, 10*l.* per annum; Richard Huntingdon and Thomas Dancast, clerks, "attending early and late," 60s.

At one time Courteys delivered, for the King's own use, a long gown of cloth of gold, blue upon satin "emaylled," † and lined with green satin; a double of blue

* Porter. † Enamelled.

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satin, lined with Holland cloth; a demy-gown of tawney velvet, lined with blue damask, &c. &c.

He received within the period above-named, 1,174*l.* 5s. 2d. for the use of his office; 338*l.* 15s. 6d. were appropriated to the purchase of velvets, satins, damask, and other silks, from Piers de Vraulx, of Montpelier; 48*l.* 18s. 4d. for 279 ounces of spangles and "wat floures," at 3s. 6d. per oz.; 102*l.* for cloth of gold tissue, white and green; and of the "vittaill" money of the staple of Calais, 260*l.*

We find the following memorandum:

"Purchased eight fox skins at 7d. each; and 'boggy'* legs, for powderings, at 2s. per hundred; white lamb skins, at 14s. per hundred."

The velvets were from 8s. to 16s. per yard; the black cloths of gold, 40s.; velvet upon velvet, and white tissue cloth of gold, 40s.; cloth of gold, broached upon satin, 24s.; and cloth of silver, in the same manner, at the same price.

Damask, 8s. per yard; satins, 6s., 10s., 12s.; camlets, 30s. a piece; sarsnets, from 4s. to 4s. 2d.

Paid "William Shuckburg, for four counterpoints, whereof one, of arras, with imagery, without silk; one other, of green 'verdours' with trees; one other, of white, with a scripture, &c. &c." These articles show the difference between our cotton counterpanes, and patchworks, and those of our ancestors.

Feather beds with bolsters were then bought for 16s. 8d. for our sovereign Lord the King.

We read of—

"Two pair shoon of Spanyssh leder, double soled, and not lyned, price the peire, 16d.; for eight pair of sloppes, lyned with blue velvet, of the King's own store, of blue, green, and black leather, 18d. per pair; 'leathe' patyns, 12d. per pair."

For seven pair of "botews" of black leather, above the knee, 4s. a pair; black leather boots, 6s. 8d.; coloured Spanish, 8s.; a pair of long spurs, parcel gilt, 6s.; hats, 1s. a piece; ostrich feathers, 10s. each; gilt nails, 4d. per hundred.

Tailors were employed within the wardrobe; twenty-six of whom are charged as working 160 days at 6d. per day each; fourteen skinners, 299 days, at 6d. each.

The next is remarkable:—

"Paid to Rauff Underwod, wyredrawer, for 111lb. and a q'rton of wyre of iren, for to hang with verdours against the grete bay window, in the Queen's old chambre, in the wardrobe, towarde the dragon, &c."

The ambassadors of France lodged there at this period, "in Mr Sutton's place."

"For washing of ii pair of shets, of ii breds; and viii pair of shets, everich of iii breds, after the King's departing from the grete wardrobe, in the moneth of Juyll, the xx yeare of his most noble reigne, for every pair washing, iiid.

"For xxx burdons of rushes at d'vers tymes, when the King's highnesse and goode grace rested and abode at his said grete wardrobe."

Three dozen and nine pounds of candles consumed during this visit, at one penny per pound.

For making a gown and a hood of the livery of the Garter for the Duke de Ferrar, 8s.; and a mantle of blue velvet, garnished with a rich garter of "ruddle" (red), 6s.

* Skins of the legs.

MONARCHS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

GREAT attention is at present excited in England, as well as in France, by the visit Queen Victoria has been pleased to pay the King of the French. The journalists on the other side of the water generally express a rational satisfaction at the prospect that the friendly relations which now subsist between the two countries may be strengthened and improved by Royal greetings, but some of them are absurd enough to affect alarm lest Louis Philippe and his ministers should requite the compliment paid to them by giving up important commercial points. They need not frighten themselves, such consequences do not often follow the meetings of crowned heads.

After reading the newspaper accounts of the reception given to our Queen, it may gratify the reader to have an opportunity of comparing them with what was formerly witnessed when an English monarch paid a visit to a king of France.

In 1475 a meeting having been appointed to take place at Amiens, between Edward the Fourth of England and Louis the Eleventh, the latter sent, as a present to the former, on his way, three hundred cart loads of the best wines of France, and, says De Comines, "I think the carts made as great an appearance as the whole army." The two nations were not then at peace, but a truce had been concluded, and taking advantage of this, many English went into the town, where, according to the writer just quoted, they behaved imprudently, with little regard to their prince's honour. Louis had ordered two large tables to be placed on each side of the street, at the entrance from the town gate, which were covered with a variety of nice dishes, and all sorts of food proper to relish their wine, of which there was great plenty. Abundance of servants wearing the king's livery were in attendance to wait on them, but the narrator slily remarks, "Not a drop of wine did they call for." At each of the tables the king had placed five or six jolly

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companions, persons of rank, to entertain those who had a mind to take a hearty glass. The English who were within sight saw the entertainment prepared, and were nothing loath to partake of it. Individuals were appointed to bid them welcome, to take their horses by the bridles, and lead them to the tables.

From the good cheer thus provided for them, the English poured into the city in such numbers that serious alarm was felt on the subject by some who were about the King of France. It however soon appeared, that to eat and drink, and not to fight, was what they had in view, and the numerous reckonings which the kindly-disposed English ran up for King Louis to pay, quite satisfied him and his ministers that they were not to be suspected of any evil design.

It was then arranged that the Royals should meet on a bridge, on which was contrived "a strong wooden grate or lattice, such as the lion's cages are made of, the hole between every bar being no wider than to thrust in a man's arm."

The meeting took place on the 29th of August, 1475. Louis came first to the grate, attended by about twelve persons of quality. The King of England then passed along a causeway which he had to traverse. Edward is said to have been very nobly attended, to have been handsome, and to have worn the air and presence of a king. There were in his train, his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, and the unfortunate Hastings, and other peers of the realm, but there were not above four dressed in cloth of gold like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap decorated with a large flower de luce made of precious stones. When he came within a little distance of the rail, he pulled off his cap and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning on the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect. They embraced *through the holes of the grating*, and the King of England making another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus:—"Cousin, you are heartily welcome. There is no person living I have been so anxious to see, and God be thanked that this interview is on so good an occasion." The last words had reference to the peace which it was proposed to negotiate. After conferring together the Kings took leave, mounted their horses at the same time, and rode off in opposite directions. Louis, in a friendly way, asked the King of England to visit Paris, but subsequently seemed disturbed at the idea of his accepting the invitation. He feared the ladies there were so charming that they might dispose him to return, and his predecessors, he remarked, had been *too much in the habit of visiting Paris.*

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Letter II.

Plants are composed of organic and inorganic matter.

By organic matter we mean the various substances designated by the chemist lignin, or woody fibre, starch, gum, sugar, gluten, albumen, the various organic acids, vegetable oils, &c.

By inorganic matter we mean the various metallic salts and oxides found in plants.

If we expose a piece of wood to the action of fire, in contact with the open air, an important change takes place. The organic portions of the plant are driven off, in various forms, and eventually nothing remains but the ashes. The residuum, however, is found to consist of metallic compounds,—the salts principally of lime, potash, soda, magnesia, and silica, in combination with sulphuric, carbonic, phosphoric, and other acids. In fact, the well-known alkalies, potash and soda, are obtained by the destruction of land or marine vegetables by fire. The pearl-ash, or potash of commerce, is obtained principally from America, where the immense forests yield this substance in vast abundance. The process of lixiviation being carried on in large iron vessels, or *pots*, has given rise to the name potashes, hence potassa, and the classic base potassium; a fine example, truly, of the accession of importance by the assumption of a Latin termination. The well-known substance, soda, the oxide of the metal sodium, is, on the contrary, obtained from marine vegetables, such as the various sea weeds.

Every 100,000 parts of dry wheat straw contain 3,518 parts of inorganic or earthy matter; and we shall be able to point out in these papers the vast importance of keeping up in the various soils the proper amount of earthy salts necessary to the healthy growth and strength of the plants. Some vegetables require much more inorganic food than others, and, therefore, if such plants are found in soils deficient in earthy salts, they are weakly, and imperfectly developed. Agricultural chemistry alone could point out this fact. Wheat straw, for instance, requires a large amount of the inorganic material called silica, which by its union with potash, soda, and lime, forms a glassy varnish, coating the whole of its exterior, and giving it that firmness and strength which enable it to support the heavy ear, and allow the genial air and the ripening sunbeam to come in contact with every part of it. If we find the wheat with a weakly straw, unable to support the grain, so surely do we find the soil deficient in silica. Agricultural chemistry, therefore, not only points out the fact, but also the remedy. Introduce fresh supplies of this earth, and the plant thrives.

If we compare the relative quantities of

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silica in the straw of wheat, barley, oats, rye, common peas, beans, white clover, and linseed, we shall at once see the connexion between the strength of the stem, and the quantity of that inorganic substance.

	Silica.
100,000 parts of Wheat straw contain -	2,870
" Barley - - - -	3,856
" Oats - - - -	4,588
" Rye - - - -	2,297
" Common peas - -	996
" Beans - - - -	220
" White clover - -	280
" Linseed - - -	20

Thus, from these statements, we can also learn that linseed and oats require very different soils, or that a soil already impoverished by the growth of a vegetable like oats, may yet contain quite sufficient silicious matter for beans, peas, clover, or linseed. Hence the necessity of rotating the crops.

The organic portions of plants consist principally of four simple or elementary bodies, in various states of combination. These elements are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. The substances formed by the different arrangements assumed by these bodies are extremely varied, as the following tables will show:—

Lignin, in every 10,000 parts has—	
Carbon - -	4,980
Oxygen - -	4,462
Hydrogen - -	558
	10,000—Prout.
Gum consists of—	
Carbon - -	4,268
Oxygen - -	5,095
Hydrogen - -	637
	10,000— Berzelius.
Cane Sugar contains—	
Carbon - - -	4,499
Oxygen - -	4,860
Hydrogen - -	641
	10,000— Berzelius.
Starch contains—	
Carbon - -	4,425
Oxygen - -	4,908
Hydrogen - -	667
	10,000 —Berzelius.

Other portions of the organic matter of the plants, such as gluten and albumen, contain, in addition to carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, a small amount of nitrogen.

In looking over the foregoing tables, we perceive that much as lignin, gum, sugar, and starch differ from each other in appearance and properties, yet they are almost identical in their constitution. The same elements, also, combine to form many fluids, such as alcohol, vinegar, &c. The elements oxygen and hydrogen are most probably united in all these compounds in the form of water; therefore, when speaking of sugar, we may term it a compound of carbon and water.

In our next paper we shall treat of the constituents of the plants in their separate states.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—The following communication from the Governor of Guadaloupe was laid before the Academy :— The earth has not ceased to quake, particularly at Grande Terre and Point-à-Pitre, since the 8th of February. On the 4th of May an alarm was excited by new convulsions. The first shock took place at half-past five ; it was severe, and lasted from three to four seconds. At six o'clock a second shock took place, which lasted from eight to nine seconds. According to the general opinion, it was the most severe since the catastrophe of February 8th. I compare it with the shocks that we felt at Basse-Terre on that fatal day, and I find that my furniture here has been as much tossed about as it was in my cabinet at the moment when the district of the Champ d'Arbaud was the most violently agitated. I know nothing yet from Basse-Terre or the country, but here, in the midst of our ruins, we saw a great number of the fragments of our walls fall, and our population in affright rushing to the public squares, in apprehension of a new disaster.—M. Flourens read a paper 'On the comparative Structure of the Skin in various portions of the Human Race.' In 1836, M. Flourens published the results of his first investigations as to the comparative structure of the skin in three distinct races, the white, black, and red, or American. Since then he has received from Algiers portions of skin, skulls, and entire heads of Arabs, Moors, Negroes, &c., and he reports that they are all essentially and fundamentally the same.

ST GERMAIN EN LAYE

THIS town owes its origin to Robert, who, about the year 1010, founded a monastery in the forest of Laye, in honour of St Germain l'Auxerrois. Henry the First confirmed the privileges which his father had granted to this abbey, and it increased rapidly. The inhabitants of the surrounding country went to it in crowds to hear the word of God ; many established themselves there, being charmed with the neighbourhood.

One century had hardly elapsed when St Germain began to become remarkable. Louis the Sixth caused the first foundations of the chateau to be laid, which till then had been only a fortress flanked with towers. In 1143 Louis the Seventh established his residence at St Germain ; it then began to be a trading town. St Louis had, in his turn, a particular affection for it, but in 1346 the Prince of Wales burnt down the chateau. Charles the Fifth had

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it rebuilt afterwards, but in 1419 it fell again into the power of the English. More recently, Francis the First, who made this chateau his ordinary dwelling, had it repaired and covered by the flat roof, from whence the astonished eye takes in the magnificent horizon. He rebuilt also the other edifices that had been burned by the English. Henry the Second was born in the chateau of St Germain on the 31st of March, 1518, and Charles, his son, on the 27th of June, 1550. Henry the Fourth freed the town from all taxes, and often repaired there to visit the beautiful Gabrielle. Louis the Thirteenth, born at St Germain, also took great pleasure in embellishing the chateau, the witness of the sports of his infancy. It was, too, the cradle of Louis the Fourteenth. History has handed down to us the melancholy scene which passed there between Louis the Thirteenth and his son. In 1643 Louis the Thirteenth was attacked by a slow fever, which finished his life. As soon as he found his end was approaching he caused his son to be baptized, and after the ceremony asked his son what was his name now that he had received the sacrament? The Royal child, who was only five years old, replied, "My name is Louis the Fourteenth." These words pierced the heart of Louis the Thirteenth. He replied sorrowfully, "Not yet, my child, but soon to be, perhaps, if such be the will of God." Alas! this will was soon manifested, since the monarch expired on the 14th of May, 1643. The dissensions which troubled the first years of Louis the Fourteenth obliged the Regent, Anne of Austria, to take refuge in St Germain. After the death of his mother Louis the Fourteenth fixed his residence there; he there designed the vast parterre which has since been transformed into a carpet of verdure, planted those majestic trees which yet form a delightful promenade, and raised that magnificent terrace which has not its parallel in Europe; yet more, he founded the hospital and rebuilt the church; but this monarch was not destined long to enjoy the charms of this truly regal residence; he suddenly abandoned St Germain for Versailles. It was supposed that the light of the belfry of St Denis caused him involuntarily to look forward to the termination of his glories; incessantly he repeated to himself those words of Louis the Thirteenth, who, placed near a window of the chateau, without intending it, cast his eyes on the belfry, and suddenly exclaimed in a tone of profound melancholy, to his surrounding nobles, "My friends, there is my last dwelling-place." After having abandoned the chateau of St Germain, Louis the Fourteenth gave it to Madame de la Vallière, to remove her from his presence. This chateau was afterwards the asylum and the tomb of James the Second, King of England, whose epitaph runs in these words:—

C'est ici que Jaques second,
Sans ministres et sans maîtresse,
Le matin allait à la messe,
Et le soir allait au sermon.

James was the last distinguished personage who inhabited the chateau.—*L'Anacharsis Français.*

DR LEPSIUS AT THE PYRAMIDS.

A LETTER from the learned Professor, of so recent a date as last June, says, "The pyramid of Mœris is the latest of all the pyramids of the Pharaohs. King Mœris reigned from 2194 to 2251, before our era, and was the last king of the old kingdom of Egypt before its conquest by Hyksos. Both the labyrinth and the lake prove his power, his love of magnificence, and his interest in the welfare of his people. On our arrival at Fayum we found that a most interesting paper had just been published, by a French architect, Linant, in the service of the Pacha, announcing his discovery of the site of the lake Mœris. He ascertained that scarcely any trace of it existed, and that only one portion of the gigantic dam which confined the waters still remained to the S.E. of Fayum. In the whole province there was but one other lake, that of Birket el Kerun, situated to the N.W., and this failed in several points in answering the conditions required for lake Mœris; being neither artificial, nor washing the city of Crocodilopolis nor the labyrinth, nor, in fine, answering to the great reputation and purpose of the real lake. This purpose was to receive the waters of the Nile at its overflow, and employ them during the dry season for the supply of the capital, Memphis, and the plains of the Delta. The lake discovered by Linant is of nearly equal circumference and depth with that of Birket el Kerun, and fulfils all these conditions. Every day we look from the pyramid, not as Herodotus did over the lake, but over the black soil on which lay the waters of lake Mœris, to the city of Fayum, which is built partly on the ruins of Crocodilopolis. If it were difficult to make out in Birket el Kerun the lake of Mœris, it assuredly was not an easier matter to overlook the real pyramid, which stands just as it was described of old with regard to the lake, and the city of Crocodilopolis. At the end of the vast plain of ruins lies the pyramid in which Mœris was buried, and to the south of the village mentioned by Strabo, now in ruins, and separated from the labyrinth by a watercourse of later date. With regard to the ruins themselves, I can scarcely believe my eyes when I read the accounts of previous travellers. Where they saw formless hillocks and a few walls, we found at once several hundred chambers, some of them

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with roofs, corridors, and remains of columns. The rooms are so irregular and of such various sizes, that no one could have found their way without a guide through this mass of building, above two hundred feet broad. Herodotus describes three thousand apartments above and below the ground, an account which the remains lead me to believe not exaggerated. The forms of the most important part of the palace are described by Herodotus as consisting of twelve halls, that is, of twelve open courts surrounded by covered colonnades. This palace was surrounded by labyrinthine buildings on three sides, and now forms a four-cornered space covered with low hillocks, and intersected by a watercourse. Here our establishment of twenty-four men, three asses, two camels, rams, geese and fowls, five tents, and several huts and stables built of the ruins of the pyramid, recals the old village of Strabo which lay on the same level with the pyramid. Around us are scattered huge blocks of granite, and a marble-like hard calcareous stone, the remains of the old pillars and architraves of the courts, which are of interest as offering in several cases the names of the builder, Mœris, and his sister who succeeded him. On the top of the pyramid waves the Prussian eagle. I am employing one hundred workmen in digging into the chambers, and latterly in searching for the entrance into the pyramid."

CREOLES OF JAMAICA.

Among the Creoles in Jamaica some curious traditions prevail relative to English history;—a contrariety of opinion exists concerning the fate of some of our English monarchs. They relate that Harold II was not, as related, actually slain on the field at the battle of Hastings, after which William I became King of England. They say that his friends obtained permission to search among the dead for their master, and found him pierced by a lance in the left eye, and dreadfully disfigured, but still alive. They substituted a mangled body in his stead, which was afterwards interred in Waltham Abbey, with great pomp and ceremony. He was secretly conveyed to the abbey of St John at Chester, where, many years afterwards, by a decrepit old monk, he was discovered dreadfully scarred, blind of the left eye, and dragging out a miserable existence in penury and seclusion. They further relate that, on his death bed, he confessed to Henry I that he was no other than Harold II. We are not acquainted with the source from which they derive their information, but certain it is that this tradition, in common with many similar ones, is very religiously preserved amongst them.—*Creole Anecdote.*

JEWISH CEMETERY AT PRAGUE.

The peculiarities of the Jews in various countries are very striking. Some of these are strikingly illustrated by Kohl, in describing their burial-place at Prague. "The cemetery lies in the very heart of the *Judenstadt*, where it is encircled by buildings and narrow lanes. Its form is very irregular, winding, now broad and then narrow, amid the houses that overtop its lofty wall. This very irregularity of form seems to speak in favour of the high antiquity of the place, to which, through succeeding centuries, a fragment seems now to have been added here, and now there. In the central part of the enclosed space the tombstones are crowded together in a manner I never saw equalled anywhere else. Close to the wall, on the inside, is a footpath, and a man must walk tolerably fast to make the round in a quarter of an hour. The Jews do not, as we do, inter fresh corpses in graves whose former tenants have mouldered into dust, but always place their dead either over or by the side of each other. This practice occasions the astonishing accumulation of tombstones, of which I am sure there are several hundred thousand in this cemetery. They have all a family resemblance, being four-cornered tablets, with neatly-executed inscriptions. They stand literally as close together as ears in a corn-field. All are carefully preserved, though some have sunk more or less into the ground, so much so, that here and there you see a stone, of which only a portion is still visible. The whole is overgrown with elder bushes that stretch their knotty and confused branches from stone to stone. These elders are the only trees that grow there, and some of them seem to be nearly as old as the stones which they overshadow. The presence of the elder tree in burying-grounds is not, however, peculiar to this place, but prevails very generally throughout Bohemia. Here and there a small path winds among the thicket of tombstones and elder trees, and on following it you come to small elevated spaces of ground, that have been left unoccupied, and are now overgrown with grass. * * The inscriptions are nearly all in Hebrew. Nowhere did I see a Bohemian inscription, and only here and there, on a stone of comparatively modern date, has the German language been used. The year is always at the top. The tombs of those of Aaron's race are distinguished by two hands graven into the stone, and those of the Levites by a pitcher, to mark the office of the latter to pour water on the hands of the former, when performing their ablutions in the temple. The descendants of Aaron never visit the cemetery during their lives. Any contact with, or even a near approach to, a dead body, is a pollution for them. They may not, therefore,

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remain in a house in which a dead body is lying. There is but one exception made to this law, namely, when the father of an Aaronite dies, in which case the son may come within three ells of the body, and following it to the burying-ground, till within three ells of a grave. The Jewish laws even prescribe the distance at which an Aaronite must keep when passing a burying-ground, which distance, however, is not calculated from the outer wall, but from the nearest grave. Now, in Prague, it happens that one street passes close to this wall, and that just in this spot the graves not only reach up to the very wall, but some are even supposed to lie under the pavement of the street. This would, consequently, be a forbidden road to every Aaronite, had not particular arrangements been made to provide a remedy. This has been done by undermining that part of the street, and the empty vaulted space thus obtained protects the Aaronite against pollution, for, according to the law, one hundred ells of vaulted space are deemed equal to one thousand filled with solid earth. Here, as in every other Jewish cemetery, a piece of ground has been set apart for the interment of children still-born, or of premature birth. In the course of time this portion of the cemetery has grown into a hill or mound, eighty paces long, ten paces broad, and twelve feet high. *Ephel* is the Hebrew word for a child whose life does not extend beyond the fourth week, and *Ephel* is the name given by the Jews to this mound formed of infantine remains. Close to this *Ephel* are situated some old houses that seem to be on the point of falling in. They are propped up by beams resting on the Ephel; thus the mouldering bones of deceased infants lend their support, perhaps, to the tottering dwelling places of their living parents. When, some sixty years ago, the Emperor Joseph prohibited all future interments within the walls of the city, the Jews had purchased a small piece of land, and consecrated it as an addition to their cemetery. Having once been consecrated, though not one body has been interred there, the ground has become holy, and may not be sold again; but though it may not be sold, it may be let for hire, and accordingly a dealer in wood has become the tenant, and uses the place as a depot for his merchandise. The whole cemetery, since Joseph's time, has been only an interesting piece of antiquity, still no portion of it can be sold or built upon."

A HINT TO FATHER MATHEW.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
That hurries a bard to the skies.

Miscellaneous.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.—This wonderful machine is being set up at the Polytechnic Institution. We have been admitted to witness experiments which are being made to ascertain its powers, so as to be ready for public exhibition on Monday next. It consists of a cylindrical boiler, of about seven feet long and three feet wide. Connected with it are forty jets, twenty of about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and twenty smaller. The boiler is made of one sheet of iron in the circumference, and riveted underneath. The plate is nearly five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and is capable of bearing a pressure of 350 pounds upon the inch, which is ten times more than is necessary to be employed, so that, even *without safety valves*, no danger can ever be apprehended. It is mounted on six glass legs, and carries its fire in the centre, being tubulated. Next week we shall give a fuller description, with a notice of the extraordinary effects produced by this leviathan in electricity, which is expected to give a lively picture of elementary warfare.

A CHINESE DESPOT.—Chi Hoang Ti, Emperor of China, began his reign 246 years before the birth of our Saviour. It was he who burnt all their books, except such as related to physic or judicial astrology, in the 36th year of his reign. Their philosophers had written against the tyrant, and argued against him and his vices from their sacred books. He was by their laws the grand interpreter of those books; and on that pretext sent out an order to them to bring in all their books to his palace by a time named. They suspected his design, and several of them tried to conceal copies in their hands. There were 470 philosophers, who, on that account, were burned alive by his order. They talk to this day in China of this prince as we Europeans do of Nero. Several of the books thus hidden in the time of the persecution were afterwards discovered, and there was one very excellent one, which was spared by the Emperor himself, on his mistaking it for a book of judiciary astrology, relating to the future events in the Chinese Empire. Their most select and most ancient sacred writings, put altogether, will make but one volume, not so big as 'the Pentateuch;' and their authentic accounts reach so high as within one year of the deluge.

ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT.—The ruins of Egypt demonstrate at this hour its ancient greatness. It seems, on entering one of its temples, as if the labours of the builders had been suddenly interrupted, and they would speedily return to resume their toils. Fragments of edifices brought down to desolation nearly three thousand years ago, have the freshness of recent completion.

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Paintings, covering the walls of buildings which have been roofless for ages, still remain undefaced. In them are depicted the various processes of the mechanical arts practised by the people. Books, household utensils, the tools of the artificer, the colours and reeds of sacred scribes, models of dwellings, granaries, and boats, with various articles of luxury—all indicative of high civilization—have been taken from the tombs. It is manifest that manufactures had advanced to the production of open linen, embroidered with a dark-threaded worsted; the tastefully-inlaying of wood; the making of glass; and the counterfeiting of amethysts and other precious stones. Who then can deny to the country in which these various objects appear, the claim to an early and distinguished elevation? Nor was it attained for itself alone; its advancement secured the progress of multitudes within the range of its widely-extending influence. If Egypt appeared as the mistress of knowledge and arts, Greece, of whom so many nations have borrowed intelligence, from whose stores Rome derived its erudition—Greece was content to sit down at the feet of Egypt in the character of a disciple.

The Gatherer.

Anagram.—An ingenious fellow having a long time troubled his brain for an anagram of his name, Jacques de la Chamber, at last devised La Chamber de Jacques.

The Lazy Club.—A club of this name existed not many years ago in London. The members of the fraternity generally met attired in their night-gowns, with their stockings about their heels, and frequently with only a single stocking on. Their salutation on entering was a yawn and a stretch, and then without further ceremony each took his place at the lolling-table.

Bills and Acceptances.—Two city merchants conversing on business at the door of the New York Coffee-house, one of them made some remarks on the badness of the times; and perceiving at the moment a flock of pigeons passing over their heads, he exclaimed, "How happy are those pigeons, they have no acceptances to provide for." To which the other replied, "You are rather in error, my friend, for they have their *bills* to provide for as well as we!"

Improvements of the Age.—A cemetery chapel is about to be built at Wisbeach. On the occasion of laying the first stone, the solemn occasion was commemorated by festivities during several days. In addition to the attraction of a fancy bazaar, there was a concert and ball, a picture exhibition, and also an exhibition of fireworks! which last alone, it is said, must have cost at least 40*l*. After this, the Wisbeach cemetery people may revive the games of the ancients at remarkable funerals, on the occasion of burying the first corpse brought to their chapel.

Captive Balloons.—Important experiments are about to be made by means of balloons, which are to ascend, but to be detained at a certain height by means of cordage. Dr Robinson, at the late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, made the following announcement:—"The requisite apparatus is nearly complete. The balloon, eighteen feet diameter, and twenty-five feet high, has been received at Woolwich by Col. Sabine. Mr Wheatstone's electric thermometer has been tried, and found to act in the most perfect manner at distances of some miles, and I have ordered the addition of another part for giving the hygrometric indications. A series of experiments has been made on the strength and weight of cordage of various kinds of fibre; the proper quality has been decided on, and I am happy to state that Mr Enderby, who has taken great interest in these inquiries, will present the necessary quantity of it to the Association. Unless some unforeseen occurrence interfere, I hope we may be able to have a series of observations for the twenty-four hours on the 21st of September."

A Monster of Art.—An immense steam-engine is now constructing in Cornwall, for the purpose of draining the lake of Haarlem. The cylinder of this "mammoth" engine is twelve feet in diameter, with a twelve-feet stroke. Round this immense cylinder are arranged eleven pumps, each of them sixty-three inches in diameter, with a nine-feet stroke. The valve at the bottom of the cylinder is of the butterfly construction, which is not generally conceived to be well adapted for large engines.

Electricity.—It is considered that time is an important element in the destruction of the elasticity of bodies. Mr J. S. Russell states that in the course of his experiments it was necessary to stretch a long wire at one half its tension; but in the course of a week it invariably broke, and he was obliged to substitute a new wire. The internal structure of the wire was found to be changed, and it broke on the least bending. He had observed somewhat similar changes in the elasticity of metals from the effects of heat. Cast and malleable iron and brass, he had found, did not return to their former dimensions when expanded by heat; thus a diminution of strength was continually going on in metallic bodies, independently of the ordinary decay from atmospheric action.

The Fire of Devotion.—The Cistertian convent of Osseg, Kohl describes a picture

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which represented a Cistertian of the name of Daniel, who studied and read so indefatigably in his solitude, that the flames of his holy zeal issued forth at his fingers' ends, so that he could hold them, at night, like so many little tallow candles before his book. A Daniel like this might have entered a den of lions with but little danger. His flaming digits must have been valuable among the *lights of the age* in which he lived, but the tallow chandlers could hardly have received justice *at his hands.*

— In the Grecian army it was usual to have three men in each battalion to communicate the commands of the officers to the men—of these, one carried a standard, and another a trumpet. But in the confusion and din of battle, when neither signal could be seen, nor trumpet heard, the third man (who for this purpose was the strongest in the army) communicated the commands by word of mouth. Homer relates of one of these men, Stentor by name, that he shouted as loud as fifty other men (ὅς τόσον ἀυδήσασχ', ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα). Hence a man with a powerful voice is said to possess the voice of Stentor, or a Stentorian voice.—*Antiquities of Greece.*

Happiness.—That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required and necessaries are not wanting. — *Plutarch.*

Electioneering Anxiety.—"Poor Mr Smith has fallen down dead of an apoplexy," said a gentleman on the hustings. "Has he polled?" asked one of the candidates.

Ancient Wisdom.—An ordinance of Lycurgus, levelled against magnificence and expense, directed that the ceilings of houses should be wrought with no tool but the axe, and the doors with nothing but the saw. And so destitute of shape or ornament were their rooms, that Leotychidas the elder, when he supped at Corinth, and saw the ceilings of the rooms very splendid and curiously wrought, inquired of his host whether trees grew square in his country?—*Plutarch.*

Napoleon and his Son.—Whether, seated by the chimney on his favourite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a despatch, his son, seated on his knees, or pressed to his breast, was never a moment from him. Sometimes he would lie down on the floor beside this beloved son, playing with him like another child, attentive to everything that could please or amuse him. The emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manœuvres; it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skilful manœuvre which might ensure the success of a battle, the child, lying at his side, would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humour.—*Meneval's Recollections.*

Wycherly, the Dramatist.— Wycherly used to read himself asleep at night, either in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, Seneca, or Gratian, for these were his favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening, and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading, and have several of their thoughts, only expressed in a different turn; and that without knowing he was obliged to them for any one thing in his whole poem. Pope tells us that he experienced this in him several times, and looked on it as the strangest phenomenon he ever observed in the human mind.

Holy Rood House.—Holy Rood was an image of Christ on the cross, placed on what was called the rood-loft, built in churches over the passage that leads to the chancel. The most famous of these crucifixes was found at Boxley Abbey, in Kent; it was called the "rood of grace;" and, by the aid of springs, the eyes and lips were moved, and the head turned at the pleasure of its keeper. This identical image was exhibited at Paul's Cross, in the year 1537; and after a sermon was delivered upon the relic, it was broken in pieces. At this place was erected a wooden pulpit, on stone steps, and covered with lead, in which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday morning; and they were attended by the court, lord mayor and aldermen, and the principal citizens.

— It is a curious fact that, of all the English monarchs who have married French princesses, not one has died a natural death.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several questions on scientific matters not answered in the present number will be attended to next week.

"Inventus," and his friend "An Admirer," are thanked for their communications.

"Myra" is too lackadaisical for the unsentimental pages of the 'Mirror.'

The "Folkestone Railway" was too late.

In the last number but one an accident going to press rendered, in p. 144, a sentence wholly incomprehensible. It should have read, "Not only were the pious exercises or attitudes of the Gymnosophists enjoined by some of the creeds which obtained there, used, but it was," &c.

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The Mirror

OF

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STONEHENGE.

Original Communications.

THE DRUIDS AND ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE society called the *Druids*, now existing in England, little as its members may resemble that secret but celebrated fraternity from whom they take their name, from time to time awake attention to facts connected with those once omnipotent rulers of their fellow men. All that can be recounted on this subject is read with eager interest. Nor can we wonder at its charm. How striking is the scene which the remains of the Druids must present to the "mind's eye" of the least imaginative! How imposing is that spectacle in which we see our wild forefathers, their bodies scarified by deep incisions, and painted *blue*, as we learn from Richard of Cirencester was the mode, with their long, matted hair, bearded lip, and wildly glistening eyes, bending before the priests or prophets, who were supposed to be intimately acquainted with the eternal will, and consequently skilled, *par excellence*, to direct and guide all human affairs! Though strikingly impressive, this was no uncommon spectacle. Issuing from their dreary forests, our rude ancestors approached the dread sages whose word alone they believed could wither them, whose wrath could assuredly destroy, with awful reverence, to learn so much of their lore as these fathers of mankind condescended to impart. There the victim offered to appease celestial rage sunk beneath the golden knife, and kings were instructed what course it was permitted them to pursue.

"We learn," says Mr D'Israeli, in his 'Amenities of Literature,' that the Druidical sciences were contained in twenty thousand verses, which were to prompt their perpetual memory. Such traditional science could not be very progressive; what was to be got by rote no disciple would care to consider obsolete, and a century might elapse without furnishing an additional couplet. The Druids, like some

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other institutions of antiquity, by not perpetuating their doctrines, or their secrets, in this primeval state of theology and philosophy, by writing, have effectually concealed their own puerile simplicity. But the monuments of a people remain to perpetuate their character. We are told that the Druids were so wholly devoted to nature that they prohibited the use of any tool in the construction of their rude works; all are unhewn masses, or heaps of stones; such are their cairns and cromleches and corneddes, and that wild architecture whose stones hang on one another, still frowning on the plains of Salisbury. A circle of stones marked the consecrated limits of the Druidical Tribunal; and in the midst a hillock heaped up for the occasion was the judgment-seat. Here, in the open air, in 'eye of light and the face of the sun,' to use the Bardic style, the decrees were pronounced, and the Druids harangued the people."

Stonehenge is the most remarkable relic of Druidism now extant in Great Britain. It is situate on Salisbury Plain, near the Amesbury Road, and consists of two circular and two oval ranges of rough stones, having one common centre. The outer circle is 180 feet in diameter, and originally consisted of 30 upright stones, of which only 17 are still standing upright and perfect. The height of these stones is from 18 to 20 feet, and they are about 3 feet thick, and 6 or 7 feet broad, standing at a distance of about 3 feet apart, jointed by imposts at the top, with tennons fitted to mortices, to keep them in their position. The inner circle is 8 feet from the outer one, and formerly was composed of 40 stones, of which about 19 are still standing. There is a clean walk between the circles of about 300 feet in circumference.

Great differences of opinion prevail respecting this extraordinary ruin, as, indeed, we find existing in reference to every other Druidical remain, in England or elsewhere. According to some authorities, it was erected by Ambrosius Aurelius, the famous British commander, when the Saxons first invaded the island; but that notion could have been entertained only by persons who were wholly ignorant of the religious opinions of that famous hero. Inigo Jones attempted to prove that it was a Danish monument; but the evidences he adduced in support of so strange an assertion are totally unworthy of serious consideration.

Dr Stukely, whose general acquirements entitle his opinions to be received with respect, tells us that it was called by the ancient Britons *Choir-gaur*, which he imagines must have signified the Great Church. It seems, however, that there is no such word as *choir* in the ancient British language, and the inference is that the name was applied to this monument by the Romans, and from them transmitted by the natives towards the close of the empire. During the monkish times, it is asserted by some historians that Stonehenge was called *Chorea Gigantum*, or the Giant's Dance; a fanciful interpretation, probably, of the marvellous uses to which it was supposed this enormous structure might have been originally dedicated.

The final result of all the speculations and conjectures that have been hazarded from time to time respecting Stonehenge, is that it must have been a temple of worship; but the mysterious rites performed within its magic bounds are to this day a matter of vague wonder and hopeless investigation. The temple, if such we may call it, is enclosed by a deep trench, nearly 30 feet in breadth, and situated about 100 feet from the outer circle. There are three distinct entrances over the trench, the principal one facing the north-east. There are altogether about 140 stones in this temple, and they are of such gigantic proportions that a variety of wild suppositions have been ventured upon as to the manner in which they were brought here, and placed in their present position. There are no quarries in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain, and the ancient inhabitants of Britain are said to have been ignorant of the use of geometrical machines. How then were these enormous blocks conveyed? especially if, as some writers think, they were carried all the way from Avebury, near Marlborough. It must be remembered, however, that stones of as great a magnitude were raised for the building of Solomon's Temple, on Mount Moriah, and if the Easterns were acquainted with geometry, there is no reason to doubt that the inhabitants of the western parts were also acquainted with it, the more particularly as we are justified in concluding that they both derived their knowledge from the same source.

There are great numbers of sepulchres, or barrows, as they are called, in the immediate neighbourhood of the temple, which could not be introduced into the above engraving, extending, as they do, to a considerable distance. These are large heaps of earth shaped in the form of a hill, and from the skeletons that have been discovered in them, together with the warlike instruments and other articles belonging to the slumberers, there is no doubt that these mounds are the graves of an ancient race. In many of them a strange variety of things have been found, such as javelins, trinkets, urns, glass and amber beads, and swords. A most remarkable circumstance, however, connected with them is, that in addition to human bones, the remains of horses, deer, dogs, and other animals have been dis-

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covered buried with the ashes of heroes and amazons.

It has been conjectured, from the close vicinity of the barrows to the Temple, that the Druids, like the Christians, thought it was most proper to bury their dead within sight of the spot where they worshipped the Supreme Being.

As we are upon the subject of Druidical remains, it may not be uninteresting to the English reader to subjoin an account of the celebrated stones of Carnac, in Brittany, which form the most conspicuous relics of Druidism now remaining in any part of the world. This wonderful place is an object of universal curiosity to all antiquarians, and ingenious as many of the theories are by which its origin has been endeavoured to be accounted for, no rational motive has yet been assigned for the erection of such strange memorials. Stonehenge sinks into utter insignificance in comparison with Carnac, which is the most vast, as it is beyond all doubt the most inexplicable, of all the Druidical monuments. These stones may be distinctly traced in their windings for upwards of seven miles, and they must have originally extended even much further. They are composed of 11 parallel lines of upright stones, varying in height from 5 to 17 feet, and numbering formerly, at an extravagant computation, at least 10,000. The whole width of the avenues varies from 200 to 350 feet. Of the original quantity, some notion may be formed from the fact that many blocks have been taken away to build the chateaux of Kergouat, Ploubarmel, and Du Lac, and that cottages, and even the village of Carnac itself, are still constantly replenished from its stores. The following minute description of the stones of Carnac is translated from the work of M. de la Sauvagère, which is quoted and confirmed by M. Mahé, in his 'Essai sur les Antiquités du Département du Morbihan:'—

"The stones of Carnac are planted by line, like rows of trees, on 11 parallel lines, which form spaces like streets, built by rule, of which the first, counting from the nearest to the town of Carnac, is 36 feet wide, the second 33 feet, the third 36 feet, the fourth 38 feet, the fifth 30 feet, the sixth 30 feet, the seventh 21 feet, the eighth 22 feet, the ninth 24 feet, and the tenth 12 feet. . . . . These stones are set at 18, 20, and 25 feet distance from one another; there are many of them which are not larger than ordinary posts, but to make up for these, we may see others which are of an enormous size, and of 16, 18, and 20 feet high. We cannot look at them but with the greatest astonishment. I have measured some of them, which must weigh more than 24,000 pounds. It is inconceivable what machines they made use of to place them upright, and what is still more singular, they are almost all arranged in such a manner that the larger sized are above, and the smaller sized below, so that there are many of them supported, as it were, upon a pivot. They are rough, such as they were drawn from the quarry, and it has been managed that those which are flat, or which have some flattened sides, should be turned in line, and made pavements to the streets. . . . . There may be seen in the environs many other large stones, planted singly here and there in the fields; sometimes there are many of them near together. They are to be found even in the peninsular of Quiberon, and in the island of Belle-Isle and Groais."

VICTOR HUGO.—This gentleman, who is well known to Europe generally, and we might almost say intimately to the readers of the 'Mirror,' has been doomed to prove in his own family some of those sorrows which, as an imaginative writer, he knows so well how to picture as incidental to human life. On Monday week M. Pierre Vacquerie, an old captain, and a merchant of Havre, who resided at Villequier, at his property, on the banks of the Seine, having business at Caudebec, resolved to make the little trip by water, and being familiar with the navigation of the river, and the mode of handling boats, took with him in his boat, which had two lug sails, his young son, aged ten years—his nephew, M. C. Vacquerie—and the young wife of the latter, the daughter of M. Victor Hugo, to whom he was not long since married. Hardly half an hour had elapsed when intelligence arrived that a boat had been upset on the opposite bank, called the Dos d'Ane. Assistance was instantly despatched, but it arrived only in time to witness the irreparable misfortune that had taken place. The boat was taken aback, and the sheets were imprudently made fast. On her being righted, there were found inside a cannon ball and a large stone, which had been used as ballast, and the dead body of M. Pierre Vacquerie, with the head hanging over the side. The three other persons had disappeared. It was supposed at first that M. C. Vacquerie, being an excellent swimmer, had, whilst endeavouring to save his wife and relations, been carried further; but, as nothing appeared on the surface of the water, a net was thrown in, and the ground dragged. The first time it was pulled up, it contained the lifeless body of the unfortunate lady. Madame Victor Hugo received on the next morning at Havre, where she had been residing some time with her two other children, the news of the calamity. She set out immediately for Paris. M. Victor Hugo, it is believed, is at La Rochelle.

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NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND AND RUSSIA.—PART III.

(For the Mirror.)

It became in due course the business of a day to visit the various government manufactories near St Petersburg. Those of glass and porcelain appear to be in a flourishing condition, and are stated to yield a considerable annual return, whilst in tastefulness of design the latter is not materially inferior to the royal manufactories of Dresden or Vienna. The Imperial manufactories of cotton, linen, and playing-cards at Alexandrowski, employ 3,000 persons, and are admirably managed by an English gentleman (General Wilson). All the latest English improvements in machinery are here immediately adopted, and there is perhaps nowhere else to be seen, unless indeed in America, an equally neat and respectable looking body of operatives, as those of this cotton-mill. Every part of the manufactory was exhibited to us with the utmost politeness, and one of the Scotch assistant managers informed me that the manufactory of cards yields a considerable revenue to government for the benefit of the foundling hospital of St Petersburg, but that the cotton manufacture has scarcely yet been rendered lucrative. Last year, it appears that three-fourths of the cotton twist manufactured in Russia was imported from Great Britain; but such exertions are now making to establish spinning mills that this state of things cannot continue much longer; and, as nearly every finished article of British manufacture is already excluded by enormous duties, how England is hereafter to pay for the tallow, flax, and hemp of Russia, is a problem for time and political economy to solve. Nine out of every ten vessels which come to Russia from England arrive in ballast, while every vessel from that country to Great Britain is fully laden; and the Russian nobles will perhaps discover in due time, that by creating manufactories among themselves they are sacrificing that great outlet for their produce, the English market. Nations can only permanently continue to trade with each other on the principle of an exchange of productions either direct or indirect, and Russia has already contrived to throw the balance of trade greatly against England, and under her present laws that unfavourable balance can hardly fail yearly to increase. To hope for voluntary liberality from the Russian government in matters of commerce would be a vain expectation, and the commercial diplomacy of England has of late years been much neglected, and the landowners' monopolies of corn and timber are thus retorted on our manufacturers. It is therefore now necessary for England to endeavour either to negotiate, or to procure those articles she at present receives from Russia from such countries as are willing to act on the principle of an exchange of commodities. New Zealand and Canada, as well as the Austrian districts of the Danube, might probably be made to supply her with flax and hemp, while South America might yield an increased supply of tallow, and it could not be objected to on the strictest principles of national justice to grant such advantages to those countries in respect to duties as might make England more independent of the productions of Russia.

The commercial marine of Russia appears to have increased since Mr Huskisson's treaty of reciprocity (if it may be so called) in a smaller proportion than that of any of the other countries bordering on the Baltic—which, considering that she possesses all the material for ship building equally cheap, and at half their English value, is rather to be wondered at. Still the shipping of Russia is increasing in consequence of that treaty, while the high-priced vessels of England have been nearly driven out of the Baltic by the unequal competition, and Great Britain has much to fear from any increase of the hipping of Russia which may render her navy, in the event of war, a rival to our own. It is not among the rustic slaves which the nobility of Russia contribute to the imperial navy, exercised as they are only in summer excursions in the Baltic and the Black Sea, that rivals to our British sailors will be found; but a commercial marine, permanently employed in more distant navigation, might nevertheless furnish her with the elements of a really formidable navy.

The Foundling Hospital is one of the most interesting establishments of St Petersburg, and the excellence of its arrangements are apparently such that it would seem to be exempt from many of those evils which similar establishments elsewhere have been proved to possess. The only evidence required for the reception of the children is, that they should neither be of slave parents nor of the military class. The nurses seemed to be healthy countrywomen, and lest any of them should prove so deficient in the milk of human kindness as to neglect their young charges, their preservation is made matter of pecuniary interest to them, and a good proof of their real kindness may be found in the fact of our having passed through several apartments full of children only a few weeks old, in many of which not a cry was heard, and in the only one where infant music met our ear it did not equal what is frequently heard in a family nursery.

In the various class rooms we found

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about a thousand girls, from seven years of age up to seventeen; and we afterwards saw them all dine together, having previously chanted a grace in a very pretty manner. These girls are variously instructed according to the degree of talent they display, the less gifted being trained with a view to becoming servants and milliners; while those who evince greater aptitude are educated as governesses. We saw about thirty of these at a separate table, several of whom had already received appointments at salaries varying from 800 to 1,200 rubles a year, and one of the directresses informed us that many of them go as far as three or four thousand versts from St Petersburg, at which distances, their music, drawing, languages, &c., render them quite the accomplished ladies of these remote districts.

The infants on reaching the age of a few months are sent into the country until the period for education arrives, and in this way the mortality is much less than it might otherwise be. The boys are taught at a separate institution, care being in their case likewise taken to instruct each according to the measure of talent displayed.

The Empress takes an especial interest in the education of the females, frequently visiting the institution, and bestowing on it many marks of her favour.

The German lady who became our principal conductress through the establishment, fortunately spoke excellent English, and her presence was hailed in every ward with those silent looks of pleasure which conveyed a stronger assurance of her benevolence than any words could have done.

The church of St Alexander Nievskoi is the fashionable place of interment in St Petersburg. Many of the principal families have a space allotted them for this purpose within its walls, and these spots are universally ornamented by pictures representing either Christ or the Virgin, and before these, a lamp is kept continually burning.

St Alexander Nievskoi is almost the idol saint of Russia, and the circumstance of his having been as great a warrior as a saint adds much to the honour which his sanctity obtains for him. The Emperor, as the head of the Greek church, possesses the power to canonize, and some years since was induced to exercise this sacred right in favour of a St Metopan, at whose tomb a number of miracles were reputed to have been performed. The monks of a neighbouring monastery, however, finding that their shrine was deserted, and their emoluments diminished in consequence of the more fashionable newly made saint, are stated to have brought an action for the loss they had sustained, offering at the same time to prove St Metopan to have been an impostor, and his miracles a fraud. The Emperor is believed to have been so disgusted with the development of this affair, that he is not again likely to add to the already overloaded Russian-deified calendar.

If unfounded personal abuse of the Emperor of Russia could have sufficed to throw two great countries into war, the press of England would long since have accomplished that most undesirable result. The Czar has, however, no doubt wisely considered that the only refutation which it is worthy of him to give to such calumnies, is to disprove them by the tenor of his life. No person has, perhaps, ever enjoyed better opportunities of appreciating the Emperor's private character than the late Lord Durham, who was honoured with more than an usual measure of his society, and he, ultra-liberal as he was, always expressed the most flattering sentiments in regard to him.

The late Lord Melville used, it is said, in days gone by, to boast it as one of his qualifications for office, that no member of parliament could bear abuse better than he could, and if that be indeed a legitimate claim to high station, the Emperor Nicholas is certainly entitled to plume himself on its possession.

Lord Heytesbury, who as British Ambassador at St Petersburg also enjoyed favourable opportunities of appreciating the Emperor, is reputed to have described him as *La plus belle et le plus honnete homme l'Empire*; and this opinion is fully confirmed by that of the English residents of Petersburg.

Il n'est pas tout à fait la plus belle, said a lady whom we had by accident the pleasure to meet with, looking tenderly across the table to her young and handsome husband, who had related this anecdote to us; and it may, no doubt, be possible that there are greater Adonises in Russia, but the Emperor is, to say the least, sufficiently handsome to give point and propriety to Lord Heytesbury's remark. Marshal Marmont is also reported to have some years since observed, after an audience of his Majesty, that he had been conversing with a civilized Peter the Great. These might, perhaps, have been considered as the flatteries of diplomacy were it not that several persons, far removed from the atmosphere of the Court, sufficiently confirmed the impressions they convey of the Emperor's amiability in all the relations of domestic and social life, while, even in matters of government, when his Majesty does interfere personally, it is generally to redress wrongs, or hasten the tardy awards of justice.

The Emperor and his family love, it appears, occasionally to retire from the

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form and pageantry of royalty to a small suburban retreat, where, free from the annoyances of state, they may experimentalize in the happiness afforded by more private life.

At Alexandrowsky a service of china, which had been manufactured for this *sans souci* retreat, was shown to us, bearing a crest illustrative of a chivalrous event in the early lives of their present majesties. It seems that at a Prussian military review, about twenty years ago, a wreath of flowers which adorned the brow of the present Empress chanced to be blown off, and Nicholas, who was in attendance to do the amiable, caught it on the point of his sword, and thus returned it to its fair owner. The wreath was perhaps considered as a *gage d'amour*, and is represented in the china on the sword's point.

The Emperor Nicholas has been placed by fate at the head of a system of governmen, and line of national policy, which have been handed down from one monarch to another, and it is a question, however much disposed he may feel towards the amelioration of many things, whether his individual will, powerful as it may be, is capable of creating a new system.

His majesty is considered the most energetic European sovereign of the present age, and his reign has given an activity to many things in Russia, which they could not have acquired under the milder sway of his predecessor. Immediately on succeeding to the throne he adopted a system of visiting personally, and unexpectedly, all the various departments of the public service, and is reported to have discovered in them much that required correction. Many of the lower officials were, for instance, found to be worse clad than even Falstaff's ragged regiment, and he in consequence introduced the present system, which compels every *employé* to wear uniform, and thus, perhaps, carries the honour of the public livery too low in the scale of employment.

To purge the service of the fraud, bribery, and corruption of every possible description, which affects alike the civil and the military systems of Russia, from the judge and general down to the lowest myrmidon of the police, is much too herculean a task for one monarch to hope to accomplish.

That this general corruption of principle is not a matter of mere surmise, may be clearly proved by a thousand circumstances, and more particularly by the unblushing assurance with which the officials live in a style unquestionably requiring six times their legitimate incomes; and public employment has thus become rather a license for extortion, than in itself a means of respectable subsistence. The Emperor is fully aware of the existence of this system, but appears to consider its cure as hopeless, and when it was proposed to him to raise all salaries so as to afford no excuse for bribery, he is reported to have replied that he knew the Russians well, and that though their salaries might be increased, their plunder would not be diminished.

Every suitable opportunity is, however, eagerly embraced to show his appreciation of integrity in public life, and as a recent instance of this feeling, our incorruptible countryman, Admiral Hall, was, in despite of his age and a desire for ease, long compelled to retain the government of an important province of the empire, and on ultimately being permitted to retire, he was loaded with honours, and rewarded with a sinecure appointment.

The first step towards an improvement of the institutions of Russia should no doubt be the education and the emancipation of the people, and these some of the Emperor's admirers believe that he is not unfavourably disposed towards. Be this, however, as it may, whatever Russian monarch shall first adopt education, emancipation, and internal improvement, as the national watch-words, instead of conquest and territorial acquisition, will richly merit to be considered as a civilized Peter the Great. The feeling of the nobility is, however, so strongly in favour of the present system of slavery, that the change would no doubt be one of some danger to any sovereign who might undertake it.

The Russian nobility have of late begun to see the possibility of improving the value of their estates by a better system of agriculture, and importations of the best breeds of English cattle; indeed, a scheme is now organizing for the establishment of a large model farm near St Petersburg, for the purpose of instructing pupils from the more remote provinces. This idea originated with one of the English residents of St Petersburg, and should it be properly carried into effect, our obscure countryman will prove to have been a greater benefactor to Russia than even the greatest of her generals or statesmen. At present no part of Russia can be considered as properly cultivated, and probably not one fourth of her improvable surface is cultivated at all.

HERR DÖBLER'S CELEBRATED WINE TRICK.

Several of our subscribers having expressed a desire to be informed how to conduct this very ingenious and truly philosophic experiment, we are enabled, through the kindness of an old correspondent, this week to gratify their wishes.

The experiment consists in being enabled, from a common wine-bottle, apparently to pour either white or red wine, milk, water, or champagne.

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The following chemicals in solution are requisite :—

1. A saturated solution of the sulphocyanate of potass, for port wine.
2. A dilute solution of ditto ditto, for sherry wine.
3. A saturated solution of nitrate of lead, for milk.
4. A saturated solution of per-chloride of iron.
5. A saturated solution of bi-carbonate of potass, for champagne.
6. Sulphuric acid.
7. A clear solution of gum-arabic.

The mode of conducting the trick is so simple that the following instructions will enable even the most bungling manipulator to deceive his more sagacious friends :—

Into a clean and empty wine-bottle pour about three drachms, or teaspoonsful, of No. 4; this, in consequence of the form of the bottle, is not seen, and, therefore, it is still apparently empty.

The water to be employed should be distilled, or clear rain-water, where the other cannot be obtained, will answer ; to this add, previously to its being seen by the spectators, about a tablespoonful of the gum-water (No. 7), and a tablespoonful of No. 6. The whole is perfectly colourless, and may be placed in a water-bottle for use.*

The most important part of the trick is charging the wine glasses ; it would be better to have them differently cut, the more readily to distinguish them from each other. The glasses are charged by merely pouring into them the solutions, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and then pouring it back again into the bottle, enough adhering to the sides of the glass to produce the requisite change of colour.

When everything is thus arranged, the water is poured into the green bottle, and on being decanted into the respective glasses, will offer the apparent port, sherry, milk, champagne, or water.† B.

* If you intend to drink any of the water before using it, No. 6 may be placed with No. 4 in the wine-bottle.

† In this you of course have an uncharged glass.

OUR LADY OF THE HOLY HEART.

A CENTURY ago a community of young women, under the name of 'Our Lady of Nazareth,' or of the 'Holy Heart,' was formed by a priest living in the parish of St Maclou, in the city of Rouen, named Binet, a man who made himself remarkable as much by his whimsical devotion, as by his ignorance, which was of the grossest kind.

This man, in one of his sermons, indulged in a panegyric upon the Blessed Virgin, and to magnify the efficacy of her intercession with God, told the following story, in the presence of a numerous congregation, among whom were three canons of the cathedral:—

"A certain nun, called Sister Beatrix, had led a life as to outward appearance regular enough to deserve the office of turnkey, which was given her by the Abbess. Her devotion towards the Blessed Virgin ran so high, that she never failed of performing a daily task, which she had prescribed herself, for the honour and worship of that benefactress of mankind. While she was doing the duties of her place, she unluckily listened to some seducing discourse of a young loose nun, and suffered herself to be corrupted by her pernicious counsels. After she had for some time resisted the temptation, she went and cast herself at the feet of the Holy Virgin, saying to her, 'It is now a long time, my good patroness, that I have faithfully served you, and you give no ear to my prayers. My patience is tired, and I am resolved to be gone ; here, take my keys.' After this compliment to the Virgin Mary, she quitted the convent, changed her habit, and let herself loose to all manner of dissipation.

"When the young seducer had abandoned her, as is usual in like cases, and ceased to minister to her necessities, she became the most impudent and abandoned of all wantons, and in this woeful course of life continued full fifteen years.

"All this time the mother of God occupied the place of Sister Beatrix in the convent. She assumed her air, stature, voice, countenance, and habit, so that not a soul, either within or without doors, ever perceived the absence of Beatrix.

"At last our female apostate, quite tired of so lewd and wicked a life, inquired one day of a woman what they said of Sister Beatrix? 'She is a holy girl,' answered the woman, 'whom everybody loves and esteems for her meekness, faithfulness, and constancy in performing her devotions.' The nun, surprised to hear that another Beatrix was got into her place, runs away to the convent to see her. The Blessed Virgin received her with much goodness, reproached her as she deserved, and assured her that nobody had known of her absence, or her disorders; that the community had the same sentiments of esteem and friendship which it had before shown her. It was in recompense of the constant exactness with which she had offered up the prayer, which she vowed to the Virgin. The mother of God added that she herself had discharged her place, and done her work, all the time of her absence ; and as she continued to serve her, that God had pardoned all her sins, and that she had no need of penance; in short, that she was sure of sanctification and eternal happiness, provided she persevered in honouring and glorifying her as she had always done."

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Arms. Quarterly, first, az. On a fesse, dancettée, ar., between three griffins, passant, wings endorsed, or, as many escallops gu.; second, az., five cinque-foils, in saltier, ar., for Holroyd; third, erm., on a chief gu. a demi-lion, rampant, issuant, or, for Elwood; fourth, az., on a fesse or, between three swans' heads erased ar. ducally gorged of the second, as many cinque-foils gu., for Baker.

Crest. A demi-griffin, segreant, wings endorsed sa., holding between the claws a ducal coronet or.

Supporters. Dexter, a lion, reguardant, ppr., sinister, a horse bridled, ppr.

Motto. "Quem te Deus esse jussit." "*What God commanded thee to be.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SHEFFIELD.

This ancient family emigrated to Ireland in the reign of Charles the Second. The experiment was somewhat bold, so shortly after the horrible scenes which occurred between the maddened Irish and the English settlers in 1641. For a long time the family had enjoyed wealth and consideration in England. William de Howrode (as the name was originally spelt), had large estates in the county of York, from the thirteenth century. Howrode was the name of a hamlet in that vicinity. Isaac Holroyd, a descendant of William de Holroyde, having settled in Ireland, was succeeded by his only son John Holroyd, Esq., who was born in 1680. His son, Isaac Holroyd, succeeded him, and was in turn succeeded by his only surviving son, John Baker Holroyd

This gentleman inherited the estates of his mother's family, the Bakers, of Penn. He in consequence assumed that surname before his paternal one. He was advanced to the Peerage of Ireland, January 9th, 1781, by the title of Baron Sheffield of Dunamore, county of Meath, and created, October 19th, 1783, Baron Sheffield of Roscommon, with remainder in default of male to the female issue of his first marriage. His Lordship married thrice: first, in 1767, Abigail, the only daughter of Lewis Way, Esq., by whom he had two daughters; secondly, December 26th, 1794, Lady Lucy Pelham, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Chichester; and thirdly, January 20th, 1798, Lady Ann North, second daughter of Frederick, second Earl of Guilford, by George Augustus Frederick Charles, the present peer. On the 29th July, 1802, he was enrolled among the peers of the empire as Baron Sheffield of Sheffield, county of York, and advanced to the Viscounty of Pevensey and Earldom of Sheffield in the peerage of Ireland, January 22nd, 1816. His Lordship served the public as President of the Board of Agriculture, as a Lord of Trade, and as a member of the Privy Council. As a writer on political economy he obtained some distinction in the literary world. He died at the age of eighty-six, May, 1821, and was succeeded by the son abovenamed, who was born March 16th, 1802; came to his title May 30th, 1821, and married, June 6th, 1825, Harriet, eldest daughter of Henry, second Earl of Harewood, by whom he has issue.

A RIDE TO CHERTSEY.

"Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there."
Richard III.—Act 1, Scene 2.

Amidst the various attractions of railroads, steamboats, and coaches, by which the man of leisure and taste, or the merchant or trader, seek relaxation or health, it is difficult to decide where and how a particular day set apart for the purpose shall be spent. We took another glance at the 'Map of 24 Miles round London,' and seeing that Chertsey was situated on one of those graceful curves for which the noble "river of Thames" is famed, determined to take a place on the coach, as affording better opportunities for "eyeing nature's walks" than either locomotion or steam. The former we consider absolutely wearisome to the pleasure traveller; the latter is certainly agreeable, when accompanied by the cloudless sky and refreshing breeze; but if we go from home to see the haunts of men, and to mingle with their feelings, there is no mode so convenient as that which has lately, as a system, been all but destroyed—the coach and horses.

The pleasant portion of our journey begins at the suspension bridge at Hammersmith. Here, and especially at high water, the view presents two noble reaches, with

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oftentimes a steamer or two ploughing their course towards Richmond and Hampton Court, throwing the swelling waves on the banks, which subside with murmurs, as if offended at the liberty taken with their upward or downward course by a new power. Here the plain is entered upon, which we never quit on this excursion, rich with vegetation and clothed with woods of various degrees of age and beauty. Barnes Church, distinguished by a red brick tower, denoting the Elizabethan age of architecture, is passed on the right. Barnes terrace appears, and again the river comes into view; thence to Mortlake, a locality, as its French name clearly indicates, where once existed a stagnant lake fed by the overflowings of the Thames, but of which in our day no vestiges remain. A constantly winding, or abruptly turning, road, brings us to Sheen, East and West, a suburb of Richmond, although it may not be generally known that what is now the latter place was once called by the former name, having been changed from "Sheen" to "Richmond" by order of Henry VII. The former favourite resorts of "heads who wore crowns" are here approached. Here, in ancient times, was a royal palace, the favourite residence of Edwards I, II, and III, and of Richard II and Henry V; destroyed by fire in 1497, but rebuilt by Henry VII. Henry VIII, and Wolsey resided in this palace. It served as a place of confinement to Elizabeth and her sister Mary.

We are not permitted, on this excursion, to take a survey from that celebrated spot, renowned both in story and song, and illustrated in the favourite ditty—

"On Richmond hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn;"

as our route lies under the hill, whence its beauties can best be seen, particularly from Richmond bridge; and here passing again into Middlesex, before entering Twickenham, observe on the right-hand side the house where Louis Philippe, now the greatest monarch of his day, resided in the very humble capacity of a teacher of the French language, and opposite, separated from the road by a high wall, are the grounds of "Orleans House" (a noble mansion fronting the river), the subsequent residence of the King of the French during his exile in England. Passing through Twickenham, which presents an appearance of population and trade, let us remark that here lived the amiable brother of the most active politician of this century, Mr Jones Burdett, but having finished his career, now lies quietly in the church,

"Where the weary are at rest."

His virtues are commemorated by an affectionate eulogium from the pen of Sir Francis Burdett, which, condemning the mean falsehoods of many memorials of the departed, offers a tribute of merited praise to his friend and brother. This is the classic ground of Pope and Walpole, the house of the latter (Strawberry Hill) is empty, and "to let." The celebrated dwelling of the former has been so modernized and changed that its former glory exists now only in imagination.

Teddington, it is said, is a corruption of the words "Tide-end Town," the Thames here ceasing to be influenced by the action of the sea, and certain it is, whether the given origin of the present name of the village be correct or not, the water here continually flows downward. The view before reaching Teddington, both up and down the river, is remarkably pleasing. We next arrive at Bushy Park: a grand avenue of stately chesnuts and limes present a most appropriate and imposing entrance to Hampton Court. Bushy House is on the right, and from hence to Chertsey, through Hampton, Sunbury, and Shepperton, the road and river vie with each other in their serpentine courses. At the village of Littleton, on the right, is the seat of Col. Wood, the member for Brecon, and on the same side, nearer Chertsey, that of Earl Lucan, at Laleham. The former gentleman, it is said, allows no poor's rate or church rate to be collected in his parish – a pleasing instance of liberality in a "fine old English gentleman."

Beyond Chertsey, invisible from the locality, is St Ann's Hill, where lived the great statesman, Charles James Fox; it is commanding, and beautifully wooded. In the church is a tablet,

"TO THE
MEMORY OF THE BEST OF HUSBANDS AND
THE MOST EXCELLENT OF MEN,
CHARLES JAMES FOX,
WHO DIED SEPT. 13TH, 1806,
AND IS BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
HIS MOST AFFECTIONATE WIFE
PLACES THIS TABLET."

"A patriot's even course he steered,
'Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved.
By all who marked his mind—revered,
By all who knew his heart—beloved."

His "affectionate wife" enjoyed a long career after the death of her husband, having survived him half a life, namely, 36 years. She is buried in the church-yard, the spot respectably but not ostentatiously marked—

"ELIZABETH BRIDGET FOX,
DIED 8TH JULY, 1842,
AGED 92 YEARS."

One "Laurentio Tomsono" occupies an honourable niche in the chancel; he travelled in Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Germany, and France, understood, besides the languages of these countries (as it may be presumed), Hebrew – made a new translation of the testament, and died 4th April, 1608. He must have been an adven-

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turous man who travelled in the north of Europe in those days! But where is the "Abbey" of Chertsey, in which was buried the murdered Henry VI, although his remains were afterwards removed to Windsor? Reader, it is gone! Even the spot where it stood is apocryphal, but not so, we believe, some stones which have been used to repair and strengthen an old brick wall at the bottom of the garden of the Crown Inn. They are a composition of clay and gravel, dark in colour, and certainly very abbey-like, as are also some other chalk stones sufficiently distinguishable from the more modern brick.

Chertsey has a market, is situated in the midst of a corn-district, and has several good inns. If you wish to dine well, in its vicinity, you may try—

> "Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
> Invites each passing stranger *that can pay*."

Between Sunbury and Shepperton a small river crosses the road, and must be forded by all vehicles and horsemen. It is dignified with the name of "Sunbury Water-splash"—not inappropriately, by the way, when dashed into by fast-trotting coach-horses—and in Oatlands Park, on the opposite side of the Thames, there is a stone tower of considerable size and height, which, together with the river just named, form a curious illustration of primitive ideas being applied to objects; the latter, 80 or 90 feet high, has no better or grander name applied to it, and suggested by its form, than the "Pepper Box," although it would probably contain within it all the pepper boxes ever manufactured from the days of Adam to this present month of September, 1843.

SUPERIORITY OF THE ROYAL BLOOD OF FRANCE.

THE courtesy and friendly feeling which prevailed during the continuance of those gratifying scenes on the other side of the water in which our Queen and the King of the French were the chief actors, with all the accompanying splendour, exhibit the cordiality of humbler life. It would seem as if, on this occasion, kindness and esteem put aside those lofty pretensions which in former days rendered even friendly greetings cold and unconciliating. It perhaps is not generally known that the Bourbons of the old stock claimed to rank above all other royals. To English ears the foundations of this claim will seem ridiculous enough. It was made to rest on some flattery addressed by a priest called St Gregory, a thousand years ago, to King Childebert. He is said to have written to that monarch, that "the excellence of his crown indubitably exalted it as much above all other nations, as the royal dignity raised its possessor above common men." Matthew Paris, the English historian, in 1254, was induced to use the words "Dominus Rex Francorum, qui terrestrium Rex Regum est," and to add, that "the dignity of the King of France was superior to that of all other monarchs." Such a declaration, coming from an English writer, was supposed to settle the question beyond dispute.

The other authorities relied on will be deemed rather curious than important. Our King Henry V is referred to, as having decided the point. When he entered Paris with King Charles VI, in 1420, "Les deux Rois," says Warin, "moult noblement de front, l'un d'auprès l'autre, le Roi de France au dextre côté; et après eux étaient les Ducs de Clarans et de Belfort, freres du Roi d'Angleterre, et à l'autre côté de la rue, a la main senèstre, chevauchoit Phillippe-le-Bon, Duc de Bourgoyne, et après lui étaient les Chevaliers et les Ecuyers de son Hotel."—"The two Kings rode gallantly side by side in front, the King of France taking the right hand; and after them came the Dukes of Clarence and Bedford, brothers to the King of England, and on the other side of the street, on the left hand, Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, and after him came the gentlemen and pages of his household." That the Duke of Burgundy, who was neither son nor grandson of France, but only related to the King by the third degree, should have taken his place by the side of the brothers of the King of England, was viewed by the French royals as a recognition of the superiority of the Princes of the blood of France, over all of the same high degree elsewhere.

Their grandeur is also supported by a speech given to the Emperor Maximilian in Jerome Bignon's work, 'De l'Excellence des Rois et Royaume de France.' "If it were possible," said that courteous, but not over-pious monarch, "that I could be God, I should wish my eldest son to be God after me, and my son to be King of France."

The superiority of the crown of France, it is urged, has been acknowledged in all ages. It was only to the ambassadors of the imperial crown that precedence was allowed. Personally, the Kings of France have claimed from the Emperors to be treated as equals. Charles V gave way to Francis I, in 1521, at the conference of Calais. More commonly the Kings of France and the Emperors have walked side by side, and if ever the former have given way, it has always been an act of deference and courtesy, never of duty or necessity.

The French love glory, and many of them are pleased to identify glory with the successful enforcement of such high-flying claims as have been described. Louis XIV, it is exultingly proclaimed, would sooner

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have risked the loss of his kingdom than have submitted to the attempts made at Rome and London by the Spanish ambassadors, to obtain precedence over those of France. By the resistance which he opposed to adverse pretensions, he obtained concessions, which good Frenchmen are expected to regard "as a perpetual monument of the superiority of the Kings of France over the other sovereigns of Europe!"

One very ancient instance is proudly quoted, of deference shown to the Royal family of France, in the interview which took place between the Emperor Charles IV and Charles V of France, in 1278. They met between St Denis and Paris, and "afterwards," writes Theodore Godefroy, "came the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, and between them, in the middle, was the Duke of Brabant, brother to the Emperor and uncle to the King." Upon that Godefroy remarks, "In those times, when three persons walked abreast, he who was at the right hand had the place of honour, and not the person in the middle. It is seen that the Duke de Berry, brother to the King of France, in this procession, and in all other acts, preceded the Duke of Brabant, brother and grandson of two emperors; and the reason of this," he adds, "is that the Imperial dignity being only precarious and elective, and not hereditary in one family, the Duke of Brabant had not the claim of succession to the Imperial throne, which the Duke of Berry had to the French."

To "men remote from power," to plain Englishmen, pretensions like those advanced by the princes of a neighbouring country to superiority over all their fellows, can hardly be contemplated with gravity. In France the matter is differently viewed, and many sensible men are prepared to enter upon their solemn vindication. That far-famed piece of eloquence, the funeral oration delivered by Bossuet over the remains of the great Condé, was admired for the fervent panegyric it contained on the glorious stand made by the illustrious deceased for etiquette. The facts were these:—Out of favour with the King, and an exile from his country, when journeying to Brussels, the Prince was seized with a fever, and unable to proceed beyond Namur. While he was labouring under severe indisposition, deputies were sent to him to prevail on the Prince to yield precedence to the Archduke Leopold, then governor of the Netherlands. To this he would not listen, but haughtily replied, "That he was a prince of the blood royal of France, and that therefore the utmost he could grant, though the Archduke was the son and brother of emperors, was to treat that Prince as an equal; they might act as they pleased, but if they did not accept his proposal in twenty-four hours, he would quit Namur and the Low Countries, preferring to run any hazard rather than subject his dignity to the least degradation." The Courts of Vienna and Madrid gave way. His conduct in thus maintaining "the claims of a Prince of France and of the first house in the universe," was made the theme of panegyric in the church of Notre Dame, by a venerable and aged man, who in the course of his speech touchingly referred to the announcement made by his silver locks and failing voice, that he must shortly give elsewhere an account of his ministry here. The man of religion, the meek follower of Him who "was led like a lamb to the slaughter," saw in such an effort of human arrogance only that which must shed lustre on the name of Condé. He enlarged on the grateful topic as energetically as if by this act the Prince had saved his country. The eloquence of the preacher, though it could not "soothe the dull cold ear of death," won the undivided admiration of the Court, and all who listened to it, and still thousands are ready to maintain that all the royalty of the rest of Europe ought to bow to that of France, as the sheaves of his brethren did to the sheaf of Joseph. The recent meetings of the sovereigns of England and France, and the unaffected kindly attentions reciprocated, will perhaps abate this overflowing dignity, and cause it to give place to something better entitled to our esteem and admiration.

PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF ANNE BOLEYN.

After the death of her mother, in 1512, Anne resided at Hever with a French governess named Simonette, who taught her music and needle-work. "Besides all the usual branches of virtuous instruction, they gave her teachers in playing on musical instruments, singing, and dancing, insomuch that when she composed her hands to play and her voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance that three harmonies concurred; likewise when she danced, her rare proportions varied themselves into all the graces that belong either to rest or motion." When Anne returned to England from France, whither she had gone in the suite of Mary the King's youngest sister, who had been forced to marry Louis XII, she took up her residence at Hever, and her first meeting with the King after her return was in the garden surrounding the castle. To what good account she turned this early education in after times, a contemporary biographer shall tell:—"She possessed a great talent for poetry, and when she sung, like a second Orpheus, she would have

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made bears and wolves attentive. She likewise danced the English dances, leaping and jumping with infinite grace and agility. Moreover, she invented many new figures and steps which are yet known by her name or by those of the gallant partners with whom she danced. She was well skilled in all games fashionable at courts. Besides singing like a syren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than king David, and handled cleverly both lute and rebec (a small violin). She dressed with marvellous taste, and devised new modes, which were followed by the fairest ladies of the French court, but none wore them with her gracefulness, in which she rivalled Venus." (Count Chateaubriand's MS.)—Henry told Wolsey, "he had been discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown." Wolsey answered, "it is sufficient if your majesty finds her worthy of your love." Henry replied, "that he feared she would never condescend in that way." "Great princes," rejoined Wolsey, "if they choose to play the lover, have that in their power which would mollify a heart of steel." Two sketches of her portrait, drawn by opposite partisans of her cause, will not be inappropriate to a visit to this spot, Anne's chief residence. Saunders, who was not likely to be over flattering, describes her as "tall, slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow; one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared, at times, to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat there was a protuberance, which Chateaubriand describes as a disagreeable large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamental collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honour, though they had never before thought of wearing anything of the kind. Her face and figure were, in other respects, symmetrical: beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed." The next sketch is from the life of Anne, supposed to have been written by George Wyatt, the sixth son of Sir Thomas Wyatt, executed for rebellion in Mary's reign, who died at Bexley, in Kent, in the year 1624: "In this noble imp, the graces of Nature, adorned by gracious education, seemed, even at the first, to have promised bliss unto her in after times. She was taken at that time to have a beauty, not so *whitely* as clear and fresh above all we may esteem, which appeared much more excellent by her favour passing sweet and cheerful, and was enhanced by her noble presence of shape and fashion, representing both mildness and majesty, more than can be expressed. There was found, indeed, upon the side of her nail, upon one of her fingers, some little show of a nail, which yet was so small, by the report of those that have seen her, as the workmaster seemed to leave it an occasion of greater grace to her hand, which, with the tip of one of her other fingers, might be, and was usually by her, hidden without the least blemish to it. Likewise, there were said to be upon some parts of her body certain small moles, incident to the clearest complexions."—*Athenæum.*

HISTORY AND ANECDOTES OF THE DOG.

An article in the last 'Quarterly' on Blaze's 'Histoire du Chien chez tous les Peuples du Monde,' gives, from various sources, as well as from the work under review, a series of facts which are highly interesting. A condensed view of them will not fail to gratify most readers.

The dog among the Hebrews, as he was not cloven footed, and did not chew the cud, was deemed an unclean animal, and consequently he was denied the honour of being sacrificed. That distinction, however, was bestowed upon him by idolaters. The Romans sacrificed him to their gods; and he was whipped annually, and then impaled by that enlightened people, because his ancestors had slept when the Gauls attempted to seize on the Capitol.

The dog was eaten by the Greeks, and he is constantly fattened on vegetables, and used as food in China now. Dog's flesh, though prohibited, is also regularly eaten in Paris. Blaze has tasted it, and speaks in its favour: Buffon thought it very disagreeable. In Lapland dogs are killed for their skins, and in many countries it is found necessary to destroy them on account of their numbers, which render them a nuisance.

In every town in France, it is stated by M. Blaze, persons are employed to collect dogs for the cruel purpose of being dissected alive.

Black dogs have been supposed to be the agents of the devil. Sometimes, however, these creatures, we are told, have manifested a great regard for piety. Dogs are said to have refused food thrown to them by the assassins of Thomas à Becket. In the like manner they, on another occasion, indicated their horror of the sinful conduct of a young man who had married his cousin, without having first obtained a dispensation from the Pope, and refused to touch any portion of the wedding feast. Wonderful stories are recounted of the keen scent of these animals. Robert Boyle tells of a dog who tracked a servant several miles on a public road to the house where he lodged, in the market place of a town. It was by such means that the Duke

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of Monmouth was discovered concealed in a ditch after the battle of Sedgemoor.

Dogs were employed in the Roman armies. Six hundred dogs were sent by Queen Elizabeth with the army of Essex to Ireland; and dogs were of great service to the Spaniards opposed to the Indians on their first discovery of America. In 1775 they were about to be used against the Maroons in Jamaica, but the latter, hearing of their approach, surrendered, and rendered having recourse to such means unnecessary.

In Persia dogs served for executioners, and culprits doomed to die were by them torn to pieces.

The Siberian dogs, though cruelly treated, are let loose in the summer, but voluntarily return to resume their sledge-drawing labours in the winter. In a wild state they form themselves into packs and hunt the boar and the buffalo, and sometimes the tiger and the lion. In the time of Henry VII a dog attacked a lion, and the king caused him to be hanged for his presumption. Colonel Hamilton saw a bull-dog seize a bison by the nose and hold him by it till he was crushed to death. The terrier will engage animals twenty times his own size, and die without a groan. According to circumstances the habits of the dog are formed. On the banks of the Nile, to escape the crocodile, he will continue running while he drinks. At New Orleans he barks to attract the alligator's notice, and having drawn them to one spot, sets off at full speed, and crosses the water at a distant point. An Esquimaux dog, brought to this country, was accustomed to strew food round him, and then feign to sleep, in order to allure fowls and rats, which he added to his store.

Dogs sometimes combine their efforts. Two hunted by stealth. One started the hare, and the other, concealed behind a fence, pounced upon her as she fled. A pointer and a greyhound joined in the same way; the pointer found the game, and the greyhound used his speed to catch it. Suspicion falling on the pointer, a chain was attached to him to impede his movements, but it was discovered that he still enabled the greyhound to hunt as before; the latter, when accompanying him, carrying the chain in his mouth, till it became his turn to take up the chace.

Dogs have been used at various periods as beasts of draught. In Newfoundland, heavy loads of wood and provisions are obtained by their exertions. As a smuggler, the dog shows great sagacity. He scents the custom-house officer who is on the watch for him, and attacks him or manœuvres to escape his observation. When he reaches his destination he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear.

Still more wonderful are the accounts given of the colly, or shepherd's dog. He seems to understand not only his master's words, but his secret wishes. He will collect the scattered flock, fetch up those that may be left behind, and select one or more that may be wanted from a multitude. A sheep-stealer used to avail himself of the tact of a dog, which would fetch any sheep pointed out to him in the course of the day, and bring it to his master at night.

A dog has been known to seize the bridle of a runaway horse, and hold it till he was secured. In France, a short time ago, a stable caught fire, and the animals within, from being terrified, would not move. A dog rushed in, and by barking and biting twice succeeded in bringing out a portion of them, and returned a third time to complete his task, when those remaining, which were comparatively few, had perished from the progress of the flames.

As a sheep-stealer the cunning of the dog has been sometimes very conspicuous. Sir Thomas Wilde knew of a case in which a dog would slip off his collar, when going on a nocturnal expedition, and afterwards resume it. In a similar case a dog is known to have carefully washed his jaws after the night's slaughter, before he returned to his home; and one dog continued to war on the sheep of a particular district for several months, taking his post on an eminence from which he could see an approaching enemy. On this, his "watch tower," he was ultimately shot.

In Egypt the dogs are numerous. They form associations, and confine themselves to particular districts, and any canine adventurer who intrudes into one not his own, is likely to be torn to pieces.

In many cases, by the sagacity, memory, and determined courage of dogs, thieves and murderers have been brought to condign punishment. Murder has been prevented by the dog, who seemed to penetrate the design of the intended assassin, and applied his energies to frustrate the attempt. In France the waggoner trusts the reins to his canine assistant while he lingers in the cabaret. A lady in Bath found her road blockaded by a strange mastiff, who would not allow her to advance till she had turned back to a spot on which she had dropped a shawl, which, having recovered, he immediately left her.

Dogs have been taught to defend property, to recover it after it had been stolen, and to steal it. His skill as a beggar is great. M. Blaze saw one who had belonged to a blind man, after his master's death, hold up a tin and beg on his own account; a penny being given to him, he immediately repaired "to a baker's shop, and purchased a roll."

The Newfoundland dog will snatch any one from the water. In the cause of his

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master a dog will conquer his dread of fear. At Libourne, in France, in 1835, a townsman gave away an old suit of clothes to be burned as an effigy. His dog, supposing it was his master being maltreated, attempted repeatedly to snatch him away, and would not desist from the attempt till called off by the owner he thought he saw in peril. A dog belonging to a magistrate, imprisoned at the time of the French Revolution, went to his master's prison every day, being sent out at night, and returning in the morning. He followed him to the grave, watched near it for three months, and at last died scratching up the earth, apparently striving to reach his master. A shepherd told his dog to conduct M. Blaze to a place which he named, and the creature obeyed the command. One belonging to the brother of Sir Thomas Wilde runs away constantly on Saturday night, and returns on Monday morning. He thus temporarily absents himself to avoid being chained up on the intervening day. A dog, brought up with a Catholic, acquired a habit of voluntarily abstaining from meat on a Friday. A bull-dog, accustomed to be present at family prayers, always prepared to move when the last commenced. It has often been found that dogs possess an instinct which enables them to find their way by a road they have never travelled. A dog sent to Scotland by sea found his way back to London by land. A shoeblack's dog possessed himself of the useful art of soiling the shoes of those who passed, that they might become his owner's clients. All these instances are given to show the intelligence, and, for the most part, the noble and attached nature of the animal. As the friend of man it has a claim on our kindness and esteem. How great, how invincible the feeling, to touch on one other point, manifested by the female for her young, is sufficiently commemorated by Addison in the 'Spectator:'—"A person," he says, "who was well skilled in dissections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one than the sense of her own torments."—"The horrible barbarity of this experiment," adds the Quarterly Reviewer, "almost overpowers our admiration of the maternal love, and we blush to contrast the cruelty of the man with the invincible affection of the dog." M. Blaze is most earnest in his admiration of the animal whose history he has applied himself to write, and takes for his motto the words of Gaston Phœbus, declaring him to be "the most noble, the most reasonable, and most knowing beast that God ever made."

ON THE DEATH OF A FOOL, SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD IN A DUEL.

Here lies poor Tommy; Nature at his end,
Thought 'twas but right for once to stand his friend;
For in the shades below he now can say,
At least there's something in my head this day!

From the Kensingtonian.

Miscellaneous.

Hottentot Wives, Sons, and Mothers.—The Hottentot females are at once the nastiest and most ill-used of women. The priest, when he marries them, blesses them, saying—"May you live happy, and year-a-year bear a son, who may live to be a good hunter and a great warrior." It is needless to say that this wish is not always gratified. So long as her husband exists, the Hottentot wife is the slave and drudge of the hut, and on her devolves the task of providing for the subsistence of the family, while the husband eats, drinks, smokes, and sleeps. When the Hottentot wife becomes a widow, she must continue so for life, unless she chooses to purchase a husband at a price which, according to our notions, is something more than the delights of a wife in Hottentot matrimony would warrant. She must consent to lose a joint of one of her fingers; and this process must be repeated as often as, being left a widow, she wishes again to contract matrimony. The Hottentot son, on coming of age, is presented with a cudgel, with which he is commanded to beat his mother, and this request is very dutifully complied with by the son, in order to manifest his strength and ability, "just as some youths are prone to evince their manhood by smoking cigars and swearing profanely." It is strange that the mother, though often fainting under the cruel beatings of the son whom she has nursed at her bosom, does not in the least reproach him, but admires his manliness and dexterity in proportion to the severity of the chastisement.

A Water Fight.—I likewise saw at Ceylon (says Colonel Campbell) what the people call a water fight, between two competitors for a dark-eyed maid: one of the lovers, the challenger, being highly exasperated by jealousy. They stood up to their knees in the lake, opposite each other; and, with their hands, constantly dashed the water, in a curious and expert manner, into each other's faces. I saw the combatants thus—I can scarcely say how long engaged, about nine in the morning; and at three in the afternoon they were still hard at work, and the battle was then doubtful;

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for, according to established rule, whichever of the two warriors, no matter what may be the pretence or cause, stops first, if it be only for a moment, dashing water at his adversary, is considered to be vanquished. Hundreds of people were looking on, apparently deeply interested in the result; as he who is thus overcome, as they assured me, is never known again to aspire to the hand of the lady.

Sir Charles Sedley's Gratitude.—King James made the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley Countess of Dorchester. Of the services rendered by this lady to procure the honour little need be said, but we are told in reference to them, that "Sedley cursed the favour that pleased a king." Sir Charles, however, did not lose his vivacity with his daughter. It is told of him, on good authority, that being asked by a friend what he had been about, as he came out of the House of Commons, the day on which the Prince and the Princess of Orange were voted King and Queen of these realms, he answered that he had been doing an act of gratitude. "What's that?" says his friend. "Why," says he, "King James made my daughter a countess, and I have been making his a queen."

The Gatherer.

Duke of Bronte.—His Majesty of Sicily showed a classical fancy in selecting this title for Nelson. The Dukedom of Bronte is situated at the foot of Mount Etna, and takes its name from one, who, like the Admiral, had but a single eye,—Brontis, the Cyclop.

Persian Custom.—When the Persian army were about to take the field on the occasion of a battle, the forces passed in review before their commander, each man throwing down an arrow before the general's tent. These arrows were collected, and preserved till the end of the campaign, when the soldiers again passed muster, each resuming an arrow. The remaining ones were then counted, and thus the Persians ascertained the number of their dead.—*Herodotus.*

China.—When our countrymen showed the Chinese a map of the earth, they inquired for China; and on finding that it only occupied a moderate space, could not contain their derision. They thought it was the main territory, in the middle of the earth, the apple of the world's eye.

The Jews.—When a whole people devote themselves to one great pursuit, one single art, they open sources of invention, they reach to a noble perfection. Unhappily for the Hebrews, that great pursuit, that single art, was the commerce of money; and to render fortunes invisible, their genius produced the wonderful invention of bills of exchange; an object, like the art of printing, become too familiar to be admired. The miracle has ceased, and its utility only remains, yet both are sources of civilization, and connect together the whole universe.—*Genius of Judaism.*

Duchess of Gordon.—Lady Maxwell's daughters were the wildest romps imaginable. An old gentleman, who was their relation, told us that the first time he saw these beautiful girls was in the Hight, where Miss Lane, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, was riding on a sow, which Miss Eglintoune thumped lustily behind with a stick.—*Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh.*

A Princess defeated by a Brewer.—In the year 1758 the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, who was ranger of Richmond Park, thought fit to exclude the public from this favourite place; but an action was brought against her by Mr John Lewis, a brewer, and inhabitant of Richmond, which he gained, and the Princess was forced to knock down her barriers. The public right has never since been disputed, and the memory of the patriotic brewer is still highly esteemed in the neighbourhood.

Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, invaded the English borders, and so reduced the Castle of Alnwick, that the besieged were obliged to surrender. They only requested that the king would receive the keys in person. They were brought by one Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, who, standing within the walls, extended them on the point of a lance, with which, on the king advancing to take them, he pierced the king's eye. For this gallant exploit he received the name of Pierce-eye, since corrupted to Percy, and which still continues to be the family name of the Dukes of Northumberland.—*Creole Anecdote.*

Ancient Burials.—The ancient Romans, who in many respects might set an example to more civilized nations, took such precautions to insure the healthiness of the city, that they would not allow any one to be interred within its precincts. One of the laws of the celebrated code, called "The Twelve Tables," expressly forbids it:—"Let not any be buried in the city." ("*In urbe neve sepelito.*") To further the fulfilment of this law, a place at some distance from the city was set apart for the interment of the dead. Such places were esteemed sacred, and hence called the "glebe." It is from this circumstance that the name is yet applied to lands belonging to the church.

Beggars on Horseback.—We generally suppose we are speaking of something extravagantly ridiculous, when we talk of "a beggar on horseback." In South America one is often seen; horses cost next to nothing; charitable people frequently live at a considerable distance from each other,

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so that a beggar cannot afford to lose the time which it would consume to wait upon them on foot. The necessity of his being an equestrian is understood, and it is not considered to bar his claim to assistance.

Utility of a Dead Bishop.—Montaigne writes,—"They say at Augusta that they are free, not from mice, but from the large rats which infest every other part of Germany, and attribute this exemption to one of their bishops, who lies buried here; even the earth round his tomb, they say, has the power of expelling these vermin wherever it is carried, and they sell little bits of it, about the size of a nut, for this purpose."

Rome.—One of the great advantages of Rome is, that it is one of the least exclusive cities in the world; a place where foreigners at once feel themselves the most at home; in fact, Rome is, by its very nature, the city of strangers. Its sovereign is sovereign also over entire Christendom; his jurisdiction generally subjects to his authority all Christians, wheresoever they are, even in their homes in the most distant countries, as much as in Rome itself.—*Montaigne.*

A Widow's Fate.—The people of Tanna sometimes bury their dead in shallow graves, sometimes tie a stone to them and sink them in the sea. At Anatom, the widow is tied, alive, to the dead body of her husband, and sunk together with it in the sea.

Food of the Poorer Chinese.—The wealthy among the Chinese are much addicted to gastronomic pleasures, and are as delicate in their tastes as any other epicures; but pinching poverty makes the mass as little fastidious as can well be conceived. They make little use of beef or mutton, owing to the scarcity of pasturage. Of animal food, the most universal is pork. Their maxim is, "The scholar forsakes not his books, nor the poor man his pig." Immense quantities of fish are consumed. Ducks are reared in large numbers, and wild fowl, of various species, are abundant. The flesh of dogs, cats, rats, and mice, enters into the bill of fare of the Chinese poor. The larvæ of the sphinx-moth, and a grub bred in the sugar-cane, are much relished, as also sharks' fins, the flesh of wild horses, the sea-slug, and a soup made of a species of birds'-nests. At an imperial feast, given to the last British embassy, a soup concocted of mares' milk and blood was among the dishes. The horse flesh and mares' milk are confined to the Tartars; the birds'-nests used only at ceremonies, and the sea-slug but seldom.

The Statutes of Eltham.—On the Sandhills near Hever Castle, according to tradition, watchmen were stationed to announce, by sound of bugle, the approach of the lusty and Royal suitor to Anne Boleyn, galloping from Eltham and Greenwich. It was with reference, probably, to his excursions hither, which court babblers might disclose to partisans of the injured and neglected Catherine, that Majesty desired its rovings might be unseen. The "Statutes of Eltham," as they are called, enacted that the "officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, keeping secret everything said or done, leaving hearkening or inquiring where the King is, or goes, be it early or late, without grudging, mumbling, or talking of the King's pastime, late or early going to bed, or any other matter."

A Pious Pope.—Menzel says,—"As Pope John XXIII was crossing the Alps, his carriage happening to be overturned in the snow, he cursed in the Devil's name, to the great *edification* of the pious peasants of Arlberg."

—The Rev. Paul Hamilton, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of Ayr; and not a little to the surprise of his fair auditory, gave out his text—"And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"X. Y."—To see Crystals formed:—Take an ounce of glauber salts, and pour upon it two ounces of boiling water. Keep it stirred for some time, and while it is still very hot, *put it into a vial, and cork it immediately, perfectly air-tight. When it is cold no crystals will appear, but immediately on the removal of the cork they will be seen to form: this shows that atmospheric air is necessary to the formation of crystals. If the bulb of a thermometer be placed in the liquid it will rise, which proves that caloric is given off in the act of crystallization.*

"Nauticus."—We cannot say what is the size of the anchor of the large steam ship or her screw-propeller; we can only say that some first-rates have an anchor weighing above 108 *cwt., which is* 5 *tons* 8 *cwt. Perhaps some of our readers will answer this question for our correspondent.*

"George Harris."—The so-called instantaneous solution for Daguerreotype plates is, we believe, a mixture of the chlorides of iodine and bromine, and may be applied in the same manner as the common iodine.

"The wooden boards as the porous diaphragm of the electrotype apparatus" are made of lime tree, about the one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Before using they must be soaked in dilute sulphuric acid for a day or two.

We are gratified by the approbation of "E. A. A.," but think, if he refers to the passage he has noticed again, he will not find any ambiguity in it.

In reply to the question respecting Charles VI, we would say that unhappy monarch did not merely lose his reason once or twice, but after the two first shocks, with some occasional intervals of reason, he was deranged for the rest of his life.

"A. J." "A Friend," and "Viator," cannot appear.

We shall be happy to oblige "An Old Subscriber," but it must partly depend upon the engraver whether it can be done so soon. If he can furnish any authentic facts of interest connected with the subject of his letter, they will be attended to.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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RETURN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST INTO FRANCE.

Original Communications.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF "THE CHEVALIER KING."

"Here's honour for you!"

It is edifying to recal those scenes in which the monarchs of Europe have personally acted a conspicuous part, more especially of those who have delighted in

——— "War's unequal game,
Where thousands bleed to raise a single name."

And few will afford a more striking picture of the awful vicissitudes which it involves than those presented by the eventful career of Francis the First of France.

"The Chevalier King," as he loved to

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be called, entered on that strife which led to consequences so serious with remarkable vivacity. Professing the most amicable feelings for his rival Charles the Fifth,—"Honour," said he, "is the mistress we both court; each ought to urge his suit with all the address of which he is master; the most fortunate will prevail, and the other must rest contented." This, which the common sense of modern times could hardly tolerate in the case of two knights at a tournament merely risking their own persons, reconciled Francis to the sacrifice of thousands and thousands of brave men, and to peopling his kingdom with widows and orphans,—not to win that which was essential to the happiness of France, but to gain for her ruler what he so ardently courted,—honour.

The memorable battle of Pavia, fought Feb. 24, 1525, fitly requited his miserable ambition. His army was totally defeated, and he himself, after fighting on foot with desperate resolution, compelled to endure the humiliation of surrendering his sword in the presence of one of his own subjects, who had rebelled against him to join the Emperor, and to become the captive of his rival. This sad result he himself announced in the following brief but melancholy note to his mother:—

"Madam,—All is lost except our honour."

Charles and Francis ran a race in affected sentiment, and though the former has been deemed the more crafty, it would be hazarding little to say that Francis was equally insincere. The former, on this great occasion, says Robertson, "received the account of this signal and unexpected success which had crowned his army with a moderation which, if it had been real, would have done him more honour than the greatest victory. Without uttering one word expressive of exultation or of intemperate joy, he retired immediately into his chapel, and having spent some time in offering up his thanksgivings to Heaven, returned to the presence chamber, which by that time was filled by grandees and foreign ambassadors, assembled in order to congratulate him. He accepted of their compliments with a modest deportment; he lamented the misfortune of the captive king, as a striking example of the sad reverses of fortune to which the most powerful monarchs are subject; he forbade any public rejoicings as indecent in a war carried on among Christians, reserving them until he should obtain a victory equally illustrious over the infidels; and seemed to take pleasure in the advantage which he had gained only as it would prove the occasion of restoring peace to Christendom."

Though worsted in the fight, Francis was in some degree consoled by the prospect of enjoying a joyous hospitable retreat while in captivity. How mournfully he was deceived, and how nearly the disappointment had cost him his life, was told in a former number of this publication, as well as the hypocritical sympathy manifested by Charles on that occasion, not to save a brother sovereign from the tomb, but to prevent the escape of a prisoner.

It is important, however, to direct attention to the quality of that honour which was so dear to the heart of the "Chevalier King." After refusing to subscribe to the conditions proposed by the Emperor as the price of his release, and threatening to remain in Spain to the end of his days, he at length, on the 14th January, 1526, signed the treaty of Madrid. Some few hours before doing this, Francis called about him such of his counsellors as were then in Madrid, and having made them take a solemn oath of secrecy, he inveighed with bitterness against the unprincely rigour with which he had been treated, and caused a formal protest to be placed in the hands of notaries, declaring that his consent was to be regarded as involuntary, as null and void, and consequently as having force to annul all pacts, acquittances, and oaths that he might be compelled to make or take against his honour.

A treaty thus concluded was, of course, duly violated with little loss of time. The Emperor exacted hostages, and took every means that an artful mind could suggest to bind the "Chevalier King;" yet still he had his doubts. "Conducting in person his captive out of the capital," we quote from the 'Pictorial History of France,' "he repeatedly demanded of him if, on the honour of a gentleman, he was resolved to make good his promises. Francis was enabled to answer boldly, provided as he was beforehand with a protest against every compromising oath or condition. At length, on March 18, 1526, this great affair was settled by the liberation of the King. Lannoy attended him to the Bidassoa, with an escort of fifty horse, and found Lautrec waiting on the opposite shore with the two princes, who were to be left as hostages, and a like escort. In the middle of the river a large empty barge had been moored, where the exchange was to take place. The attendants drew up on the two opposite banks. Lannoy, with eight gentlemen, put off from the Spanish shore, and Lautrec, with an equal number, advanced from the French side. Lautrec had scarcely put into the hands of Lannoy the two hostages, when Francis, after hastily embracing the Dauphin, then eight years of age, and the Duke of Orleans, jumped into the French boat. On reaching the shore, he mounted a Turkish horse which waited for him, and galloped off at full speed to St Jean de Luz, and thence to Bayonne, exclaiming several times, "I am still a king."

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CULTIVATION OF THE CINNAMON PLANT.

The best and most productive soils of Ceylon are a brown loam, resulting from the decomposition of gneiss or granite rock, abounding in felspar, or a reddish loam resulting from the decompositon of clay ironstone, called in Ceylon, Cabookstone. The soil of the cinnamon garden in the neighbourhood of Colombo (as well as that near Galle and elsewhere, in which the cinnamon tree is grown, and in many places it is produced naturally) is a remarkable instance of the silicious kind. The surface of the ground in many places, where the cinnamon plant flourishes, is white as snow: this is pure quartz sand. Below the surface a few inches, where the roots penetrate, the sand is of a grey colour. A specimen of this, dried thoroughly, was found to consist of—

98 . 5	silicious sand
1 . 0	vegetable matter
0 . 5	water
100 . 0	

The garden is nearly on a level with the lake of Colombo, its situation is sheltered, the climate is remarkably damp, showers are frequent, the temperature is high, and uncommonly equable. These are the principal peculiarities to which the excellence of the cinnamon, and the luxuriant growth of this valuable shrub, in a soil so apparently unpromising, may be justly attributed. The interior is supposed not to be so well adapted for the growth of the cinnamon as the sea coast; at least, that hitherto brought from thence is coarser and thicker in appearance, and of too rich and pungent a taste. The best description, and that which grows in the gardens around Colombo, and at the other places mentioned, is obtained from what is termed the Laurus Cinnamomum. This is a tree of small size, from four to ten feet in height: the trunk is slender, with a number of branches shooting out from it on every side. The wood is light, soft, and porous, and in appearance resembles that of the common osier. A vast number of roots and fibres run out from the root of the tree, and shoot up rapidly into slender twigs, which form, as it were, a bush around it. The leaf, though not of so deep a green, resembles that of the laurel. When the leaf first appears, it is of a red or scarlet colour, but it afterwards changes gradually to green. The blossom is white, and when in full blow, seems, as it were, to cover the tree in a very beautiful and striking manner. This tree produces a species of fruit resembling an acorn, but not so large, which, when ripe, is gathered by the natives, in order to extract oil from it; this they use for perfuming their bodies and hair, and, when mixed with cocoa-nut oil, it also gives a very pleasant and good light. When the tree is old and decays, it is usually burned down to the ground; the roots are then seen to shoot up again in long straight plants, much better formed than the preceding ones. The bark of these shoots is extremely valuable.

Those who were employed to bark the trees were called Choliahs, and over them were placed officers, whose business it was to superintend the workmen, to take charge of the woods, and to prevent cattle or improper persons from trespassing. The cinnamon was prepared as follows, for exportation. It was the duty of the Choliahs to find out trees of the best quality, which their experience enable them to do. Such branches as were three years old, and appeared proper for the purpose, were then lopped off with a large crooked pruning knife. From these branches the outside thin coat of the bark was scraped off, with a knife of a peculiar shape, concave on the one side, and convex on the other. With the point of this knife the bark was ripped up lengthwise, and the convex side was then employed in gradually loosening it from the branch, till it could be entirely taken off. In this state the bark appeared in the form of tubes, open at one side; the smaller of which were inserted into the larger, and then spread out to dry. When it was sufficiently dried, the bark was made up into bundles of about thirty pounds weight each, and bound up with thin pieces of split bamboo twigs. These bundles were then carried to the government stores. It was next sorted according to quality. The best cinnamon is rather pliable, and ought not much to exceed in thickness stout writing paper; it should be of a light yellowish colour, and possess a sweet taste, not so hot as to occasion pain, and not succeeded by any after-taste. The inferior kind is distinguished by being thicker, of a darker and brown colour, hot and pungent when chewed, and followed by a disagreeable bitter taste. After the quality had been carefully ascertained, it was made up into large bales, each about four feet long. The weight of each bale at the time of packing up was eighty-five pounds, yet it was marked and reckoned only eighty, five pounds being allowed for loss by drying during the voyage to Europe. These bales were all firmly bound and packed up in coarse cloth, made from coir, the filament which surrounds the cocoa-nut. In stowing the bales in the ship, black pepper was sprinkled among them, so as to fill up the interstices; and by this means not only was the cinnamon preserved, but both spices were improved. * * We hear of Colonial grievances, but, of them all, there is none which appears so urgently to call for attention and correction by the competent authorities in England, as the fiscal

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rigour with which this important branch of trade, and until lately, in spite of every disadvantage, profitable agricultural produce of Ceylon, has for several years been visited; which has naturally led, I regret to say, to its decay; and if presisted in, must ultimately prove most injurious to it.—*Lieut. Col. J. Campbell.*

A RECENT TRIP TO EPHESUS.

[The following singular narrative of a visit to Ephesus, we have received from a highly respectable individual, the master of a small vessel, on whose veracity we can place the most perfect reliance.]

In December, 1840, I arrived at the port of Scala Nova, and learning that I was not more than twelve miles distant from the famous ruins of Ephesus, I felt a strong desire to visit them. I had an Englishman with me who spoke the language of the country, and he and two Greek gentlemen agreed to accompany me. A guide and horses being hired at an expense of a dollar each for the day, we started at two o'clock in the morning. Not having crossed a horse for many years, I ran no small risk of getting a broken neck while passing up the mountains and descending the stupendous precipices which lay in our way. Our track lay over a hard rock, worn down into a kind of trough, from one to two feet deep and eighteen inches wide, by the continual passing of droves of camels, who must have travelled there some thousands of years to have made such an impression with their soft, spongy feet. We sometimes met a drove of them, and our guide then endeavoured to discover some place to which we could retreat from the track, for the camels, pursuing their course without heeding us, might have caused us to fall over a rock a depth of some two or three hundred feet. I felt ill at ease, but was prudent enough not to exhibit the white feather to my companions, who were all good horsemen and used to the country; that which threatened death to me would have been fun for them. Camels generally carry from fifteen cwt. to a ton weight, and twenty or thirty are made fast in a line, and led forward by a donkey. A dozen of these droves we sometimes met in succession.

We arrived at what was the harbour of Ephesus, but which is now a fen of reeds and bulrushes, leading over a space of about two miles up to the remains of the city. The first object that fixes the attention of a stranger is a huge rock, nearly perpendicular, between three and four hundred feet in height. It is surrounded by a ruined watch tower, the battlements of which strongly reminded me of certain scriptural illustrations which I had seen, where the combatants were engaged with javelins and bows and arrows. How this tower could have been erected in ancient times, was to me wonderful. Broken steps are seen leading up to it and around it. Further on, by the side of a mountain, we saw arches and other remnants of former buildings of magnitude, which continued successively to present themselves for a considerable distance. Some are cut out of the rocks. Here there must have been a delightful parade formerly, elevated so as to command a view of the city and harbour, and about two miles in extent. Large and small pieces of sculptured marble, consisting of parts of statues and other fragments on which the chisel had been employed; tablets and tombstones, bearing Greek and other inscriptions, were mingled with them. There were numerous marble and granite pillars; some beautifully worked, others plain. Several of the granite pillars were from twenty to thirty feet long, and from three to four feet in diameter, and perfectly round, as if they had just come out of a lathe. This granite is of the same quality as that of Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle, which I have seen, and must, I should think, have come from the same quarry. As we advanced and the country opened upon us, I was filled with astonishment at the bold scenery around. It was grand and sublime. Wherever we turned our eyes, rocks, mountains, temples, castles, and watch-towers were seen. The interest increased as we moved forward. Rows of pillars presented themselves, extending for miles, in fact, as far as the eye could reach, which formerly sustained a magnificent aqueduct. I noted several gateways, some formed of marble, over which exquisitely sculptured figures of gods and goddesses seemed to prove themselves immortals, by remaining in good preservation while all was desolation around. Immense masses of walls, formerly making part of theatres or other erections of magnitude, were among the remains.

We approached the Temple of Diana: the massy walls and immense pillars even now fill the spectator with reverential awe, and cause him to imagine with astonishment how vast "the Ephesian dome" must have been ere "the aspiring youth" applied to it the fatal torch.

We went forward for about six miles, over the vestiges of what was in "the elder time" the metropolis of Asia, and the circumference of which I should say could not fall short of twenty miles. Having approached some stabling kept for the accommodation of strangers, we halted and put up our horses. There were two or three miserable huts near them, and after seeing our beasts attended to, we ordered our guide to provide dinner while we took a walk.

These matters arranged we went forward about two miles, to see the great church of

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St Peter and the castle of Ephesus. When I found myself in front of the church I stood some minutes motionless with amazement at the beauty and grandeur of the architecture. The steps and pillars of marble, and the rich sculptures surpass my powers of description. Most of the cathedrals in England I have seen, but these are not to be compared with the church at Ephesus. Could I have used the pencil, I should have been happy to pass a month among these venerable relics. The building is of an oblong form, about one hundred and sixty feet long, and eighty or ninety wide; the walls are very thick and in good preservation. This used to be the chief of the churches of Asia. Might I have loaded my ship with the elegant fragments scattered about, I should have made a fortune by them, but since they can only be removed on the backs of camels over the mountains, as they have remained there for ages past, there they must remain for ages to come, an undying monument of the ancient splendour of this city. The castle is of vast size ; part of its walls remain and present an enormous heap of massy ruins.

Having feasted our eyes we now began to think of "the inward man." During our absence the guide had roasted a pair of fowls, and they were now dished up in a wooden platter, and placed on a low platform raised about eighteen inches from the ground, in the open air. By the side of these platforms the Turkish travellers and shepherds habitually recline to enjoy their "hobbly bobbly" (a tube containing water through which they smoke tobacco). At our dinner, chairs, stools, plates, knives and forks, were all wanting. The only article of cutlery produced was my penknife. With this one of my companions, who undertook to be carver, helped us in succession to a leg or a wing. A handful of salt was thrown on the board, and with this and some pieces of broken bread, we began to munch. It was a real Turkish dinner, and I think I never enjoyed one more in my life. We had wine with us, which we drank out of a leathern cup. All enjoyed our situation thus dining in the month of December, with no roof over our heads but the sky.

On our return we took a different route and rode over other memorials of vanished grandeur. We approached the noble river Cayster. The ancient bridge of seven arches is still passable. In many of the dilapidated buildings which we noticed, eagles, vultures, pelicans, and other birds of prey had established their nests. Such is now the once superb city of Ephesus, the wonder of the world, the former seat of arts, of sciences, and the mart of trade, Even the ocean has receded from its solitary shores, and what was the harbour, as already stated, is now a swampy fen, overgrown with reeds and bulrushes. The Cayster alone appears to roll on unchanged. I left the classic scene well gratified with what I had seen, having written my name in the church, and planted a pomegranate on its walls. Rather a perilous accident occurred on my return, but this I must reserve for a future letter. L.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND AND RUSSIA.—Part IV.

(For the Mirror.)

An Irish gentleman, who lately made the journey from Odessa to Moscow and Petersburg, spoke to me in high terms of the great extent of fine land in the south of Russia, the steppes of which offer a field for cultivation, and, if need be, for emigration from the more densely-peopled districts of Europe, scarcely surpassed by the prairie lands of America.

So abundant, for example, has the harvest in the south of Russia been this season, that half the crop has been freely given for the labour of housing the other half, and one-third is stated to be the proportion usually given in more ordinary seasons.

The nobility of Russia no doubt consider that both their wealth and power depend on a continuation of the present system of serfage; but that such an opinion is erroneous it does not require much argument to prove, for looking at Sweden, Norway, and other countries which possess much less productive soils, it will be found that a similar extent of land produces a larger income to its proprietors from a free peasantry in those countries, than it does in Russia by means of slavery.

It may also be very confidently assumed, that Russia can never attain to any high degree of moral or intellectual excellence while slavery continues to be a law of the land.

Estates in Russia are always sold with the slaves living on them; indeed, under the present system, land would be worthless without these, and the advertisements of estates are therefore as minute in describing the number of souls, as with us they speak of the number of broad acres. Whether it may be that the souls of the softer sex are supposed to possess no value, or to be above all value in the eye of a purchaser, I know not, but they are certainly never included in the number.

Many of the regulations regarding the slave population may be considered as curious, for instance, a free woman marrying a slave becomes also a slave, or a slave woman marrying a free man becomes free. It is the special interest of the nobility to promote the early marriage of their slaves, as all children born out of wedlock belong to the Emperor, and a desire to avoid this

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contingency occasionally leads to the marriage of persons much too young, and without any reference to their individual wishes on the subject. That the Emperor is desirous to diminish slavery in a gradual manner may be assumed, as the Government Bank is at all times willing to make cash advances to the nobles on the security of their serfs, who thus, if unredeemed, become crown peasants, and there is an established scale of value by which to regulate such advances, according to the district in which they are situated.

The valuation thus varies from 12*l.* to 30*l.* for each male slave, including all ages, and perhaps the average revenue accruing to their proprietors from rural slaves may be fairly estimated at from thirty to forty rubles per annum, which is about from 25s. to 33s. English. The wealth of a noble is as generally estimated in Russia by the number of his slaves, as it is in England by the number of his acres, so that the natural and every-day answer to such questions as, "Is Prince —— or Count —— rich?" is "Yes, he has about 15,000 souls."

The Emperor alone in his public capacity is stated to possess above twenty-one millions of peasants, but these may be considered as almost free.

As a result of the Russian system of slavery and forced marriages, it is stated to occur not unfrequently that the slave husband, while labouring for his master in Petersburg or Moscow, receives an occasional message from his conjugal partner, residing one or two thousand versts in the country, to say that Providence has blessed him with another son, or another daughter, as the case may be.

Under a system of serfage such as that of Russia, parental affection can have little existence, for the child being considered as the property of its lord, scarcely commands even a mother's tenderness. Of this a striking instance was mentioned to me by an English gentleman who had been some years resident there, and who had occasion to employ a Russian nurse for one of his children. A child of the nurse happening to die during its mother's residence in the house, his lady felt some difficulty in communicating to her the (as she imagined) melancholy intelligence. Her surprise may therefore be imagined on hearing the bereaved mother immediately exclaim—"Thank God, it's better off," and mechanically crossing herself, she was ready to forget that she had been a mother.

The word noble in Russia, and on the continent generally, appears not to express more, if indeed it expresses so much, as the word gentry in England; and though there are fourteen different degrees of nobility in the empire, only the eight highest of these are, strictly speaking, allowed the privilege of owning slaves.

Were it proper, under any circumstances, to consider human beings as property in the same light as the cattle of the field, the supporters of the Russian system might perhaps allege, truly, that their serfs have as much black bread, corn, brandy, grass, fish, &c., and at the same time look as stout and happy, as the free peasantry of many other countries.

Such is no doubt the case in regard to physical comforts with the slaves of the larger proprietors, but those same taskmasters who permit these to be enjoyed, unfortunately consider it a duty to prevent their education and repress intelligence.

The more severe instances of oppression are, however, said to occur among the slaves of the poorer nobles, who too frequently endeavour to extract as much money from their hundreds as may enable them to compete in luxury with their more fortunate friends who number their thousands of labourers, and for this purpose their dependents are brought to Petersburg and Moscow, where their masters extort from them nearly all their earnings, so that they are even sometimes compelled to resort to dishonest practices for their support.

The serfs of the Russian nobles are truly a good-humoured, much enduring race, and their day of emancipation will yet arrive, and probably much sooner than their lords at present imagine.

A considerable proportion of the Russian merchants, shopkeepers, and tradesmen, are slaves, and the obstinacy with which their owners too generally refuse to sell them their freedom, is so unjust that it is not unlikely to hasten an explosion of the whole system. There are stated to be merchants worth millions of rubles, who yet cannot persuade their masters to emancipate them at any price.

This reluctance on the part of an extravagant and embarrassed nobility, to receive such large sums as they might do from those wealthy traders, appears quite inexplicable, until a gentleman explained the motive to be an over-ruling vanity, and that the wealth of their slaves is a frequent matter of boast among the nobles, who exult in the power of being able to compel a man worth a million of rubles to clean their horses, or perform any other menial office.

A recent instance is related in St Petersburg of a slave money lender having been thus commanded to do duty in his master's stables, for having refused him a loan of money; and very recently, a person who was commissioned by an industrious tradesman to offer to his master 20,000 rubles for his freedom, received the following reply: "Tell him that Prince —— will not take 50,000."

Some idea of the precise state of feeling

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entertained on this subject may perhaps be arrived at by quoting the expressions in common use, as, for example, a lady who recently complained of the extravagance of a near relative, did so in the following words: "*Il a mange quatre milles de paysannes comme un morceau du pain.*"

It is not, of course, to be supposed from this that the fair Countess meant to accuse her uncle of cannibalism, but merely of having improvidently wasted his estate, and probably staked his dependents by scores and hundreds at the gaming table.

It would scarcely be torturing the information which reached us on this subject, to say that a Russian Prince is as boastful of his rich slaves as an English noble is of his winning horses. The first step towards general emancipation might be to fix a price at which each slave should be allowed to purchase his freedom, thereby creating a new motive for exertion, such as could hardly fail to prove favourable to the industry of the empire. A still more important step might be to render the education of the slaves compulsory on their masters; and ultimately it may, perhaps, become possible for the Emperor, and the enlightened part of the Government, to convince the nobility that their incomes would not be diminished by the substitution of a ground rent for the present system of slave labour. When it is stated that every member of a Russian noble family inherits nobility, and that property of every description is equally divided among them, it will readily be believed that the privileged class is more numerous than wealthy. A case, for example, recently occurred of the very moderate fortune of a deceased count having been divided among his seventeen children, so many young counts and countesses.

Such a division of property is, of course, strictly correct according to the laws of natural affection and justice, and bids defiance to that morbid vanity which does injustice to a family in order to aggrandize a name. Disencumbered of their nobility, each member of such a family might get creditably forward in the world. Their nobility is, in truth, an incubus on their industry, so that though a title does not always in Russia imply either wealth or respectability, it has a tendency to prevent its possessor from entering upon the field of professional or commercial enterprise.

In addition to the vast mass of the hereditary nobility, there are also myriads of ennobled officials, for every person who holds the rank of a lieutenant in the army, or any civil appointment equal to it, is considered as noble.

The Russian nobility are considered by the English residents to be an over gay and dissipated class; but hospitality is a virtue or a vanity which all parties unite in according to them. The reckless extravagance which they practise too generally leads to gambling and embarrassments, which result in a necessity for public employments, and a lamentable corruption of principle in them. The vices of the nobility of Russia have, it is said, been peculiarly well described, barring some leaning towards satire, in a novel named 'Juan Wissegin,' which the censor of the press originally refused permission to be published; but the Emperor, either fancying that the picture drawn was less incorrect than the censor imagined, or that it was capable of yielding a wholesome lesson to his subjects as a caricature of immorality, sanctioned the work. It consequently appeared, and has since been even translated into French. The clever swindling so often practised on the English turf is stated to be entirely eclipsed by the more ingenious tricks of the noble gamesters of Russia, and a certain rich banker of Germany, who last season visited Moscow, is stated to be capable of giving information on this subject to the extent of 250,000 rubles.

Mode of Fattening Ortolans.—The ortolan is a small bird esteemed a great delicacy by Italians. It is the fat of this bird which is so delicious; but it has a peculiar habit of feeding, which is opposed to its rapid fattening—this is, that it feeds only at the rising of the sun. Yet this has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to the Italian gourmands. The ortolans are placed in a warm chamber, perfectly dark, with only one aperture in the wall. Their food is scattered over the floor of the chamber. At a certain hour in the morning the keeper of the birds places a lantern in the orifice of the wall; the light thrown by the lantern on the floor of the apartment induces the ortolans to believe that the sun is about to rise, and they greedily consume the food upon the floor. More food is scattered, and the lantern is withdrawn. The ortolans, surprised at the shortness of the day, fall asleep, as night has spread its sable mantle around them. During sleep, little of the food being expended in the production of force, most of it goes to the formation of muscle and fat. After they have been allowed to repose for one or two hours, to complete the digestion of the food taken, their keeper again exhibits the lantern. The rising sun a second time illuminates the apartment, and the birds, awaking, apply themselves voraciously to the food on the floor; after having discussed which, they are again enveloped in darkness. Thus the sun is made to shed its rising rays into the chamber four or five times every day, and as many nights follow its transitory beams. The ortolans so treated become like little balls of fat in a few days.—*Playfair, in the Journal of the Agricultural Society.*

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Arms. Per pale, ar. and gu., three lions rampant, a; a crescent for difference.
Crest. A wivern, wings elevated, next holding in the mouth a sinister hand, couped at the wrist, gu.
Supporters. Dexter, a panther, guardant ar. spotted of various colours, fire issuant from the mouth and ears ppr., ducally gorged, per pale, gu. and az., chained of the last; sinister, lion ar., gorged with a ducal coronet gu.
Motto. "Ung Je servirai." "*One I will serve.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CARNARVON.

This family springs from the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, a descendant of whom, the Hon. William Herbert, fifth son of Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, a Major-General in the army, married Catherine Elizabeth Tewes, of Aix-la-Chapelle; by her he had two sons and two daughters. He died in 1756, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Herbert, Esq.; who, on the 17th of October, 1780, was created Baron Porchester, of High Clere, county of Southampton; and advanced to the Earldom of Carnarvon July 3rd, 1783. His lordship married, July 15th, 1771, Elizabeth Alicia Maria, daughter of Charles, first Earl of Egremont, by whom he had six children. Of these, the youngest was married, in 1797, to Thomas Lord Ducie, and died August 22nd, 1830. His Lordship was appointed Master of the Horse in 1806, and died June 3rd, 1811.

His son Henry George succeeded him. This nobleman took a somewhat active part in the Parliamentary debates. Though he had been accustomed to act with the Whigs, he warmly opposed the Reform Bill. He died April 16th, 1833.

He was succeeded by the present peer, Henry John George, who was born June 8th, 1800. He married, August 1830, Henrietta Anna, eldest daughter of the late Lord Henry Thomas Molyneux Howard, and niece of the Duke of Howard, by whom he has issue. The present heir to the title is Henry Howard Molyneux, Viscount Porchester, born June 24th, 1831.

Sepoy Soldiers.—In some recently-published military reminiscences of Napoleon at St Helena the following appears between him and a Colonel Nicol:—Napoleon: 'Your regiment has lately arrived from India; coming from that rich country you should wear gold, and not silver. How many years does it take to acclimatize a regiment of Europeans? Colonel Nicol: 'Two or three years. A few die the first year, more the second, but the mortality is much reduced during the third.' 'Did your officers save much money in India?' 'No; the expense of living is too great.' 'How many servants did you keep there?' 'I had at one time between thirty and forty—I think thirty-nine.' 'Do you think a regiment is efficient after twenty years' service in India?' 'Yes: it is fed by recruits from home.' 'What kind of troops are the Sepoys?' 'Those in the British service are excellent troops.' 'How many battalions of Sepoys, of equal strength, would you engage with the 66th?' 'Do you mean battalions with British officers or without them?' 'Both the one and the other.' 'Sepoy regiments with British officers are good and steady soldiers. I should not like great disparity of force with them, though I might manage to defeat four or five battalions belonging to the Native Powers with the 66th, and I am pretty sure we could.' 'Very good. You are a fine fellow. (*Un brave homme.*)' After conversing with many others, Napoleon addressed Colonel Nicol a second time:—'So, the Sepoys are good troops?' 'Yes, they are excellent soldiers, respectful, sober, and obedient.' 'But yet you would fight five or six of their battalions with your own regiment?' 'Not Sepoys with British officers. I should not like to engage two such battalions.' A few sentences were then exchanged between Bonaparte, Marshal Bertrand, and Sir George Bingham; and we all bowed and retired.' When Wellington had commenced his shining career in the Peninsula, he was contemptuously named, in a French paper under the influence of government, a General of Sepoys. At Waterloo the Duke, in reference to this, said to those about him, "Bonaparte shall now see how this General of Sepoys can defend a position." Recollection of the sneer most likely prompted the remark.

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CLAIMS OF VALE ROYAL ABBEY; OR, THE DAYS OF EDWARD III.

THOUGH Englishmen have been long accustomed to look back to the reign of Edward III as one of which they may justly be proud, as one in which it would have been a privilege to live, the internal state of the country was anything but what we of the nineteenth century can regard with envy. It affords a startling proof that the glory of the monarch is not identical with the happiness of his people.

The times were stormy. From the manuscript ledger book of Vale Royal Abbey it appears that the people of Cheshire often made war on their monastic proprietors. One family or band, called "the Ollingtons," of Dernhall manor, in 1321 murdered a monk named John Boddeworth, and brutally amused themselves by playing at football with the murdered man's head.

This was in the reign of Edward II; but things were little mended when his famous son sat on the throne of England. In 1329, the year before the completion of the abbey, the quarrels between Vale Royal and the natives of Dernhall were not settled without an appeal to arms, which ended in the submission of the latter with halters round their necks, and a severe amercement.

The year 1336, marked by new disturbances, produced an exhibition of firmness on the part of the poor villeins scarcely credible, when the state of that race at the period is considered. The insurrection originated in the oppressive customs of the manor of Dernhall. A crowd of the natives of Dernhall and Over fled to Hugh le Ferrars, Justice of Chester, who was travelling by Harebache Cross, in the neighbourhood of the abbey, asserted themselves to be free tenants, and not vassals of the soil, and laid their complaints before him respecting the oppressions of the Abbot. These proceedings terminated in the imprisonment of the ringleaders by their lord until submission had been made. The spirit of the natives was not lessened by the confinement, and, under the pretence of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas at Hereford, they set out on an expedition to see the King in person; but this attempt terminated in imprisonment in the gaol of Nottingham for some excesses committed by the way.

A third attempt was made, and Adam Hychekyn, Henry Pymeson, John Christian, and Agnes his wife, succeeded in laying their grievances before the King in parliament in London, and obtained a command to Henry de Ferrars, Justice of Chester, to inquire into the nature of their grievances, and see justice done. The Abbot's charters were then produced, his claims substantiated, and he received instructions to inflict such chastisement on the complainants as might prevent any further trouble being given to the King in the business.

In consequence of this result, Ferrars, the justice, became an object of hatred, and the rustics laid an information before their sovereign at Windsor, that the justice was corrupted by one hundred pounds, which the Abbot had raised by defrauding them, and a new precept was issued to Prince Edward, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester, to render his assistance in any possible way to men suffering under such unjust oppressions. Under this strong protection thirty of the natives attended at Chester, and prevailed on the lawyers to prefer their claims against the Abbot, who likewise attended in person. Their success was the same as usual, and, on losing their cause, they fled with their families and goods, and threw themselves on the protection of Queen Philippa, as the tenants of her son, the Duke of Cornwall. This application had the desired effect. The Queen took up their cause, and addressed a letter to the Abbot conceived in terms which compelled him to take an immediate opportunity of making his peace at the Royal court, by the exhibition of the charters of his foundation, and the decisions of the justices of Chester.

The Abbot was returning home through Rutlandshire, in the neighbourhood of Exton, when he perceived the way blocked up by his determined and exasperated tenantry, arranged under the command of Sir William Venables, of Bradwall, who had a personal quarrel with him on account of his brother, the Baron of Kinderton. A skirmish commenced, in which the attendant on the Abbot's palfrey, William Fynche, was shot dead with an arrow, and the rustics maintained the contest with considerable success, until the rest of the Abbot's attendants, under the direction of William Wallensis and John Coton, rode up to his rescue, and effected it temporarily, but not without considerable bloodshed; the country, however, was up in arms, and the Abbot was dragged, "*ignominiose satis*," before the King, who was then at Richmond.

The decision against the natives was here confirmed for the last time, and John Waryng, with nine others, including Christian and his wife, were indicted for the murder of William Fynche, before Geoffrey le Scrope, but were liberated with the forfeiture of all their goods to the Abbot. They then generally submitted, and the rest were taken by Sir John Don, forester of Delamere, at Hockenhull. All of them expiated their insurrection in the stocks, and Weverham prison; and Henry Pym, the prime mover of the sedition, incurred the forfeiture of all his lands in Dernhall,

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and was sentenced to offer up a wax-taper for the remainder of his life in the church of Vale Royal, on the festival of the assumption.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Letter III.

We have already stated that the organic constituents of plants are carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen.

Carbon is one of the non-metallic elements. By an *element* is meant a substance in its *simplest state.*

Thus the metal iron is an *element*, or simple substance; for however severe the treatment it may receive at the hands of the chemist, it never can be decomposed, or rendered *less* than iron. It may be converted into a *compound*, or, in other words, be made more than iron; for, by exposure to the influence of the gas called oxygen, it loses its simplicity, or elementary nature, and becomes an oxide of iron; or, by placing it in contact with water and sulphuric acid, it is converted into a beautiful green crystalline salt, called the sulphate of iron. The oxide and sulphate of iron are compound bodies; the metal iron is a simple substance, or an element.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that the modern chemist is acquainted with fifty-five simple or elementary bodies, more than forty of which are metals. We often hear people talking of air, earth, fire, and water, as elements. The ancients certainly believed them to be such; but modern research has pointed out the important fact, that they are all compounds, some consisting of two bodies merely, some of many.

The fifty-five elementary or simple bodies, therefore, are the alphabet of chemistry.

In the construction of a language, it is necessary that we should have an alphabet; and when we form a word, two or more letters of our alphabet must be brought together; so it is with chemical compounds. In the formation, for instance, of an atom of chalk, we have no less than three of our letters, or elementary bodies, engaged. These are *calcium*, *oxygen*, and *carbon.*

Carbon is seen in its purest form in the diamond. It is known to us most commonly and familiarly as charcoal. If we burn coal or wood in confined vessels, from which atmospheric air is excluded, we obtain, in one instance, charcoal,—in the other, coke; both being carbon in an impure form. Ivory black is another form of charcoal, or carbon, obtained by burning bones, apart from atmospheric influence.

That carbon, or charcoal, enters into the constitution of vegetables, may be proved by many very simple experiments. We shall mention a few.

Take, in the first place, five or six lumps of sugar, which we all know to be a vegetable product, and dissolve them in about their own weight of hot water. Then add a quantity of sulphuric acid, equal to the bulk of the liquid formed by the dissolved sugar. In a moment the hitherto colourless fluids become dark, and eventually large masses of solid charcoal will be set free.

This change is produced by the great affinity which the sulphuric acid has for the water of the sugar. In our last paper we pointed out that sugar was composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; or, in other words, of charcoal and water. The acid, taking the water, sets the carbon free, and renders it visible.

Place a chip of white wood in sulphuric acid, and it becomes black almost immediately, the carbon being separated from the other constituents of the wood by the affinity or attraction of the acid for the water.

Burn a piece of wood in an iron vessel partially closed; and, after the inflammable gases have escaped, the carbon of the wood will be found remaining.

When we burn wood in the open fire the carbon is dissipated into the atmosphere, in the form of a compound gas, called carbonic acid, consisting of carbon and oxygen. This change of matter from the solid to the gaseous state during combination with the oxygen of the air, is a very frequent occurrence. Thus, as a candle burns, the solid wax disappears, having changed its form, and passed into thin air. So is it also with wood, coal, &c. during the process of combustion.

Oxygen is another constituent of plants. This is perhaps the most important element in nature. It is found in the atmosphere, of which it is the vital portion. It exists in water, forming eight-ninths by weight of that important fluid. It is the great support of animal life, and almost the only supporter of combustion. Its power of combining with other substances is one of its distinguishing characteristics; and as a constituent of the atmosphere it is continually producing the most astonishing, yet at the same time, the most necessary changes.

In its separate state oxygen is gaseous, colourless, inodorous, and tasteless. Its specific gravity is 1·111, making it rather heavier than atmospheric air: for while 100 cubic inches of air, at 60° Fah., weigh about 31 grains, the same bulk of oxygen weighs 34 grains.

Hydrogen, another constituent of plants, is, like the last substance, a gas. It is, however, distinguished from oxygen by its great levity and combustibility. So light is this element, that 100 cubic inches

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weigh only about 2 grains; hence it is used in an impure state for filling balloons. Like oxygen, this substance is an essential constituent of water, in which state no doubt both these elements exist in plants. When we burn wood, coal, paper, oil, tallow, &c., the presence of hydrogen is indicated by the flame given off;—when there is no hydrogen, as in coke, there is no flame. When hydrogen burns, it always combines with the oxygen of the air, in the requisite proportion for producing water. Hydrogen, in its pure state, however, does not give light as well as flame. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, our artificial light is produced by the combustion of a gas composed of carbon and hydrogen. Therefore, whether we burn wood, coal, or paper,—whether we employ the common lamp, or the coal gas of the street, we are, in fact, consuming the same compound, *carburetted hydrogen;* and although our coal gas is now made by methods unknown to our forefathers, and, thanks to our knowledge of physics, conveyed readily to any part, however remote, yet it is a fallacy to call it a discovery of modern days; for the first inhabitant of our world, who lighted the uncertain pine-torch for the purpose of guiding his footsteps amid the darkness of night, employed the same agent which now illumines our streets and houses.

Nitrogen, the last organic constituent of vegetables, is, in its separate state, a colourless, inodorous, and tasteless gas, unable to support either life or combustion. It is rather lighter than air, its specific gravity being 0·9722. This element constitutes a large bulk of the atmosphere, forming 79 or 80 per cent of that body. During the decompesition of animal and vegetable matter, and during many atmospheric changes and phenomena, this substance assumes some new and interesting forms, of which we shall hereafter treat, inasmuch as the compounds resulting from these changes are of infinite moment in the vegetable world. The properties of this gas may be readily tested by the following very simple experiment. Place on the surface of water a large cork, supporting a small piece of ignited phosphorus. Invert over this, quickly, an empty tall glass. As the phosphorus burns, it unites with the oxygen of the air in the jar, forming *phosphoric acid*. The water rising in the glass, indicates the abstraction of the oxygen, and upon carefully placing a glass plate under the vessel, and shaking it well, the water takes up the new-formed acid, and leaves the nitrogen gas.

Into this gas dip a taper, which is immediately extinguished; or place a mouse within the jar, and life is immediately destroyed: and although this substance supports neither life nor combustion, yet it forms four-fifths of the air we breathe. What useful purpose can it serve? This question we shall endeavour to answer in our subsequent papers.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—A paper on a remarkable phenomenon of the tides at the Sandwich Islands, on the 7th November, 1837, as recorded by M. T. C. Byde Rooke, was lately read. On the evening and night of the day above named a commotion of the sea was witnessed at Honolulu, in many respects similar to that experienced at these islands in May, 1819. One inch and a half of rain had fallen during the previous twenty-four hours; the wind was fresh from the N.E., equally at intervals; the atmosphere was clear and cool, the thermometer at 74·5; the barometer had gradually fallen during the four previous days, but this evening had again risen to 30·06. At six o'clock the alarm was given that the sea was retiring; the recession was somewhat more than eight feet; the reefs surrounding the harbour were left dry, and the fish aground were mostly dead; the sea quickly returned, and in twenty-eight minutes reached the height of an ordinary high tide; it then receded, and fell six feet. On the third rising it attained the height of four inches above the high water mark, and fell again six feet four inches. The rapidity with which the water fell varied in different parts of the harbour; on the east side, the greatest rapidity noticed was six inches in a minute, but on the north, at one time during the third recession, it fell twelve inches in thirty seconds. At no time did the water rise higher than a common spring tide, but the fall was about six feet below low water mark. The same occurrence is said to have taken place in 1819, when the tide rose and fell thirteen times in the space of a few hours, but on neither occasion was there any perceptible motion or trembling of the earth, or unusual appearance of the atmosphere. The same phenomena were observed at Mani and Hawaii. On the leeward side of Mani, the same rise and fall took place as at Honolulu, but on the windward part of the island the sea retired about twenty fathoms, and quickly returned in one gigantic wave, sweeping everything before it. At a village called Kahuling, district of Wailuku, on the sea retiring the inhabitants followed it, catching the fish, when all at once the sea returned, overwhelming the multitude, but fortunately their amphibious habits diminished the danger, and only two lives were lost; the canoes were, however, all destroyed. At Byron's Bay, Hawaii, the sea at half-past six retired at the rate of four or five knots an hour, reducing the soundings from four to three and a half fathoms at the anchorage, and leaving a great extent of the harbour dry. The inhabitants ran down to the beach, when the same scene took place as at Mani, and had it not been for the assistance afforded by the British whale ship, 'Admiral Cockburn,' many lives would have been lost, for the canoes were all destroyed. In Kanokapa

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and Kaahelu alone sixty-six houses were destroyed, and eleven persons lost their lives; at Kauwali Swoman no shock of earthquake was felt; but the volcanoes of Kilawa were much disturbed the previous evening; yet nothing unusual was observed at sea at the same distance. That this apparent submarine volcanic action took place at some distance from the islands was proved by the waves striking the different islands simultaneously, but in what direction there are no means at present of determining. Perhaps the internal fires had found a new vent, which may lay the foundation of a new group of islands, as happened nineteen and a half years ago.

ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

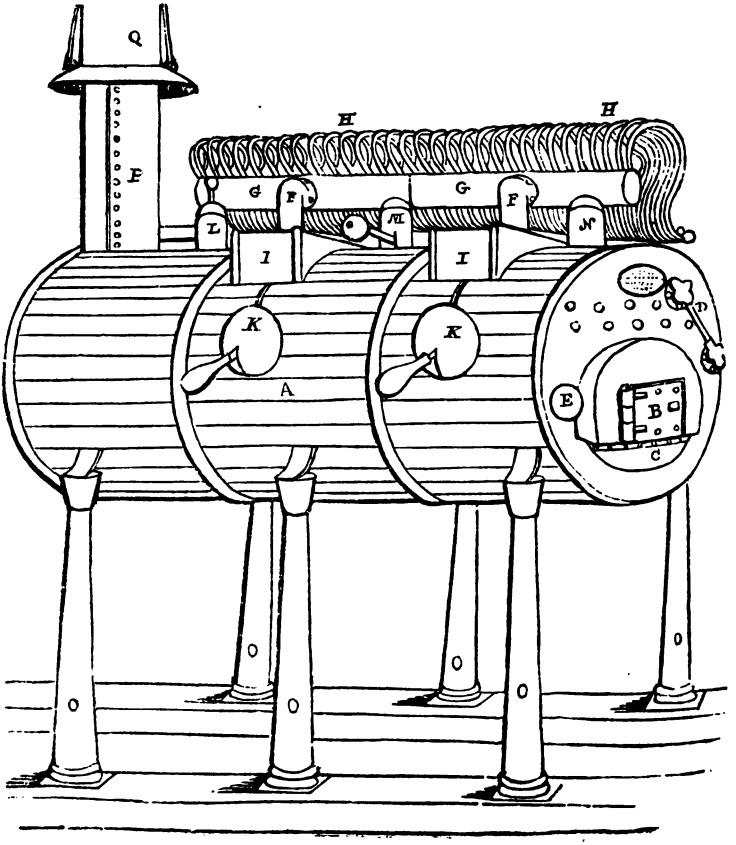
THE extraordinary powers of this machine were exhibited publicly on Monday, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

We commence with a description of the machine itself, in reference to the diagrams. Fig. 1 is the boiler, and No. 2 the conductor.

Fig. 1.—A, the boiler, is of the same form as that of a locomotive engine, having a wooden casing over it to prevent the radiation of the heat. The boiler is 7 feet 6 inches long, and 3 feet 6 inches in diameter. It is made of iron plate, 5-8ths of an inch in thickness. B, the fire door; C, the ash pit; D, the water gauge; E, the feed-valve, to attach a force-pump to; F F, tubes which convey the steam to the cross-tube G G, into which are inserted 46 curved condensing pipes, H H; at the extremity of which are the jets, which are made of hard wood,* and fixed into the end of the curved tubes. These pieces of wood are perforated to the extent of $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, through which the steam passes into the atmosphere. I I is a box, under which the side valves are concealed, which are opened and shut by the handles projecting from the round surface K K.

L, the safety valve, the steam from which blows off up the chimney P, which is furnished on the top with a sliding cap

* Mr Armstrong prefers these jets to be made of partridge wood.



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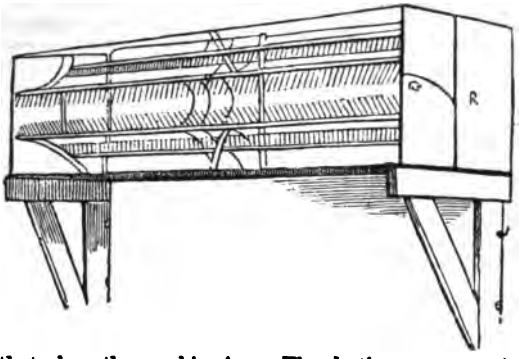

and funnel, so that when the machine is put into operation the funnel may be raised, and the boiler, standing on glass legs O, is completely insulated. M, the indication valve; N covers the jet for the ball experiment. The diagram fig. 2 represents the conductor, which is composed of four rows of points of brass, contained in an open-ended zinc box, 7 feet long and 1 foot 10 inches wide. The jets play their steam upon these points, which convey the positive electricity from it, which leaves the boiler in a negative state.

Having thus described the machine we will go through a few of the most interesting experiments that have been made with this instrument.

Professor Bachhoffner, under whose charge the machine is placed, has succeeded in lighting wood shavings, paper, &c., from a stream passing *from the earth* to the boiler.

The large battery, containing a surface of 80 feet, was discharged by a grain-weight electrometer, weighted at 20 grains, six times in 58 seconds, and deflagrated six different metals. All the usual experiments of electricity are produced with tenfold brilliancy.

Nothing can show its extraordinary power more than a comparative statement: the battery just alluded to was charged by the colossal electric machine belonging to the Institution in 50 to 60 seconds; the plate of which is above seven feet in diameter, and turned by a power from a steam engine nearly equal to that of two horses, the plate revolving above a hundred times per minute.

The decomposition of water is clearly demonstrated by this machine, which was never accomplished by electricity before, and hydrogen and oxygen gases are devolved and collected in different tubes.

A galvanometer of no extraordinary delicacy is permanently deflected fully 45 degrees; and magnetism has been developed in a bar of soft iron when enclosed in a helix of copper wire.

The elective current set in motion by the machine was caused to pass through a series of glass tubes inserted in wine glasses connected by cotton thread, and containing respectively distilled water—distilled water acidified with one-sixth of its volume of sulphuric acid—solution of sulphate of soda reddened with acidified litmus—solution of sulphate of magnesia reddened with acidified litmus—distilled water coloured with acidified litmus—distilled water coloured blue with litmus. The two first-mentioned glasses were in pairs. The result was as follows: upon setting the machine in motion a stream of small bubbles immediately began to rise from the platinum wires which were contained in the several tubes, and it soon became evident that the gas collected in the tubes containing negative wires occupied exactly *twice* the *volume* of that which was evolved from the *positive* wires. In the course of two or three minutes the liquids which were coloured red by the acidified litmus became blue around the wires in the tubes containing them, while the blue liquids in the other tubes were to the same extent changed to red. No difference could be perceived in the quantity of gas of the same kind, which collected in the different tubes, and the decomposition seemed to be neither accelerated nor retarded by making a small interruption in the conducting wire, so as to cause the electricity to pass in short sparks instead of in a uniform current.

The jet which is under the cover at N, when made to play at an angle of 45 degrees, sustains a wooden ball of three inches in diameter, at a distance of two feet from the orifice. It is supposed that the steam issuing from the jet is in the form of a hollow cone, and by that means the ball is supported in the centre.

Other singular results have been obtained, and as the machine is yet in its infancy, and will become by experiment better understood, it is reasonable to anticipate very important results will be obtained.

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Miscellaneous.

A Swedish Spring.—It is spring in the north, and all the town-dwellers are bidden as guests to the rural festivity. Veronica and Stellaria embroider the splendid cloth which covers the festive table, the mid-day torch is lighted, the bird with its melodious sighs — "the wandering voice,"—and the lark with its joyous song calls out to the rich woods, to the sunny field; they sing: "Come, come! Glorious is life in the country!" And the town-gates open, and an innumerable multitude stream out from the confined to the free. Here we see the family *calèche* with papa and mamma, and little sons and daughters placed amongst the bundles and packets; there the more modest gig, with the father and mother, and the little one who sits squeezed between them; here the stately landau with the "Marshal of the Court," the Countess, and the parroquet—where are they all going? To the country—to the country! to estates, and country-houses, orangeries, conservatories, dairies, distilleries, &c. &c. &c. Who can count all the bobbing chaises which carry hungry men ready for dinner out to the inns in the fields? What healths there to the memory of Bellman!* Let us see the foot passengers who wander out of the gates of Stockholm to enjoy life in the beautiful scenery around. Here we have a respectable family of artisans, who go to spread their cloth on the green plots of the Djurgarden; here a couple of lovers who go to pick forget-me-not, and to write their names on the leg of a statue in the park near the Drottningholm.† See that elegant family party! ladies with parasols, and gentlemen in frock coats, standing with bunches of lilac in their hands round the great urn at Rosendal, peeping and wondering if the Royal family will appear! If you wish to see more finished or more witty sketches, seek for them in Count Hjalmar Mörner; but yet a few more hasty contours of the friendly scenes of spring. Young girls dance with light feet out in the fields, forget all the vanity and show with which their town life had infected them, and flowers amongst flowers, they become simple, beautiful, and faultless as they; they form friendships, they bind wreaths, they praise God, and are happy. Young men swarm out among the woods, the winds, and the waters—the strength, which is streaming through nature, enhances the life in their bosoms; they think the whole world is theirs, every rosy tint of morning, every golden evening cloud, writes for them a promise of victories and glory. And the aged—they go out, supported by the arm of a son, oftener by that of an affectionate daughter, oftener yet perhaps by a crutch; they go out to warm themselves in the sun; to sit on a bench, and hear the song of the birds, and breathe in the fresh air, to rejoice themselves in the sun; the more fortunate amongst them to rejoice themselves in their grandchildren's joy. And the children, the children! O ye little, soft, beautiful, innocent beings, favourites of God and men, the spring seems shaped for you, and ye for the spring; when I see you amongst the flowers, with bright butterflies dancing around you, I wonder what the higher world can yet have lovelier.—*Mary Howitt.*

The Century before the Reformation.—It would be difficult to select from the pages of history a century more rich in important inventions and discoveries than that immediately preceding the Reformation. The route to India, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, was discovered by Vasco de Gama, 1498. The date of the discovery of the mariners' compass is uncertain, but it had become in general use by about the middle of the fifteenth century, and this leads us to notice that great event, which, without the compass, could never have taken place—the discovery of America by Columbus, 1492. The giant art of printing, Luther's great auxiliary in effecting the Reformation, was invented by Guttenburg, who had printed his bible by 1455. And to this period also belongs the invention of clocks, gunpowder, fire arms, and paper making. Of the men of genius and learning who flourished about this time, we may enumerate Machiavel, celebrated for his political writings; Ariosto, the Italian poet; Sir Thomas More, and his friend, the learned Erasmus; Copernicus, the astronomer; Rabelais, the satirist; Gavin Douglas, the poet and divine; and the reformers Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin.—*Druids' Quarterly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

EPIGRAM.

Quoth Kate to Tom with tender leer,
One night that he was "muggy:"
"A one-horse chaise my heart would cheer."
Quoth Tom: "You have your wish, my dear,
"Our bed's *a little buggy.*"

The Chiltern Hundreds.—The Chiltern hills are a chain of eminences, composed of chalk and loam mixed with flints, separating the counties of Bedford and Hertford, passing through the middle of Bucks, from Tring, in Hertfordshire, to Henley, in Oxfordshire. Anciently they were covered with thickets of beech-wood, but these have long since been cleared. Burnham, Desborough, and Stoke are the three

* A favourite comic poet, and writer of comic songs, died in 1769.—M. H.

† A palace in the lake Mälern, near Stockholm. The summer residence of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden.—M. H.

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Chiltern Hundreds which have a steward appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a salary of 20s. and all fees. By accepting this nominal office, a member vacates his seat in Parliament.

Receipt for making Grape Wine.—Water, 4¼ gallons, beer measure; grapes, 5 gallons, beer measure, crushed and soaked in the water seven days; sugar, 17½lbs. at 10½d. per lb.—the grapes, perhaps, 5s. The cask in which it was made held exactly 6¾ gallons beer measure, and produced 34 bottles of wine clear. A bottle of the above wine kept 10 years, and proved very good.—*London's Gardeners' Magazine.*

"*Pytte and Gallowes.*"—To many baronies, both spiritual and temporal, as well as to some corporations, was formerly annexed the right of hanging male and drowning female delinquents. The extensive privileges claimed and exercised by the great feudatories, within their respective jurisdictions, justify Spelman's description, that every superior lord was a petty king over his dependents. The Regia Majestas of Scotland mentions certain criminal pleas belonging to some baronies, and particularly to such as had and held their own court with soc and sac, gallows and pit, toill and theme, infangtheife and outfangtheife; all of which, except the power over life and death, were enjoyed by the same class of persons, the thanes and bishops, in the time of Edward the Confessor.—*Roger de Hoveden.*

The Human Mind.—The mind of man is not only very elastic, but possessed of an expansive power, often unsuspected and unknown to the world, his associates, or even to himself, until it is called into action by either accident or design; and these powers may, and often do, lie dormant during his whole life's existence, unless roused by some one particular stimulus or excitement. Physiologists well know that every organ of the body requires its own particular stimulus to call it into action; as, for instance, the food to excite the digestive power of the stomach, the atmospheric air for respiration, and even vitality itself for the circulation of the blood."—*Dr Jeffrey.*

Paganini.—This great musician is reported, just before his death, to have expressed a wish that his favourite bow should be enclosed in his coffin, saying:—"I wish to take it with me to the other world, that, by playing a tune to Satan and his crew, I may charm them from playing me any of their devilish tricks."

Old Newspapers.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

The Moon and the Earth.—"Sweet Moon," said the Earth to her one day, "why dost thou grow every now and then so black in the face? Why dost thou not always shine bright, and glad me with the light of thy countenance?"—"Most venerable spouse," said Luna, "thou wouldst grow tired of me, were I always dressed in smiles. Thou wouldst care as little about me as if I were always dark and sulky, plodding my unseen way beside thee."—*Citizen.*

Dr Radcliffe.—The best anecdote told of this excellent physician is that which shows how well he could bear misfortune. When in a speculation with Betterton the actor, he lost 6,000*l.*, while the latter suffered to the amount of 2,000*l.*, he condoled with his friend on his misfortune, but said for himself, "he had only to trot up 6,000 pairs of stairs, and all would be right again."

The Ancient Stage.—What is now the stage consisted of three several platforms, or tiers, one above another: on the uppermost was perched the Pater Cœlestis, surrounded by his angels; on the second holy saints and glorified men; while the lowest was occupied by those who had not yet passed from the transitory state to the regions of eternity. On one side of the lowest platform was the semblance of a dark, pitchy cavern, from whence issued fire and flames, and when necessary, the audience were treated with discordant yelling and noises; while, ever and anon, for their delight and instruction, devils ascended from beneath.—*Strutt.*

How to read Letters from one's Wife.—The boatswain's mates and the quartermasters are really handsome men, weather-beaten and bold (when speaking of the mates and crew of the 'Actæon'). Williams, one of the latter, seems a most eccentric character; he is a married man, and consequently receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never takes the trouble to open, but keeps them all neatly tied up. On his return, he says, she can read them to him all of a lump.—*Auldjo's Journal of a Visit to Constantinople.*

A Solicitor.—Dr Johnson apologised, and defended himself from the imputation of backbiting, when he called a man, not then present, an "Attorney." Those of the craft prefer hearing themselves styled "Solicitors." The same Dr Johnson, on being asked the difference between an attorney and a solicitor, replied—much the same as between a crocodile and an alligator.—A servant girl at Woolwich married, so she said, a respectable solicitor. He

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was *solicitor* to the Diamond Company!—a touter to a steam-boat!

Cromwell's Religious Character.—Such was the temper and discipline of his mind, moulded not merely to military subordination, but to the precepts of Christianity, sanctity, and sobriety, that all the good and valiant were irresistibly drawn to his camp, not only as to the best school of martial science, but also of piety and religion, and those who joined it were necessarily rendered such by his example.—*Milton.*

Sir Matthew Hale.—This great luminary of law having condemned a poor woman to death for witchcraft, took occasion to sneer at the rash innovators who were then advocating a repeal of the statute; and falling on his knees, thanked God "for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments handed down to us by our venerable forefathers."

Discovery of America foretold.—In Seneca's 'Medea,' the chorus distinctly predicts the discovery of America, which took place 1,400 years after that drama was written. In this passage here alluded to, it is said, is a new Tiphys, a son of the earth, will in ages to come, discover remote regions towards the west, and Thule will no longer be the extremity of the universe.

New Year's Day at Rambree.—In the island of Rambree, in the East Indies, at the festival of Sangrain Kyadeh, new year's day (which occurs in April) is celebrated with an odd sportive game. The women throw water over the men, who generally return the compliment; no distinction is paid to rank. The water is thrown indiscriminately and with an unsparing hand, upon high, and low, and all seem determined to enjoy a season that permits of such an unlimited freedom.

Peter the Great's Cottage.—At Amsterdam the wonderful cottage built by Peter the Great is preserved in a brick house erected to save it from decay. Over a fireplace appears a small slab placed there by the Emperor Alexander when he visited Holland, in honour of the founder of the Russian empire.

To restore Obliterated Writings.—To half a pint of pale sherry put six or eight of the whitest dyeing galls, bruised; let them stand in the sun about five days, and then put them on the defaced writing, and it will almost immediately revive it.

Psalmody.—Few people are aware of the antiquity of some of the tunes to which the metrical psalms are sung. One called "York" is ascribed to no less a person than Milton; but it was composed by the poet's father. The old 100th is usually attributed to Martin Luther, and it was certainly in use in his time. Perhaps this venerable melody is never heard so effectively as when poured forth by a host of infant voices at the annual meeting of the charity children at St Paul's. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, who had seen many fine things in his time, declared that meeting to be the most sublime and affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

— The temperance societies of Liverpool are about to erect a monument to Father Mathew.—One to another great philanthropist, the Abbé de l'Epée, was inaugurated at Versailles on the 25th of last month.

— The world is a comedy to those who think—a tragedy to those who feel.—*Horace Walpole.*

— "Mother," said a boy the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg shells?" "Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask?" "'Cause I dropt the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Parent."—We have no doubt by the symptoms shown that the child has eaten a small portion of hemlock, while picking the bramble berries. The Conium maculatum *(common hemlock) grows abundantly in the hedge-rows, the virtues of which, when used medicinally, are supposed to reside in an alkali* (conia). *It is one of the most deadly of the vegetable poisons. The treatment, when it has been taken, should be as follows, as well as for all narcotico-acrid poisons of the same class:—An emetic of sulphate of zinc; the vomiting should be encouraged by giving demulcent drinks. If symptoms of cerebral congestion take place, bleed. When the poison is removed from the stomach, give acidulated liquids. If the poison has been long taken, cordials and stimulants are required; you must be guided by symptoms, but in all cases send quickly for your medical attendant.*

"A. A."—We cannot answer his question in the pages of the 'Mirror,' although it is a question strictly in conformity with the science of surgery. We refer him to 'Fyfe's Compendium to the Anatomy of the Human Body.'

"G. H."—To Etch on Glass:—Clean a sheet of glass, and varnish over the surface. When the varnish is dry, take a sharp-pointed tool and scratch off the varnish where you desire your figure to be represented. When this is done, take one part of powdered fluorspar, put it into a leaden basin, add to it two parts of sulphuric acid, lay the glass, with its engraved side downwards, on the basin, and heat it by a lamp, or any convenient means, the underside of the basin, until white fumes appear. The glass must remain over the fumes for ten or fifteen minutes, and all the surface that was scratched by the pointed tool will be corroded or eaten into the glass. The varnish may then be removed by a little turpentine.

"E. A. A."—It may be "the opacity of his understanding," but we should rather think it must be that of his spectacles, or he would have seen, p. 180, that his hint was attended to, and the error corrected.

The question as to covers we must answer in the negative.

"A. J." must excuse us, but we cannot give answers to a string of trifling interrogatories and remarks which could not interest our readers generally. He had better "bestow his tediousness" on some larger publication, where there may be room for twaddle.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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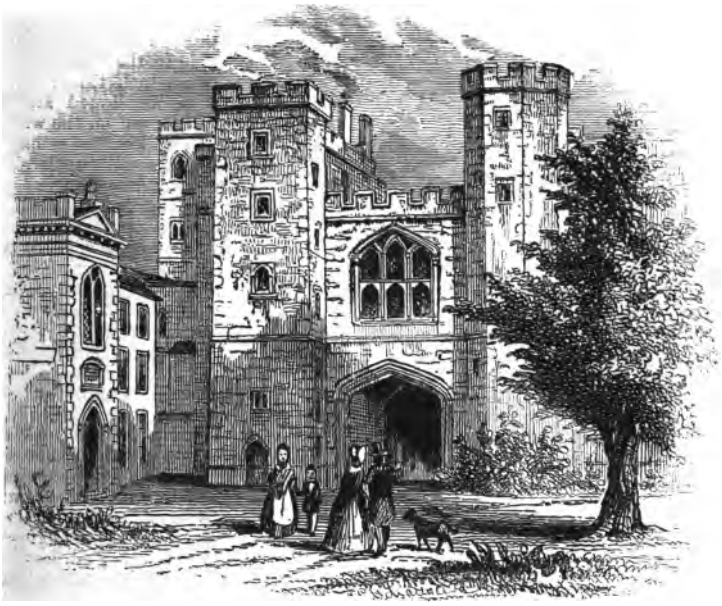

Original Communications.

GATEWAY OF LAMBETH PALACE,

FROM THE COURT-YARD.

THE cut given above is a specimen of what can be effected by glyphography, a new science connected with the arts. As in these times nothing can be endured with a commonplace English name, two Greek words relating to engraving and drawing have been put in requisition to furnish the euphonious term glyphography, the merit of which consists in producing, by the same act, drawing and engraving, and thus effecting by one act what till now could only be accomplished by two operations.

To do this a piece of copper-plate, such as is used for engraving, is stained black on one side, over which a very thin layer of white opaque composition, resembling wax both in quality and appearance, is spread. Various sorts of points are then used, so as to remove a portion of the white. The black is consequently left exposed, and the contrast this gives to the white composition enables the artist to see as on paper the effect at once. Care must be taken to ascertain that no dirt or dust interferes with the drawing, which is then brought in contact with a substance having a chemical attraction or affinity for the remaining portions of the composition, whereby they may be heightened *ad libitum*. It is necessary that the printing surfaces of a block should project in such relief from the block itself as shall prevent the inking-roller touching the interstices of the same while passing over them. The depth of those parts is formed by the remaining portions of the white composition on the plate, analogous to which must be the depth on the block, the latter being, in fact, a *cast* of the former. The drawing so prepared is next placed in a trough, and submitted to the action of a galvanic battery, by means of which copper is deposited in the indentations, and, continuing the supply, it gradually spreads itself over the whole surface

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of the composition until a sufficiently thick plate of copper is obtained; which, on being separated from the first, will be found to present an exact fac-simile of the drawing.

It is thus that the representation of the gateway of Lambeth Palace, which appears in our present number, was prepared for the printer. On the accuracy of the representation we need not dwell; but it may not be impertinent to offer a few words on the building itself. It is, as most of the inhabitants of London know, one of the palaces of the Archbishop of Canterbury, situate on the eastern bank of the Thames; it is a large irregular pile, raised at various periods, according to the tastes, means, and liberality of its once potent occupants. The first archbishop who resided at Lambeth was Stephen Langton. He occupied the ancient manor house. In 1621 Archbishop Boniface obtained a bull from Pope Urban IV for disposing of the fourth part of the offerings made at Becket's tomb to pious uses, and had leave to rebuild his house in a fit place at Lambeth. He is believed to have been the founder of the present palace. It was gradually improved and enlarged by succeeding archbishops, most of whom made it the chief place of their residence. In 1321 Archbishop Reynolds made considerable repairs in the great chapel, the almonry, "my lord's chamber, chamber next the wall," the wardrobe next the chapel, another wardrobe, the kitchen, bake-house, and great gate at the entrance; as also the wharf-mill near the postern, and *wallum super Tamisiam.*

The palace was plundered in 1381 by the followers of Wat Tyler, who beheaded Archbishop Sudbury, then Lord Chancellor. Courtenay and Arundel are believed to have repaired the edifice, but Archbishop Chichely, who succeeded the last-named prelate, expended vast sums on it. The Lollard's Tower, at the west end of the chapel, was erected in the thirteenth of Henry VI, about the year 1484, on the site of an old stone building. The expenses of this tower are set down in the steward's accounts of those years, whereby it appears that the whole amounted to 278*l.* 2s. 11½d. Every foot in height of the tower, including the circumference, cost 13s. 4d. for the work; the iron used about the windows and doors weighed 1,322½lbs. which, at 1½d. per pound, cost 10*l.* 14s. 11¼d. Three thousand bricks were used for stopping the windows between the chapel and that tower. The staircase is 88 feet high. On the west side appeared what was called a tabernacle or niche, in which was placed the image of St Thomas, which image cost 33s. 4d. The pay of a bricklayer was, at that time, with victuals, 4d. per day, without it, 5½d. It would thence appear that the labourer was not badly paid, as he gained nearly four times as much as was necessary for his subsistence. Supposing his lodging and rent to have been cheap in proportion, a prudent man would have had a surplus out of his daily earnings.

The interior of the tower presents a gloomy aspect. Staples and rings are seen to which the enthusiastic followers of Wickeliffe and "the good Lord Cobham" were chained preparatory to bringing them to the stake. The room in which the sufferers were confined is twelve feet long and nine broad, and is at the top of the tower. The windows are small and placed west and north. In the wainscot, which is of oak above an inch thick, the rings which have been mentioned are fixed; three on the south, four on the west, and one on the north side. The ceiling is of oak, and there is a small fireplace. Half sentences, names, and letters are cut on the wainscot with a knife. This, it is supposed, was done by the prisoners to pass away the melancholy hours which they spent in this dreary abode. The names inscribed are these—"John Sib, I. Jarle, John I. fysche, T. fown, Thon Werth, Chesham Dector, H. Vil, John York Barboer, Alic Scandelar Thomas Bacar.

Archbishop Burton repaired, about the year 1490, the great tower next the gateway. In his last will Archbishop Warham states himself to have expended 30,000*l.* in repairing and beautifying his houses, and prays his successors, on that account, to forbear suit for dilapidations against his executors. Whether he had neglected Lambeth to improve other edifices, or had expended a portion of the 30,000*l.* on this palace, does not appear. His successor was Archbishop Cranmer, who built the great parlour, and erected in the garden a curious summer-house, chiefly contrived by his chaplain, Dr John Poynet, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. This edifice has disappeared. Cardinal Pole founded a gallery towards the east and other apartments. His motto, "*Estote prudentes sicut serpentes et innocentes sicut columbæ*"—"Be prudent as serpents and innocent as doves," was painted on some of the windows, with the representation of a dove and a serpent. During the rebellion which brought Charles the First to the scaffold, Lambeth Palace was taken possession of by Colonel Scot, who, puritan as he was, is said to have converted the chapel into a dancing-room, and, to render it fit for the purpose, he had the monument of Archbishop Parker pulled down as well as the hall erected by Chichely. The archbishop's corpse was torn from his tomb, the lead in which he had been encased was sold, and the remains buried beneath a dunghill. Juxon, at the Restoration, found the palace a heap of ruins. He rebuilt the great hall on the

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ancient model, and with it restored the ancient usages. The archbishop with his particular friends sat at the high table; the steward, with the servants of the better rank, were at the table on the right-hand side; the almoner, the clergy, and others, occupied the table on the left. None but nobility or privy councillors were ordinarily admitted to the archbishop's table. All the meat that was not eaten was given to the poor, who used to assemble in crowds at the gate to receive it. The body of the Archbishop Parker, through the care of Archbishop Sancroft, was removed from the hole in which it had so indecently been thrown by the puritans, and another tomb erected to his memory, with this inscription—"The body of Matthew, the Archbishop, rests here at last."

Of the sacred and antiquarian treasures which this palace now contains, collected by the taste and liberality of successive prelates, much that is extremely interesting might be told, but the subject is too large to be entered upon in the present notice.

THE FEAST OF BLOOD, OR THE IMPERIAL EXECUTIONER.

More than dramatic horrors, studied carefully, prepared with deliberation, are connected with the reign of Peter the Great. If we acquit him of the murder of his son, still enough remains against him to prove that he was one of the most horrible monsters that ever wore the human form. To establish a character for vigour he deemed cruelty necessary, and rejoiced in the opportunities which offered for inflicting it. His efforts to create a navy, and otherwise to elevate Russia in the scale of nations, had already shed on his name a portion of that glory which, since he sunk into his grave, has dazzled the eyes of most observers, and caused his enormities to be in a great measure forgotten; he was looked up to with wonder, when the Strelitz, a powerful military body who were discontented with the changes they witnessed, seeing him move among them like an ordinary individual, lost all that awe for him which majesty should inspire. Their dissatisfaction increased, and at length they determined to assassinate the Czar. To accomplish their object it was resolved to fire Moscow, and when Peter should appear in the streets to give directions for checking the conflagration, they persuaded themselves it would be an easy thing, amidst the confusion which must prevail, to deprive their monarch of life.

One of the leaders of the Strelitz was named Sukanin, and it was at his house that the conspirators met, from time to time, to plan the assassination of Peter, and the destruction of the officers and foreign soldiers who were attached to him. The night on which this fearful tragedy was to be performed arrived, and the Strelitz indulged in a joyous revel, to prepare them for the work of blood. Strong liquors, however, overpowered the intellects or the courage of some of the conspirators, or by some means they were corrupted. Whatever the cause, two of them found their way to the Czar and betrayed the whole plot.

A strange and terrible scene succeeded. Prompt in his determination, Peter wrote to the colonel of one of his regiments of guards, commanding him, with his soldiers, to surround and invest Sukanin's house that night. He meant to direct this to be done at the hour of ten, but in the hurry of the moment he wrote instead the word "*eleven*." This accident had nearly cost him dear.

Peter anxiously waited for the moment to arrive when the conspirators would be secured. It sounded, and he had no doubt, his orders obeyed, the mutinous Strelitz were in his power. In this conviction he proceeded, impatient to witness their dismay, to the house of their leader, Sukanin. On approaching it he remarked, with displeasure, that no guard had been stationed outside. Eager to reprove such negligence, he entered, and in a few minutes found himself alone and unarmed in the midst of a desperate band, who were then in the act of taking a solemn oath to put him to death.

He heard enough of what was passing before he made his appearance to understand how they were engaged, but to withdraw without being discovered, and of course pursued and butchered, was impossible. He therefore subdued all appearance of emotion, and calmly, and with an air of affability, joined the revellers.

"I heard joyous sounds," said he, "as I passed; I knew the voices, and thought I could not do better than join the Strelitz in their festivities. To their health I wish to drink. Fill me a glass."

The conspirators were amazed. At first they could hardly believe that Peter was alone, but being at length assured of that fact, their alarm subsided. They handed him wine, and affected great joy at seeing him among them. Beholding their enemy thus defenceless, their courage returned, which, sustained by the circling glass, was inflamed to exulting confidence. To fall upon him and extinguish him there, seemed to be a task of little difficulty. At first they conversed in whispers and signs, but the keen eye of Peter watched every movement, and put some restraint on their boldness. By degrees they began to manifest a feeling that in their judgment it was unnecessary longer to mask their design. Their murmured resolve, not to

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lose the golden opportunity chance had thrown in their way, reached his ear. He was exasperated almost to madness by the supposed disobedience of the officer whom he had hoped to find had secured the malcontents by ten o'clock. An hour had nearly elapsed, and still he did not make his appearance. Alarm at the dangers which thickened around him, and rage at that neglect which he accused as the cause of a peril so great, Peter was embarrassed how to act, when one of the Strelitz, impatient for action, called to Sukanin in a low but expressive tone—

"Brother, it is time."

The look and manner of the speaker fully made known the real meaning of his speech. The Czar felt that it was thought the moment had arrived when his life might safely be assailed. A pause followed, and no answer was returned. Just then Peter heard a sound, which satisfied him of the near approach of his soldiers.

"It is time," repeated the man who had previously spoken.

"Not for you, villain, though it is for me," exclaimed Peter, and while he spoke he struck the Strelitz in the face with such force that the man instantly sunk to the ground. The guards rushed in, and the conspirators now finding that they had been betrayed—that their treason was known, threw themselves on their knees and implored their sovereign's mercy.

His heart was inaccessible to such an appeal. He ordered them all to be secured and put in chains, and the moment this had been done, he turned to his own commander, and giving him a violent blow in the face, demanded in a fierce tone why his orders had been neglected — why he had not been there an hour before, at the same time overwhelming him with the coarsest reproaches.

The colonel, as soon as he had recovered from an attack so little expected, produced the order which he had received, to prove that he had not been to blame. Peter saw with astonishment that he had written the word eleven instead of the hour he meant to name. A feeling of rude generosity prompted him to embrace the officer, to kiss his forehead, and to proclaim that his conduct was faultless.

To the rack the unhappy Strelitz were doomed. Their limbs were slowly and severally mutilated; and after long-protracted agonies, they expired. Their heads he caused to be exhibited on a column, which he surrounded with fragments of their bodies, ranged in grotesque but ghastly order, to inspire terror among his discontented subjects.

If Peter hoped this ferocious severity would ensure future tranquillity he was deceived. A new outbreak occurred while he was absent on his travels. On being informed of it he immediately returned, when he found the revolters had been put down, and were already in confinement, waiting for him to decide on their fate.

Then the merciless Czar resolved to indulge in a vengeful banquet, and to luxuriate in blood. He studied how to inflict the most thrilling as well as the most enduring anguish. The ingenuity of others was stimulated to afford him a spectacle of the most exquisite misery that human nature could furnish. He caused the wretched men to be put to the torture, and while they were groaning in agony he exultingly looked on, reproached them with their crime, and mocked the sufferings he caused to be inflicted. Such a scene as was then witnessed no stage could attempt to copy. Seated on his throne, the demon-autocrat laughed with hideous joy, and drained the wine-cup in presence of his victims. Festivity and blood were mingled in horrible union. In one hand he mirthfully waved the foaming goblet on high; in the other he brandished the discoloured axe! In one dismally atrocious hour, twenty times did he drain the cup, and twenty heads did he sever from the mangled quivering bodies of the sufferers, rejoicing in the skill and dexterity he displayed, and compelling his nobles to take part in the revolting butchery. On this mournful occasion no fewer than two thousand wretches were put to a death of torture by the ferocious despot.

Such fearful deeds stain the name of this celebrated man. He was certainly a wonderful savage, but his brutal nature could not be restrained, and his consort and his son were eventually found among the number of his victims.

RETURN FROM EPHESUS.

Letter II.

The danger to which I was exposed on returning from the classic spot I had ventured to explore was not exactly of that awfully romantic character which might be imagined after what I have had occasion to say of castles, temples, aqueducts, ruined watch towers, and hovering birds of prey. It was what some may deride as commonplace, but to me sufficiently alarming for all that.

While I and my companions were curiously viewing

"——A nation's sepulchre,
Abode of Gods whose shrines no longer burn,"

our guide, less sentimentally employed in cooking the dinner, had deemed it

"One of the wisest things
To drive dull care away;"

and this he had accomplished by copious draughts of wine. In a word, he had got gloriously tipsy, and when we rejoined

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him, was singing and cutting a thousand extravagant capers. No sooner had we got clear of the ruins than it was his good pleasure, observing that I was but an indifferent horseman, to have a little amusement at my expense. On our entering a fine open plain, he rode up to my side so that our horses were neck to neck. He uttered a few Turkish words, which the animals we bestrode understood right well, though I did not. Off they both started, and, in a moment, without being in the slightest degree prepared for it, I found myself engaged in a race. I had not been over steady from the first, and thus taken by surprise, I reeled from starboard to larboard, as a sailor would say, expecting every moment to fall overboard, or to run aground, to the serious injury of my figure-head. I tried to check my horse, and vociferated "Wo, ho!" but the sound of my voice frightened my steed, and he galloped on faster than before. I took the lead; it was "five to four on the captain;" but the Turk, a follower of Mahomet, did not care to be a follower of mine, and urged his quadruped to increased speed, who now shot ahead, and then made a sudden halt. My horse, perceiving his companion stop, did the same, to my infinite relief. The Turk then came near me, laughing heartily, and exulting in having won the race. To him it was excellent fun, but I felt that I had been grossly insulted. "It is not," says Sterne, "every man who can relish humour, however much he may wish it; it is the gift of God." That gift was not vouchsafed to me on this occasion, and in the full flow of my indignation at having thus been sported with, I considered an affront had been offered to my country, and resolved to avenge poor old England's wrongs; approaching the infidel with a stick which I had in my hand, I bestowed three hearty whacks on his shoulders. This part of my performance evidently did not meet with his approbation, but he made no effort to return the blows. Their receipt he acknowledged by a fiendish look, that very distinctly intimated the offence was not likely to be forgotten.

My English friend came up and reproved my want of temper. He said I ought not to have suffered myself to be *carried away* so far. I was a good deal of his opinion, but told him I could not help it, which was really the fact.

"The truth is," said he, "I am apprehensive that very unpleasant consequences will ensue. These Turks never strike each other with the fist or with a stick, and a blow from a 'Christian dog' is such an unbearable indignity, that it is not unfrequently revenged by assassination."

This was not very agreeable intelligence for me, but my blood was up, and when my friend enlarged on the danger I ran, I declared that I was not sorry for the course I had taken, as the rascal well merited the gentle chastisement he had received. He said he would try to accommodate matters by getting our Greek companion to say I had not meant to insult the Turk, but only struck him in jest. They talked with the guide, and after some time he appeared satisfied with the explanation they volunteered.

I now persuaded myself that all was over, but had soon reason for suspecting that the Turk was not appeased. Galloping up to me, he gave me such a broadside that it was with difficulty I kept my seat; the mystic word was again given, and both the horses started as before. Off went my hat, and my wig must have done the same, had I worn one. My beast strained every nerve to conquer. I doubt if the renowned Turpin passed over the ground more swiftly. Our former start was on an open plain, but now we were near the mountains; clumps of trees, bushes, small hills, and pieces of rock, lay in our course. To avoid some of these he made a sudden tack, which had nearly proved fatal to his rider. He distanced the Turk. I held on in great pain, and with much trepidation, when something suddenly gave way, and the next moment I felt that I had to deplore a fearful rent in my inexpressibles. Johnny Gilpin's distress was nothing to mine. He had no Turk for an enemy, and had a fair road before him; besides, he had a good mane to hold by, while I had nothing of the kind to assist me, as my Rosinante had been cut close. I, however, caught hold of the pommel of the saddle, which it is the fashion there to make stand up high, and at the same time ventured again to call out "Wo, ho!" The animal seemed more frightened than ever, and went forward with desperate energy, as I calculated, at the rate of twenty-five knots in the hour. I was beginning to despair, when I found that he had reached the mountains. I perceived his pace slacken, and now was content that he should ascend as fast as he pleased. But he was winded, and I soon succeeded in bringing him to a stand still. My adversary was left behind. I had won the race, but got no stakes. My English friend came up, bringing my hat, which I had never hoped to find exalted on my head again. He congratulated me on my safety, and told me the Turk had been thrown from his horse, and he feared was severely hurt.

I felt little pity for the fellow, considering that he had twice exposed me to great danger, in a spirit of wantonness or malice. To me it was not agreeable to exhibit as the ludicrously disordered equestrian he had made me. He was laid up for several days, and then, being a government courier,

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was sent off to a distant place. This, perhaps, saved me from being an object of his future vengeance. L.

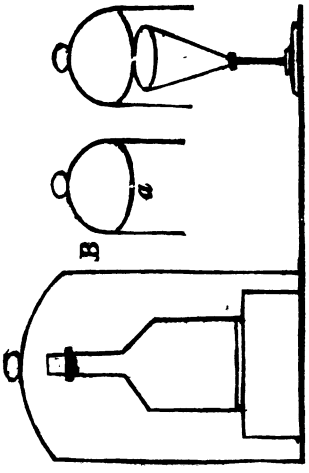
NATURAL MAGIC.

No. II.

THE exposition of Herr Döbler's beautiful experiment, in a late number, having met with decided approbation, we have solicited from our correspondent a series of papers illustrating and explaining other tricks of a similar nature, depending upon the principles of science for their execution.

In the present number we are enabled to offer a solution of the interesting pneumatic experiment of causing a bottle of wine apparently to decant itself into two glasses placed at any reasonable distance on either side of the bottle.

It is more convenient and less expensive to dispense with the usual sized decanter, and employ one which will hold about two glasses full of wine only; a good sized vinegar cruet answers remarkably well, but the stopper must be made to fit the bottle air-tight. In the lower or underneath part of the bottle a fine hole must be drilled.* On filling the cruet with wine, take out the stopper, and, at the same time, close the hole by pressing the finger firmly upon it. When filled and the stopper replaced, no portion of the wine can escape from the bottle, provided the stopper is accurately fitted. The bottle, when filled, is to be placed upon a hollow stand of tin with a hole in the upper part, as shown in the following diagram:—



Over which is placed a tin cover, so as effectually to hide the decanter. There must also be provided two tin caps or covers, made in the manner shown in the diagram, to be placed over the wine-glasses.

These are to be previously filled with wine in the following manner:—Place the finger firmly against the lower hole *a*, and with a small funnel pour the wine into the hole *b*; when filled have ready a piece of bees'-wax, and with it close the hole *b*.

The wine will then, by pneumatic pressure, be retained in the cover similar to the decanter.

In the bare explanations which we thus offer we of course dispense with that *hocus pocus* jargon common to experiments of this nature when exhibited as conjurations. When you intend to perform the deception place the decanter of wine on its stand (which it is better to fill before the spectators) and withdraw the stopper, taking care instantly to place over it its appropriate cover, or the wine will be seen flowing out of it. Then, at any convenient distance, place two wine-glasses, and over them the covers; at the same time, with the nail of the fore-finger, scrape off the bees-wax over the holes; after a few seconds, on removing the covers, the wine will be found to have left the decanter, and the glasses previously empty filled with wine. B.

* This is easily effected by employing a three-cornered or a rat-tailed file ground to a sharp point, and dipping it occasionally, while in use, in spirits of turpentine.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG.

OUR readers who have expressed so much satisfaction at reading the able papers on 'Agricultural Chemistry,' which are now in the course of publication in the 'Mirror,' will feel interested in what concerns Professor Liebig, and we are therefore induced to lay before them strictures by Dr Mohl on his book, known in this country under the title of 'Chemistry, in its applications to Agriculture and Physiology.' Throughout the whole work, his reviewer says, there is a want of original experiment, which is the more wonderful, since it is written by the greatest experimenter of his day, and the possessor of one of the largest laboratories in Europe. Nevertheless Liebig everywhere insists on the importance of experiments, and is continually appealing to those of Theodore De Saussure. Under these circumstances the work can only be looked upon as an attempt to construct a theory from data already known to the world.

The next general remark by Dr Mohl refers to the style in which the book is written. If not always correct, it is energetic and clear; and there is not the slightest indication of doubt or uncertainty about anything; the author seems to know everything for certain, and says it boldly out. This sort of style is apt to mislead the uninitiated, and frequently leads the author himself into positive contradictions; in

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fact, a thing is stated to be black or white according as it suits the author's purpose. For instance, in one place (p. 22) he says that leaves do *not* decompose carbonic acid in the shade (in which he is wrong), and in another place (p. 121) he says the leaves *do* decompose carbonic acid in the shade (in which he is right). Such contradictions are frequent, and prove that the author is neither well grounded in the subjects on which he has undertaken to write, nor has fully considered them. The manner in which Liebig attributes erroneous views, entertained perhaps by individual botanists, to "vegetable physiologists" and "botanists" in general, is objectionable and liable to mislead. Thus he says (p. 6) that "vegetable physiologists" consider humus as the principal food of plants. Now this is not true; vegetable physiologists have no sacred books in which their code of laws is contained, and if any individuals have maintained such a view, the great body has not. In fact, Ingenhousz, Senebier, Curt Sprengel, Link, and De Candolle, have all either denied it or taken other views. The doctrine of humus is altogether a chemical one, and has only been supported by chemists. Again, Liebig says (p. 24) that "all botanists and vegetable physiologists have doubted the assimilation of the carbon of the atmosphere by plants." Yet all books on vegetable physiology contradict such a statement; and the absorption of carbonic acid from the atmosphere is so generally admitted, that Adolphe Brongniart, in the 13th volume of the 'Annales des Sciences,' has even proposed to account for the excessive vegetation of the primitive world upon the supposition that the atmosphere at the period those plants were growing contained a larger amount of carbonic acid in its composition than it now does. This might have been considered misrepresentation, had not Liebig in many other instances displayed an equal amount of ignorance of botanical literature and facts. As, for example, when he says (p. 91) that the woody fibre of lichens may be replaced by oxalate of lime, and that in Equisetum and the Bamboo silica assumes the form and functions of the woody bundles, and (p. 36) that a leaf secreting oil of lemons or oil of turpentine has a different structure from one secreting oxalic acid.

An instance of Liebig's misrepresentation of facts occurs in his rejecting the theory of the respiration of plants. It is well known that plants absorb oxygen in the dark, and give out carbonic acid; and this has been attributed by botanists to a true process of respiration. This, Liebig thinks, betrays great ignorance on the part of botanists. He believes the giving out of the carbonic acid to be merely a mechanical process, and the absorption of oxygen to be a chemical one. He says all leaves, dead or living, absorb oxygen, and the more oil or tannic acid they possess, the more oxygen they absorb. He endeavours to prove this position by comparing, from tables made by De Saussure, the quantity of oxygen absorbed by the leaves of Pinus abies, Quercus robur, and Populus alba, as compared with the quantity absorbed by the Agave Americana. Mohl remarks on this statement, that, in the first place, the quantity of oxygen absorbed by the Agave is put down at 0·8, when it ought to have been at 0·8, so as to affect the calculations very considerably; and that, in the second place, those plants in De Saussure's table which contain neither oil nor tannic acid in any quantity, as the Triticum æstivum and Robinia pseudacacia, are altogether omitted, although they absorbed more oxygen than those mentioned by Liebig; whilst the oily Juniper and Rue, which are also omitted, absorbed less.

Again, Liebig states on this point, that the absorption of oxygen has nothing at all to do with the processes of life. How is it, then, asks Mohl, that plants begin to be blighted when oxygen is withdrawn; that seeds will not germinate; that leaves lose their irritability; that the motions of leaves and flowers cease; that leaf-buds and flower-buds will not open when brought into an atmosphere without oxygen?

These few remarks will show the claim Professor Liebig has to become a reformer of botanical science, or at least the view which some eminent men take of his pretensions.

Set a Priest to kill a Priest.—In the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in which Pope Sextus IV was an accomplice, an allotment being made by the conspirators of the different victims, Lorenzo de' Medici had fallen to Montesecco, a Condottiero in the service of the pontiff; but when the soldier was apprised that the murder, instead of being executed in the midst of a banquet, was to be committed in church and during the elevation of the host, he scrupled to join sacrilege to treason; and among the conspirators none but priests could be found whose conscience this idea did not affright. In fact, an apostolical scribe and a curate were charged with striking the blow which had alarmed the Condottiero. "*Qui familiaris utpote sacerdos; et ob id minus sacrorum locorum metuens.*"

Dean Swift's Female Friends.—Swift, though a dignitary of the church, was intimate with the reputed mistresses of two kings,—the Countess of Suffolk, George the Second's favourite, and the Countess of Orkney, King William's. The latter he pronounced to be the "wisest woman he ever knew."

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, or, a saltier, engr. between four roses gu. for Napier; second and third, or, on a bend, az., a mullet between two crescents of the field, within a double tressure, flory, counter flory, of the second for Scot of Thirlestane.

Crest. A dexter arm, erect, couped below the elbow, grasping a crescent.

Supporters. Dexter, an eagle, ppr.; sinister, a chevalier in complete armour, supporting with the exterior hand a lance, ppr., thereto a pennon gu.

Mottoes. "Sans tache." "*Without spot,*" and "*Ready, aye ready.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF NAPIER.

In 'Burke's Peerage' we read, "Sir Archibald Napier, of Merchistoun, eldest son of the celebrated Sir John Napier, the inventor of logarithms, who died April the 3rd, 1617 (which Sir John was lineally descended from Sir Alexander Napier, comptroller of Scotland temp. James II, and Vice-Admiral in the reign of James III), having accompanied James VI into England, was sworn of the Privy Council, appointed Treasurer-Depute of Scotland in 1622; appointed Clerk and Judge of Session in 1623; created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, 2nd March, 1627; and elevated to the Peerage of Scotland, 4th May in the same year, as Baron Napier of Merchistoun. His Lordship married Margaret, daughter of John, first Marquis of Montrose, and dying in 1645, was succeeded by his only son."

From the glance taken above of the progenitors of Sir Archibald, it will be seen that this family is one of great antiquity and imporance.

Sir Archibald, just mentioned, the second Baron, distinguished himself, fighting in the Royal cause during the civil wars. He left behind him two sons and a daughter, Archibald, Jeán, and Thomas. The first succeeded to the title, and obtained, February the 6th, 1677, a new patent, containing an extension of the remainderships to his heirs female and their heirs male and female, and to his sisters and their heirs general whatsoever. He died unmarried in 1683, when the barony devolved upon the only child of his sister, Sir Thomas Nicholson, of Carnock, Bart., the nephew of the last peer, who dying under age and unmarried in 1686, the Hon. Margaret Napier, his aunt, became Baroness Napier. This lady was widow to Sir John Bristow, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II; her daughter Elizabeth, mistress of Napier, married, in 1699, William Scott, Esq., son of Sir Francis Scott, Bart., of Thirlestane. That lady had an only son, who succeeded in the barony at the death of his grandmother, Lady Napier, in 1706, and assumed the surname of Napier, succeeding also to the baronetcy on the death of his father, in 1725. He married twice, had a family by each wife, and dying in 1673, was succeeded by his eldest son, William. He was a Lieut.-Colonel in the army, and Deputy Advocate-General of the forces in Scotland; he married the daughter of Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart, by whom he had an only son. This was Francis, the seventh Baron D.C.L. On his death, October 13, 1786, he was succeeded by his eldest son, William John. On his demise, October 11, 1834, the title descended to his son, Francis Napier, of Merchistoun, the present Peer, who was born September 15, 1819.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND AND RUSSIA.—Part V.

(For the Mirror.)

The police of Russia is so strict in some matters that it might reasonably be expected to be efficient as regards the safety both of person and property. Such, however, is far from being the case in either respect, and several instances of its inefficiency occurred even during our brief sojourn in St Petersburg. Two bodies bearing marks of violence were taken out of the canal within a few hundred yards of our boarding house in less than a fortnight, and such discoveries appear to be so frequent both in the canals and rivers, that these murders created neither excitement nor inquiry. From the supineness of the public regarding such matters, it seemed to be almost considered they concerned no one but the officers of police, and after the discovery of one body several hours were permitted to elapse before it was even taken out of the water; for, until the arrival of the proper officer, no one would presume to touch it. As the people of Russia are peculiarly exempt from insanity, it is reasonable to conclude

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that a large proportion of the remains so found are cases of robbery and murder. Pocket-picking occupies a greater number of the *chevalier d'industrie* class in the Nevskoi prospect of St Petersburg, than it poes in the Strand of London, and after having passed through the latter a thousand times with impunity, it was somewhat provoking to receive here a practical proof of Russian superiority in that description of conveyancing. On mentioning the circumstance at the boarding-house table numerous similar instances were immediately detailed, winding up with an account of an English gentleman who had his pocket twice picked in one day. The crowded Cazan Church is said to be on Sundays literally a den of thieves, and few unsuspecting strangers who enter it escape without receiving indisputable evidence that the attention of some of its frequenters is more devoted to the things of this world than to thoughts of the next.

As pocket-picking exists to a considerable extent in all large cities, one is not surprised to meet with it in St Petersburg. But it must be admitted that in all the departments of legitimate commerce here a dreadful system of extortion too generally prevails, and amounts to robbery towards the unsuspecting. In nearly all the shops of St Petersburg, for example, excepting only the English magazine, it is quite the usual practice to demand for every article double, and even treble the price which will ultimately be willingly taken. The Russians themselves being quite conversant with this dishonest practice, and knowing the just value of every article, regulate their offers accordingly, but strangers are made to pay a heavy penalty for the thoughtless habits they may have acquired in other countries.

All the higher departments of commerce are chiefly occupied by English and German merchants, in consequence, probably, of the Russian reputation for integrity being so low as to preclude the possibility of confidence being reposed in them. Notwithstanding the great advantage which Russia derives from the residence of so many eminent foreign merchants, she modestly lays an enormous tax on them, amounting to no less than about 150*l.* sterling each, and one English firm, consisting of four partners, pays as much as 600*l.* annually for permission to follow their vocation as first-class merchants. Even in the larger transactions of trade dishonest practices are stated to be indulged in by the natives to a considerable extent, as the foreign merchants too often discover in a manner not the most agreeable to their pecuniary feelings; and an English merchant at one of the out-ports, on making recently a complaint to a Russian supplier of produce that he had been cheated, the fraud was acknowledged, and the impertinently pertinent question added, "But why did you allow it?"

The descendants of the twelve tribes are almost prohibited from following commercial pursuits in this country, in consequence, I believe, of some political demonstration made by their brethren of Poland during the reign of the late emperor, and the Israelites are said to allege that their race are no losers by the exclusion, as it would have been impossible for them to avoid being over-reached in commerce by the more subtle talent of the Russian traders.

Either from an excessive fondness for the China leaf, or a desire thereby to excite the intellectual system to its highest point of action, it is the usual practice in Russia, and more especially in the Moscow district, for parties to drink tea while discussing the terms of a transaction; and this wholesome beverage is certainly much better suited for such occasions than the beer, brandy, or wine, with which the lower classes in England stupify themselves, as if to efface the recollection of such arrangements as they may have made.

The overland teas of Russia are, however, a much more aromatic and delightful beverage than is to be met with at home. Whether the superior fragrance of the Russian tea arises from its not having encountered the sea dampness of a long voyage, or whether it is that the teas brought across the desert being the produce of a different and superior district of China to that which supplies Canton, is a subject on which opinions differ; be the cause what it may, there is no doubt of the fact that, in Russia generally, the tea is very much better than is to be met with in other parts of Europe.

The aristocracy of Russia appear to be as curious in the quality of their teas as those of England are in the choice flavour of their wines; and in order to obtain the highest possible aroma, the dried tea blossom is frequently purchased at prices varying from 100 to 150 rubles per pound, with a view to its being mixed in a certain limited proportion with the tea itself.

In order probably to encourage the great and increasing caravan intercourse between China and Russia, sea-borne teas are strictly excluded, and the subjects of the Czar appear to be received in a more confiding spirit in the Celestial Empire than those of any other country of Europe, for a Russian mission of a limited number has for many years been resident in Pekin. It is therefore scarcely to be doubted that Russia possesses a better knowledge of the true state of China than most other nations.

A fashionable modern Chinese novel has been lately translated into Russian at the expense of the government, and this is pro-

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bably intended more in compliment to the people than to the literature of China.

A French gentleman with whom we met seemed to be particularly desirous that a translation of this work from Russian into his native language should be made, in order that the ladies of Paris might also be able to luxuriate in Chinese imagery while sipping their hyson. Some of the Eastern expressions and similies he stated to be peculiarly difficult to be rendered, but the principal of these difficulties must no doubt have been already overcome by the Russian translators, and being the most popular romance of China for two hundred years, it could scarcely fail to be esteemed, as at least a literary curiosity.

The Augustan age of Russian literature is as yet in the distant horizon of futurity, for, notwithstanding the patronage which his present Majesty has extended to it, little general progress appears to have been made in the cultivation of the *belles lettres*. The unfortunate Pushkin, who has been honoured with the title of the Russian Byron, was the chief poetic luminary of the empire, and no doubt need exist as to his belonging to the true *genus irritabile*, for he some time since afforded a conclusive and melancholy proof of it, by challenging his brother-in-law in a fit of jealousy, and fighting even to the death. The Emperor has most liberally granted pensions to the poet's family, on a scale which is unknown, and is perhaps not required, in more free and literary countries. He has also become the patron of a new edition of the late poet's works, and having such patronage, all the *beau monde* of Russia must of course possess them.

If the fine arts do not ultimately become naturalized in this empire, it will not be from any lack of patronage, for a considerable number of youths, such as have evinced the best natural tastes, have been sent to Rome, and the other schools of art, to pursue their studies at the expense of government.

The academy of the fine arts at St Petersburg does not, however, as yet afford much evidence of the patronage having been successful, though one native artist has brought back from Italy, if not the fire of genius, at least a moderately good and excessively-admired representation of the overflowing fire of Mount Vesuvius. Being the best of the very few good pictures recently produced by native artists, the *overflow* of public feeling is perhaps quite as natural as that of the lava.

An impression appears to prevail in Europe, that the Russians generally are possessed of more than ordinary talents, but an English gentleman who was peculiarly well qualified to judge on this point, both from length of residence, as well as his general acquirements, strongly repudiated the idea, and I am much disposed to attach weight to his opinion. Any one attempting to give a description of this Sclavonic race on phrenological principles, describes their heads as being broader, and, on the whole, larger than usual, the back of the head and all the side organs being large, while the moral organs are small, and the intellectual ones moderate; and such a description would not materially differ from that of those who judge of the people through other media.

That facility in the acquisition of languages by which the Russians are distinguished, is often considered as of much more consequence than it ought to be, and when the means are known by which various languages are in that country established in the mind in early infancy, the result ceases to afford any surprise. All persons of fortune and condition have usually, for example, either German or English nurses for their children, and infants are thus first taught to lisp one or other of these tongues, while French is the language in which they are addressed by their parents, and Russian being the sole language of the vulgar, is of course readily enough acquired.

Thus are three languages gained in infancy without the tediousness of either grammars or dictionaries, and we met with a striking illustration of it after leaving Petersburg, in a boy of about four years of age, whose mamma assured us that he could speak with nearly equal readiness three languages.

The schoolmaster, though now no doubt to some extent abroad in the towns of Russia, is yet to be considered here as much a political instructor as a teacher of the elements of knowledge, for unconditional love and loyalty towards the Emperor is inculcated in the most enlarged sense, and he is always pointed to as the chief source of earthly good.

Such training must naturally produce orderly fruits:—

> "'Tis education forms the common mind,
> Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

That a hardy northern nation in a low state of civilization like Russia, with a vast proportion of her population in a state of slavery, may wage war with less suffering than nations which are more advanced is easily demonstrable. The exposure and privation, which in a winter campaign would appear dreadful to the delicately-trained soldiers of more southern countries, would scarcely be felt even as hardship by an army of Russians, and a battle which might consign a hundred thousand of her serf soldiers to death would excite comparatively little national sympathy. There are, perhaps, other reasons which point to peace as the best policy of the empire.

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Among these, it is understood, that the Russian government has always felt a disinclination to their soldiery mixing much among the free inhabitants of other countries, lest they should bring back a spirit of liberty such as might endanger the whole system of vassalage.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Mr Standish, of Bagshot, exhibited four seedling fuchsias, which he stated to have been obtained in the following manner; having raised in 1842, from *F. formosa elegans*, fertilized with the pollen of *F. corymbiflora*, some pretty seedlings, these again seeded freely without assistance, and gave rise to the present plants, which showed that this tribe, instead of degenerating like calceolarias, and many florists' flowers, if not crossed, improved considerably. Colonel Sowerby sent half-a-dozen very fine peaches, from standard trees, growing in the centre of a house upon the rafters of which vines are trained; one of the specimens had been produced upon the end of a shoot devoid of a terminal bud: a Banksian medal was awarded. Amongst the peaches exhibited were some well-swelled and beautifully-coloured noblesse peaches grown by Sir C. Sullivan, which, independent of their great beauty, were interesting from the circumstance of their having been produced by a tree sixteen years of age, which was removed two years ago from a south to a west aspect, and never produced previous to its removal such fine fruit as those exhibited. Mr Frazer, the gardener, is of opinion that all peach-trees of any size are improved by being occasionally removed and properly transplanted.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—THE GASTRIC JUICES.—A work on digestion was received from M. Blondlot. The author has directed his attention principally to the gastric juice, which he regards as the principal agent in the functions of digestion. To obtain this juice in abundance, and in a pure state, M. Blondlot made an artificial opening into the stomach of a dog, which enabled him to extract the gastric juice, or alimentary substances, at various periods of digestion. He announces that his experiments have been perfectly successful, and that he has a dog on which he made his first essay, two years ago, and which can supply him, he says, in the course of an hour or so, with more than three ounces of pure gastric juice.

GARDENING HINTS.

THIS time has now arrived to prepare flowers for a winter and spring show: these should be potted off a general collection of Californian and other North American annuals, a nice stock of Chinese, tea-scented, and Bourbon roses, with abundance of cinerarias, violets, and mignonette in several different stages of growth. If these things have not been prepared, there is not a day to be lost. If the plants are not well established, at the latest, by the end of October, no after management will induce them to bloom with anything like freedom before the spring.

Of cinerarias, the smallest of the plants now potted will be those to bloom next May, and in order to get unusually large specimens it is recommended to put four or five plants into a pot. Cinerarias should not be exposed to currents of cold air. The proper way is to set them so that the leaves just touch, but never to allow them to be crowded. If the runners have been regularly taken from the Neapolitan and Russian violets, they will now be showing bloom abundantly. It is also quite time that the best of the plants were potted, and the remainder planted in a frame or on a warm south border.

Much importance is attached by some cultivators to the potting of hyacinths and other bulbs early in September, but quite as much depends upon the after treatment of the bulbs as upon the time of potting. For bulbs to bloom at Christmas, the most hardy of the single varieties should be used, and after they are established in their pots, they should be placed in a brisk bottom-heat, and be kept covered with inverted pots, and in the dark, until the leaves and flower-stems are at least four inches long. The old system of potting with the apex of the bulb level with the top of the pot is the most preferable. It is a matter of little importance what soil the bulbs are planted in, so long as it is light and sandy, as the sap necessary for the production of the flower is already stored in the bulb, and only requires proper treatment to develop it, whether it be planted in moss or soil, or placed over water. The Van Thel tulip, with a few hyacinths and Chinese primroses, make admirable little groups for the drawing-room table when neatly arranged in flat baskets or trays, and the surface of the pots covered with moss.

THE FIRST ARTICLE IN AN ALBUM.

BOLD is the scribe who leads the way
Among the witty and the gay,
For such a one it might be well,
That he all followers should excel;
And then, ah! what pretence have I
My inexperienced pen to try?

But as at billiards a first ball
Must lead, or there's no play at all,
I venture something to produce,
That others may have no excuse.
And as before a butcher's shop,
We've seen a crowd of muttons stop,
Then fixed upon that spot to stay
Their silent firmness seemed to say,
To those who whistle or harangue,
Ere we go in we'll see you hang;
But if one ragged starvling ewe
Be placed before the stubborn crew,

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The drover sees, spared further pain,
Fat wethers following in her train;
Each struggles first to gain the door,
Which all were fixed to shun before.
I'm the first ball that starts the cue,
I'm the scorned ewe—how unlike *you*.

Even now I see a brilliant throng,
In gay succession pass along;
Here gentle pity seeks to pour
Her soothing, sweetly pleasing lore.
Here sentiment essays to move,
And here thy thrilling strains, O Love!
Then comes with repartee to hit,
The sportive flourishes of wit.
And now the pencil joins to aid
The pen with varied light and shade.
Bards cease, while artists picture nature's bloom,
And now the *attic* leaves us *drawing room*.

Lady, I fain would see your album sheets
Become a splendid paradise of sweets.
There may the tree of knowledge gain a root,
But not to prosper a forbidden fruit.
Like Eden fragrant, and like Eden fair,
But, unlike Eden, have no serpent there.

PLAYS AND MYSTERIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

PROBABLY the oldest drama on a religious theme of which we have any account, is one composed by a Jew named Ezekiel, entitled Ἐξαγωγὴ. It was a tragedy representing the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt. The fathers of the church, and particularly Eusebius, have preserved fragments of this piece; but, as a whole, it is not extant. The next is the well-known 'Christus Patiens' of Gregory Nazianzen, modelled on the plan of the Athenian Drama, in which were represented the sufferings of the Redeemer; the choruses being metamorphosed into Christian hymns. The third of the known writers of this kind of composition was "a pensive nun, devout, and pure," *Hroswitha* or *Rhoswitha*, of the abbey of Gandersheim, in Saxony, who lived in the tenth century. Amongst other writings on sacred subjects, she composed, we are informed, six spiritual plays in Latin prose.

In the year 1264 A.D., the brotherhood of Del Gonfalone was instituted at Rome, and performed religious pageants in the Coliseum till 1549, when Pope Paul III issued an interdict against their continuing any longer to use that building. Nevertheless, the representations proceeded, but in another place. Coeval with the establishment of this society was the origin of our "Chester Mysteries."

At Valenciennes, a society called "Confrèrie de Notre Dame du Pay," was, according to the ancient chronicles of that city, founded in 1229, and renewed in 1426. "The four presidents were intrusted with the providing of three minstrels and two trumpeters, for the more favourable representation of their festivities. A stage used to be erected on the Sunday of the ascension of the Virgin, and her image was carried in procession to the accompanying chorus of twelve persons, clad like the Apostles, and singing children representing angels. In the great aisle of the church at that point, where there was the greatest profusion of statues and pictures, a stage was erected for the effigy of the Virgin, above which shone a heaven, and the mystery of the ascension was thus accurately represented. Hereupon came forth certain persons, who recited poems in praise of our Lady. The most successful of these received from the society a silver crown, the second best a silver chaplet, and the rest two bottles of wine a piece for their good intentions. The preacher got half a sheep as his perquisite; the apostles, above mentioned, a plate of fruit and half a bottle of wine; and the Carmelites and Dominicans of the town, who had been present at the pageant, by invitation, received, as a guerdon, double rations from the refectory."

L'Enfant, the historian of the council of Constance (1414), relates that the Bishop of Salisbury, and the five other bishops who were present at this religious congress, invited the authorities and respectable burghers of the town of Constance to a pageant, at which was performed the 'Mystery of the Holy Nativity,' the 'Adoration of the Wise Men,' and the 'Slaughter of the Innocents;' and from this he concludes that English clergymen were the originators of the scriptural drama in Germany.

In 1571, the 'Last Judgment' was played at Stuttgard, when the fire of Hell extended somewhat beyond its legitimate bounds, the devils fled, and God the father, from aloft, began to call out dreadfully, fearful of perishing in the flames. The above-mentioned author also tells us, that in 1593 a 'Tragico-Comedia Apostolica' was brought out at Lauingen, in which there were no less than 246 performers.—*Menzel.*

EXACTIONS AT ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ONE of the correspondents of the 'Athenæum' quotes as a rebuke to all rapacious vergers, beadles, sextons, and similar functionaries, the entrance-fee accepted at St Paul's—twopence. It grieves us, our contemporary adds, to dispel this beautiful illusion, but truth must be declared—the charge for seeing St Paul's is four shillings and fourpence a head precisely. Whatever simple ruralists imagine, the gryphons here have claws, and as wide a grasp and as deep a gorge as their brethren beyond the lamps. We give the authorised tariff

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of expenses, lest their enormous sum total, still more than our tropes, might make a reader think we were romancing:—

	s.	d.
To view the Monuments and Body of the Church - -	0	2
To the Whispering Gallery and the two outside Galleries - - - - -	0	6
To the Ball - - - - -	1	6
To the Library, Great Bell, Geometrical Staircase, and Model Room - - -	1	0
Clock - - - - - -	0	2
Crypt or Vaults - - -	1	0
	4	4

If "Peter's pence" be no longer levied upon our countrymen, here are Paul's pence instead, or rather Paul's shillings. Well might a grave humourist look round as he disburses his last fee, and ejaculate —"Truly, an imposing interior!" Separate charges being affixed to the separate departments, a pilgrim would imagine he might visit any single one among them at his pleasure, but he may find himself perchance, on trial, the victim of his credulous nature, thus:—Suppose he has little enthusiasm about "Whispering Galleries," and much about fine architecture, nevertheless he cannot behold Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece—the Protestant plan of St Paul's—except by a visit (or at least, fee) to both the said whispering place and the model room. If an architectural student or amateur would examine that plan well, and therefore often, he must pay each time —entrance fee, 2d., galleries, 6d., model room, 1s.—altogether 1s. 8d.! This is the case also if his object be the geometric staircase, library, or belfry alone, he must run a similar gauntlet of toll-collectors, each coming down upon him heavier than the last. At St Paul's Mammon has a statue no less than Howard the philanthropist, and receives worship as fervent there as at Change alley: reader, if thou seekest his shrine—*Circumspice!* Yet wherefore should we fall foul of the poor mercenaries, or (it may be) the self-formed gang who practise this polite "stop and deliver" system under permission? It is those who farm the indoor church-tax to these people at a rack-rent, or hire them at no wages as church servitors, whom we should hold accountable; those who ordain the *ukase* which establishes the exorbitant rates, not those menial officers who enforce it. Having consulted an old London Guide-book (1819) we discover that the charges then averaged twopence, and made up altogether but 3s. 6d., crypt money exclusive; then, likewise, no multiple turnpikes were demanded, but each object could be seen separate, after paying the general admission twopence. Such has been the progress in liberal spirit accomplished by our civic Dean and Chapter in the fourth of a century!

PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James VI, on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day before the king this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a queerish sort of man, said to him, "Why, I have a professor of signs in the nothernmost college of my dominions, viz., at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps six hundred miles." "Were it ten thousand leagues off I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself, and wrote, or caused to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be the professor of signs? and being told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return nobody could say when, the ambassador said, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months." Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs; but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador was now told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is gowned, wigged, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the other professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. "He is a perfect miracle," says the ambassador; "I would not give him for the wealth of the

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Indies!" "Well," say the professors, "to descend to particulars." "Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that that was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury." The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. "Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man?" "The rascal," says Geordy, "what did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say you have only one eye! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my neive*, wishing to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha'e done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here; but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I didna care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as lang's I ha'e this! But, by a' that's guid," concluded Geordy, "I'm angry yet that I didna thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!"

A SAINT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

THE fairies had a grudge against Father Christy, and watched to take him at an advantage; so one night, it was close up Hollantide, if it was not the very eve of All Saints itself; any how, Father Christy was coming home to Kilconnell, from the hospitable house of one of his *gentlemen* parishioners. I think the place is, or was, called Hillswood, and the moon, the deceiving moon, was up, and she threw her shadows and shinings in such a way, that it would be hard for any man, especially when coming from a place overflowing with hospitality, to pick his way quite straight; but at any rate the priest thought he had the path, and on he went, expecting every moment to see the abbey tower—when, mighty strange!!! his reverence found himself at the door of a great house, and standing at the hall-door, clad in green and gold lace, was a servant who bid him welcome, took his horse with a low bow, and pointed to the open hall-door, and requested him to enter, which he did, nothing loath, for all round seemed as kind as it was lightsome and gay. At the entrance of a splendidly lit up chamber he met a lovely lady with a goblet of wine in her hand, as clear and sparkling and enchanting as her own dark rolling eye, and she led him into where tables were laid out, and gallant gentlemen and gorgeous dames sat intermingled, and, as the priest entered, one and all rose and cried, "You're welcome, Father Christy;" and they were all equally so kind and so encouraging. "Here's a seat by *me*," says one; "No," says another, "come beside ME, and have your back to the fire this cold night, dear, sweet Father Christy." But all this kind and invitatory bustle was set at rest by the little splendid man dressed in green cut velvet, with a golden hunting cap on his head, who sat at the head of the table, and who summoned him, with an air of superiority, to take a chair at *his* right hand, as the post of honour. And now the work of the festive hour was being begun—each seemed about to address him, or herself, to the food they liked best, when up stood the Amphytrion of the feast, and with that satisfied air which denotes that the speaker is about to address a willing audience, he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, before we set to, I propose that we drink the health of our guest, Father Christy, AND LONG MAY HE REIGN AMONGST US." To which all, with one accord, assented, and were in the act of filling bumpers, and crying hip, hip, three-times-three, when the priest, on being offered the wine, as it went round, with all due gravity, and as became his calling, said, "Most noble, my unknown entertainer, and you, ye gay gentlemen and gracious ladies, I do, from my heart, respond to your hospitalities, and shall most willingly partake of your cheer, and especially your wine, for, as you all may know, it is more pleasant to set to drinking again than to eating; but this I must say, that it has ever been my own practice, and I do my endeavour, as becomes my cloth, to teach it to others, never to sit down to table without saying grace,"—and with that his reverence, with his usual slight and agility, *cut* the sign of the cross on his breast, and said off his Latin with such holy rapidity, that none but a practised eye and ear could see or hear the reverend office; but wondrous were its effects: like a flash of lightning, or the shifting of the FATA MORGANA in the straits of Messina, or on the coast of the Giant's Causeway, all vanished—light, people, goblets, and good cheer; and lo! the priest rubbed his eyes, and felt very much as if he had been just a-sleeping, at the stump of an ash tree near the village, and nothing was very wrong about him, save that the knee of his thickset small-clothes was burst, and the

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rein of his good and quiet mare broken, which was altogether of no consequence, as the gentle beast was grazing but a few yards off.—*Otway's Tour in Connaught.*

Miscellaneous.

THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.—No diamond is known to exist so large as that of the King of Portugal, found in the river Abaite, about ninety-two leagues to N.W. of Serro do Frio. The history of its discovery is romantic:—Three Brazilians, Antº de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the Interior. Their sentence was a cruel one; but the region of their exile was the richest in the world: every river rolled over a bed of gold, every valley contained inexhaustible mines of diamonds. An impression of this kind enabled these men to support the horrors of their fate; they were constantly sustained by the hope of discovering some rich mine. They wandered about for nearly six years in vain, but fortune was at last propitious. An excessive drought had laid dry the bed of the river Abaite, and here, while working for gold, they discovered a diamond of nearly an ounce in weight. Overwhelmed with joy, they resolved to proceed, at all hazards, to Villa Rica, and trust to the mercy of the crown. The governor, on beholding the magnitude and lustre of the gem, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He immediately appointed a commission of the officers of the Diamond district to report on its nature; and on their pronouncing it a real diamond, it was dispatched to Lisbon. The sentence of the three "condamnados" was immediately reversed. The value of this celebrated diamond has been estimated by Romé de l'Isle at the enormous sum of three hundred millions sterling. It is uncut, but the late King of Portugal, who had a passion for precious stones, caused a hole to be bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days.

FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE CHINESE.—The habitual reverence inspired in the mind of a child follows him through life, and forms an indissoluble link—a social bond of the strongest kind. The duty incumbent on a son to provide for the necessities of his indigent parents is seldom slighted, save by those who have no regard for themselves, and is usually discharged with many other becoming acts of esteem. I have sometimes admired the conduct of a son when he has brought an aged parent to the hospital; the tenderness with which he conducted him to the patient's chair, and the feeling with which he detailed his sufferings showed how deeply-rooted filial piety is in the heart of a Chinese. At Macao, a Chinese shoemaker, who had done some work for me at Singapore, called to ask me for some further encouragement. "Why," said I to him, "did you leave Singapore, where you had a good business?" "My poor mother," he replied, "is getting very old, and she will have me live near her." In obedience to the command of a parent, he had given up the certain pursuit of a livelihood abroad, and returned to take a very precarious chance at home. The reader will not be sorry to hear that this man used to come, from time to time, for a stock of new Testaments to distribute among such of his countrymen as were likely to make a proper use of them.

The Gatherer.

Love of Travelling.—Montaigne took such delight in travelling, that he hated the very approach to the place where he designed to stay.

Schools in America.—The school funds in the state of New York alone consist of endowments, grants and appropriations from the State and individuals, and amount to 10,500,000 dollars, which by law are declared inviolable.

A Poet's Promise.—"If my hearers be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master-spirits of our world."—*Ben Jonson.*

A Poet's Progenitors.—Dante supposed that his nature included the contradictions of some ill-matched progenitors, and that, while he had a grace for one parent or ancestor, he had a slut and fury for another.

Science and Economy of Beavers.—They work in concert on the wood, gnawing the trees and branches to suit their operations. A tree, the thickness of a man's body, they will soon bring down by gnawing round its base, but on one side merely; and they know so exactly the operation of gravity on it, that they make it fall always across the stream, so as to require no land carriage.—*Lord Brougham.*

Ancient Martyrs.—The persecuted Christians of old were accustomed to exclaim when dying—"One God, one faith, one bishop" (*unus Deus, una fides, unus episcopus*). Some eloquence and reflection must have been used, to bring them to covet plurality of bishops.

A New Pavement.—A newly-invented wood pavement has been laid down opposite the residence of the mayor, in the Rue de l'Ecu. It is a combination of wood and asphalte, possessing seemingly the advan-

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tages of both. It is the invention of Colonel Sir J. Lilly: the cost is said to be about 5s. a yard.—*Boulogne Gazette.*

Dormant Vegetation.—If the seed of corn or other vegetables be placed in the earth so low—perhaps one foot deep—where the heat of the sun's rays cannot penetrate, the seed will be preserved, but remain dormant for years for want of its proper stimulant; but the instant you raise the seed so near the surface of the earth as to allow the sun's rays to act upon it, the natural stimulus of heat soon causes the germ to burst the bounds of its confined husk, and prepares the stem to grow and to fructify.—*Dr Jeffreys.*

Free Circulating Libraries.—The bishops of Belgium have issued a manifesto against the swarm of books of bad moral tendency reprinted by the Belgian press. The cheapness of these works has given them a wide circulation, and the evil seems to be rapidly spreading. The bishops call upon the clergy of the country to form libraries, for free circulation among the people. One library already formed, by donations exclusively, in Brussels, for this purpose, is said to have lent during the past year upwards of 30,000 volumes.

Huss and Ziska.—The sculptor Schwanthaler is occupied on two statues, of the size of life, of Huss and Ziska. They are to be cast in bronze, and deposited in a Bohemian Walhalla, which is to contain statues of famous Bohemians, now being formed by a private gentleman at Lobich near Prague.

Shutting up of Oatlands.—The public are now wholly excluded from Oatlands Park, through which they have enjoyed right of way almost from time immemorial. It is supposed to be the work of some underlings who have mistaken or neglected the instructions given for their guidance by their superiors.

Last Moments of Harvey.—The great Harvey kept making observations on the state of his pulse, when life was drawing to its close,—"as if," says Dr Wilson, "he who had taught us the beginning of life, might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with that of death."

Physic Mischievous.—Variety of medicines is the daughter of Ignorance, and it is not more true that many dishes have caused many diseases, than this is true, that many medicines have caused few cures.—*Bacon.*

Sale of Children.—In the travels of Messrs Moorcroft and Trebeck, in the Himalayan Provinces, which have just issued from the press, it is said in reference to Tiri, "There is no doubt that the population was always kept down by the practice which has immemorially prevailed in many of the mountain districts, of the sale of children by their own parents in times of scarcity and distress. In some places, was credibly informed, persons married more wives than they had the means of maintaining, for the purpose of raising money by the sale of their offspring; and although this may not be strictly true, yet the story itself proves that the people of these countries are accustomed to look to the disposal of their children as means of subsistence."

Lord Bacon.—This eminent judge, though so far beyond his age in all matters of science, was not less credulous than the weakest of his contemporaries, and published very minute directions for guarding against witches, under which imputation many scores of wretched old women were burnt in the reign of that sapient Demonologist, James the First.

Patents in France.—An action has been brought in France by the representatives of Mr Elkington, the proprietor of a patent for the new process of gilding by immersion in a bath of gold and alkali, against MM. Simon, Redier, and others, for piracy; and a cross action was brought by those parties, with a view of having it declared that Mr Elkington's patent was null and void, on the ground of the process being public property. The case having come before the Cour Royale, on an appeal of one of the parties from a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce, MM. Simon, Redier, and Co. were declared to have no right to use the same process, and condemned to all the costs of the suit, which are said to amount to 40,000fr.

Sir Matthew Wood.—Mr Alderman Wood, who greatly exerted himself in the cause of Queen Caroline twenty-three years ago, is no more. He was in his seventy-sixth year. It will be remembered a parsimonious old churl, called Jemmy Wood, of Gloucester, left his property, amounting, it was reported, to more than 400,000*l.*, to the worthy Alderman. In some of the papers it is stated that the litigation to which this gave rise caused Sir Matthew to experience a degree of anxiety which is supposed to have shortened his life. If this be true, it gives additional weight to the burthen of the old song, "Why should we quarrel for riches?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C.C."—Vermilion.—Of this pigment there are two classes, one natural, *and the other* factitious. *The former is found in silver mines, and is in the form of a red sand, which by repeated washing is made into the beautiful colour for which it is valued; the latter is made from an artificial cinnabar ground up with the whites of eggs, and dried into cakes. A very bad imitation is sold, made from red lead.*

Answers to several correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 15.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

BARKING FIRE-BELL GATE.—THE CURFEW.

Perhaps the most ancient and perfect curfew-tower remaining in England is to be found at Barking, in Essex. Though now of small consideration, Barking was formerly a place of importance, and was even the abode of Royalty. Shortly after the battle of Hastings, William the Conquerer is stated by several historians to have taken up his residence at Barking Abbey, when Edwin, Earl of Mercia, Morcar, Earl of Northumberland, and many of the nobility, waited on him to tender their adhesion, in order to get reinstated in their possessions, which had been jeopardised by their espousing the cause of the unfortunate Harold.

At Barking, William is supposed to have rested while arrangements were being made for his coronation, and the noblemen who found themselves compromised by the late struggle deemed the opportunity favourable for making their peace before that important ceremony had taken place. The Conquerer is even said to have remained in Essex till the Tower of London, which he had commenced building, was completed, and the Fire-bell Gate, the bell of which Mr Lyson imagines to have been used as a curfew-bell, from its proved utility, possibly suggested the erection of a curfew-tower in the fortress then rising in the capital.

The Fire-bell Gate is beyond all doubt a very ancient erection. It is a square embattled tower, with octagonal turrets and a gateway beneath. The entrance

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arch is pointed, and over that a niche is seen, surmounted by a canopy and pinnacles. Behind these, and above the passage-way, there is an apartment, which it appears from an ancient record was formerly described to be "the Chapel of the Holy Rood lofte attegate, edified to the honour of Almighty God, and of the Holy Rood." The interior of the chapel presents a representation of the Holy Rood, or Crucifixion, in alto relievo. This remarkable structure, of which an accurate view is given at the head of the present article, stands at the entrance of Barking churchyard. It was formerly within the range of a day's excursion from London, but may now be reached in an hour.

The abbey, in which, as above stated, the Conquerer reposed, was surrendered to Henry VIII in November 1539, when an annual pension of 200 marks was granted to Dorothy Barley, the last abbess, and to the nuns under her charge, thirty in number, smaller pensions. Of the abbey church and conventual buildings scarcely a vestige can now be found.

The nuns were of the Benedictine order, and some of their abbesses were ladies of no small distinction. Wulfhilda, a nun at Wilton, was celebrated for her beauty. She was seen by King Edgar, and he possessed himself of her, it is said, by violence. The monastery had been destroyed by the Danes, but Edgar caused it to be restored, and endowed it with suitable revenues for its maintenance, and appointed the beautiful Wulfhilda, of whom he had previously availed himself, to be its abbess. We must write no scandal against this lady, but a dispute having occurred between Wulfhilda and certain priests, the case was referred to Elfrida, of murderous memory, the widow of Edgar. She appears to have regarded with no undue kindness the favourite of her deceased husband, and Wulfhilda was by her ejected with little ceremony from the holy retreat which had been provided for her by her Royal admirer. The Queen then put herself at the head of the sisterhood, while Wulfhilda retired to another religious establishment at Horton, in Devonshire. Elfrida continued to fill the situation which she had chosen for herself twenty years, when finding herself dangerously ill, not even the crosses with which in her penitential moments she caused herself to be covered, could give her mind peace till the aggrieved Wulfhilda was restored to the situation of abbess at Barking, of which she had been deprived. The Danes arriving in that neighbourhood seven years afterwards, she withdrew to London, and there died. At the time of the invasion of England by the Conqueror, a Saxon lady, named Alfgiva, was the abbess of Barking.

St Erkenwald, bishop of London, was the founder of the abbey. He appears to have been zealous in the discharge of his duty, and when assailed by age and infirmity caused himself to be carried about in a litter that he might continue to admonish and instruct the people. At his death the nuns of Barking, the convent of Chertsey, and the citizens of London contended for the honour of giving the bones of this saint their last resting place. A miracle is said to have decided the question in favour of the citizens, who, it is more than probable, without a miracle would have prevailed against two feeble sisterhoods. The transfer of the corpse to London was opposed by floods at Ilford and Stratford, but a second miracle gave it safe passage to St Paul's cathedral. In the reign of King Stephen a magnificent shrine was erected in honour of the saint's name against the east wall of the church, and vast sums were spent from time to time by pious admirers of the departed prelate, to ornament it with gold, silver, and precious stones. The mortal remains so honoured effected, as it was then said, and cannot now be doubted, many marvellous cures, but had the misfortune to be nearly or altogether eclipsed in the succeeding reign, when Becket's bones became the rage, at least with all the wealthy, who had the means of making a pilgrimage to Canterbury.

The engraving which has led us to touch on these subjects is another specimen of glyphography. The clearness with which the several objects are indicated will not be overlooked. We learn the discovery has been patented by Mr Palmer of Newgate street, who proposes from time to time to make public every improvement that may be effected in the materials, in the tools, or in the method of using them.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A JOKE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A LATE ARTIST.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Mr W. H. W., a gentleman connected with the fine arts, and long known as a member of the London press, died last year. He had through life borne a high character, and was remarkable for the general urbanity of his manners and his benevolence. In society he appeared mirthful or serene; but there were moments when he was strangely disturbed, and mournful recollections seemed to overwhelm with something more than grief. At times he would start in great agitation, affected by a simple expression which had touched a chord that fearfully vibrated through his whole frame. He remained single, but was said to have experienced a disappointment in an affair of the heart, early in life, which had driven him to the verge of madness. On one occasion, walking with a friend in

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London, they met an individual on whom Mr W. gazed stedfastly, but did not speak to him. They passed, and he then exclaimed, "That is a scoundrel; he got for his wife the woman I ought to have married."

What it was that at times disturbed him, it is not in the power of the writer to reveal. Though intimate with him for years, no explanation was ever volunteered. His liberal nature and unimpeachable integrity, as they gained him the affectionate regards of a large circle of friends, might have been expected to secure him from the hostility of every one. But that he had enemies, bitter and most terrible enemies, the following narrative, committed to paper immediately after the circumstance and conversation it describes, will clearly demonstrate.

On Thursday, Dec. 21, 1821, A. and B., who had long been on friendly terms with Mr W., went to dine at the Burton Alehouse, in Henrietta street. While there they recollected that Mr W. lived in the neighbourhood (he then lodged, I think, in Southampton street), and thought he would like to join them. They sent a waiter to invite him to do so. Mr W. had visited Macclesfield a short time before, and to cause him some ludicrous surprise, as well as to make him come more speedily, they ordered the man to say that two gentlemen from Macclesfield desired to see him. The waiter went, but returned with the answer that "Mr W. was out for the evening." On leaving the tavern, the companions resolved, as he was to dine in company with them on the following Monday, to play off a further joke on their friend. They called at his residence, and finding that he was still from home, left a message for him that two gentlemen from Macclesfield had called to see him, and would do themselves the pleasure of waiting on him again, at seven o'clock on the evening of Monday. They expected that this would cause him to leave the party with whom he was to dine, at the hour named, and they proposed to drink his health in his absence, and then send a servant after him, with a note to state what had been done, and to announce that the two gentlemen from Macclesfield awaited his return, to thank them for the honour they had conferred.

Monday came, the party dined together, and Mr W. was present, but did not withdraw, as A. and B., or A. at least, thought he would. In the course of the evening, B. spoke to Mr W. about Macclesfield, but nothing remarkable occurred till the party had nearly left the dining room, and A. and B. found themselves alone. It was then that B. told A. he had a most extraordinary communication to make respecting Mr W. They were, however, interrupted, and no opportunity offered for making it that evening, but on the following Thursday they again met, and B. gave the following statement:—

The revelation I have to offer will cause you great surprise. On the day after we called on W., and left word that two gentlemen from Macclesfield would wait on him again, I received a note from him couched in these terms:—

"Dear B.,—For God's sake let me have a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, at your own house before you go to dinner, on a matter of VITAL importance to me. Your half distracted,

"W. H. W.

"P.S. Pray mention this to no human being."

The word "vital," B. continued, had three lines drawn under it. I confess I thought that he had detected us, and was playing off a counter trick. I, however, returned the following answer:—

"Dear W.,—I am afraid to flatter myself that you jest in your otherwise alarming letter.

"You will find me at home at four o'clock. Yours, "B."

I almost expected, when I went home, to find him laughing and dancing in the drawing room; but on looking at him I saw that he was much disturbed. He spoke with a faltering voice, and altogether his aspect indicated the severest distress. "How can I," he exclaimed, "how can I tell you what I have to say? After some pause he proceeded:—

"I am reduced to such a situation that I have no alternative but to put an end to my existence or to leave the country. Can you, and will you, assist me with the means of doing the latter?" I told him that I knew he was accustomed to view some things in a very peculiar light, and begged of him to impart what he had on his mind to some of his friends, with the expectation that they would convince him that neither of the steps which he contemplated was necessary. This he declared it was useless to do. His case was one in which argument could be of no avail. He said he must quit the country, though the idea of leaving his connexions in England gave him great pain. I endeavoured to draw from him his secret, that I might advise him upon it, but in vain. He begged of me to ask no questions, and declared that he would answer none, but demanded of me whether I could and would enable him to go abroad? I, at length, said, "I can and I will, if it be necessary."

I then made a new attempt to draw from him the cause of his distress, but to no purpose. Suddenly a thought flashed across my mind that there might possibly

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be some connexion between his present conduct and our prank of Thursday. I was about to leave the appartment to procure the cash he wanted, but I now paused, and, fixing my eyes steadily on him, said—

"Before I comply with your request I have one question to ask."

"I will answer none," was his reply.

Upon this I placed my back against the door, and retorted on him in a peremptory tone—

"You must not leave this room till you have given an answer to one question."

He seemed struck by the determination of my manner, and, after some hesitation, desired to know on what subject I wished to interrogate him?

"Tell me," said I, "if that which disturbs you was communicated to you yesterday?"

"It was," he replied.

"Did you hear of it before you went home at night?"

He wildly asked—"Why do you ask—why, why? No, it was not told to me before I went home at bed-time."

I now, continued B., felt convinced of that which before I had, I know not why, suspected, and I went on to say—"W., you must yet answer me a third question:—Does that which has moved you arise out of anything that you were told about two gentlemen from Macclesfield?"

On being thus addressed, he ran up to me with an air of wildness not to be described, seized my coat, and impetuously exclaimed—

"Good God! what do you mean? Yes, it was!"

I then told him to be calm; and added, "it was I and A. called, and by way of a joke left that message."

He looked greatly amazed; a crowd of thoughts seemed running through his mind, and being scarcely able to stand, he threw himself on the sofa in great disorder, completely overcome by his feelings, and remained for some time incapable of speech. What he could have imagined, or what may be the cause of conduct so extraordinary, I cannot guess. In the course of our conversation he assured me, in the most positive manner, that he was not leaving the country in consequence of anything that could be thought dishonourable; and that he was not flying from the officers of justice, or seeking to avoid danger of that sort. How singular the accident! Had he applied to any one else, excited as he was, he might have carried his point without being questioned, and have been, through a joke, an exile to his country for life. No person in existence but yourself could have prevented his flight by supplying the requisite information, and it might not have occurred to you to put those questions which I happened to ask."

The writer knew Mr W. for many years subsequently, but no explanation of this strange affair was ever given. Beyond the annoyance of the moment he is not aware that Mr W. in any way suffered through it, but consequences more serious than those which seemed likely to grow out of it have seldom been seen in real life as the result of what was meant to be a perfectly friendly and harmless joke. It was thought prudent never to make the incident a topic of conversation. Silence has been observed for more than twenty years, but the grave having closed over the lamented individual whom it concerned, the incident is no longer deemed a secret.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Letter IV.

The soil serves very important purposes. In the first place it gives mechanical support to the developed plant; secondly, it forms a fruitful reservoir of food for the plant; and thirdly, protects the germinating seed from the light at a period when the chemical rays would be injurious. The soil consists of organic and inorganic matter. The first consists of the decayed and decaying vegetables which have previously tenanted the spot, or have been transported there. The decayed portion is termed humus. It serves not only as a support, but also, during its formation, gives off water and carbonic acid to the plant with which it is in contact. The inorganic portions consist of numerous metallic salts and oxides, derived principally from the various rocks in the neighbourhood.

Throughout the great field of nature a continual succession of important changes is taking place—not merely in organic bodies, but also in inorganic matter. Thus, the vast rock which for centuries has reared its head, apparently undiminished in size, is day by day gradually yielding portions of its mighty bulk, for the purpose of renewing the soils in the neighbourhood. Many causes produce the gradual disintegration of rocks. Thus, in winter, the water which has found its way into the smallest crevices becomes frozen, and during expansion exerts a power sufficient to drive asunder the largest masses. In the heat of summer also, the expansion of water produces a similar effect. The masses thus broken off are acted upon by moisture and atmospheric air; and although the various substances are, in the first instance, insoluble in water, yet, in time, decomposition takes place, and, instead of the insoluble silicates, we have formed soluble carbonates of the various alkaline bases; and thus the rock itself in time is taken up by the plant in solution. After the various soluble salts have been dissolved,

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and either taken up by the plant, or washed away, nothing is left but a fine powder, consisting of silica and humus, with undecayed woody fibre.

The quality, both mechanical and chemical, of the different soils depends very much upon the relative amount of the organic and inorganic materials, and also of the peculiar salt present in abundance.

The following table, taken from the celebrated work of Sprengal, the German physiologist, gives an analysis of three soils, and will serve as a sample of the composition of soils in general.

Silica and fine sand -	94,998	92,980	96,721
Alumina - - -	610	820	370
Oxides of iron - -	1,080	1,666	480
Oxide of manganese -	263	188	trace
Lime, with silica -	141	748	5
Magnesia - - -	208	168	80
Potash - - -	50	65	trace
Soda - - -	44	130	36
Phosphoric acid - -	86	246	trace
Sulphuric acid - -	41	trace	trace
Chlorine (in salt) - -	4	trace	58
Humic acid - - -	400	764	800
Humus containing nitrogen - - - -	2,070	2,225	1,450
	100,000	100,000	100,000

In light soils, silica abounds. In heavy, loamy soils, alumina predominates. To certain vegetables, such as the bulbous roots, the first soil is most adapted. Good potatoe soils have been found to consist of seven-eighths of sand. These descriptions of soils do not readily absorb or retain water—another grand desideratum in the growth of the potatoe. Wheat, on the contrary, requires an absorbent soil. Thus we have often found good wheat soil containing at least forty-five per cent. of clay, which is principally alumina. As the soil is principally obtained and is constantly renewed from the neighbouring rocks — so its fertility and nature must be powerfully influenced by the contiguous formations. Not only so, but also the nature of the substratum must interfere much with the fertility or unproductiveness of the superincumbent earth. Thus, a sandy soil may in some situations produce such plants as elsewhere a soil of the same chemical constitution would not rear, merely because the substratum retained water, and prevented the rapid filtration which is so common to sandy formations: also, a damp, clayey loam may be exceedingly fertile when placed on a sandy substratum.

No man should take a farm, or purchase an estate, without knowing the nature of the substratum as well as of the superstrata.

Engravings of Costumes.—In the collection of prints of Louis Philippe, the division allotted to the costumes of all nations contains 36,973 plates, 11,991 being costumes of France in different ages.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND AND RUSSIA.—Part VI.

(For the Mirror.)

In 1826 an imported tendency of this sort towards liberty, and the expression of political sentiment, displayed itself in open rebellion among the veteran soldiers of the miltary colonies, and these have in consequence been since discontinued. Supposing that Russia should, therefore, ever so far forget her true interests as to wage a war of conquest against any of the larger powers of Europe, she might be liable to have her very strength converted into weakness, for her soldiers being chiefly slaves, any Austrian or Prussian proclamation offering to the invaders liberty, land, and adoption, could scarcely fail to find such an offer joyfully accepted. It would, indeed, be contrary to all the principles which govern human nature to suppose that an already-discontented army should, under such circumstances, prefer the slavery and snows of Russia, to liberty, land, and sunshine in a more southern climate. Were a traveller to judge of the Russian army by the choice regiments of guards which are pompously exhibited in their best habiliments in St Petersburg, an impression might be entertained of enormous military power; but the slovenly, uncouth-looking troops that are always to be seen lounging in the towns of the provinces, are as much calculated to undo that impression; and of such the army is chiefly composed. The imperial guards here, though perhaps scarcely equal in point of stature to the finest Austrian regiments, are much more fortunate in the colour of their uniform, and the effect of their dark-green jackets, faced with red, is both harmonious and military. The Emperor Paul's regiment, called the Paulonsky, is readily distinguished by the huge brass plates which front their caps, and these appear to have acted as targets during several campaigns, as many of them bear the honourable marks of ball practice. Through very many of these brazen fronts one ball has passed, through some of them two, and even three marks may occasionally be seen. In addition to these very striking proofs of service, Russian soldiers are generally loaded with medals to an extent that seems quite unnecessary to our English ideas; for it appears that, in addition to a badge for every successful campaign or personal act of valour, a medal is awarded to all soldiers of good character for each ten years of service. If the army of Russia amounts, as is stated, to seven or eight hundred thousand men, it is also proper to consider that even this array is not greater, in proportion to the amount of her population, than the armies of other countries of Europe, and is even smaller

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when considered in reference to the vast extent of her territory, and the discordant materials she has to keep in subjection.

To concentrate any very considerable army on a given point beyond her frontiers it would be necessary that a large proportion of the troops should march several thousand miles perhaps, thus leaving a clear field for insurrectionary movements in any discontented district behind them.

However earnestly the ambition of Russia may look towards India, Great Britain will prove equal to its defence. Indeed, the possession of India by England is, if properly considered, not altogether a British question, but is a matter of the highest interest to the world at large, as the commerce of that country has long been freely open to all nations under our reciprocity treaties.

All the frontier custom houses of Russia are said to be furnished with a list of prohibited books, as well as of proscribed individuals, who may not enter the country; and the latter list is alleged to have a perpetual tendency to increase from this ludicrous circumstance:—that the names of all the dead democrats and philosophers are still continued on the list along with those of the living, and even that of Voltaire is said still to occupy its place among the excluded.

The slender beauties of Russian scenery offer few inducements for foreign travellers to visit the country; and the beauties of the "human face divine" are, if possible, still more rare, the features of the people being generally coarse and their complexions almost universally sallow. If the advent of the beautiful Princess of Galitzin to the circles of fashion in London has created an impression there that such beauty is of frequent occurrence in the empire it would be as incorrect a conclusion as to suppose that its females generally were as talented as the celebrated Princess Lieven.

To any English lady, having prematurely lost the first freshness of her youthful beauty, Russia might be recommended as a country where persons of even a certain age might take rank at least ten years under what the vulgar parish registers testify against them. Whether it may arise from the severity of the climate, stove-heated apartments, or want of familiarity with the fresh air, I know not, but all persons agreed in stating that Russian ladies require (to judge by our English standard) the premature appearance of age. Indeed, an English gentleman, who has been many years resident in Russia, assured me that he would undertake to pass any English lady, who carried her age moderately well, as fifteen years younger than she really was.

Among the more striking features of St Petersburg are, doubtless, its ice hills, vapour baths, and wooden pavements; of the first of these we were only able to see the skeleton inclined planes on which in winter sheets of ice are placed, and over these water is poured till the whole is converted into a solid mass. Then is the time, with a temperature below zero, for gentlemen to evince their gallantry by attaching themselves to the cars of the goddesses of the ice, while the ladies assume either courage or timidity, according as one or the other may be supposed to render them most attractive to their worshippers.

As regards the vapour bath, the public one being the most favourable for seeing this national peculiarity in all its glory, I followed the *valet de place* into it, and the scene which there presented itself was sufficiently novel;—on the sloping benches not less than twenty or thirty persons of low rank were reclining at length in the full enjoyment of vapour and soap-suds, for many had been carefully frothed over as though they were about to undergo the operation of being shaved. Within this room there was another, where the heat and vapour were much more intense, but I had not sufficient resolution to undergo the sweltering influence of its atmosphere. These baths are indulged in weekly by even the poorest of the Russians.

Another peculiarity which strikes the eye here is the very long leather traces which intervene between the shaft horses of a carriage and the leaders, often amounting to a space of not less than ten or twelve feet. On one of the leading horses a juvenile postilion always sits, who, from his distance, might perhaps rather be considered as an *avant courier* of the party. This youth commonly endeavours to manage the horses by his voice rather than the whip, and the shouts which he gives on turning corners are rather startling. The showy luxury of driving four horses and using ridiculously long traces is, we were informed, according to the law of Russia, confined to the nobility, and a native slave merchant, however wealthy, would incur more than odium by doing so.

In conclusion of these notes I shall take leave to repeat an anecdote founded on the unpronounceable nature of some of the Russian names:—An English gentleman at a dinner-party, wishing to take wine with a Russian nobleman who sat opposite to him, inquired the name of his next neighbour, who had also forgotten it, but told the inquirer that if he would sneeze twice and cough once the Russian would immediately know who he meant. The name was Ptchikoff, or something like it.

C.

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GARDENING HINTS.

Flower Garden.—Every week now tells more or less on the appearance of the flower gardens; leaves from above and worms from below, with short days and long cold nights, will keep people busy until the frost settles the business for the season. Mr Smith, of Ipswich, author of a treatise on cucumbers and on peach-trees, called in the other day, and told me that chalk lime *will* kill worms if it is first slacked, but that its caustic properties are destroyed if mixed with the water before it is slacked. His directions for using lime-water are very judicious: watch for a rainy day or two, which will bring the worms to the surface, then roll the ground well in the afternoon, and the worms will make fresh holes in the night; and next morning pour large quantities of lime-water all over the surface; the ground being firm by the rolling the greatest portion of the lime-water will find its way through the fresh worm-holes and kill every one of them that it reaches

Kitchen Garden.—The continued fine weather has been very favourable to all operations in the kitchen garden, and also to the crops. The large crops of onions have been safely harvested, and look as if they would keep well. Potato-lifting time will be coming on by-and-by; but it is not a good plan to dig them up too early on light soils; neither is it safe to put off the work long on heavy lands, for if we should have unfavourable weather the ground is much damaged by the operation. Now that the farmers and gleaners have cleared the fields, and left little for the rats, they will begin to prowl about the garden and outhouses, and if you let them breed near you it is difficult to get rid of them.

Crops.—Except the usual course of salading, there is very little sowing to be done for some time; and as soon as the spring lettuces and late cauliflower plants are pricked or planted out, little more will be needed in the planting way for a long time, except among the market-gardeners, who will still plant out a large breadth of plants for late coleworts. If, therefore, a few endive plants are kept blanched, and the celery rows not let grow too long without moulding up, you may turn your attention to getting forward such work as will forward you in the spring. Your cropping book will tell you what plots want trenching, and to what depth: never trench twice the same depth.

Orchard.—It is not too much to say that young fruit-trees should never rest more than two years without being taken up and replanted nearer the surface, till they are 12 or 15 years old. After they have attained to a medium state of growth, the intervals of transplanting may run to three or four years; this is much better than allowing them to run half wild in the first instance, and then use severe and unnatural means to correct them afterwards. Nonpareil and other tender apple-trees infected with canker, or otherwise unhealthy, may be improved by being taken up and replanted in fresh soil, using some turfy compost about their roots, their young growth pruned off two-thirds of its length, and firmly tied up to stakes till they get a fresh hold on the soil. Early autumn pruning is the life and soul of delicate fruit-trees, not excepting even the peach.

Mulberry.—Lop off a straight branch, at least eight feet long, from a large tree in March, the nearer the trunk the better; clear away every little branch, and leave it quite bare; dig a hole four feet deep, plant the naked branch, and make it firm in the ground; leave around it a little basin of earth to hold water, and if the season be dry give it every morning a bucketful of water throughout the summer. In two years it will have made a good head and will bear fruit.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

LOW FARES TO WOOLWICH.

Great efforts are made from week to week to bring the ancient town of Woolwich nearer to the capital, or what is almost the same thing, to enable the Londoners to reach it more expeditiously and with less expense. An association called the 'Watermen's Company' lately announced an arrangement to have been made with the Blackwall Railway Company, by which passengers were conveyed from London in the first-class carriages of the latter, and in the saloon of the vessel, for 8d.; and in the second-class carriages, and the fore-cabin, for 6d., in half an hour!

This change had no sooner been made public, than the Old Woolwich Boat Company announced that they would not allow their opponents to enjoy a monopoly of the traffic below bridge, and accordingly reduced the fare of their fast-sailing steamboats to 6d. and 4d. The facilities now afforded for going and returning are more than beginning to be felt at Woolwich. That town, which at no distant period cost a two hours' journey, and eighteenpence outside the stage, may be accomplished in a fourth of the time, under cover, for a third of the money, and even less. Building is going on very fast in the town and its vicinity, and dwelling-houses, churches, chapels, Catholic places of worship, public-houses and hotels spring up from day to day in every direction. However dingy the aspect of the old town, the attraction of its arsenal, dockyard, repository, military exercises and reviews, to say nothing of its counting almost weekly Royal personages and celebrated commanders among its visitors, exceed those of Greenwich, to which the Londoners have so long done homage, and Woolwich, it has been shown, can be now reached in half the time and at half the expense which it formerly cost to visit its sister holiday resort.

Queen Mary's Chair.—A handsome old chair, covered with velvet, remains in the Lady's chapel in Winchester Cathedral, and is said to have been Queen Mary's seat at her marriage with Philip of Spain, which was solemnized there.

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, ar., six cross-crosslets, fitchée, sa., three, two and one, on a chief, ar., two mullets, or, pierced, gu., for CLINTON; second and third, quarterly; first and fourth, ar., three pelicans, ar., vulned, ppr., for PELHAM; second and third; two demi-belts, with buckles, ar., erect, the buckles in chief as an honorary augmentation, in memory of Sir John Pelham taking JOHN, King of France, prisoner.

Crest. Out of a ducal coronet, gu., a plume of five ostrich's feathers, ar., banded with a line laid chevron ways, ar.

Supporters. Two greyhounds ar., each collared and lined, gu.

Motto. "Loyaulté na honte."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF NEWCASTLE.

GEFFERY DE CLINTON, lord chamberlain and treasurer to King Henry I, grandson to William de Tankerville, Chamberlain of Normandy, and Maud his wife, has been named as the founder of this family. He built the far-famed castle of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, where he much delighted to reside. His progeny ceased with his great grandson. His brother, Osbert de Clinton, had four sons, and it is from the eldest of these, Osbert, who succeeded him, that the present Duke of Newcastle is descended. Osbert had a grant of the lordship of Coleshill from his kinsman Geffery, and from this he was called "of Coleshill." He was succeeded by his son of the same name, who was compromised by his connexion with the rebellion which broke out in the reign of Henry III, but he eventually made his peace with the king, when his estates, which had been seized, were restored.

His son, Thomas de Clinton, who followed him, was one of the justices of assize for the county of Warwick in the same king's reign. He was succeeded by his son and heir, John, who, in the time of Edward I, served that monarch in the wars in France and Scotland. His son, who was also named John, succeeded him, and had the glory of sharing in the triumphs of Edward III and the Black Prince. His eldest son, William, the fourth Lord Clinton, was his successor. Next following him were his son, grandson, and great grandson, all of whom were named John. The son of the last lord, Thomas, died after a three hours' illness of the sweating sickness, and was succeeded by Edward, his only son, who was a distinguished naval commander in the time of Henry VIII, and in the three following reigns. Queen Elizabeth created him Earl of Lincoln, May 4, 1572. His son Henry, grandson Thomas, and great grandson Thomas, were the next wearers of the title. The eldest surviving son of the last, Theophilus, was the fourth Earl. In the civil wars he was a distinguished Royalist, and served the office of carver at the coronation of Charles II. He died in 1667, and was succeeded by his grandson, Edward, the fifth Earl, who dying without issue, in 1692, the barony fell into abeyance, but eventually passed to his cousin, Sir Francis Fiennes Clinton, Knight. He died in the following year, and his elder son, Henry, became the seventh Earl. This nobleman, in the reign of Queen Anne, was one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to George Prince of Denmark; he filled several high offices, and dying in 1728, his eldest son, George, succeeded him, who deceased when but thirteen years of age. His brother Henry then succeeded to the title, and having married, in 1744, Catherine, eldest daughter and heiress of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, in 1768, on the demise of the Countess's uncle, Thomas Pelham Holles, who had been created *Duke of Newcastle-under-Line*, Nov. 13th, 1756, with special remainder to the Earl of Lincoln, he inherited the dukedom. His Grace assumed, by Royal licence, the surname of Pelham, and on his death, in 1794, was succeeded by Thomas the third Duke and tenth Earl. He died May 17th, 1795, when the title came to Henry Pelham Fiennes—Pelham Clinton, the present Duke. He was born Jan. 30th, 1785. His Grace married, July 18th, 1807, Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Miller Mundy, Esq., by whom he has a numerous issue; the eldest son, Henry Pelham Earl of Lincoln, heir to the dukedom, was born May 22nd, 1811. His Grace is a Knight of the Garter and Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Nottingham.

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BRADY, THE BUSHRANGER;

OR REAL LIFE IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

THE enormous volumes from time to time furnished by our colonies to the world, frequently contain scenes of such intense interest, that no page of recognised history, that no admired romance, can surpass; but many of them, lost amidst a variety of details, important but not alluring to ordinary readers, are in a great measure unknown. It is owing to such accidents that in this country comparatively little has been heard of Brady, the bushranger.

Yet no brigand of the stage was involved in greater or fiercer struggles. Matthew Brady seems to have been inspired with the idea of proving himself an Australian or Tasmanian Robin Hood. He was a true theatrical chief of banditti. To repress the ferocity of his associates, to spare the vanquished (with some exceptions), and to respect the feelings of a woman left at his mercy, were the points on which he valued himself. It has been well said of him that he was a remarkable man, and under other circumstances might have been a great one.

Originally he was but a common member of the gang who afterwards recognised him as its chief. He was well and strongly made, with a bold open countenance, agreeable if not handsome. The bushrangers he joined were at that period under the command of one Crawford, a Scotchman. This outlaw had been a midshipman, and aware of the advantages of regular training, he had successfully laboured to introduce discipline among his followers, but did not long survive to witness its success. Having resolved to make an attack on the farm of a Mr G. Taylor, of Valley field, on the Macquarie river, that gentleman and his wife, three sons, and two daughters, at the period of the desperadoes presenting themselves, were on the premises, with a carpenter and another free servant. The house was situated upon a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the plain and river. The brigands made their approach in front, and were soon perceived by the family, who prepared to give them a warm reception. In their progress Crawford captured Mr Taylor's youngest and favourite son, who was judiciously placed by the bushrangers in their front. The family sallied out to encounter their assailants; the outlaws denouncing vengeance, and the murder of their captive, if opposed. Despite, however, the disparity of numbers, and the awful position of his darling boy, Mr Taylor —then seventy-four years of age—resolved to give battle. The banditti mustered thirteen. Opposed to these were Mr Taylor, two of his sons, and one man; for the carpenter was at work at some little distance, and unconscious of what was impending. When the firing commenced, he hastened to ascertain its cause, but was intercepted and bayoneted by Murphy, one of the most sanguinary of the felons.

The prisoner of the gang, young Taylor, when he beheld his father and brothers, sprung upon Crawford, to whom he was linked, endeavouring to throw him. Being both powerful young men, the encounter was equal. Anxiously watching the doubtful struggle, Mr Robert Taylor took aim at Crawford, and fired. Both fell, severely wounded; the piece having been charged with buck-shot or slugs, part took effect upon young Taylor's shoulder, part entered the body of Crawford. The engagement was kept up with fury on both sides, the Misses Taylor charging the fire-arms of their father and brothers as fast as they were discharged. At length the assailants drew off, leaving Crawford and two others, grievously wounded, in the hands of the victors, who in due course consigned them to the last punishment of the law. Young Taylor's life, we may add, was long despaired of, and when he partially recovered it was only to perish by the spears of the aborigines, who surprised him at a stock-run. Upon the discovery of the body, it was found to be penetrated with fourteen lance wounds, and beaten to a mummy. The old gentleman did not long survive the blow, and he and his ill-fated offspring now slumber peacefully side by side.

Brady now became captain of the band. The rapidity and boldness of his enterprises, and the matchless address with which he extricated himself and his followers, at once inspired fear and admiration. His name became celebrated; his intrepidity was lauded, but the excellent information which it was obvious he possessed as to the position of the military, and the means of resistance possessed by those parties whom he resolved to despoil, filled every one with astonishment. He seemed, as if by magic, to command a knowledge of everything that his destined victims deemed it important to conceal.

The secret of this was that a free settler of the name of Farquharson, who moved in respectable society, became his confidential spy. He visited many families of good substance, who little suspected that their friend was the accomplice of the dreaded Matthew Brady. He was reported by the military as one exposed to aggression from the bushrangers. He talked loudly of losses sustained from them. His abode being on the skirts of one of their favourite resorts, he was always on the alert, and, as well as others, conveyed intelligence to the gang of the whereabouts of their pursuers, their numerical force, and the direction in which they were moving; thus rendering it optional with the banditti to avoid or encounter them.

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To check the daring of these outlaws became an object of importance with the government. The soldiers, however, were too conspicuous in their ordinary uniform to have any chance of surprising them. It was thought necessary to give them a different dress, consisting of a grey jacket and trousers, trimmed with fur, kangaroo-skin knapsack, opossum-skin cap, and kangaroo cartouch-box. This garb, in a short time, being made acquainted with the arrangement by Farquharson, the bush-rangers closely copied. Hence mistakes constantly arose. Upon one occasion, a corporal and party of the 40th regiment, under the guidance of Drummond, a constable, the man who decapitated the famous Michael Howe, encountered Brady and his associates in the vicinity of the Shannon Tier. Drummond descried his adversaries, but the corporal positively denied their identity, declaring them to be soldiers. Drummond insisted that he knew several of them personally, and urged the corporal not to approach rashly. The fated man, however, was so convinced of their being members of his own regiment, that he advanced singly to meet them. Murphy (perhaps the most blood-thirsty of Brady's associates) stepped forward, presenting his piece, which he was in the habit of boasting never failed him. In this instance its aim was but too true, for the victim reeled, and fell mortally wounded. After a short conflict, the soldiers fled, and Murphy returned to the corporal, who was bleeding and breathing upon the ground. Under pretence of putting the sufferer out of pain, this miscreant placed his musket to his ear, blowing out his brains; an atrocity that excited the indignation of all his comrades, Brady in especial. The scene of this tragedy was near the Lagoon of Islands, and still retains the name of The Soldier's Marsh.

The Shannon, with the immense uninhabited territory of Patrick's Plains, Arthur's Lakes, Lake Echo, and the Great Lake, to fall back upon, has always been a select and favourite resort of bushrangers. Upon the Shannon, the most advanced guard of settlement and civilization, dwelt the family of Mr Myles Patterson, which comprised, at that period, the father, mother, four sons, and two daughters. The situation is one of great natural beauty, the dwelling house being erected upon the margin of the ample crystal river; a magnificent lawn, of truly park-like appearance, with clusters of large and ornamental trees, spreading out right and left, whilst the mountains girdle it in all around—forming as it were a stupendous, but charming basin.

From its peculiar position, Hunteraton (as Mr Patterson's estate is named) became the frequent head-quarters of military parties. Upon a particular morning, one of these had marched in quest of the brigands, leaving the family to pursue their usual avocations. Many hours had not elapsed, when one of the young ladies was alarmed at the sight of armed men passing the windows; she ran into the kitchen to mention the circumstance to her elder brother, who chanced to be there. To spring to the door and bolt it was the natural and instinctive act. Scarce had this been done, ere a gentle tapping ensued.

"Who's there?" was the query from within.

"Don't be alarmed," replied a soft voice from without; "it is only the soldiers returned for a little more tea and sugar."

"Oh, is that all?" responded the querist, and instantly undid the door, when four or five men, with muskets levelled, rushed into the house, exclaiming—

"We are bushrangers!"

It would be difficult to depict the surprise—the terror of the astonished group. The youngest child, a boy of ten or eleven, absolutely flew to his chamber, ensconcing himself underneath his bed. Observing the terror of the females, Brady civilly addressed them, desiring them to dismiss their fears, as they had nothing whatever to apprehend. The young man who had given them entrance was then pinioned, an operation he did not submit to tamely—remarking, with more spirit than prudence, "That he speedily hoped to have the pleasure of beholding them undergoing a like process."

Brady threateningly answered, "Woe to you this night for that speech!"

The bushrangers had been camped upon a neighbouring height, whence the house with the motions of its inmates and the soldiery were clearly observable. Allowing time for the total departure of the troops, of whose route they were perfectly conversant through their spy, they pounced upon their quarry, making prisoners of such of the family and their servants as were engaged in the fields.

Having obtained the absolute control of the house and its inmates, Brady and Macabe sallied forth to intercept Mr Patterson on his return from the village of Bothwell. As that gentleman was riding leisurely up the picturesque natural avenue that led to his abode, his meditations were abruptly and disagreeably interrupted by the appearance of two armed men, who, advancing from behind the trees, barred his path with fixed bayonets, and an imperative order to stop.

"Your name," said one of them, "is Patterson?"

"It is."

"Mine is Brady!" was the somewhat melo-dramatical response.

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"Indeed," said their prisoner; "I regret to hear it; but, let me entreat that you behave with respect to the females."

"Rest perfectly easy on that score, sir," was Brady's reply; "if any man dared to offer an unbecoming liberty to a lady in my presence, I would instantly shoot him through the head."

They moved towards the house, when Mr Patterson, who had dismounted, observed—

"I wish you would walk slower, or permit me to go on my horse again, for I am sadly troubled with my breath."

"Oh, by all means," replied the outlaw. "Here, Macabe, hold the stirrup, while Mr Patterson remounts."

In this manner they approached the dwelling, Macabe leading the steed, whilst his chief conversed with their prisoner.

The inmates, being assembled, were placed under guard in the kitchen, the banditti ransacking the house of linen, plate, tea, sugar, flour, powder, shot, &c., &c. During this search, the female servant was busied in cooking chops, of which they abundantly partook, regaling themselves moderately with wine and spirits; at no time offering insult or violence to the family, to whose edible wants they were very attentive. At one period a quarrel, which threatened to be violent, arose between Brady and Macabe, but a remark on the want of judgment it showed, restored quiet.

"Pray, Mrs Patterson," inquired one of them, showing that lady a small portion of a watch, "is this your watch?"

"No," said she, putting her hand habitually to her side, "I don't think it is."

"You have a watch, then, it seems; may I trouble you for it?"

Refusal would have been vain. The watch accordingly became the robbers' prize.

"Those are a nice pair of shoes," observed Mackenney, addressing the youth who wished to see them pinioned; "I wonder if they would fit me—take them off."

"I'll see you d—d first," was the bold reply.

"Oh, I'm not above my business," continued the bushranger, "so I'll e'en do it myself;" and he pulled off the shoes accordingly.

"I wish you would return me my fowling-piece," said the second son to Cody; "it was the gift of a cousin in England, and we hav'nt a gun to destroy the parrots or cockatoos."

"Why," replied Cody, "you should have it willingly were I master; but I'm only a follower. I'll speak for you, though." And he did.

"Is it your gun, Master John?" inquired Brady; who, upon being informed that it was, replied, "Oh, very well, you shall have it—we don't want it—a musket for us!"

The gun was accordingly restored, but upon examining the lock, which had previously been removed, no side-nail could be found, and Master John declaring that a gun without a side-nail was useless, these extraordinary characters spent some time in search of the missing article—John having affirmed that the gun had the side-nail when it fell into their hands. At length, Brady discovered the nail in the stock, which being deposited in one quarter, the lock in another, and the barrel in a third, the banditti withdrew, first cautioning the family not to attempt raising an alarm before morning.

Some time after this the military obtained certain information of the bush-rangers' bivouac in that vicinity. In consequence, a party set out one evening from Hunterston, where they crossed the Shannon. Their guide was either ignorant or treacherous, for whilst the soldiers imagined they had been marching miles in advance, they had unfortunately merely been describing a circle. Suddenly, in the dark, they came upon a light; apprehensive lest their prey should escape, they waited impatiently for the morning's dawn to enable them to attack their foes with certainty; but when the morning did break, judge of their surprise at beholding Hunterston, whence they had departed the previous evening, and whose lights had filled them with so much anxious hope and expectation. They, however, renewed their march, but Brady's star was still in the ascendant. The brigand chief had strayed some short distance from his comrades, whose destruction seemed almost inevitable. Crouched securely in the underwood, the outlaw's ears were suddenly greeted with the unwelcome tread of a considerable body of men. A lightning glance assured him of their character and destination. Like the hunted deer, he threaded the forest, passing by a shorter cut, and withdrew his band with promptitude and silence. So effectual was his retreat, that the *spolia opima* of the pursuers consisted of the fragments of that feast wherewith the bush-rangers had been regaling themselves.

Many of Brady's adventures were of so ludicrous a character that they bore more the appearance of scenes in a drama than the stern achievements of an actual brigand. His feat at Pitt Water, for instance, partakes much more largely of the ludicrous than the terrible. The gang had become possessed of the premises of Mr Robert Bethune, on a day that he expected his brother Walter, Mr Bunster, and one or two more visitors from Hobart Town. In due time the guests arrived, during a heavy

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shower of rain, being received by Brady and his party, who took their horses, ushered them into the *salon à manger*—where they did the honours with the most imperturbable gravity, some time elapsing ere the gentlemen became aware of the position in which they were placed.

In the plunder which ensued, Mr Walter Bethune was deprived of a brooch containing some hair. This having fallen into Brady's hands, he inquired out its owner, to whom he restored it, remarking, "Some love-token, perhaps, which I should be sorry to deprive any gentleman of." Dinner over, the guests and other captives, to the number of eighteen, were tied together two and two, and then marched to the gaol at Sorrel, which they reached just as Mr Gunn's party of soldiers, who had been out the whole day in quest of the outlaws, were in the act of cleaning their firelocks. Their surprise, consequently, was complete; their arms became the spoils of the enemy, whilst they themselves were most unceremoniously thrust into durance. The gaoler having escaped, fled to the abode of Mr Garratt, the district surgeon, whither Lieutenant Gunn had retired after his day's march. Mr Gunn immediately resumed his arms, and had scarcely gone out of the house, ere he encountered several of the gang, at whom he was taking aim, when the contents of one of their muskets (Murphy's, it is said) tore his right arm to pieces above the elbow, rendering amputation imperative. Several shots were fired, and Captain Glover, a retired officer, approaching the scene of action to learn the state of affairs, was seized, disarmed, and incarcerated.

Their prisoners secured, the main body of the bushrangers withdrew, leaving a sentry posted, to whom they loudly (and audibly to their prisoners), gave the most sanguinary orders in case of any attempt at escape; at the same time commanding him to observe the utmost respect, should their captivity be borne patiently.

(To be concluded next week.)

BUYING A BARGAIN IN ONE'S SELF.

One of the best bits of shrewdness we have lately seen from the other side of the Atlantic, is the story told by a fair letter-writer of the purchase of a slave. It seems to be common in "the land of genuine liberty" to sell a "man *running*." That means, should the party offered for sale have run away, he is sold for less than his supposed value to a purchaser who is content to take the risk of finding or not finding his property. A slave, named Zeek, was in this way bought by a speculator, who was sometime afterwards seen in Philadelphia, making inquiries after his property within the hearing of a man of colour, called after our great lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, who had hinted that he could give some valuable information on the subject.

"I know him very well," said Samuel; "as well as I do myself; he's a good-for-nothing chap; and you'll be better without him than with him." "Do you think so?" "Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog; and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get." After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the coloured man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that everything was in due form, he inquired, "And is Zeek now free?" "Yes, entirely free." "Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?" "Not any more than he could take me," said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said, "Your servant, sir; I am Zeek."

AN AWFUL BORE; OR, THE AVENGING WAVE.

To trace the word "bore," as now familiarly used, would perhaps puzzle the most accomplished Priscian of the day. Few people, however, are aware that in one part of the world facts and circumstances are connected with the expression that give it an awful meaning, and render it a terrifying sound in the ears of men who in common affairs are among the boldest of the bold.

There is a bay on the western coast of Ireland, in which at times there, and there only, certain conjunctions of wind and tide produce an elemental uproar of astonishing violence and extraordinary character, which is called not jestingly, but in all solemnity, "A bore." There rush the waters, the wind is heard in all its hoarseness, the lightnings flash, and the thunder roars. The superstitious mariners assert it to have originated in the crime of a fisherman named Shea, who having captured a mermaid which could speak, though she pathetically prayed for mercy, relentlessly put her to death. This murder extraordinary, was speedily punished. The very next time Shea left the bay, the spirit of the mermaid rose in "the avenging wave," or "bore," as it is generally called, against him and his vessel. Conscience stricken, the guilty one endeavoured to make for land, but in vain. He and those who were with him found a watery grave. Even this was not suffi-

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cient to appease the *manes* of the murdered mermaid, and to this day the appearance of any of the posterity of Shea on the face of the deep near that bay, is said to rouse her ire, and in company with a Shea few fishermen like to sail. Several persons who have treated this as an idle fancy, and held themselves superior to the fear inspired, are said to have paid dearly for their temerity, being bodily swallowed by the insatiable "avenging wave."

ON MR MOON, THE QUEEN'S PRINTSELLER, BECOMING SHERIFF OF LONDON.

Sheriff Moon of the City folk has the best wishes;
Wherever he moves a warm welcome awaits,
Because they look forward to exquisite *dishes*
From one who has shown such *good taste* in his *plates*.

Reviews.

Antiquities of Highgate.

In the review of Mr Prickett's book, the 'History and Antiquities of Highgate,' in the 'Mirror' of July the 8th, we promised a further notice, which want of room has hitherto prevented. Where he speaks of the ancient roads it seems preposterous to imagine, seeing what we now see, that a difficulty in finding a good road to travel so short a distance as from London to Highgate should ever have been experienced. We formerly showed, from an enactment of the time of Henry VIII, that his favourite hunting and shooting manor lay in this direction. Mr Prickett gives the following curious particulars. The writers quoted are Dr Stukeley and Norden.

"'The ancient road by Copenhagen wanting repair, induced passengers to make this gravelly valley become much larger than in Cæsar's time. The old division runs along the road between Finsbury and Holborn division, going in a straight line from Gray's Inn's Lane to Highgate; its antiquity is shown in its name—Madan Lane.' This is the oldest account extant. The following, however, is nearly as interesting:—

"'The auncient Highwaie to High Bernet from Portepoole, now Gray's Inn, as also from Clerkenwell, was through a lane on the east of Pancras church, called Longwitch Lane, from thence leaving Highgate on the west, it passed through Tallingdone Lane, and so to Crouche ende, and thence through a Parke called Hornsey great Parke to Muswell Hill, Coanie Hatch, Fryarne Barnet, and so to Whetstone, which is now the common highwaie to High Barnet.

"'This auncient highwaie was refused of wayfaring men and carriers, by reason of the deepness and dirtie passage in the winter season: in regard whereof it was agreed betweene the Bishop of London and the countrie that a new waie should bee layde forth through the said Bishops Parkes, beginning at Highgate Hill, to lead (as now is accustomed) directly to Whetstone, for which new waie all cartes, carriers, packmen, and such like trauellers yeelde a certaine tole vnto the Bishop of London, which is fermed (as is said at this daie) at 40*l.* per annum, and for that purpose was the gate erected on the hill, that through the same all traueillers should passe, and be the more aptlie staide for the same tole.'"

"The name of Highgate was given to this healthy village," says Morden, "from the establishment of a gate at the top of the hill to collect the toll for the Bishop." Speaking of the healthfulness of Highgate, the same authority adds—"Upon this hill is most pleasant dwelling, yet not so pleasant as healthful, for the expert inhabitants there report that divers who have been long visited by sickness not curable by physicke, have in a short time repayred their health by that sweet salutarie aire."

Whittington's stone, at the foot of Highgate hill, which has the romantic legend attached to it of that celebrated mayor, when a boy, travelling up and listening to the bells of Bow, which he fancied said—"Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," and which made him retrace his steps, and led to his fortune. A stone, says tradition, was placed on the spot, by desire of Whittington, to assist the traveller to mount his horse at the foot of the hill. The stone which at present occupies the site has upon it the following inscription:—

WHITTINGTON'S STONE.

Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

1397	. . .	Richard II.
1409	. . .	Henry IV.
1419	. . .	Henry V.

Sheriff in 1393.

The following anecdote is worth repeating:—

"Some idea of the wealth of Sir R. Whittington, and the little value he set on money, may be inferred from the following circumstance:—At an entertainment given to King Henry V at Guildhall, after his conquest of France, the king was much pleased with a fire which Sir Richard had caused to be made of choice woods, mixed with cinnamon, cloves, and other spices and aromatics. The knight said he would endeavour to make it still more agreeable to his Majesty, and immediately tore and burnt in that fire the king's bond of 10,000 marks, due to the Mercers' Company, and divers others to the amount of 60,000*l.* sterling, an immense sum in those days.*"

* "Sir Richard Whittington was interred in the church of St Michael, and had a splendid monument erected to his memory by his executors. Thomas Mountain held the rectory, with the mastership, when the college was dissolved (the site is now Paternoster Church), and possessed by an ungovernable spirit of avarice and folly, imagined that immense treasures were deposited with the body, which he determined to convert to his own use. With this sacrilegious intent he opened the tomb, where he found nothing but the body wrapped in lead. Vexed at his disappointment, he stripped the lead from the

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There were and are several remarkable buildings in Highgate, viz.,—Arundel House, now extant, the place of imprisonment of Lady Arabella Stuart in 1611, and the scene of the last moments of that great luminary, Lord Bacon, in 1626; Cromwell House, built by the Protector in 1630, as a residence for General Ireton, who married the Lord Protector's daughter; Lauderdale House, built 1600, many years the residence of the Earls Lauderdale. The celebrated mistress of Charles II seems to have resided there:

"Lauderdale House was formerly the residence of Nell Gwynne, mistress of Charles II, and mother of the first Duke of St Alban's. It appears, Nell Gwynne was desirous of obtaining a title for her son, which for a long time she had been unsuccessful in gaining. The father, Charles II, being there, she held the child out of the window, saying, 'If you do not do something for him, I will drop it.' He immediately replied, 'Save the Earl of Barford!'"

The mansion-house, built by Inigo Jones for Sir W. Ashurst, Lord Mayor of London, 1694, with its chesnut staircase, noble doorway, and tapestried chambers, was formerly the subject of admiration; it was taken down in 1830, and the new church erected on the site.

The old custom of swearing in at Highgate continues to this day, and each of the older public houses keep the horns ready. We all have heard the old jocular inquiry, "Have you been sworn at Highgate?" The manner of honouring this old custom is as follows:—The horns are fixed on a pole about five feet in height, near the person about to be sworn, who is required to take off his hat, all present doing the same. The landlord, or person appointed, proclaims aloud—

"'Upstanding and uncovered! silence!' Then he addresses himself to the person he swears in, thus:—'Take notice what I now say unto you, for that is the first word of your oath,—mind that! You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father; I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son (or daughter). If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same; and now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well; but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it yourself. For you must not say you have no money when you have, neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friends' pockets, for I shall search you as well as them; and if it is found that you or they have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cozen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, except you like the brown the best; you must not drink small beer while you can get strong, except you like the small the best; you must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid the best, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both. And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice:—keep from all houses of ill repute, and every place of public resort for bad company; beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress; keep from thieves of every denomination. And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine, for if you fail to do so, you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself. So now, my son, God bless you! kiss the horns, or a pretty girl if you see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate.' If a female be in the room, she is usually saluted; if not, the horns must be kissed—the option was not allowed formerly. As soon as the salutation is over, the swearer in commands 'Silence!' and then addressing himself to his new-made son, he says 'I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going through Highgate, and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two. God save the King!' This important privilege of the freemen of Highgate was first discovered by one Joyce, a blacksmith, who a few years ago kept the Coach and Horses, and subjoined the agreeable information to those 'he swore in.'"

We now take our leave of this interesting book.

bones; and the worthy mayor was then raised and buried a second time by those who valued his memory."

Miscellaneous.

HIGH CHARGES ON THE SOUTHAMPTON RAILROAD.—Before the age of railways, the ordinary price for an outside seat on the coach from London to Portsmouth or Southampton used to be 10s. It was the usual fare by the Red Rover Southampton coach, one of the quickest and best coaches out of London. The fares by this railway to Southampton have risen to 20s., 14s., and 8s. respectively for the three classes of carriages. To Winchester the fares are 17s. 6d., 12s., and 6s. 6d., though the distance is but sixty-four miles. The cheapest mode, that is, by the third class carriages, is only available once in the day, at seven in the morning at each terminus of the railway. The rates by the second class carriages average rather more than five miles for a shilling in long distances, and are therefore more than double the go-

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neral omnibus fares in London. Throughout the metropolis you are carried by the omnibuses from five to eight miles for sixpence. There seems to be no principle in assessing the fares—the more you use this railway, the *higher* the rate. Not only in the charges, but in the state of the carriages, is the management short-sighted. Unlike the second-class carriages on other railways, which are separated by three or more partitions, those used on this are open from end to end. Thus the seats at the end receive the most pitiless currents of wind and rain—air at all times—seasoned with the cinders from the engine. These seats expose the occupants much more to the chances of cold even than the wholly open third class carriages. These latter are open at the foot, and are as little comfortable as it is possible for them to be. —*Athenæum.*

The Gatherer.

Epilogue Writing.—In former days the tone of an epilogue differed materially from that which is now commonly used. Ben Jonson, in his epilogue to 'Cynthia's Revels,' thus rudely deals with his audience:—

"To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
To promise better, when the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not anything.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
'*By God 'tis good, and if you like 't, you may!!*'"

Swedish Discoveries.—It is mentioned in a letter from Stockholm that a Swedish brig, freighted by an English firm at Port Philip to visit the small islands of the Pacific, touched at some islands not to be found in the maps, which the captain took possession of in the name of the King of Sweden. The inhabitants were a mild race, ignorant of the use of iron, and ready to give a turtle for a rusty nail.

A Portable Light-house.—An invention has recently been made, for showing the position of a ship in danger, and directing the movements of persons attempting to give assistance from the shore. It consists of a composition, which gives a very distinct and brilliant light, and has been tried with success at the Goldstone, where the 'Pegasus' was wrecked.

Day's Windguard.—Mr Day has submitted to us an invention for preventing that greatest of nuisances—a smoky chimney. It consists of a cap, to be placed on the top of the chimney, in which the openings whereby the smoke passes are guarded by plates of metal, in such a way that the smoke, instead of being driven by the wind down into the chimney, is blown out at the sides of these projecting plates.

An Argument in Favour of Female Preaching.—Some remarks having been made by Dr Adam Clark unfavourable to the assumption of the ministerial office by the fair sex, he was asked, "If an *ass* reproved Balaam, and a *barn-door fowl* reproved Peter, why shouldn't a *woman* reprove sin?"

Funereal Rebuses.—The chapels in Winchester cathedral abound in rebuses, of which an amusing collection might be made. To commemorate Bishop Langton, there is the *long* musical note inserted in a *tun*; and a *vine* growing out of a *tun*, represents his see of Winton. Prior Hentun is represented by a *hen* on a *tun*, and Prior Silkstede by a *skein of silk* and a *steed*.

The Prince of Wales in Egypt.—An Egyptian juggler establishes a pool of ink in a boy's hand, who, looking into it while the conjuror burns incense, is supposed to see and to correctly describe any individual named. On one occasion lately the Prince of Wales was summoned to appear, and was described as a middle-aged man with mustaches, but no beard, white trowsers, black coat, straw hat, in short, the usual dress of the Franks of Cairo!

Ottar of Roses.—This perfume is said to have been discovered by accident. Nur-Iaham, the favourite wife of the Mogul, among her other luxuries had a small canal of rose water; as she was walking with the Mogul upon its banks they perceived a thin film upon the water, it was an essential oil made by the heat of the sun. They were delighted with its exquisite odour, and means were immediately taken for preparing by art a substance like that which had been thus fortuitously produced.—*Southey's Omniana.*

Nests of Coffins.—In a recent description of New York we are told warehouses of ready-made coffins stand beside warehouses of ready-made clothing, and the shroud is sold with spangled opera dresses. Nay, you may chance to see exposed at sheriff's sales, in public squares, piles of coffins, like nests of boxes, one within another.

Possessed of the Devil.—Two cases of individuals considered to be possessed, Bishop Parkhurst gives as having occurred in his time, and of which there could be no manner of doubt. A certain young Dutch woman, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, a servant of the preacher of the church at Norwich, was, during a whole year, miserably vexed by Satan. In all her temptations, however, and dilacerations, she continued steadfast in the faith, and withstood the adversary with more than manly fortitude. At last, by God's help, the devil being overcome, left her, and almost at the same instant attacked the son of a certain senator, whom he also tormented in a most incredible manner for

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some weeks together. Public prayers were offered in the city by my direction, and a fast proclaimed until evening. The Lord had mercy also on the boy, and overcame the enemy. The boy was thirteen, or at most fourteen years old, and, for his age, well versed in the Scriptures, which, steadfast in faith, he boldly launched forth against the enemy.

"*Man, know Thyself.*"—It is now many years since that my thoughts have had no other aim and object than myself, that I have only pried into and studied myself; or if I do now and then study any other thing, it is to lay it up for, and to apply it to myself. And I do not think it a fault if, as others do by much less profitable sciences, I communicate what I have learned in this matter; though I am not very well pleased with what progress I have made in it. There is no description so difficult, nor doubtless of so great utility, as that of a man's self.—*Montaigne.*

Hard Reading.—I was reading a French book, where, after I had a long time been dragging over a great many words, so dull, so insipid, so void of all wit, or common sense, that indeed they were only words, after a long and tedious travel I came, at last, to meet with a piece that was lofty, rich, and elevated to the very clouds. Now, had I found either the declivity easy, or the ascent more sloping, there had been some excuse; but it was so perpendicular a precipice, so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first words I found myself flying into the other world, and thence discovered the vale whence I came, so deep and low that I had never since the heart to descend into it any more.—*Ibid.*

The Emperor Paul.—Fits of rage frequently rendered Paul insane. One day, being incensed against England, he ordered a favourite general to march immediately to Calcutta. The commander begged to know which line of march would in his majesty's judgment be the best? Calling for a map of the world, the Emperor soon answered this by drawing a straight line from St Petersburg to Calcutta. The marked map is still in existence. He himself used to liken his paroxysms of fury to explosions of gunpowder. On one occasion he said, "I was in monstrous good humour to-day; my powder magazine (meaning his fits of passion) never blew up."

Prices at Covent Garden Theatre.—The public may now go to the boxes for 3s. 6d., just half the price charged in 1809, which gave the signal for the O. P. war.

Strange Notions. — It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of rose trees, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to receive a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest to blow away the whole colony.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. A., Peterborough," will find the following receipt for etching on brass what he could wish:—Clean a plate that has been well polished, so as to free it from all oxidation; lay upon it a ground, as it is called by engravers, which is made by melting together—

Asphaltum	-	-	1 *ounce.*
White wax	-	-	0½ ,,

and tie this up in a piece of lutestring silk; then heat the plate, so that when the bag containing the ground is rubbed over the surface, the ground will pass through the interstices of the silk. Next take a piece of fine silk or satin, and tie up in it some cotton wool, to make a ball about the size of a large walnut, leaving the tied ends to hold it by. Dab all over the plate, while hot, with this ball, till it lays the ground even over the whole surface, taking care that it is not thicker than a coat of varnish. When this is completed, take a wax-taper, several folds together, so as to make a good flame. Hold the plate, still hot, with its face downwards, and pass the flame of the taper backwards and forwards evenly on the ground of the plate. This will black it to any extent you please, so that you may see clearly what you are etching, taking care not to over-black it, as the face must always shine *with the ground. The plate being cool, etch upon it with any pointed instrument the design required. When that is finished, put round the plate a wax border, so as to contain an acid, which is required to be poured on it; the acid will eat away the metal where the etching has taken place, and it will not touch the part where the ground has not been removed. The acid to be used for copper is nitrous, mixed with three parts water; for iron, a mixture of sulphuric acid and nitric, diluted in the same proportion. When the plate has been sufficiently eaten, or bitten in (as it is called by engravers), remove the wax borders, and clean the plate with spirits of turpentine. It is impossible to direct our correspondent fully on all points, for it would fill a volume; but experience will soon show him how to manipulate, if he begins as above. Etching points, gravers, ground, &c. are to be purchased at all tool shops.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MIRROR.'

SIR,—In the 'Mirror' of Saturday the 20th May last, there is an article headed "A Capitalist," in which it is stated that the late Mr Arkwright far excelled the Rothschilds in wealth

A dispute having arisen between two young persons on this point, I would be obliged for your opinion, in next week's 'Mirror,' as to the truth of the article. It seems that Mr Rothschild offered our government (as the newspapers say) £24,000 yearly to be exempt from the payment of income tax. Now upon calculation it appears that his annual income must be £822,857, for the bare allowance of 7d. in the pound, and I think he would not offer government more income tax than his income would really amount to, and his capital, to produce this income, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, must be £20,571,425.

D. S.

Lancaster, Sept. 23, 1843.

We cannot answer the above question. If any correspondent can do it, his communication will be attended to.

The "Few Words on Death" present nothing new on the subject, and are therefore inadmissible.

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The Mirror

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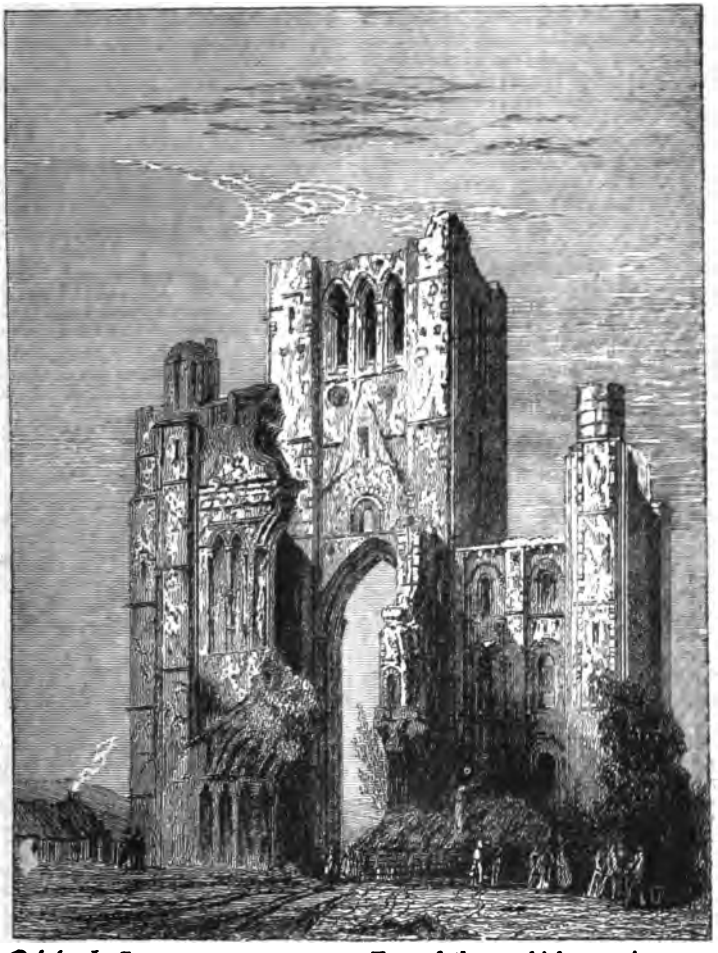

Original Communications.

KELSO ABBEY.

SCOTLAND presents many noble ruins to recal "the olden time," which have been viewed with veneration and awe for centuries after the hands that reared them had become powerless,

"And Time into dust had resolved them again."

Few of those which remain present a nobler aspect than Kelso Abbey, as it is now seen frowning in decay.

This structure was once the abode of the Tyronesian monks, brought over from France during the reign of Alexander the Fierce by his brother, who afterwards ascended the throne, but who, at the time of this importation, was David Earl of

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Cumberland. By his care they were first located at Selkirk; after the death of his brother they removed to Roxburgh, and finally to Kelso, as a more eligible resting place. It was by the advice of John Bishop of Glasgow that this step was taken; and the monastery was founded by David, on the 2nd of May, 1128, and dedicated by him to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St John the Evangelist. He bestowed liberal donations on the house, and exempted its inmates from divers tolls and services; and various privileges were obtained for them through his influence with the Pope, or rather Popes, for more than one occupant of the chair of St Peter was moved in their behalf. The royal foundation was ratified by Innocent II; and Alexander III granted the Abbot the privilege of wearing the mitre, with pontifical robes, and also the right of assisting at all general councils; Innocent III made the same dignitary independent of all episcopal jurisdiction. The Abbot further was granted, by the diocesan of the Bishop of St Andrew's, an exemption from all kinds of tribute, and a right to receive ordinations and the other sacraments from any prelate, either of Scotland or Cumberland.

In those times many individuals joined religious fraternities, not from feelings of devotion, but in the hope of living in joyous indolence. To disappoint the views of such pretenders to sanctity became the solemn duty of really devout men. A feeling of this sort probably caused Bernard d'Abbeville, the framer of the Tyronesian rules, to order that all sorts of handicraft should be performed by the monks of his convent. The avowed object was to guard against the evil thoughts encouraged by idleness; the real one might be to profit from the labour thus exacted. The brethren were obliged to work daily, and the produce of their industry was brought in aid of the general funds of the monastery. Whatever the motive of the Superior, the effect could hardly be other than good.

The establishment was one of considerable importance: a number of churches were held to belong to it, and among them those of Selkirk, Roxburgh, Innerletham, Molle, Sprousion, Hume, Lanlden, Greenlaw, Symprink, with their tithes, and the Sibools of Roxburgh. It was by Malcolm IV, grandson of David I, that the church of Innerletham was granted by charter, in 1159, which confirmed all prior donations.

At the time of the Reformation the revenue of the house was as follow:—In money, 2,501*l.* 16s. 5d. sterling; nine chaldrons of wheat; fifty-two chaldrons, six bolls, and two firlots of beer; forty-one chaldrons, eight bolls, and three firlots of meal; and four chaldrons and three bolls of oats. The monastery, with all its possessions, passed by royal grant from Henry VIII to the Roxburgh family. The original charter of Malcolm IV still exists, being carefully preserved among the archives of that noble house.

Kelso Abbey was considered to be in the Saxon or early Norman style. The noble proportions commanded admiration, but it presented few decorations. When it ceased to be a monastic institution the church was still appropriated to religious exercises. Divine worship was performed in it till within about seventy years of this time. The progress of decay at length rendered it unsafe, and a new building was erected in the churchyard to receive the congregation, which could no longer prudently assemble within the walls of the old abbey. The portions of it yet standing are believed to be a remnant of the original edifice.

The son of King David, a very holy man, about twenty years after Kelso Abbey was founded, became second Abbot of Melrose, and having performed divers miracles while living, he was canonized as St Walter, or Waldeal, after his death.

When William, the ninth abbot, died, in 1209, forty-eight years after the decease of Walter, it was resolved that he should be buried with the saint. The grave of Walter was accordingly opened, when there issued from it a most fragrant odour, and the body and the vestments in which it had been committed to the earth were found entire and undecayed. At a subsequent period, when the tomb was again inspected, the body had crumbled into dust. Some of the small bones were carried away as relics. A knight named William, son to the Earl of Dunbar, and nephew to the King, had the good fortune to possess himself of one of St Walter's teeth, with which he was said to have effected many wonderful cures in cases which the most accomplished leeches of the time had deemed hopeless.

The name of the architect who had the care of the Abbey of Kelso and Melrose is supposed to have been Murdo, or Murow. Part of an inscription preserved in the latter building, Grose gives as follows:—

"JOHN : MUROW : SUM : TYM : CALLIT : WAS : I: AND : BORN : IN : PARYSSE : CERTAINLY : AND : HAD : IN : KEEPING : AL : MASON : MERK? OF SARETAN DROYS : YE : HYE : KYRK? OF = GLASSGW : MELROS : AND PASLAY : OF : NYDDYS DAYLL : AND OF : GALWAY : PRAY : TO GOD : AND MARI : BATH AND"

The two concluding lines were obliterated when the above was copied, but were reported by tradition to have read thus:

"AND : SWEET : ST JOHN : KEEP : THIS : HALY KYRK : FRAE SKAITH."

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DR JUSTUS LIEBIG, IN HIS RELATION TO VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

In page 218 of the present volume of the 'Mirror,' some notice was taken of Dr Mohl's strictures on Professor Liebig. The importance of the question raised induces us to give it some further attention. Mohl remarks:—Dr Liebig expresses his surprise, that in all the works of agronomists and physiologists, one looks in vain for the leading principles of cultivation; nevertheless, at the end of this part of his work, he states that cultivation supplies every plant with that sort of food which it requires for the development of such organs or substances as are most available to man. He further dwells on the means of arriving at that end, viz., the chemical analysis of the inorganic ingredients of soil. But these latter facts, says Dr Mohl, were known long before Liebig, Charles Sprengel having written a series of memoirs, to demonstrate the importance of the inorganic ingredients of the soil. Under this head, Liebig certainly ought to have mentioned the name of Sprengel, and although he has not done so (concludes Dr M.), the history of science will amply repay the omission.

In the last chapter, headed "Rotation and Manures," L. opens the difficult question, why several crops of the same plant will not succeed on the same soil in an uninterrupted succession; and why, therefore, farmers resort to rotation. He thinks De Candolle's theory the best explanation of this, forgetting, it seems, that that course excrementitious theory has no better foundation than bad and injudicious experiments of Macaire Prinsep, the same man who misled De Candolle on other occasions also. Liebig, however (says Dr Mohl), who has no idea that these experiments are fallacious and controverted by all succeeding ones of the same kind, works out this theory in its most minute details, and proves, *à priori* (p. 149), that plants *must* have excrements. He divides the latter into two classes: those, namely, which have been absorbed by the roots, but not being adapted for the nourishment of plants, are again returned to the soil; and secondly, such substances as, having been transformed in the vegetable organism by the process of nutrition, are the result of the formation of starch, woody fibre, gluten, &c. Excrementitious matter of the first class may serve as food for other plants; nay, they may even be essential for that purpose. Those of the second, however, cannot be used by other plants in the formation of woody fibre, &c., until changed into humus, and decomposed into ammonia, carbonic acid, &c.

This theory, says Dr Mohl, is not only destitute of all reasonable foundation, but is directly contradicted by the experience of rotation. There is no known evidence in proof of the existence of such excrementitious matter. It is true, Liebig says, that such *must* be the case, but then he adduces no proof except an ambiguous analogy with the animal kingdom, and forgetting, as he so often does, what he said (page 24), "that analogy is the parent of that unfortunate comparison between vegetable and animal functions which places both on the bed of Procrustes, and is the cause of all error." "There is not," concludes Dr Mohl, "the least necessity for assuming a secretion from roots. If substances formed by vital Processes are of no further use to a plant, they are excreted in the form of gas through the leaves, or deposited in the form of secretion in the glands and other organs, or thrown off with decaying leaves." This theory is, moreover, at variance with the experience of what takes place in the shifting of crops. According to Liebig's views, the excrementitious matter of the second class above-mentioned would not only injure the plants whence it is derived, but could not be assimilated by any others before it is transformed into humus. But experience points quite another way, because the stubble of clover, lucerne, or sainfoin, which is unfit for the growth of those species, will at once produce excellent crops of other plants. If Liebig should attempt to meet this objection by saying that such excrementitious matter cannot be assimilated by the plants whence they are derived, but may be used by others, he will *upset his whole doctrine of vegetable nutrition*, according to which not only all the organic compounds which remain behind after the formation of starch, sugar, &c., but even starch and sugar themselves (and thus all the organic substances of plants) are absolutely deleterious to other plants. It is impossible, therefore, not to arrive at conclusions entirely opposite to those of Liebig, especially if we consider the phenomena of rotation at greater length. The barrenness of soil for the growth of one kind of plant, whilst it is still fertile for others, can only depend (says Dr Mohl) on two causes. The first generation of plants may *exhaust* the soil of such *substances* as are *indispensable to growth*, so that the *second generation* will be *starved*; and this certainly takes place: but it cannot be the main cause of the failure of crops, else manure would again render the soil suitable for the same crop, which is only the case to a slight extent. We must, therefore, assume that the first crops do communicate to the soil substances detrimental to the subsequent crops. These substances must be of an organic nature. It has been shown that these cannot be excrementitious, and therefore it follows

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that such deleterious substances must consist of organic compounds, derived from the roots which have accumulated and remained behind in the land. If, then, in a soil filled with the remains of roots, the same crop will only succeed after a lapse of years, whilst other crops will thrive luxuriantly, we may conclude that the organic compounds of such roots will be absorbed by plants *previous* to their being decomposed into inorganic substances; and that, consequently, plants of a different kind will use them for food, although those of the same kind will be injured by them.

A SUNDAY IN VIENNA.

BY J. G. KOHL.

The workday and morning tumult had quite subsided, the constant "*Ho! ho!*" of the hackney carriages, and the "*Auf!*" of the car-drivers were silent, for 20,000 of the inhabitants of Vienna were rolling over the newly-opened railway to the newly-discovered Paradise of Stockerau; and 20,000 were flying by the Raab road to Mödling Baden, and the other valleys of the forest of Vienna, 50,000 more were gone into the country for the summer, and another 50,000 were gone after them for the day, to forget the troubles of the week in their society. Another not less respectable number of citizens and citizenesses were scattered over the gardens of the suburbs, the Prater, and the meadows, and thus I remained in possession of the inner city, with a remnant of lackeys, beggars, and sick; the Turks might have attacked and taken it at that moment with ease. The domestics were lounging before the doors and conversing with their opposite neighbours; the maids were chattering in the inner courts; the coffee-house of the 'Orientals' was still full of company, for they were scarcely likely to approve of our way of keeping Sunday. In the cathedral of St Stephen, a few old women were telling their rosaries, and screaming their devotions through the church; and one grating voice among them, louder than all the rest, repeated, at the end of each verse, "Holy, holy, holy!" In the courtyard of one house into which I looked, I saw a little boy reading prayers aloud from a book. He told me that he was eight years old, and that he did this every Sunday. I took his book, and saw that he was reading the gospel of St Luke, from the ninth to the 14th verse. He said it was the gospel for the day, and that many boys in a similar manner read the gospels on a Sunday before the houses of Vienna. When he had finished, there descended on him, from the upper stories, a grateful shower of kreuzers wrapped in paper. In the usual tumult of the town, I had overlooked many smaller elements of the population, which I now discovered for the first time, as some inhabitants of the waters are perceived only when the tide has ebbed. I noticed, for the first time, the people who hawk Italian and Hungarian cheeses about the streets. They are chiefly from the neighbourhood of Udine, and also sell Italian macaroni. The greater number could speak as much German as they found necessary for their street traffic. There are in all not less than thirty thousand Italians in Vienna, and the passenger is not unfrequently accosted with, "*Poveretta! signor mio! la cerita!*" Beggars should, out of policy, always speak a foreign language; it excites far more compassion than the language of the country. Going farther, I found a man standing before a baker's shop, occupied in scolding a little maidservant. She was a Bohemian, he told me, and added, "That Bohemia must be a very poor country—every year there come thousands of them to Vienna—men and women, maids and boys. They learn as much German as they must, seek a service somewhere, are very moderate in their demands, will put up with a bed in the stable, or on the floor, and when they have earned a few florins they go back to their own country." In fact, if we inquire of a hundred people we meet in Vienna what country they are from, the answer of twenty, on an average, will be, "*Ich bin en Behm*" (I am a Bohemian). The whole number of the Slavonians in Vienna is, it is said, about 60,000, and of other Non-Germans 100,000. In the highest circles, as the lowest, the foreign element mingles everywhere. The number of Hungarians is reckoned at 15,000; but of these many are not genuine Magyars. * * * At last I came to the end of the city, and went out upon the Glacis. Here seemed to be gathered together all whose legs were too short to gain the open country beyond the extensive suburbs of Vienna. It was the part called the Water Glacis, where there is some gay music every afternoon; numbers of little children, with their nurses, were lying and playing about the grass, and several schools, under the guidance of their masters, were doing the like. Some of them had pitched a tent in one of the meadows near which they were diverting themselves. There is no other city in Europe where the children have such a playground in the very heart of the town. The benches were bare of other visitors, with the exception of one solitary Turk seated among the children. He was taking his coffee, and dividing the "*kipfel*," that had been brought him with it, among the sparrows, which are constantly flying in numbers round the Glacis. I sat down by him to share in both his amusements, and remarked a trick of the sparrows that I had never before noticed. Some of them were

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so greedy, that they kept fluttering in the air about us, and sometimes snatched a morsel of bread before it could even reach the ground, where the others were eagerly picking up the scattered fragments. Like a polypus turned inside out, the inner life being displayed externally, the dead exterior skin turned within, even so is the life of Vienna reversed on a Sunday. The swarms that on other days are driving and bawling in the streets and public places in the city, are then singing, dancing, eating, drinking, and gossiping in the houses of public entertainment without. All this humming and drumming was so little in unison with my idea of a Sunday walk, that I was glad to take refuge from the noise in a place I was sure of having more to myself on a Sunday than any other day —the flower-gardens and churchyards. Beethoven's monument stands in the Währinger cemetery. His simple family name is inscribed in gold letters on the stone; but of late the growth of a bush planted near it has almost overshadowed the letters. I asked the sexton why he did not cut away the boughs that the name might be more plainly seen; he said the friends would not allow it to be done.

MYSTERY.

Under the head of 'Mystery, or a Tradition of Temple Bar,' a strange tale, set forth as a matter of fact by Mr Ollier, appears in 'Ainsworth's Magazine' for this month.

A young stranger, who gives his name Andrew Lidiard, took up his abode in a narrow lane on the north-east side of Temple Bar, in the abode of a person who designated himself Gervas Estridge. This stranger was a Catholic, and Estridge proved to be a Catholic priest. Some of the heads of the rebels executed on the 30th of July in that year (1746), were then exhibited on Temple Bar, and the curious were from day to day inspecting them through telescopes let out for the purpose by persons who attended on the spot. Lidiard looked at the remains with great emotion. During his residence with Estridge, one of the heads was stolen. A reward was at that moment offered in the 'Gazette' for the apprehension of a man who had committed felony. His description accorded with that of an individual Lidiard was anxious to meet. Estridge, on being applied to, promises to bring the man, who is named Brabant, to him on the following day. Instead of making good his promise, the priest absents himself. He, however, returns stealthily at a late hour, is surprised in his kitchen changing his dress by Lidiard, who bitterly reproaches him with his falsehood, and orders him to accompany him to his room. After some resistance Estridge consents, and they ascend the stairs, followed by Rachel, the faithful, half-witted servant of Estridge, with a loaded pistol. The narrative then proceeds:—

"'Now,' said Lidiard, heaving a deep sigh, when the door had closed on him and his landlord—'now, I will soon ascertain if my suspicion is correct.' Taking a lamp from his table, he unlocked a closet, and drew a black cloth from an object placed there, when the head which had been taken from the summit of Temple Bar was disclosed. 'Look here! look here!' gasped he.

"Estridge's eyes fell on the grim relic, which could easily be identified by a peculiar scar on the forehead, inflicted on the deceased when fighting, at the head of his regiment, against the butcher, Cumberland, for the miserable pretender. One glance was enough: Estridge's eye-lids dropped; his countenance changed; he shrieked with dismay; and sank on a seat, uttering incoherent exclamations of despair.

"'I am right!' shouted Lidiard. 'Thou art he! Murderer, your time is come! Here is a fearful witness of your treachery—sordid, base, degenerate treachery, for filthy gold! I am your victim's son. Ah, now you know *my* real name, as I know *yours!*'

"'Mercy, mercy!' ejaculated Estridge, falling on his knees.

"'You supplicate in vain,' rejoined the young man, with features deformed by passion, and eyes glaring with an almost insane expression. 'My father's spirit sees me, and demands a sacrifice. I have rescued his head from the infamy of public exposure, and will now wreak a bloody revenge on his destroyer. Had you not betrayed *him* who trusted in you, he might now be living. O, that I had been with him! See, how short-sighted is treachery! Abandoned by your party for perfidy, you have been driven to eke out a miserable existence by felonious practices; and unerring Fate has guided my blind steps to your very door. If you have grace to pray, pray now,' he continued, brandishing a poniard; 'for, by the blessed saints in heaven, you shall not live many minutes!'

"Estridge was convulsed with terror. One chance, however, remained for escape. The door was suddenly thrown open from without by Rachel, and darting towards it, Estridge received a pistol from the girl's hand. But, even thus armed, he dared not turn on his assailant; but, mad with the spasms of fear, rushed headlong down the stairs. Lidiard followed him at equal speed.

"A dead silence ensued. The girl kept her post. Hour after hour did she remain in breathless agony. Nothing occurred to break the loneliness of the night.

"At last, resolved to know the worst, she descended to the kitchen. The melancholy, ghost-like dawn was making its first shivering approaches. It was a solemn hour for so dreadful a quest. No human being was there. She went to the outer door, and found it bolted inside. She next examined the parlours and the cellars. Like the rest, all was quiet and empty. She went again to Lidiard's

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room, and there her terror was increased on seeing the ghastly head. All was drear perplexity and horror!

"Rachael remained at home the entire succeeding day; but as night came on, she abandoned the place over which a spell seemed to hover.

"To the surprise of the neighbours, day after day passed, and Estridge's house was not unclosed, nor did a soul go in or come out. So strange a circumstance could not fail to become the subject of much wondering conversation; and at last, on application being made to a magistrate, the door was broken open, and the dwelling searched. Every room was furnished; but they were untenanted. What could it all mean? But the greatest surprise was the discovery of the head which had been stolen from the Bar. Extensive inquiry was made; though nothing to elucidate the mystery came to light; and for years the deserted house, and the Jacobite's head, furnished food for gossip and wonder, and for the speculations of writers in newspapers, of ballad-mongers, and of pamphleteers, some of whom ascribed the sudden disappearance of tenant, servant, and lodger, to the witchcraft of the scarlet lady of Babylon, and others to the personal agency of his Satanic majesty.

"About twenty years after the above event, as some workmen were excavating the ground near Temple Bar, for the purpose of making a sewer, they broke into a subterranean chamber curiously fashioned, and which, from the remains of an altar, had probably been used by recusants, as a hidden place of worship. In this apartment two skeletons were found; a rusty knife or dagger, and a pistol were lying beside them. On searching further, the men discovered a door made of strong quarterings filled with bricks on edge, firmly cemented, and evidently contrived to look like the wall, and elude observation. On pushing this, the rusty hinges gave way, and further examination showed that the door had been formerly opened and closed by a spring. An entrance was now gained into other vaults, the course of which being pursued, led to the cellars belonging to a house in a court near Shire lane. This house was identified as the one wherein the mysterious transaction of 1746 had occurred. It was supposed, therefore, that Estridge, knowing of this place of refuge, had taken the house which commanded it; and being pursued by Lidiard, had flown thither, though not quickly enough to gain the sanctuary so as to exclude his enemy. In this deep and hidden recess, the opponents had probably fallen by the hands of each other."*

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

FEW among us are aware of the extraordinary resources and wide-spreading plans of this remarkable society, which has exercised in its barren domains a steady, enterprising policy, not inferior to that of the East India Company itself, and now occupies and controls more than one-ninth of the soil of the globe. The great business of this company is the fur trade, of which it is now nearly the sole monopolist throughout all the choicest fur-bearing regions of North America, with the exception of the portion occupied by the Russians. The bulk of its empire is secured to it by charter; but it is in possession of Oregon as debatable land, under stipulations between Britain and the United States. The stock-holders are British. The management of its affairs in America is carried on by 'partners' so called, but, in point of fact, agents paid by a proportion of the net income of the Company. These are scattered in various posts over the whole territory between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific. They are chiefly Scotsmen, and a greater proportion of shrewdness, daring, and commercial activity, is probably not to be found in the same number of heads in the world. Before 1820 this body carried on a fierce contest with the North West Company, attended with hideous battles of Indians and half-breeds, and the burning and sacking of each other's posts. In 1821 they were consolidated, since which they have had no British rival, and have exerted all their policy to repress interference on the part of the Americans. In this they seem to have thoroughly succeeded. The attempts of the Americans to establish a fur trade of their own, one by one, have ended in disappointment. Their own trappers and hunters prefer the markets of the Company. Its agents seek out the Americans, so, at least, they complain, outbid them and undersell them in every point to which they can penetrate. So powerful is this body, that it has actually established a kind of game laws over a region twice as large as Europe; regulating the quantity of trapping to be done in particular districts, uniformly diminishing it whenever the returns show a deficiency in its production of animals. It keeps both savages and whites in order, by putting into serious practice the threat of "exclusive dealing." Mr Farnham met with an American in Oregon, who informed him that in consequence of some offences taken (very unjustly of course) "the Hudson's Bay Company refused for a number of years to sell him a shred of clothing, and as there are no other traders in the country, he was compelled, during their pleasure, to wear skins." — *Edinburgh Review.*

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—A communication was made respecting a new mode of preventing horses from running away when in harness. The author hav-

* An old subterranean Catholic chapel was lately discovered under a house in the city, which had most likely been used as a secret place of worship by recusants during the severe persecution of the Papists. (See 'The Year Book.')

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ing remarked that horses rarely take fright at night, imagined that all that was necessary to check a horse running away was to cause him to be visited with temporary blindness; and, to do this, he contrived, by a spring connected with the reins, to cover the eyes suddenly. This was done when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, he says, without seeing their way, than would a man afflicted with blindness.—A letter was read from M. de Humboldt on the boring for an Artesian well in Westphalia. It is intended, says the writer, to bore to a depth of 2,000 mètres (a mile and a quarter English), and at that depth it is supposed that the water will be of the great heat of 70° Centigrade. The borers have reached a depth of 622 mètres. To that depth the augmentation of temperature had not followed the ordinary law, which, according to M. de Humboldt, was owing to the cooling of the column of air by the waters of filtration from above; but once arrived at 622 mètres, the ascensional force was so great as to drive back the water of the upper sources, and the ordinary law was re-established. M. Arago took this occasion to announce the intention of the government to make an Artesian well in the Jardin des Plantes of a depth of 900 mètres, viz. 209 mètres more than that of Grenelle. The water from the Artesian well of the Jardin des Plantes will, it is supposed, be of a temperature of 31° Centigrade, and will be employed to serve to heat the hot-houses of the gardens, and supply the hospitals of La Pitié and and La Salpetrière, and thus effect a great economy as to fuel.

Horticultural Society. — From the garden at Syon was a very remarkable cut specimen of Elate sylvestris, one of those noble palm trees which can only be cultivated in large conservatories. This plant possesses little beauty in its flowers; but produces panicles bearing a multitude of very pretty, oblong, orange-coloured berries, with a very curious flat stem, strong and tough, differing much from the usual form, and presenting a good subject for physiological investigation. Mr G. Sheills, gardener to Lord Blantyre, sent from Glasgow black Hamburg grapes weighing 1lb. 7 oz. and 1lb. 8 oz., that had been grown on a flued wall in the open air, where, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather in spring and in the early part of summer, they finely swelled and beautifully coloured. Mr Sheills states "that the vines produce an abundant crop and ripen their fruit in good time, and that some of the bunches which are not so ripe as those sent are twice as large, but that the berries are not quite so well swelled." From B. Maud, Esq., were specimens of grapes grown on a wall protected by a glass-case, which is fixed close to the face of the wall, with a hole in the end to allow the vine to pass without being bruised. The bunches, although beautifully coloured, were not large, but those unprotected in this manner are miserable little things.—From G. T. Lay, Esq., interpreter to her Majesty's mission, China, was fruit of the Wung Kwo or Shan Le, the red fruit, or wild apple of the Chinese, which appears to be a kind of Crataegus. These unfortunately were much decayed and shrivelled up, so that it was impossible to say what the quality once had been. It is stated by Mr Lay that the pulp is made into red translucent cakes, which are very pleasantly tasted, and may be eaten freely without fear of indigestive flatulency or fulness. The fruit is reputed medicinal by the Chinese in bowel complaints among children. Mr Green sent some excellent fruit of Williams's Bon Chrêtien pear, also two Catillac pears. Mr Green states that "the tree on which these grew was formerly a Catillac, and that it grew very vigorously, as this sort usually does, but did not bear well; the fruit was also small and cracked, in consequence of which the tree was headed back, and grafted with Williams's Bon Chrêtien, which has always produced fine fruit ever since it came into bearing." He also states that "the two Catillac pears sent grew upon a branch of the same tree, which was allowed to remain where one of the grafts had failed; this branch, ever since the grafts began to bear, has borne abundantly, and the fruit has been of much finer quality than what it was before the other sort was worked upon the tree."

To make British Champagne.—To one pint of grapes (when picked and bruised) add one quart of water; let it stand twenty-four hours, then strain it, and to every gallon of liquor put three pounds and a half of lump-sugar. Tun it the following day, and hang an ounce of isinglass in the cask; in two or three days stop it down close—bottle it as soon as the sweetness is sufficiently off.

Safety Boat.—A trial was made of the safety paddle-box boats invented by Commander Smith, under that officer's superintendence. The time occupied in lowering down, on board one of the West Indian mail steamers, both boats, was eight minutes. When in the water, 167 men entered the boat, which was as many as she would stow; she seemed to have buoyancy enough for a much greater number. The ship's complement is 320; thus the two life boats alone would stow more than the whole ship's company, and there are her whole set of ordinary boats besides.

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Arms. Az., a chev. erm. between three trefoils, slipped ar.
Crest. An eagle, displayed, with two heads, sa. armed or.
Supporters. Dexter, an eagle, close, sa.; sinister, a falcon, close, ppr. beaked and legged or, each collared chained gold.
Motto. "Toujours pret." "*Always ready.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CLANWILLIAM.

This noble family springs from Sir John Meade, Knt., of Ballintobber, county of Cork, who was Attorney-General to James the Second, when Duke of York (grandson of Sir John Meade, Knt., and Catherine his wife, daughter of Sir Dominic Sarsfield, Bart., Viscount Kilmallock). He was created a Baronet of Ireland, May 29, 1703. Sir John married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Pierce and Viscount Ikerrin, by whom he had two sons, who survived him, and four daughters. On his death he was succeeded by Sir Pierce, his eldest son, who, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his brother, Sir Richard. He died in April, 1744, and was succeeded by his son John, who was born only a few days before his father's death. On the 17th Nov., 1766, Sir John was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, with the dignities of Baron Gilford and Viscount Clanwilliam. On the 20th July, 1776, he was created Earl of Clanwilliam. He died October 19, 1800, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, second Earl. He was united, October 6, 1793, to Caroline, Countess of Thunn, by whom he left a son, Richard, who succeeded him, and two daughters. He subsequently married Margaret Irene, daughter of John Sarney, Esq., and widow of John Harcourt, Esq., of Ankerwycke and of Molyneux, Lord Shuldham. He died two months after his second marriage. The present peer was born August 15, 1795, and married, July 3, 1830, Elizabeth, second daughter of George, the late Earl of Pembroke, and has issue. The next heir to the title was born in October, 1832. This Earl succeeded his father as third Earl, September 3, 1805. He obtained the Barony of the United Kingdom by patent of creation, in January, 1828. His titles are these:—Viscount Clanwilliam, county Tipperary; Baron Gilford, county Down, in the peerage of Ireland; Baron Clanwilliam, of Clanwilliam, county Tipperary, in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

Reviews.

Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science. Parts V and VI. Orr and Co.

We have seen no cyclopædia more beautifully and at the same time more conveniently got up; not only are the paper and printing all that could be desired, but its form is such that it may be most commodiously perused; and instead of having to rise to seek out the particular volume of plates and the particular illustration the reader wishes to study, it is snugly laid on the page before him, and the same moment which wakes curiosity furnishes the means of gratifying it. The engravings are numerous, well imagined, and ably executed.

We could fill our pages, over and over again, with extracts of interest, but only give what follows as a specimen of the anxiety shown to afford knowledge without parade or that affected jargon which Voltaire justly reproved as the unwelcome companion of science. He who wishes to impart information largely should aim at perspicuity, not at fine language: the latter will only excite the wonder of the ignorant; the former will command the admiration of the reflecting and the intelligent—of those whose applause ought "to outweigh a whole theatre of others." That Mr Carpenter understands this will, we think, appear from the subjoined paragraphs:—

"When the trunk of a nerve supplying a muscle is irritated by pricking, pinching, &c., in the body of a living animal, or in one recently dead, the whole muscle is thrown into contraction; and this contraction is peculiarly strong when a current of electricity is transmitted along the nerve. In cold-blooded animals, whose muscular fibre retains its vital properties for a much longer time after death than that of warm-blooded, this contraction may be excited by a very feeble current of electricity, in a limb which has been separated from the body for twenty-four hours or more; and it was owing, in fact, to this circumstance that the peculiar form of electricity which is now termed Galvanic or Voltaic, was discovered. The wife of Gal-

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vani, who was Professor of Medicine at Bologna, being about to prepare some soup from frogs, and having taken off their skins, laid them on a table in his study, near the conductor of an electrical machine, which had been recently charged; and she was much surprised, upon touching them with a scalpel (which must have received a spark from the machine) to observe the muscles of the frog strongly convulsed. Her husband, on being informed of the circumstance, repeated the experiment; and found that the muscles were called into action by electricity communicated through the metallic substance with which the limb was touched.

"The experiment was repeated in various ways by Volta, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy at Pavia; and he found that the effects were much stronger when the connecting medium through which the electricity was sent consisted of two metals instead of one; and from this circumstance he was led to the discovery that electricity is produced by the contact of two different metals,—a discovery which has since been so fruitful in most important results. The following simple experiment puts this in a striking point of view:—If the skin of the legs of a frog recently killed be removed, and the body be cut across, above the origin of the great (sciatic) nerves going to the legs,—if the spine and nerves be then enveloped in tin-foil, and the legs be laid upon a plate of silver or copper,—convulsive movements in the muscles will be excited, every time that the metals are made to touch each other, so as to complete the electric circuit.

"Similar experiments have been tried with the Voltaic battery upon the dead bodies of criminals recently executed. If one wire be placed upon the muscles which it is desired to call into action, and the other upon the part of the spine from which the nerves proceed, movements of every kind may be produced; and the application of electricity in this manner, so as to renew the motions of the diaphragm, is probably the best means of restoring vital activity, after it has been suspended by drowning or suffocation. No agent more effectually imitates the natural action of the nerves, in exciting the contractility of muscles, than electricity thus transmitted along their trunks; and it has been hence supposed, by some philosophers, that electricity is the real agent by which the nerves act upon the muscles,—more especially since it is certain that, in those animals which generate large quantities of electricity, the nerves have a great share in this peculiar operation. But there are many objections to such a view; and this very important one among the rest,—that electricity may be transmitted along a nervous trunk which has been compressed by a string tied tightly round it, whilst the passage of ordinary nervous power is as completely checked by this process, as if the nerve had been divided. We have already seen, too, that electricity transmitted along the sensory nerves, excites the peculiar changes in the brain by which sensations are produced; and thus it appears that, in their effects, as well as in their mode of action, there is more analogy between electricity and nervous agency, than there is between any other two powers of animated and inanimated nature."

We may add the following:—

"As an illustration of pure untaught instinct among vertebrated animals, we cannot select a better example than the mode in which a little fish, termed the *Chætodon rostratus* obtains its food. Its mouth is prolonged into a kind of beak or snout, through which it shoots drops of liquid at insects that may be hovering near the surface of the water, and rarely fails in bringing them down. Now according to the laws of optics, the insect, being above the water whilst the eye of the fish is beneath it, is not seen by it in its proper place; since the rays do not pass from the insect to the fish's eye in a straight line. The insect will *appear* to the fish a little above the place which it really occupies; and the difference is not constant, but varies with every change in the relative positions of the fish and the insect. Yet the wonderful instinct with which the fish is endowed, leads it to make the due allowance in every case; doing that at once for which a long course of experience would be required by the most skilful human marksman under similar circumstances."

"The nest of the Baya, a little Indian bird allied to our bulfinch, has the form of a bottle; and it is suspended from a twig of such slenderness and flexibility, that neither monkeys, serpents, or squirrels can reach it. That it may be still more secure against the attacks of its numerous enemies, the bird forms the entrance of the nest on its under side, so that it can itself only reach it by the aid of its wings. This curious habitation is constructed of long grass; and several chambers are found in its interior, of which one serves for the female to sit on her eggs, whilst another is occupied by the male, who solaces his companion with his song, whilst she is occupied in maternal cares. Another curious nest is that of the *Sylvia sutoria*, or tailor-bird, a little Eastern bird allied to our linnet; which, by the aid of filaments of cotton drawn from the cotton-plant, sews leaves together with its beak and feet, in such a manner as to conceal the nest which they enclose from the observation of its enemies."

The Electrical Magazine. No. II. October, 1843. Conducted by Mr Charles V. Walker. London: Simpkin and Co., and H. Baillière. Paris: J. B. Baillière.

THE 'Electrical Magazine' has appeared most opportunely to supply a blank in scientific literature which had been long felt by those who peculiarly devoted themselves to the science of electricity; and in the hands of the gentleman whose name appears on the title-page, there is every promise of its being a well-conducted periodical. It is doing for electricity the part which the scientific memoirs have done for science in general, namely, presenting translations of the most important papers which appear on the continent. Many pages in each number are devoted to this object; then follow original contributions, among which, in No. II, are some valuable

facts on voltaic electricity, communicated by Professor Grove, and a full account of Armstrong's Hydro-electric Machine, by the Editor. Then follows a well-digested abstract of 'Faraday's Researches on the Electricity of Steam;' which, in conjunction with the preceding, conveys to the reader the most important features in this new branch of electrical research. Several of the recent electrical publications are fully and ably reviewed. In one case, that of Mr Snow-Harris's book 'On Thunder Storms,' the reviewer must have felt the peculiarity of his position, inasmuch as he was endeavouring to pass impartial judgment on the writing of one from whose theoretical views he so lately had occasion to differ. He has, however, treated the matter very candidly, and with much delicacy. In the contest relating to telegraphs, the advocate and the two champions have respectively received their share of censure. For a notice of the contents of the present number, we must refer to our advertising columns. Each number concludes with a collection of facts and anecdotes in electricity, which are very well selected, and furnish many practical hints.

LAYS OF REBELLION.

In furtherance of the Repeal insurrection, now threatened in Ireland, a volume of poems has been published. Some of them are wretchedly poor, but others are written with much ability. Of the latter we add specimens:—

The work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust ourselves alone.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,
In patient hope to bide;
By dreams of English justice fooled,
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion's past,
The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in ourselves alone.

Aye! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love, at best,
Is all we've found or can expect,
We aliens of the west.
No friend, beyond her own green shore,
Can Erin truly own;
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons alone.

The 'Exterminator's Song' opens thus:

'Tis I am the poor man's scourge,
And where is the scourge like me?
My land from all Papists I purge,
Who think that their votes should be free—
Who think that their votes should be free!
From huts only fitted for brutes,
My agent the last penny wrings;
And my serfs live on water and roots,
While I feast on the best of good things!
For I am the poor man's scourge!
For I am the poor man's scourge!
(Chorus of the Editors of the 'Nation')
Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge!
But of *such* the whole island we'll purge!

The following is more thoughtfully sentimental:—

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-dispelling waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green wood tree?
Or on the wild beach,
Where the whelm breach
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Pyramid Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle-mound,
Where confusion thousands lie under the ground?—
Just as they fall they are buried so—.
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods dark'd with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He serv'd his country and lov'd his kind."
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

BRADY, THE BUSHRANGER;

OR REAL LIFE IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

(Continued from last week.)

The sentry remained rooted to his post—the captives continued quiescent in theirs. At length, the morning having dawned without producing any apparent change in the previous position of their guardian, a suspicion that he had fallen asleep was entertained. An attempt was resolved upon to seize and disarm him. It was actually hazarded, and crowned with complete success; for when the redoubted brigand became a prisoner, he was found to be no other than a bundle of sticks, invested with a military great coat, cross belts, his arms ordered, and bayonet fixed!

Macabe, who had either voluntarily or accidentally become detached from his comrades, was traversing the bush, attended by a lad who carried his *swag* (Anglicé, plunder). This youth, while threading the steps of the dreaded bushranger, suddenly resolved to essay his destruction—animated, no doubt, by the hope of the great reward offered for him, dead or alive.

Being possessed of a loaded pistol, he cautiously produced it, then stepping up behind the brigand, placed it against his head, and fired. What was his horror and dismay when, instead of falling dead at his feet, he beheld Macabe, firm and erect, turn upon him with fury in his visage.

"Ay, ay, my lad," exclaimed the outlaw, "are these your tricks? I'll engage to teach you better manners for the future."

So saying, he laid hold of his self-elected executioner, but not, as the reader may suppose, to put him to death. The robber satisfied his vengeance by tying up

the aggressor to a tree, flogging him soundly, and bidding him beware of such practices in future. Macabe owed his escape to the circumstance of the bullet having worked out of the pistol whilst in the lad's pocket. He was shortly thereafter taken, and executed early in 1826.

During the March of that year, Brady and his band, to the number of fourteen or fifteen, made their appearance in the environs of Launceston. At this time they were all well mounted. Having got possession of a boat, they proceeded down the river Tamar to inspect a brig named the 'Glory,' which was then ready for sea. To effect the seizure of some vessel and fly the colony had all along been the aim and object of Brady, and scarcely had he reached the vicinity of the coast ere he ascended a lofty hill, to look out for this much-coveted prize, with which he feasted his eyes for so long a space, that he did not rejoin his comrades for many hours. Now that he was embarked upon the liquid element, he repeatedly rowed round the vessel, advising his associates to board her. A consultation thereupon ensued, Brady retiring to the stern sheets of the boat with this observation—

"However eager *I* may be, settle it amongst yourselves. Don't let my voice avail anything."

The wind being foul, the bushrangers decided upon not attempting her capture. One of their number named Goodwin, who had been tried by a court martial for negligence in suffering the escape of a prisoner, was now violently laid hold of and thrown overboard, to sink or swim, as he best might — such being the sentence they thought proper to inflict. Goodwin reached the shore in safety, becoming an illustration of the proverb—"He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

During their progress on the Tamar they captured a boat in which were Captains White, of the Government brig 'Duke of York,' and Smith, of the private trader 'Brutus.' Mistaking Smith for Colonel Balfour of the 40th regiment, they knocked him down, but were no sooner made aware of their error than they apologized for their conduct. White had the reputation of being an overbearing and cruel tyrant. As a midshipman of the 'Unicorn' frigate, he murdered one of his men, whilst the ship was on the Leith station. Having miraculously escaped hanging, he was transported for life to Van Diemen's Land, whose local government entrusted him with the command of the 'Duke of York.' In this command he showed, or was alleged to have shown, great inhumanity to his convict sailors, a (reputed) fact of which the bushrangers were cognizant, and for which they now proceeded to take summary vengeance. White was peremptorily ordered to go upon his knees, and preparations were made to shoot him. Captain Smith implored them to desist, painting forcibly the misery they would entail upon White's unoffending wife and children. Moved by Smith's entreaties, White's life was spared; but, not many months thereafter, that wretched man, in a fit of intoxication, placed the muzzle of a musket under his chin, and having attached a cord in the shape of a stirrup to the trigger, he discharged the weapon with his foot, plastering the walls of a roadside inn with his blood and brains.

Having abandoned every idea of capturing the 'Glory,' the bushrangers despatched a man named Watson to Launceston, with an intimation that they meant to attack Mr Dry, and then the gaol of Launceston, where they would liberate the prisoners, seize upon Jefferies and Perry, whom they would torture and shoot. This Jefferies was a ruffian who called himself a bushranger, a name which Brady considered he assumed but to disgrace. On one occasion, meeting a poor woman with her child, he deliberately seized the babe by the heels and dashed out its brains. He then outraged the mother with fiendish barbarity in a manner not to be described. Brady's menace was treated with sovereign contempt: the result proved it merited more serious attention, its first part having been performed to the letter, and Mr Dry's mansion thoroughly ransacked. Intimation of the truth having been conveyed to Colonel Balfour, he reached the scene of action with a dozen soldiers and several volunteers, entering the main door of the house as the bushrangers retired by the back. At this time it was perfectly dark; an ineffectual fire was kept up for some time, but at length silence reigned, and the colonel, unable to see his enemy, concluded they had effected their retreat. Dividing his force, he hastened to the defence of Launceston, a measure seemingly necessary from the fact of Brady's having detached Bird, Dunne, and a portion of the band, to threaten that place. Upon the colonel's departure, Brady commenced plundering Mr Wedge's hut, adjoining Mr Dry's outbuildings. Doctor Priest, commanding the military left behind, proposed charging; this having been heard by the bushrangers, was responded to by a volley, which killed the doctor's horse and wounded himself in the knee—a wound which, in consequence of his refusal to submit to amputation, shortly proved mortal. Official accounts declared the ruffians owed their escape to the darkness of the night: truth leads to the belief that the troops were completely outgeneralled. Colonel Balfour's cap having fallen into Brady's possession, it was worn by the robber with much ostentation, who arrogantly styled himself Commandant of Launceston.

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The day following this transaction, the banditti presented themselves at the punt-house on the river Esk, Brady having a reckoning to settle with Thomas Kenton, its keeper. In an evil hour Kenton had previously enticed the bushranger to his hut, where he was wounded by some soldiers concealed there for the purpose of effecting his capture. The unfortunate Kenton was speedily made acquainted with the purport of their visit, which they declared to be a just and retributory one. He was ordered to prepare for instant death; the prayers, the lamentations of a traitor, he was told, were unavailing—that it was idle folly to imagine they would suffer him to live, perhaps to contrive a new and more effectual attempt.

The wrath of Brady against this unfortunate man betrayed him into the most outrageous deed he ever perpetrated. Glowing with savage exultation at beholding the traitor who, affecting to succour, had attempted to give him up to justice, his fury was not to be restrained. "It is now," said he "my turn. The time has come for requiting your treachery."

In the air, in the flashing eye of Brady, Kenton read his deplorable fate. There was no chance of rescue, no possibility of flight. The only hope, and that indeed a faint one, was to move the heart of the foe. This the wretched punt-house keeper attempted.

"Hold your tongue," said the bushranger. "You are not going to humbug me again. You shall die, like a hypocrite and a sneak as you are. You shall have as much mercy as you were disposed to show me. Five minutes you are allowed to say your prayers, so set about it directly, or else you must go to the devil without doing it."

The reference to religion, slight and reprobate as it was, seemed to have suggested an argument to the sufferer. He represented to the outlaw, that in his then agitated state, it was impossible for him to arrange his thoughts so as to address the Supreme Being for mercy.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

Miscellaneous.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER TIMES.—The table of Elizabeth, while she was a prisoner in the Tower, was supplied at her own cost. Disputes occurred between the authorities in the Tower and the servants of the Princess, who were appointed to purvey for her. These, when they brought her daily diet to the outer gate of the Tower, were required to deliver it "to the common rascal soldiers;" and they, considering it unmeet that it should pass through such hands, requested Sir John Gage, who had personal charge and control over the Royal captive, that they might deliver it within the Tower themselves. This he refused, on the plea that Lady Elizabeth was a prisoner, and should be treated as such; and when they remonstrated, he threatened that "If they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should neither see sun nor moon." Either they, or their mistress, had the boldness to appeal to the Lords of the Council, by whom ten of the Princess's own servants were appointed to superintend the purveyances and cooking department, and to serve at her table,—namely, two yeomen of her chamber, two of her robes, two of her pantry and ewry, one of her buttery, one of her cellar, another of her larder, and two of her kitchen. At first the Chamberlain was much displeased, and continued to annoy them by various means, though he afterwards behaved more courteously, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best, and her grace paid for it."—*Lives of the Queens.*

MAGNETIC PHENOMENA.—The magnetic force may be communicated to a mass, composed of molecules of iron, independent of each other, and contained in a copper tube; and polarity may be given to it. The magnetic force is not sensibly augmented, when the said mass is condensed by compression. But that which proves how little the magnetic state is influenced by cohesion is, that these independent molecules may be mixed with a powdered substance, which is not sensibly susceptible of acquiring magnetic virtue; and that even five parts of powdered quartz for one of iron may be introduced, without destroying the magnetism of the mixture, which still preserves its polarity. It is readily seen that magnets, composed in this manner of independent molecules, can preserve their polarity only as long as the molecules, which compose them, preserve their respective situation. And, in fact, by vibrating the tube with sufficient force to change their relations, polarity is destroyed. . . . . These facts prove, as plainly as possible, that the extinction of the magnetic state depends on the change in the situation of the molecules, which neutralize each other by corresponding in the sides or poles endowed with opposite properties; they prove also that the magnetic force resides in the intimate molecules; for protoxide of iron, reduced to extremely fine powder, being employed in the same way as the filings, gives the same result.—*Dr de Haldat, Ann. de Chim. t.* 42. *Arch. de d'Elect.* 18*th July*, 1843.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU IN OLD AGE.—I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as

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to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprigg'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a Frenchman, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement!—*Walpole's Letters.*

Mass of Gold in Russia.—The auriferous alluvia of Tzarevo-Nikolaefsk and of Tzarevo-Alexandrofsk had already furnished a product of 400 poods (the pood is 36 pounds avoirdupois), when new researches were commenced in the neighbourhood, especially near the rivulet Tachkou-Targanka, which soon gave rise to the discovery of a bed of auriferous sand of a very rich nature, but very limited in extent. This bed being worked out, the waters of a pond which had served for washing the sands were let off, and its bottom was explored. Here was discovered, an alluvium of more than eight zolotniks (one zolotnik = 65⅝ grains) in 100 poods. All the valley of Tachkou-Targanka was now explored, except the spot on which stood the workshops for washing the sand. In 1842 it was resolved to destroy these shops, and after having washed the soil (of prodigious richness, containing in a small compass as much as 70 zolotniks per 100 poods of sand), there was discovered, on the 7th of November, 1842, under the very corner of the building, at three mètres (ten feet depth), resting upon a stratum of diorite, the monster-lump, weighing two poods, seven Russian pounds, and 92 zolotniks (79 lbs. 1625 dec.).

Profits of the Thames Tunnel.—The period is now approaching when some comparison may be made between the actual profits of the Thames Tunnel and those which were formerly calculated upon. The following was put forth ten years ago as the calculation made:—"A correct account has been taken, during several days, of the vehicles as well as foot passengers over London bridge, by which it has been ascertained, that if tolls were taken (at the rates taken on Waterloo bridge, and which may under the Tunnel Act be taken) they would amount to at least 22,000*l.* annually; and that if the tolls of the Tunnel amounted only to the tolls which have been received in one year at Waterloo bridge, they would amount to 13,000*l.*: but although great pains have been taken to ascertain what portion of the traffic passing over London bridge goes to Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and the neighbourhood, and is therefore likely to pass through the Tunnel, no precise calculation can be made; but considering the amount of tolls collected on some bridges, and the traffic over them all, the proprietors do think they are warranted in expecting to collect a revenue of 22,000*l.* per annum, upon the opening a new source of traffic in that commercial and very populous neighbourhood, by the completion of the Tunnel. It appears that the articles of foreign importation, destined for the coasting trade, are almost entirely transferred by land carriage to the coasting vessels. In 1829, persons were stationed on London bridge, who ascertained that 3,241 carts, and 887 waggons, passed daily over the bridge; of which 1,700 carts and 480 waggons turned down Tooley street. It is certain that a large portion of these were engaged in supplying the coasting trade, but it is impossible to say what portion: setting aside, however, what may have come from St Katherine's docks, and other parts of the city, and supposing one-half may come from the three eastern docks, there would still remain as likely to pass through the Tunnel, 850 carts at 6d.; 240 waggons at 1s.; and reckoning 300 working days in the year, the annual receipts from carts and waggons alone would amount to 10,000*l.* The Company, moreover, expected to obtain 5,000*l.* per annum, out of the sum of 8,000*l.* which they ascertained was collected at ferries."

Immortal Music and a Dancing World.—"That the universe moves to music I have no doubt; and could I but penetrate this mystery, where the finite passes into the infinite, I should surely know how the world was created. Pythagoras supposed that the heavenly bodies in their motion produce music inaudible to mortal ears. These motions he believed conformed to certain fixed laws, that could be stated in numbers, corresponding to the numbers which express the harmony of sounds. This 'music of the spheres' has been considered an idea altogether fanciful; but the immortal Kepler applied the Pythago-

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nean theory of numbers and musical intervals to the distances of the planets; and a long time after Newton discovered and acknowledged the importance of the application. Said I not the universe moved to music? The planets dance before Jehovah, and music is the echo of their motions. Surely the ear of Beethoven had listened to it when he wrote those misnamed 'waltzes' of his, which, as John S. Dwight says, 'remind us of no dance, unless it be the dances of the heavenly systems in their sublime career through space.' Have you ever seen Retzsch's illustration of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell?' If you have and know how to appreciate its speaking gracefulness, its earnest depth of life, you are richer than Rothschild or Astor; for a vision of beauty is an everlasting inheritance. Perhaps none but a German would have thus entwined the sound of a bell with the whole of human life; for with them the bell mingles with all of mirth, sorrow, and worship. Almost all the German and Belgian towns are provided with chiming bells, which play at noon and evening. There was such a set of musical bells in the church of St Nicholas, at Hamburg. The bell-player was a grey-headed man, who had for many years rung forth the sonorous chimes that told the hours to the busy throng below. When the church was on fire, either from infirmity or want of thought, the old man remained at his post. In the terrible confusion of the burning city no one thought of him till the high steeple was seen wreathed with flame. As the throng gazed upward, the firm walls of the old church, that had stood for ages, began to shake. At that moment the bells sounded the well-known German Choral which usually concludes the Protestant service, 'Nun danket alle Gott'—'Now all thank God.' Another moment and there was an awful crash! The bells, which had spoken into the hearts of so many generations, went silent for ever. They and the old musician sunk together into a fiery grave; but the echo of their chimes goes sounding on through the far eternity."—*Mrs Child.*

HAMPTON COURT IN THE VAN SEASON.—The official returns of visitors to Hampton Court, kept by order of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, show that the numbers during the four years since the public have been admitted freely to that palace have increased above fifty per cent. The visitors are most numerous on Sundays, though the palace is only open during three hours in the afternoon. The average numbers on Sundays are one-third more than on Monday, nearly three times as many as on Tuesday, four times the numbers of Wednesday and Thursday, and nine times those on Saturday. In July last year above 50,000 persons passed through the state apartments, and on Sunday, 17th July, 4,660 persons, being the greatest number on any one day except Whit-Monday. The total numbers for the last year nearly reached 180,000. By far the greater proportion of these visitors belong to the working classes. They go in vans holding twenty and thirty persons, men, women, and children. Sometimes eighty of these may be counted on one day at Hampton Court. Operatives working together club weekly their pence and two-pences for the purpose of raising a fund for these excursions. One or two musicians generally accompany each van to enliven the journey, and to make music for the dances which go forward under the chestnuts in Bushy park after the visit to the palace.

ON THE RUMOUR THAT A GREAT PATRIOT HAD BRIBED THE GOVERNMENT TO FURTHER HIS VIEWS.

When Malice said he gave a bribe,
The base calumniator blund'red.;
Than give one, he who sped this gibe,
Must know he'd rather take a hundred.

Poem! Poem!

The Gatherer.

Royal Bounty.—Her Majesty, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, has considerately bestowed a pension of 100*l.* a year on Lady Bell, the widow of Sir Charles Bell.

Ancient Monuments.—M. Boulanger, the architect, has been sent by the government on an artistic mission to Athens; having as its particular object the making measurements and drawings of all the monuments in that city of old art.

Law in India.—Under the government of Madras, which contains thirteen and a half millions of inhabitants, or a larger population than Spain, the total amount of property under litigation in every court, native and European, with the two exceptions of the Supreme Native Appellate Court and King's Court, was, in 1818, 458,833*l.* The judicial charges amounted at the same time, to 350,000*l.* Of this sum the salaries of the European judges alone amounted to no less than 260,000*l.*, being near sixty per cent. of the whole property under litigation.

Grand Juries.—Our indignation is roused when we read of the Inquisition, the Bastile, the Venetian Council of Three, the *Secreta Consulta* of the Italians, and of other secret judgment halls, where the unhappy accused had neither a voice in the formation of the tribunal, nor in the proceedings of their iniquitous and partial decisions. We wonder not so much that men could submit to such violations of justice as that such abominations could ever have existed.

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We congratulate ourselves on living in a country that boasts of "Magna Charta" and "Trial by Jury;" and we lay down the book to go to Clerkenwell Sessions' House, to give evidence against a felon before a tribunal exactly similar to those which we had just before so indignantly denounced; *mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*—*Lewis on Grand Juries.*

Coke for Negative Element.—Major Jewniaff has found by experience that the best mixture for coke-cylinders should consist of five parts, by weight, of finely-powdered coke, eight parts coal, and two parts common rye flour. When the cylinders are dry they are placed in earthen crucibles, in the lids of which there is an aperture for the escape of the gases, and are then heated to redness.—*Bull. de St Petersbourg.*

The Inclined Plane.—The problem of the inclined plane was solved by Jordanus in the 13th century, and the work in which this solution was given was published by Tartalea in 1565. The person who first solved the problem of oblique forces, on principles which subsequent reasonings have confirmed, appears to have been Simon Stevin, of Bruges, whose works appeared soon after 1600.

What's in a Name?—Reynolds, the great painter, received the name of Joshua from his father in the belief that some enthusiast would take a fancy to him for his name; and Raimbach, it has been supposed, received his scriptural designation of Abraham from the same wild and dreamy supposition.

Comparative National Industry.—At a recent meeting of the Austrian Industrial Society, a patentee of caoutchouc works asserted that his firm was the largest manufacturing establishment in the world, as it employed 140 workmen, and made 4,000 pair of braces annually! One outfitting house in the city of London employs 3,000 persons, and makes and sells more than 20,000 dozens of shirts annually.

Intended National Pictures.—Horace Vernet, scarcely rested from his Russian journey, has departed for Algeria, to collect, on the battle-field where the Duc d'Aumale carried the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader, the materials for a picture representing the action; and M. Paul is perpetuating on canvas the interview at Eu between the Queen of England and the King of the French—both are to form part of the Historical Gallery at Versailles.

Charms of Music.—"That beautiful piece of music," said a wise, parading, genuine Cockney to his friends, "which my wife played this morning, and is now going to play again, is very difficult." "I wish it were impossible," was the reply.

Spiders inferior to Silkworms.—In the early part of the last century, Bon, a native of Languedoc, succeeded in weaving a pair of silk stockings and a pair of gloves from spiders' threads. Reaumur was deputed by the Royal Academy of Paris to inquire into the matter, and confirmed the possibility by actual experiment; but deemed it scarcely worth the trouble, because the spiders, being averse to association, fell to and devoured each other; so that, out of two hundred in a cell, in a little time one or two only would be found alive: added to which, two hundred and eighty of them would only equal the product of one silk worm; and it would require 663,555 spiders to produce a pound of silk.

Removal of a Windmill.—In the year 1819 a windmill was lifted over a space of 5,520 feet in twelve days! No part of the enormous mass was disarranged, and even a glass filled with water, and placed in the gallery, suffered no agitation, although the mill advanced each day the distance of 460 feet. A house, attached to the mill, constructed chiefly of stone, was removed in the same manner in five days. The engineer was M. Homberger d'Osterwick.

Bonaparte and the Ladies.—Napoleon detested shawls; he liked to see the shape of women, and maintained that it was the deformed who first invented them: but strange to say, he did not like to see a woman without rouge; their paleness gave him pain, as he always imagined them to be ill. It did not occur to him that the use of paint was most likely to be countenanced by those who were sickly or naturally plain.

Something quite Unaccountable.—A remarkable phenomenon occurred a few days ago on a Railway. A gentleman and lady were sitting opposite to each other, the lady having a piece of court-plaister on her lip. On emerging from one of the dark tunnels, marvellous to relate, the court-plaister was observed to have passed over to the gentleman's lip.

Industrious England.—The proportion of persons in the United Kingdom who pass their time without applying to any gainful operation is quite inconsiderable. Of 5,812,276 males, twenty years of age and upwards, living at the time of the census in 1831, there were said to be engaged in some calling or profession, 5,466,182, as follows:—In agriculture, 2,470,111; in trade and manufactures, 1,888,768; in labour, not agriculture, 698,586; in domestic service, 132,811; as bankers, clergymen, professional men, &c., 275,904; thus leaving unemployed only 346,094; or rather less than six per cent. of the whole.—*Porter's Progress of the Nation.*

A Good Guess.—Col. C——, who was over head and ears in debt, when stationed at the Tower, was told by his servant

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that a person wanted to see him on particular business. Requiring a description of his visitor, the reply was, "A man of colour." "Oh, say no more," said the Colonel, "I know what colour—IT IS A DUN."

Aged Trees.—The mahogany tree is full grown in 200 years. Cyprus trees are known to be 800 or 900 years old.

A Sad Alternative.—It was an old custom at Abbeville that a man, condemned to be hung, might be saved if a woman offered, of her own accord, to marry him. This piece of good fortune happened to a robber at Hautvilliers in 1400; but the girl was lame, and he actually refused, saying to the hangman, "She limps, I do not at all like her for a wife; tie me up!"

A Piquant Dish.—"If you will write romances, Mr Maturin," said an Irish prelate to the author of the Albigenses, "why will you persist in harrowing up the feelings by depicting scenes of horror?" "My lord," replied Maturin, who knew his lordship's penchant for high seasoned viands, "readers are like epicures: if you set a plain joint before them, they lose their appetite; but if a piquant dish pleases their palate, they will finish it, though they are satiated even to repletion."—*Anecdotical Reminiscences.*

Enormous Mushroom.—A mushroom of the species cow boletus (boletus bovinus) has this week been got on the farm of Mr Thomas Beesley, Higher Bartle Wood, Plumpton, which measured forty-three inches in circumference, and weighed the extraordinary weight of five pounds.

The use of Coaches modern.—Till a period comparatively recent, even on grand state occasions, coaches were but little in request. During the reign of James I the English judges rode to Westminster on horseback, and are believed to have done so many years after his death. At the Restoration, Charles II made his public entry into London on horseback, between his two brothers.

Safe either way.—At the commencement of the memorable struggle of 1812, the Russians are reported to have announced to Bonaparte the certainty of his failure: "If you," said they, "come to us with a small army, we shall overpower you; if you come to us with a large one, you will overpower yourselves."

A Warrior's Death.—At the moment Charles XII was struck by the fatal ball on the parapet, although its effect was instantaneous, by a sudden impulse and a natural motion, he placed his right hand in the guard of his sword, in which attitude he remained, though his head fell backwards. Voltaire mentions the singular remark of Megret, an engineer, who was by. "At this spectacle," says the writer, "Megret, a man of a singular turn of mind, and of great indifference, made no other remark than this:—'Voilà la pièce finie, allons souper.'"

Singular Battle Incident.—During the battle of Ivry, Rosni, subsequently Duke de Sully, who fought by the King's side, had two horses killed under him, and received himself seven different wounds. He fell in his own blood, and fainted. Being recovered, after a long while, he found himself alone on the field of battle, surrounded with dead. He imagined the day to be lost; when four of the enemy's party coming up to him, entreated him to receive them as prisoners, and to spare their lives. It was thus that he learnt the news of his master's victory.

— In the reign of Charles II, four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for [illegible] ing plays.

— Horne Tooke's father was formerly a poulterer near Soho square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*P. H.*"—Vermilion.—*If our correspondent* [illegible] *the notice we allude to, he will find the* [illegible] *nabar. The native cinnabar is the ore from* [illegible] *metallic mercury is chiefly obtained, and* [illegible] *tious is the* persulphuret of mercury, *composed of two atoms of sulphur and one* [illegible] *mercury.*

"*Charles Castle*" *will find in the pages of the* [illegible] *ror,' when room can be spared, articles on* '[illegible] *Magic,' such as he alludes to.*

"*An Artist.*"—*The best varnish for painting* [illegible] *tic. It is made, when required of the best* [illegible] *as follows:—*

Gum-Mastic, picked and washed	6 oz.
Pure *Turpentine*	0½
Camphor	0½
White Glass, pounded	2½
Oil of Turpentine	18

Reduce the mastic to a fine powder, and mix it with the glass powder, which must have run through a very fine hair sieve. Put all the ingredients, excepting the camphor and pure turpentine, into a short-necked matrass. Keep the matrass in motion, while it is subjected to the heat of boiling water for two hours. The mass should be kept at a low temperature for a short time previously to boiling. When this is done add the camphor, cut into small pieces, and the turpentine. It is never worth the while of an artist to make varnish, as a respectable tradesman will always supply him well, and at as little cost as he can produce it himself.

"*E. A. A.*" *is anxious to correct the error of another correspondent. It is not true, he remarks, "that of all the English monarchs who married French princesses, not one has died a natural death;" Edward I and Henry V, he mentions, are exceptions. Our friend's former letter was mislaid, or the error would sooner have been noticed.*

An awkward transposition occurs in our notice of Seville. The passage, "The cathedral, constructed by Guever, the Moor, in 1568, is much admired for its lofty tower," &c., ought to read, "the cathedral is much admired for its lofty tower, constructed by Guever, the Moor, in 1568." The church is correctly stated to have been erected in 1401.

'Cupid's Mistake' next week.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 17.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1843. [VOL. II. 1843.

Original Communications.

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

OUR cut this week presents what most of our readers will recognise as an old acquaintance, brought forward through a new medium, that of glyphography. The portico at the entrance of the Euston-square station of the London and Birmingham Railway is an architectural object entitled to high praise. It is a handsome Doric portico, built from designs by Mr Hardwick. The correct and lively representation here given of it will be instantly recognised by every one, and the distinctness with which the more minute parts are made out, deserve especial notice. This, however, it may be right to say, by no means shows all glyphography can accomplish. It only offers evidence of greater things to be effected in the fulness of time, when more elaborate efforts shall have been made to give a just idea of the importance of an art as yet in its infancy, but which, for the first time, enables the artist to submit his effects to the world by the same effort which brings them before his own eye. From first experiments it would be folly to expect that perfection which experience will supply, but from what is already done, much may be expected.

This railway was the first of the great lines communicating with London opened to the public. It was commenced in August, 1834, and the twenty-five miles, from Euston square to Boxmoor, were thrown open October 16, 1837. Six years have therefore elapsed since the community began to profit from the wonderful effort which science has made to favour the transit of travellers from one part of the country to another, and consequently we are in some degree capable of judging of the value of the benefit which it offers to society. This, it must be confessed, is not small. As yet nothing is known that for expedition can compare with the railroad, and it may be added, in no way can a

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journey of any considerable length be performed with so little expenture to danger of any sort. These are points of great importance, and it only remains for those who are at the head of the great associations by which they have been established to use their best exertions to make them, in every respect, superior to the old roads. But this has not yet been done, nor does it appear that it is likely to be attempted, till something shall have been effected to beat down that spirit of sordid insolence which is generally, we may say universally, identified with a powerful monopoly.

The gentlemen to whom the management of these important undertakings are confided must be aware that, whatever the ultimate advantage which the public may derive from them, in the first instance they have been the cause of ruin, desertion, and despair in many parts of the country. If these evils were unavoidable, still it must be admitted that they were evils, and no opportunity should be lost for making it felt that the good of which they are the source is unquestionably great, to compensate for them.

But the directors of some of the railways appear to have been desperately alarmed lest the public should have too good a thing. They did not trouble themselves to consider "how much accommodation can we offer at a certain rate;" their only thought was, "by what process can we extort most from the poorer classes?" One worthy gentleman actually suggested that it might be well to engage a gang of chimney-sweepers to pass up and down in the third-class carriages, in order that those who could ill afford to pay for superior accommodation might make a sacrifice, to escape offensive company and the injury their apparel would receive from coming in contact with such fellow-passengers. This philanthropic capitalist evidently considered that it would be quite proper to make a railway a sweating machine, to force the travelling portion of the public to surrender not what might be necessary to reimburse railway proprietors, but what the latter might be pleased to demand. If they were so refractory as to spare their purses at the cost of some inconvenience, he was ready to apply the torture in order to make them pay more. The society of soot-begrimed vagabonds was therefore first to be imposed, and if they failed to produce the desired effect, left to his mercy, can there be no doubt that the cat-o'-nine-tails, the thumbscrew, or the *brodequin*, would have been successively tried, till the guilty third-class passenger gave up his last sixpence, which perhaps he was wretch enough to keep back that he might have the means of appeasing his hunger at the close of his journey.

The disposition to laugh at every principle but the love of gain, which some companies have manifested, is really disgusting. Who can forget that in one memorable scene of railway carnage, it was shown that an amiable young female was among the killed, on whom an aged mother depended for support, and on application being made to the directors to sanction some pension for the poor old heart-broken sufferer, they replied to the appeal by voting a gratuity of five pounds! This burlesque on charity was all that a great company, with a patriot at their head, could afford to hopeless sorrow. Had each member of the direction offered a five-pound note out of his own pocket, it would hardly have deserved the name of charity. The cold-blooded meanness thus displayed, correctly shadowed forth the consideration they would have for their customers where their monopoly should be completely established. It fairly announced that, when the old roads should be virtually closed, it was their fixed determination to make the public pay through the nose for travelling on the new one.

The grasping character of monopoly is seen in almost all of them. We have lately seen the railway opened from Folkestone to London, with a pompous announcement that the traveller would be only six hours on his journey. One gentleman, however, writes to us, that when he came over, the packet performed its part in two hours and three quarters, but he was detained at the Custom-house, though he had no luggage on which they bestowed one moment's examination, till the open train was gone. He had then to pay five or six shillings more than he had calculated upon, to go by the next train, which had no third class, and after waiting an hour and a half at the station, he was nearly four hours on the road to London. The promises held out to him he complains, both as to time and expense, were falsified.

Many correspondents have written with great bitterness on the subject of railroad arrangements, as being wantonly offensive. On the Birmingham line the third class are taken in open carriages for six shillings less than the second-class fare. But the open vehicles are detained, it is stated, purposely and unnecessarily an hour and a half longer on their journey than those which pay the higher price. Now if this is done to save the company expense, it may be excused, but if the only object be to punish poverty, there is, it must be admitted, a determination not to do as well by the public as they might, and this is a subject which ought to be looked at very seriously by the legislature. If, the old roads being withdrawn, unheard-of oppression is to be experienced on the new ones, it is time to inquire whether some

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novel but stringent regulations cannot be adopted, which shall secure to the humbler portion of the public the means of journeying commodiously on reasonable terms.

It has been mentioned in the newspapers that an individual, not approving of the refreshments furnished in a building recently erected at the Roade station on the Birmingham line, wished to cross to a public house close by, but was told by a policeman that if he did so he would take him into custody. The great danger to which life may be exposed by incautiously venturing on the road, justifies the giving of strong powers. If, however, they were not exercised with a view to save a venturesome person from peril, but to compel the passenger to become a customer to any particular concern, the interference was unwarrantable.

Cheapness was one of the recommendations of the railways. It was shown by an authorised return that the expense of one hundred and ten miles by the means formerly in use, which had been 1,326,143*l.*, had been reduced to 793,407*l.* But in several instances the fares on railroads have been so advanced that they exceed what poorer passengers were formerly obliged to pay for the same distances. The profits on the principal lines are such that it is obvious such a cause of complaint ought to be removed.

The ease and the rapidity with which we move forward on a railroad are very delightful; the absence of cads and coachmen, and the crew which beset the inns, and touch their hats and expect to be paid for being looked at, is a treat, but the directors of railways must endeavour, with these advantages, to combine economy, and if they were to make their servants understand that a little civility would not be out of its place, travelling by the iron road would be better than it is. At present the clerks and porters seem to think themselves very great men. The check, when you pay, is almost thrown at your head; and if you hesitate, or venture to ask a question, a fierce look and a sharp reprimand are likely to follow.

BRADY, THE BUSHRANGER;

OR REAL LIFE IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

(*Concluded.*)

"INDEED!" Brady scornfully exclaimed. "What, then, you mean to say you cannot say a prayer fit to be heard unless you have more leisure allowed for it."

Kenton in tears, and with an agonizing shudder, assured him that it was really impossible.

"Well, then, you must walk this way," said Brady, in a thoughtful, meditating tone, as if debating with himself what was to be done. Kenton turned in the direction indicated, and the same moment Brady fired his pistol. The shot entered his brain, and he immediately expired.

The band proceeded southwards, fighting a smart action with the military in the vicinity of the Cross Marsh. A division at that time ensued, part of the bushrangers, under Dunne and Bird, making for the then thinly-located neighbourhood of the rivers Ouse and Dee, the residue, with Brady, retracing their steps towards Launceston.

The local government, having found that empty proclamations would not effect their capture, now went to work in earnest, offering one hundred guineas, a free pardon, and a free passage to England, for each of the banditti taken by a convict,—money and land if effected by free men. Upon the promulgation of this decree, their career may be said to have closed—all parties pressed forward to ensure their destruction. They could trust no one, and in a few weeks the musket and the halter had done their work on those whose primary object in absconding was the hope of being able to seize some ship and quit the colony for ever. Within a week from the dismemberment of the band, private intelligence was conveyed to Lieut. Williams, of the 40th regiment, who immediately marched against Brady with a superior force. Having succeeded in coming upon the brigands, the soldiers gave a rapid fire, which caused their instantaneous flight, not, however, without detaching two from the main body, one of whom was eventually secured. Brady, although severely wounded, escaped, but being hotly pursued, and numerous parties of soldiers, field police, and volunteers from the penitentiary and chain-gangs—the latter animated with the hopes of liberty—pressing upon their steps, their fires were descried in the vicinity of the Watery Plains three days thereafter. Being again assailed they again fled, but Brady's previous wound retarded his flight so much, that he fell into the hands of his pursuers. He indulged no vain hope of mercy, but made up his mind with a desperate resolution to meet the worst. In the conflict with Lieut. Williams, he received a ball below the calf of the leg, which caused him to experience the most intolerable pain in his flight. To extract the ball was necessary. It had passed upwards, and Brady cut it out with his clasp knife above the knee.

When made a prisoner he was conveyed to Launceston on horseback. His deportment was firm, but unmarked by bravado. Crowds ran from the neighbourhood to see this celebrated chief. He wore no hat, but had a handkerchief knotted round his head, and, notwithstanding the severity of his wound, rode with firmness and even

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grace. Having been lodged in the gaol, he and his comrades were shortly afterwards, along with Jefferies and Perry, conveyed to Hobart Town.

From the time that the band divided, their energies were destroyed. Dunne, indeed, did keep the Ouse for some short while on the *qui vive*, but Brady's sun had for ever set. The fiendish plans of Cohen were at work—the sanguinary Murphy, the ferocious Williams, had fallen by his musket or his knife. These two were the most blood-thirsty of all Brady's followers, and it cost him much pains to repress their ferocity. Williams was a mere lad; he had never been a convict, but joined the gang from innate devilishness of disposition, and was repeatedly turned away for cruelty. He had also been flogged more than once by Brady's order, still nothing would induce him to quit, until he received (when asleep) that summons from Cohen's musket which he could no longer disobey.

Having lodged Brady and his few surviving associates in Hobart-Town gaol, the fortunes of Dunne's division will claim a brief review. After reaching the banks of the Ouse, they were successful in effecting several robberies. In their career they visited the dwelling of an old sailor, a recently-arrived settler. They bid him be under no apprehension, as it was far from their purpose to molest him. They knew, they said, that he was a striving, industrious fellow—one who treated his men as men should be treated. During their halt, perceiving a cast-metal pot, they declared it to be the very article they wanted, and that they must have it. The settler, however, battled manfully for his pot, protesting it was much more serviceable to him than it could be to them, and that he positively would not part with it. This amused them mightily, and they gave way to loud laughter.

"D—n the man, and his pot, too," cried one. "Come along, Dunne, let the fellow keep his pot; we can take a couple from some one else."

"Have you got any tobacco?" said Dunne.

"Not a fathom," was the reply.

"Do you smoke?"

"No—but I chew, when I can get it."

"Here, then," cried Dunne, throwing him a yard of negrohead, and putting his horse in motion.

"Humph!" exclaimed the settler, addressing himself at the same time to Mackenney—"That horse will break your neck, if you don't mind—I know him!"

"No, he won't," responded the freebooter, who had served in a light dragoon corps; "he has got his master on his back now." And away they went, laughing heartily at the settler and his pot.

In a short while after this they were encountered and worsted. Bird was shot through the head—Dunne and Cody escaped; the others were taken, Mackenney in a rather singular manner. He was leading the horse, of which he had so triumphantly boasted himself master, across a rivulet—the animal, in taking the leap, struck Mackenney's ankle with such violence that the bone was smashed. In this deplorable situation, unable to offer the slightest resistance, he became an easy prey—the steed indirectly verifying the settler's prediction. Various conjectures were afloat respecting Dunne: the general impression was, that he had been badly wounded, and had died in the scrub.

A day or two after this dispersion, Cody presented himself at a shepherd's hut on the Dee. He was in the greatest misery—cold—exhausted—famished. Giving the remains of plunder to his host (an old acquaintance), he squatted on his hams by the fire whilst breakfast was preparing. The hope of liberty, the assurance of reward—flashed across the shepherd's brain, and he resolved to make the outlaw his prisoner. Not a moment was to be lost: Cody was thawing his benumbed limbs by the exhilarating blaze—his back was towards his host, who, snatching up a heavy and sharp-edged piece of wood, sprung upon his victim, dealing him, on the back of the skull, a terrific blow that laid him senseless on the floor. Taking advantage of his prostrate condition, the shepherd showered his furious strokes upon the defenceless brigand. Leaving him weltering in his blood, he hastened to a neighbouring shepherd for aid. On their return they found the miserable creature partially recovered. He was again mercilessly felled to the earth, bound, and conveyed in a bullock cart across the Ouse.

The wife of the settler already mentioned hastened to render the unhappy sufferer such assistance as could be afforded. The spectacle she beheld was hideous—the wretched Cody's head, smashed to a jelly, was hanging out of the cart, every jolt inflicting indescribable agony. His gentle visitor did all she might to ameliorate his position; the cart was filled with straw, and all that humanity could devise was essayed.

"Can I do anything more for you, Cody?" inquired the lady, deeply moved; but Cody was unable to reply.

"Oh, he's sulky, and won't answer" said his inhuman guards (not soldiers), who commenced pricking him with their bayonets.

"For mercy's sake, forbear!" exclaimed the charitable ministrant. "Sulky! look at the poor creature's head—no wonder he can't speak; that hole is large enough to admit my hand. Will you have some tea, Cody?"

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With a convulsive shudder, as if life and death disputed mastery, the mangled felon was at length able to give utterance to a hollow "Yes." Tea was accordingly given and greedily swallowed. If Cody reached Hobart Town alive, it was only to expire in the hospital.

Prior to their trial, the lieutenant-governor, Colonel Arthur, visited the banditti in gaol, expressing a hope that they were preparing themselves for the world to come. To which Brady responded, "Their thoughts were too much occupied with plans of escape in this, to reflect upon anything else." Several desperate efforts were accordingly made, one of which was nearly crowned with success. To their great indignation Jefferies and Perry had been confined in the same cell with them—"If," said Brady to one of the turnkeys—"if you wish to find that fellow with his head on in the morning, you will do well to remove him." The hint being taken, Brady voluntarily gave up a knife he had contrived to secrete.

At his trial, he, as well as the others, behaved with the most respectful firmness. Being asked his plea upon the first indictment (he was arraigned on many), he replied with the utmost composure, "Guilty, your honour; I shall plead guilty to all, and much more than you can bring against me. It would, therefore, only be wasting your honour's time, and that of the gentlemen of the jury, to proceed." His name being included with others, the trial did proceed, and upon the same question having been put on every fresh count, he always smilingly answered, "Guilty."

He received his sentence with the same unshaken fortitude; and, bowing easily and respectfully to the judge and jury, he and his confederates were reconducted to their cell.

An individual who desired to see a man of whose daring he had heard so much, applied for permission to visit him. It was granted. He saw the fearless bush-ranger, who was seated near the gallows on which he was to die, and which is there kept permanently standing, as was formerly the case at Tyburn. He was heavily ironed, and seated with Brady, Bryant, and Mackenney. They seemed to be in earnest conversation, but inclined their heads respectfully at the visitor's approach. Brady's wounded leg was still unhealed, and his comrade, Mackenney, was upon crutches. Pity and regret were the predominant emotions as the surgeon who accompanied the stranger thus broke silence: "Well, Brady, how are you to-day? Is your leg any better?"

The bushranger gazed at us for a moment; then, with an "Oh," and a jerk of his head in the direction of the gallows, seemed by that significant gesture to reply —that in a few days all on earth would be well enough with him.

On the 11th May, 1826 (six of his confederates having paid the penalty of their crimes the day previous), he ascended the scaffold, maintaining his constancy unshaken to the last—his demeanour, whilst it was perfectly firm, was devoid of all unseemly levity. Fully impressed with his dreadful position, he evinced a resolution to surmount it. Bryant and Mackenney, as well as Perry and Jefferies, were his partners in doom. The drop fell, and after a few convulsive struggles, the dreaded freebooter, who had struck Tasmania with terror and dismay, hung an inanimate and impotent mass of clay.

THE DYING REBEL.

At a moment like the present, the following deeply affecting letter, addressed by one of the unhappy sufferers of 1798 to Sir Jonah Barrington, a few hours before he was led out to die a shameful death, will be read with interest. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, the writer, Henry Sheers, a barrister, had believed those with whom he acted were irresistible. Seized by the strong arm of the law, all his gay dreams of triumph and glory vanished, and the outpourings of his despair exhibit such misery that they may even yet claim a tear:—

"Mr dearest Friend,—The dreadful die is cast. Fly, I beseech you, to the Chancellor, and save a man whose fate will kill his family. Oh! my dearest friend, my whole dependence is on you. Tell the Lord Chancellor I will pray for him for ever—that the Government shall ever find me what they wish. Oh! my family, my wife, my children, my mother—go to them, let them throw themselves at the Chancellor and Lord Shannon's feet. Those papers which were found in my office have ruined me. You know, my dear friend, I had nothing to do with them. You know I never was an advocate for violence or blood.

"I have been duped, misled, deceived—but with all the wishes and intentions to do good. My principles were never for violence—my nature is soft to a fault. My whole happiness is centred in my beloved, my adored family. With them I will go to America, if the Government will allow me; or I will stay here and be the most zealous friend they have. Tell the Lord Chancellor I depend upon the goodness of his nature—that I will atone for what is past by a life regular, temperate, and domestic. Oh! speak to him of my poor wretched family, my distracted wife, and my helpless children. Snatch them from the dreadful horrors which await them, and save the life of your truest

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friend. I will lie under any conditions the Government may choose to impose on me if they will but restore me to my family. Desire my mother to go to Lord Shannon immediately, and my wife to the Lord Chancellor. We are to receive sentence at three o'clock. Fly, I beseech you, and save a man who will never cease to pray for you—to serve you.

"Let me hear from you, my dear fellow, as quick as possible. God bless you.

"Newgate, eight o'clock."

A RUN IN THE NORTH, AND A VISIT TO THE LAND OF BURNS.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—With great pleasure I comply with your request that I should send you a familiar account of my recent delightful "ride" into the North, knowing well how deeply you would have sympathised with my enjoyment, and how thoroughly you can enter into my feelings of pleasure at the retrospect. My 'Pleasures of Hope' have now become 'Pleasures of Memory.'

Thanks to the railway and the steamboat, I have contrived to get over an extent of ground, and enjoy scenes, in a space of time that would have made our "worthy grandfather, the Deacon," stare with all the might of his optics. And as, notwithstanding 'Black's Guide-book,' and Mr Chambers's useful compilation for the benefit of tourists, and notwithstanding, also, the ghosts of us Cocknies whom the love of the picturesque, forsooth, drives annually northward, I fancy I can tell you of a few things not very generally known in the south, and put you and our friends in the way of a trip not yet known as it deserves to be to residents fifty miles south of the *saut-market*. Accordingly, I shall for your especial benefit sit down and do what you know I dislike, take the trouble of *voluntarily* writing, being, as you also know, of the opinion with our friend the great lexicographer, that no man but a fool writes without pay! So you must duly appreciate the honour, and show yourself most appropriately and fraternally grateful!

You will remember, I dare say, with what exhilaration and delight I escaped from our beloved metropolis, the region of letters and of wit, after the fatigues and anxiety of a London season of business and pleasure (it is difficult to say which is the more laborious of the two!) and panted for the pure air, the invigorating breeze, and the tonic influences on the spirits of the enchanting scenery of the land of the mountain and the flood. Having accepted, as you know, the kind invitation of my good friend K——, to spend a month at his father's delightful villa on the Clyde, at the end of August I packed up a large portmanteau, a carpet bag, and a hat box (which three several packages I found uncommonly inconvenient *in transitu*, as we say, and advise you when you go north to be more limited in that respect), and with our friend G——, put myself on board the fine steam-packet, yclept after the port of its destination, the 'Leith,' the said G—— loaded like myself, with the addition of a bundle of fishing-rods, with which it was his intention to astonish the natives, both of the finny and human tribes. We had a delightful voyage of forty-five hours, with a very pleasant company, and with no drawback but a stiff north-west wind, which blew up suddenly on the day after our departure, and continued for several hours, to the no small astonishment and fear of some excellent Frenchmen on board, whose acquaintance with Father Neptune was limited to their passage between Dover and Calais. I need not tell you what a pleasant thing to a smoke-dried denizen of London, wearied with the toils of professional exertion and the engagements of social life, is a voyage by one of these same noble steamers on the Scottish line. The freedom of mind from all its usual occupations, the expanse of the glorious sea,—health-giving, nerve-bracing, appetite-creating, mind-inspiring sea!—the variety of scene as you merrily bound along, and the admirable arrangements in the interior for the accommodation and comfort of the physical man, make the voyage one of extreme enjoyment, unless indeed the voyager be a martyr to that most distressing of all ailments, the sea-sickness, and then of course, *cadet questio*, he can have no notion of Paradise, but is necessarily in continual purgatory. By-the-bye, it forcibly struck my mind that these fine packets ought to be provided with what would be a great comfort, and easily managed—a *warm bath*. No one but he who has been tossed all night in a berth in a close cabin, "cribbed and confined" in a place where the air seems to have travelled from the Black-hole of Calcutta, can tell the joy with which he could plunge the next morning into a bath of warm sea-water, often a luxury of luxuries on land, but "then and there" pre-eminently and emphatically, and most decisively (as a great ex-chancellor hath it) to the relief of the wretched and the enjoyment of the happy! When next you come alongside a director of the General Steam Navigation Company, mention the matter to him, and it may have the effect of giving future voyagers an accommodation that might easily be made for them. If so, I shall have the satisfaction of thinking myself a public benefactor. But this by the way. The eastern coast of England, I admit, is no great things for views till you get near Newcastle; but as

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soon as you catch a glimpse of the celebrated Cheviots; you are in noble coast scenery, bold, rocky, and yet rich. We passed the spot where the *Pegashius* went down, as the sailor called it who pointed out to me the spot; and that other site, in its immediate neighbourhood, where the great heroine of our days performed her sublime exploit—the Island of Ferns, the lighthouse of Grace Darling. Ah! why is Sir Walter gone? or why has not his mantle fallen on some worthy successor? that the modern Jeanie Deans may be properly commemorated, and have a perpetuity bestowed on her name here on earth—although she has already passed to her reward that will not fail—immortal in the heavens! But you will think me daft. Not so, most noble Festus, I speak the words of soberness and truth. That enthusiasm which you know beats so strongly in my bosom, and for which I sometimes get reproved by your more sober and commonsense judgment, may make one feel vividly on the subject; but who can exaggerate the moral and physical heroism of the woman, who, bound on her mission of mercy, encountered dangers from which men accustomed to the roughness of the elements shrunk back in dismay, and who, trusting to the Power that rules the winds and waves, and excites and upholds the generous purpose in the heart of the self-devoting, knew no obstacle to the accomplishment of her noble design, and was enabled to complete it with the happiest results:

"Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!"

But on we go—"from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," a summer's day. We pass Northumberland, and arrive in due time at that noble promontory that seems to jut out into the ocean, an emblem of the country it bounds, of the people who tread upon its neighbouring shores. St Abb's Head, one continuous line of precipitous rock, scarred by a thousand tempests, and yet unshaken, presenting the unmoved front it wore centuries and centuries ago—bidding defiance to the wrath of the elements, erect in majesty and strength! We saw many a herring-boat on this part of the coast, and mostly with foreign crews. I thought they were often coming within the limit of three miles, beyond which they are bound by treaty to keep themselves, but I presume, as no complaint is made, no grievance is felt. We pass the Berwick land, and the Bass Rock, that seems to stand at the mouth of the Forth like its brother, Oihe, at the mouth of Clyde, the guardian giant of the land! By-the-bye, at one time Dame Nature must have been playing strange pranks in this district, or how could these tremendous rocks that stud the Frith and stand upright in the Carse of Stirling, have found their way there? "One wonders how the devil they got there," with a vengeance They look like the wee bits of rock which those muscular young gentlemen the Titans are said or sung to have flung at the caput of old Father Jove! But I dare say geology has a great deal to say on the subject, and as you are smit with the love of the science, which professes to decipher Nature's hieroglyphics, you know much more about it than I do, who have no more "scientific knowledge" (heaven help the mark!) than would seem to qualify me for the first form at a charity school! Up the Frith we go, and gradually get a sight of that most romantic of cities, "Edina! glory of the north." Ah! what has not Nature done for thee, thou gem of Scotia! "A work divine, a blending of all beauties"—the rocks, the Frith, the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," the Portlands, and the distant "kingdom" of Fife; what can match these elements of grandeur and beauty combined? Constantinople, perhaps; but nothing nearer. Thank heaven, man cannot injure this, do what he will, and he has tried his best with the Calton Hill. But although every effort seems to have been made to spoil the noblest site any European city can boast, by monuments of the worst taste possible, the unrivalled grandeur of the scene remains, and whether we "love man the less," at any rate we unquestionably "love Nature more" from these our communings. But we were not able to linger, as I should have loved to do, among the romantic beauties of that enchanting city, but were bound to arrive with all convenient speed and lawful modes at St Mungo's noisy capital. Accordingly we popped ourselves into the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, which runs forty-five miles along that isthmus, formerly crossed by the wall of Agricola! What a change, my dear brother; the "roving barbarians and untutored savages" of Caledonia have become "canny Scots," that is, intelligent, well-informed, well-conducted subjects of our lady the Queen, with a very keen eye to the main chance, and anything but a disposition to remain wandering and starving in their primeval glens. The military forts, intended to cut off communication between land and land, are replaced by the grand connecting link of society, the communicator—the civilizer—the refiner,—in one word, the Railway! "Every railroad," says a great writer, "may be regarded as accomplishing a mission of peace." And yet some men tell us that the world does *not advance*. Bah! The railway is admirably managed, and is very cheap; only 8s. for the first class and 6s. for the second. By-the-bye, our English railways are abominably dear compared with the Scotch, for you go to Ayr from Glasgow, forty-five miles, for 6s. in the first class train; while

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the Birmingham fare is 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*,—four times the money for twice and a half the distance—*il faut changer tout cela.*

The country through which the railway passes is very fine. The vale of Falkirk, the hills of Ochill and of Campia, with the interesting towns of Linlithgow, &c., make it a most interesting line; indeed, I do not know any English line of equal beauty. At last we duly arrived at Glasgow, and not staying to see that famous city then, we at once proceeded to the *Bromielaw*, and went on board one of the countless steamers which ply up and down the river Clyde, and make it so far like the Thames.

Eventually we arrived at the place of our destination, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with our friends, the intelligent and kind-hearted father of my friend, and lord of the mansion, welcoming us with that genuine warmth which puts host and guest at once on a footing of mutual good understanding. You know what a good thing a Scotch meal is, and what a laudable custom prevails throughout that land, of closing the day with a glass of toddy. Accordingly, you may believe that I enjoyed the hospitable reception, and a good night's rest after the "run by sea and land." There you must leave us for the present, as you will be tired of reading,—and, at any rate, I am of writing.

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

OUR great theatres hold out little hope that the national drama of England is likely to prosper. At Drury Lane, operas and ballets are the order of the day; and at Covent Garden, in one short month one season, as it is called, has closed, in order, it would seem, to relieve the company from the co-operation of those who undertake the principal heroes of Shakspeare. Mr Vandenhoff, Mr Anderson, and Mr Phelps, are said to have refused most of the parts offered to them, and to have differed among themselves about those they were to sustain.

The modern theatre too frequently presents but

"A nest of tyrants and a den of slaves."

A few leading performers lord it over the manager, and claim enormous salaries; while the rest are ground down to a bare subsistence. In the days of Garrick and Quin there were

"Hard words, jealousies, and fears,"

and many quarrels and revolutions, but those who rose to be favourites never thought of demanding such remuneration as we have seen of late in many cases allowed. This seems to be one of the great evils with which the manager in our time has to contend. All the attraction is supposed to be centred in a few, and the subordinates, without whom their talents cannot be seen to advantage, go for nothing. Hence the "profession," as their calling is termed, becomes anything but respectable. Those who take the lead ought to feel that, if the theatre fails, they cannot succeed. Experience has taught many that a high salary is "but a name" in most instances, and he who claims ten or twenty pounds a night for his services, has commonly been able to count very few acting nights in his season.

Mr Vandenhoff, Mr Anderson, and Mr Phelps, though actors of talent, have never yet had that hold on the public once enjoyed by Kemble, Cooke, and Young. By claiming too much they lose what they might have possessed, and the drama sinks in general estimation. We despair of seeing a theatre flourish till those who take the higher characters are content, as members of a community, to labour for the good of the whole. Such rewards as many of them seek cannot be long continued; and if the system of the great theatres be not changed the minors will prevail against them. Though the regular drama for a time may fail, opera and spectacle will not long attract sufficiently to cover the attendant expense. This past experience has proved. Now and then a great hit will be made, but the manager who expects lasting prosperity from them on the English stage, will in the end be miserably disappointed.

CUPID'S MISTAKE.

CUPID, one sultry day, tired with the chase,
Looked round for some sequestered resting place:
A mossy cave was near at hand, and there
The drowsy urchin hastened to repair;
His bow and quiver quickly he unbound,
His arrows loosely throwing on the ground;
Then, on the flinty rock, the god reposes,
And sleeps as soundly as on bed of roses.
But Cupid little thought, that that same cave
Belong'd to Death—grim landlord of the grave:
Yet so it was; and though he was not there,
Some of his arrows sharply pointed were;
And these were mixed with those Love aims at hearts;—
Death's poison'd missiles with young Cupid's darts!
Now, when refresh'd by sleep, the god awakes,
Some of the former with his own he takes,
Some of his own unwitting leaves instead,
Out-spread his wings, and then the urchin fled.
But mark the strange result—Death's barbed dart
Instead of killing, oft but wounds the heart;
And Cupid's arrows but too often prove,
To be the harbingers of Death—not Love.

V. PIKE.

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, or. an eagle, displayed, with two heads gu. (a coat of augmentation); second and third, per bend, embattled, ar. and gu., for Boyle; over all an escutcheon, or, charged with three stags' horns, erect, gu., two and one, for the paternal coat of Boyle or Kelburne.

Crest. An eagle, displayed, with two heads, per pale, embattled ar. and gu.

Supporters. Dexter, a savage wreathed about the temples and loins, holding in the dexter hand a branch of laurel, all ppr; sinister, a lion, per pale, embattled ar. and gu.

Motto. "Dominus providebit." "*God will provide.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF GLASGOW.

The first ancestor of note in this noble family was Sir Richard de Boyle, who lived in the reign of Alexander III. His son, Robert de Boyle, of Kelburne, swore allegiance as a Scottish baron, in 1296, to Edward I of England.

Henry de Boyle, his descendant, was a remarkably pious person, and gave his lands to the monastery of Paisley for the good of his soul. From him came John Boyle, who, in 1488, fell at the battle of Bannockburn. His son, who bore the same name, obtained from James V a grant of divers lands in the Isle of Cumbra, near Bute, and marrying Agnes, of the family of Ross, of Hawkhead, in Renfrew, the estate of Hawkhead was inherited by his second son, John, while his own property devolved upon his eldest son's son. This was John Boyle, of Kelburne, who was succeeded in his estates by his son and grandson of the same name. The last left an only daughter, Grizel Boyle, who married her kinsman, David Boyle, Esq. of Halkshill. The first offspring of their union, John Boyle, was M.P. for the county of Bute in 1681. He married the daughter of Sir Walter Stewart, of Allantoun, county of Lanark, and on his death, in 1685, was succeeded by his eldest son, David Boyle, Esq., of Kelburne, who, having represented the county of Bute, in Kelburne, in the Convention Parliament, and been sworn a member of the Privy Council, was elevated to the peerage of Scotland, January 31, 1699, as Lord Boyle, of Kelburne, Stewarton, Cumbra, Largs, and Dalry, with remainder to his issue male and heirs whatsoever; and created by patent, dated April 12, 1703, Baron Boyle, of Stewarton, Cumbra, Fenwick, Largs, and Dalry, Viscount Kelburne, and Earl of Glasgow. He died November 1, 1733, and was succeeded by his eldest son John, second Earl, who in 1740 left his title and estates to his eldest surviving son of the same name. He married Elizabeth, the second daughter of George Lord Ross. He died March 7th, 1775, and was succeeded by George Boyle, G.C.H. F.R.S. and S.A., the late Peer. He obtained the peerage by creation, August 11, 1815. He married March 4, 1788, Augusta, daughter of James, fourteenth Earl of Errol, and, it will be remembered, deceased in the present year. The present Earl, James, was born April 10, 1792.

THE LOVER'S DUST.

(From the Latin of Amalk.)

The dust that here, with motion true,
In silence tells the waning hour,
Once glowed with vital heat, and knew
The pride of honour, wealth, and power—
Was one, who, lost in pleasure's maze,
Relentless beauty's charms admired;
He saw, but withered in the gaze,
And in a fatal flame expired.
Still in this glass his ashes move,
Proclaiming to each pining breast,
That he who knows the pangs of Love,
May never, never, hope for rest!

L.

Woollet the Engraver.—Woollet was rather below the middle stature, and extremely simple and unpretending in manner and demeanour. He had been apprenticed to a general engraver in Cheapside. His great works were executed at his house, the corner of Charlotte and North streets. The house has undergone much alteration of late years; but, till a comparatively recent period, the window of his work-room, which he had adapted to his purpose, and had a northern aspect, remained unaltered. He was accustomed, on the completion of a plate, to assemble his family on the landing-place of his study (the first floor) and all gave three cheers. He was intimate with Parsons, the celebrated comedian, who had a taste for the arts, and they occasionally smoked their pipes together. Woollet was a man of integrity, candour, and liberality, worthy of his elevated station as an artist.—*Raimbach.*

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CABRERA.

The sensation created by the appearance of Nogueras, who is said to have put the mother of Cabrera to death, will render the following notes of that daring chief's career interesting to most readers.

It was in the year 1834 that the force which had been commanded by the Valencian chief, Carnicer, and which amounted to about 3,000 men, was cut up or dispersed by the army of Rodil, which had been previously employed in watching the movements of Don Carlos on the confines of Portugal. The remnant of this band was scattered over the mountains of Catalonia, Valencia, and Lower Arragon, in parties of from thirty to one hundred, where they perpetrated the most horrid crimes, robbing and assassinating, without distinction, Carlist as well as Christino. Cabrera had been at the head of a small force which numbered about 500 men, under Carnicer, and had made himself remarkable for the activity and energy of his movements and the good success which generally attended his predatory expeditions. These bands, thus dispersed, though committing ravages of the most atrocious kind, were not yet of sufficient importance to arrest the undivided attention of the regular army of the Queen; whilst the local force, combining the *urbanos* and other constitutional volunteers, was unable to compete with these marauders. The appeal to arms, also, in favour of the liberal government had been responded to in so indifferent a manner as to afford a favourable opportunity to the first bold and ambitious chieftain who had talent and influence enough to concentrate those materials which were loosely scattered over the country. Cabrera took advantage of all these circumstances, which were so favourable to his designs. He combined with Serrador and Quilez, two chiefs of the old army of Carnicer, and soon collected together the remnant of that dispersed body. The numbers rapidly increased, and instead of 3,000 men, to which it originally amounted, each captain, in a very short space of time, found himself at the head of 4,000 soldiers, already trained to war. The talent displayed by Cabrera in his various encounters with the Christino chiefs who were sent against him, and the success which almost invariably attended him, procured him the command in chief of the whole combined force, which then reckoned 12,000 men. In vain did the generals of the queen's army implore the government to send reinforcements to stop, while there was yet time, the progress of Cabrera. The government was unable to comply with the prayer. The young Arragonese chieftain did not allow a moment of delay: his blows were struck, one after another, with the rapidity of lightning. He surprised, in quick succession, all the Christino positions, and soon menaced the whole of the country between the Lower Ebro and Valencia. Serrador joined him at Tortoza, and Quilez occupied the confines of the three provinces of Arragon, Valencia, and Catalonia. The result which usually follows success in such cases was obtained by the army of the centre; crowds flocked to the standard of the fortunate chief, and his army soon became formidable for its positions, its numbers, and its ferocity, and possessed of supplies of all kinds to an amount incredibly enormous.

This remarkable partisan may still be called a young man; he is not more than thirty-nine years old. He is of obscure parentage, his father having been a brigadier during the war of independence. We must hasten to enlighten the reader, who may be apt to feel astonished at the assertion that the son of a brigadier can be said to be of low origin. Amongst Spaniards this term is applied not only to the general officer bearing that appellation, but also to the chief of four or five muleteers attached to the brigade of an army, and whose rank is not superior to that of a peasant. His mother, however, is said to have belonged to a distant branch of a noble Arragonese family; and the son is reported to cherish, secretly and with a miser's care, a certain feeling of aristocratic pride. He officiated many years as sacristan—an office which is filled by a layman—in the parish church of his native town, Babastia. In his youth he manifested a particular taste for music and poetry, particularly for those old ballads composed in the days of Arragonese independence; and it appears that he is a finished performer on the guitar. Accident is said to have disturbed the peaceful occupations of his youth, and to have all at once changed his entire temperament. His mother held some small place in the hospital of her native town, for which she received a trifling remuneration. In settling her accounts on one occasion with a clerk in the office of the *administrador*, named Lerchundi, some dispute occurred regarding an item of trivial amount which she claimed, having supplied from her own resources a few necessaries to one of the invalids of the establishment. Her demand was not recognised by the accountant, and the dispute arose to such a height that, with the insolence of a petty official, he struck the woman on the face, and turned her out of doors. She hastened home and appeared before her son with her face swollen and bleeding. She was then a widow, and Cabrera was tenderly attached to her. He heard her story, and went to Lerchundi to demand why he had ill-used his parent. Similar insolence was repeated. He pro-

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called to the house of the *administrador*, and complained of the treatment he had received—all in vain: he was received with haughtiness and dismissed with insult. Cabrera did not long brood the injury. On the next morning the dead body of Lerchundi was found lying in the streets pierced with many wounds, any one of which would have caused death. The voice of the sacristan was no longer heard in the church of San Vicent. He fled to the mountains, and, leading a life half-shepherd half-brigand, eluded any attempts made to arrest him.

It is said that the fierce spirit of Cabrera has not been always inaccessible to the softer passions. To his duties of sacristan he occasionally added those of a professor of music, and gave lessons on the guitar. One of his pupils was the niece of an Arragonese gentleman, a native of Alcasiz, a girl of nineteen or twenty. A dismal mystery is connected with her story. Spain is the land of intrigue, in love as well as in politics; and a young and enthusiastic female seldom considers, with the coolness of a sage, those differences of rank which are established by the conventional regulations of society. She was an orphan, and had not only been betrothed, but had been actually *casada con poder*—married, that is, by proxy, a frequent custom in Spain—with a man much older than herself, and whom she had never yet seen. Strange to say, and incredible as it would now doubtless appear, the manners of Cabrera were then gentle and unassuming, and a mutual attachment soon grew up between them. This was not discovered until it became too late to save the honour of the lady. She was removed with her offspring from the house of her uncle, and was never heard of more. Whether she died of a broken heart or perished by assassination none ever knew. That nothing might be wanting to render Cabrera a monster of iniquity, it is said that the vengeance inflicted for the real or supposed violence committed on the lady formed a befitting prelude to his other deeds of blood.

In appearance Cabrera is about the middle stature, rather slight, and not ungracefully formed. To a stranger his countenance is not indicative of the ferocity which has made him so remarkable even amongst the sanguinary leaders of the Carlist bands; and his demeanour, when not under the influence of intense excitement, is mild and gentle. Even when affected by some overwhelming feeling his external manner betrays little of the tempest which rages within: it is not boisterous nor loud, but rather that of deep, calm, concentrated, yet deadly determination. On one occasion only is it recorded that this habitual calmness completely abandoned him. This monster, who is not redeemed by another virtue, wept like an infant snatched from the bosom when the tidings of his mother's death reached him. He loved her much; and her murder turned to gall whatever little of earthly feeling made his heart still human. He shut himself up in his apartment during two days, without admitting an individual, with the exception of one favoured servant, a relative it is said, to witness the agony of grief to which he abandoned himself, and which almost deprived him of consciousness. How bitterly he avenged his ill-fated parent need not be told.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

The following extract from a letter by Dr Cartwright, on account of the very important fact stated in it, cannot be too generally known:—

"During my residence, upwards of twenty years, at Brampton, a populous parish near Chesterfield, a putrid fever broke out among us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I attended a boy about fourteen years of age who was attacked by the fever. He had not been ill many days before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered bark, wine, and such other medicines as my books directed. My exertions were, however, of no avail; his disorder grew every day more and more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought, for the last time; and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them in the best manner I could to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed in a corner of the room a small tub of wort working. The sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with of a piece of putrid meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation. The idea flashed into my mind that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of the disease, and I instantly gave him two large spoonsful. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat this dose every two hours. I then set out on my journey. Upon my return, after a few days, I anxiously inquired after the boy, and was informed that he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, and though greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on, I went directly to his residence, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors, and, to my great surprise, the boy himself opened the door, looking well, and he told me he had felt better from the time he took the yeast."

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In other instances he tested the power of yeast, and the results were equally satisfactory and astonishing. Two additional cases are mentioned in the same letter which furnishes the above quotation. One of them is perhaps more extraordinary than that already given. The simple and affecting story is thus told:—

"As I was riding past a detached farmhouse at the outskirts of the village, I observed the farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On inquiring into the cause of her distress she told me her father was dying. I went into the house, and found him in the last stage of putrid fever. His tongue was black, his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast, which I diluted with water, and poured it down his throat. I then left him with little hope of recovery. I returned to him in about two hours, and found him sensible and able to converse. I then gave him a dose of bark. He afterwards took, at proper intervals, some refreshment. I stayed with him till he repeated the yeast, and then left him, with directions how to proceed. I called upon him the next morning at nine o'clock, and found him apparently recovered; he was an old man, upwards of seventy."

PIETY OF LOUIS XIV AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

The inhuman treatment which the Calvinists, or Jansenists, experienced in the time of Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon, is hateful in itself, but it is aggravated and still more provocative of disgust from its intimate connexion with the sacred exultation of the King, the cold-blooded piety of Madame de Maintenon, the impious thanksgivings of the old Chancellor, and the brutal praise lavished by the priests on deeds of blood. Nothing can better merit the serious attention of the student of history or the theologian than the events of those times. We subjoin a painfully striking representation of a portion of them, and not the most striking portion, from the eighteenth part of the 'Pictorial History of France,' just published:—

"The petitions which the Calvinists addressed to the king from all quarters, Louis XIV answered by sending them missionaries, escorted by dragoons. Then commenced those famous executions which were called dragoonings, or *dragonnades*. Noailles, overrunning his province at the head of a regiment, billeted his soldiers upon the most refractory of the reformers, for the purpose of enforcing their conversion. 'This takes place quickly,' he writes, 'that the troops have th[illegible] to sleep one night in the places where I sto[illegible]hem, and the matter is settled by the of Ca[illegible]rning.' The memoirs of Dangeau to com[illegible], on the 2nd of September, all the Arragons of Montauban were converted by ment of ction held in the town-hall. The same thing took place at Montpelier, Castres, Lunel, &c., on the 5th October, after which followed the dioceses of Gap and Embrun; then all Poitou. The superintendent of Languedoc announced sixty thousand conversions in one day; upon which Madame de Maintenon, who knew her ancient Protestant allies at heart, answered, 'I plainly see, that all these conversions are not equally sincere; but God makes use of various means in order to bring back heretics to their duty. Their children will, at least, be Catholics. If the fathers are hypocrites, their outward appearance has a show of the truth; they have the signs in common with the faithful.'

"The efforts of Colbert to arrest the persecutions were in vain. It was evident that Louis XIV was tired of him, and that Louvois had absorbed all the royal favour. 'Too honest a man not to feel this,' says an historian of Colbert, 'and too ambitious to retire, he had the weakness still to tempt fortune by an effort more worthy of a courtier than a great minister. He proposed to consecrate to the king a magnificent place on the grounds of the hotel of Soissons, where the corn-market is now to be seen.' In the middle of a vast basin there is an enormous rock, on which are placed four colossal statues, or river gods, which support Louis XIV in the attitude of prostrating discord and heresy. Girardon had planned this mountain of marble and bronze for an extraordinary effect. But the death of the minister saved France the expense of such gigantic adulation; and the prodigious blocks which were collected served to decorate the church of the Invalids. Worn out with labour and disappointment, Colbert broke down in a few days; his dying hand refused to open a letter from the king. 'I no longer wish to hear mention of him,' he cried; 'he may at least leave me unmolested at the present moment. Had I done,' he added, with the melancholy feeling of the expiring Wolsey, 'for my God what I have done for that man, I might have been saved ten times over; but now I know not what will become of me.' The populace, excited to fury against him, because he was comptroller-general of finance, groaned at the door of his house, waiting to tear his body to pieces. They could only bury him in the night, under the protection of an armed force. The tomb alone gave repose to this celebrated minister, whose soul, troubling in its last moments, seemed to fly into the bosom of the Jesuit Bourdalone, from an offended God, an ungrateful king, and an exasperated people.'

"Louvois only waited for that moment to put in force the most rigorous measures against the Protestants. An able man, of the name of Gourville, had advised him to incarcerate all the reformed clergy, and not to release any but those who would publicly abjure the new doctrine. This was a method of conversion more efficacious than the *dragonnades* and the sabre-in-hand missions. But such half-mild policy displeased the haughty minister; and in the commencement of the year 1685, he had written to the lieutenants of provinces, that 'his majesty wished every rigour should be exercised towards all who would not conform to his reli-

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gion; and those who desired the foolish glory to remain the last to do so, must be forced to the last extremity.'

"At length, on the 22nd of October of the same year, the famous edict appeared, which revoked that of Nantes. The father of Louvois, the old Chancellor Le Tellier, of whom the Count de Grammont said, on seeing him coming out of the cabinet of the king, 'I thought I saw a pole-cat just come from a murderous slaughter of the poultry, and licking his chops, covered with their blood.' The old chancellor, whilst signing the edict, joyfully exclaimed, 'Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, quia viderunt oculi mei salvationem tuam.' It is evident few fanatics of this description were wanted, sustained as they were by Madame de Maintenon and Father Lachaise, the king's confessor, in order to stifle more moderate, and consequently, wiser minds. 'The revocation of the edict of Nantes, which resembles,' says Lemontey, 'St Bartholomew, as far as a French crime can approach an Italian one, opened a long career of proscriptions.' The cruel edict was composed of eleven articles, the first of which suppressed all the privileges granted by Henry IV and Louis XIII to the Protestants. The second and third interdicted the exercise of their religion all over the kingdom without exception; the fourth directed that all the reforming clergy should leave France within fifteen days; the fifth and sixth established rewards to all those who might return to the bosom of the church; by the seventh, the Calvinists were prohibited from holding schools; and they were enjoined by the eighth to bring up their children in the Catholic religion; the ninth and tenth promised amnesty and restitution of property to those who, having emigrated, should return within four months; and the eleventh threatened those who had relapsed with heavy penalties, and permits the Calvinists, nevertheless, to remain in their own domiciles, to enjoy their own property, and to carry on their trades, without being molested on the score of religion, provided they did not assemble to exercise it. It is to be borne in mind, that care was taken that the last clause, which permitted a kind of liberty of conscience, was violated by the ultra zeal of the superintendents appointed to carry the edict of abolition into effect. 'The last clause,' says De Noailles, with regret, 'has a tendency to create great disorder, and to arrest the progress of conversion.'

"Scarcely was the edict signed, when, at the signal of Lachaise, it became the theme of praises and panegyrics in the pulpits of the court, in order to stultify the king, and not allow him time to reflect on a concession which the Protestants themselves admit was exacted from him. Nevertheless, on the strength of hearing himself incessantly lauded as the saviour of the Catholic religion, Louis XIV finished by applauding an act which was made to appear to him as the most glorious of his reign. The French were thenceforth to have but one law under one king. Louis XIV was 'another Constantine, another Theodosius.' Never had a king done, or never could a king do, anything so memorable. The whole of Europe was in amazement at the promptitude and facility with which Louis XIV had annihilated a heresy, against which the arms of ten kings, his predecessors, had been vainly directed!'

"Then were the *dragonnades* carried on with new vigour. 'Often there were not,' says St Simon, 'more than four and twenty hours space between the torture and abjuration, and between abjuration and the communion, to which the executioners were the conductors and the witnesses. Almost all the bishops lent themselves to this violent and impious course of proceeding. The greater portion of them cheered the hangmen in their labours, and swelled the number of their triumphs by forced conversions, an account of which was duly forwarded to the court, in order to give them a greater claim to consideration and reward."

Miscellaneous.

AMIABLE DELICACY OF THE "FOURTH ESTATE."—We copy the following from a weekly paper:—

"*The Murder of Mr Westwood.*—It was lately announced by the daily papers that a convict recently sentenced had given important information respecting the murder of Mr Westwood, and that a police inspector had been entrusted with the prosecution of the affair. The 'Observer' contradicts this rumour, and states that the murderer of Westwood escaped immediately to America, leaving his children to starve in his house, which was but a door or two distant from that of his victim. It also states, as an extraordinary circumstance connected with the murderer after his arrival in America, that a young man who had emigrated to that country, and to whom the murderer was personally known, hunted him out, and threatened to arrest and take him back to England, unless he immediately handed over to him half the watches and other property which were the fruits of the murder. The murderer yielded to this demand, and gave up what was required."

This is only one of many paragraphs that have appeared headed as above, in which, while it is stated the murderer is well known, his name is carefully concealed. Why this reserve? Is it the great reluctance which English journalists feel to say anything that may give pain to an assassin, or are they afraid that our reformed libel law renders it unsafe to speak out, as the gentleman in America might instruct his solicitor to proceed against the paper which ventured on so bold a step?

CHARGES ON OYSTERS.—From a book lately published on the subject of corporation abuses, we learn that the price of oysters is raised to the London consumer by certain corrupt practices. We are told

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—"It appears that, down to the year 1680, the metage of oysters was performed by certain officers called yeomen of the water side, of whom there were formerly four, now but two, receiving, for almost nominal duties (chiefly connected with the Lord Mayor's household), in salary and fees the sum of 831*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The yeomen of the water side are still called master measurers, but long ago, growing tired of measuring, they made over the duty to deputy oyster meters, who in their turn, finding that unloading, shovelling, and measuring oysters, in all weathers, was not the most agreeable occupation, appointed deputy assistants to discharge their duty, seeing them paid of course for their services, as the reader will naturally suppose, and as he will suppose correctly, but seeing them paid by the public in shape of additional charges. The deputy oyster meters' deputies or assistants are fellowship porters, called holdsmen; and for the last half century they have been in the habit of doing the work—demanding and receiving a recompence from the purchasers of oysters over and above the charge made by the deputy oyster meters, upon the importer, of 8*s.* per bushel for the first one hundred bushels of every cargo, and 4*s.* per bushel for the remainder."

PICTURE OF A MARCH IN INDIA.—"I can scarcely conceive anything that would excite more astonishment, if it could be exhibited in England, than the multitudes, the variety of costume, &c., attending the march of a regiment in India. Several hundreds of camels, led by natives in every variety of picturesque Sindian and Hindoostanee garb; carts which might be the identical *stridentia plaustra* of the classics, drown by bullocks with heavy yokes, and impelled by goads; the irregular cavalry, with dresses in which the gayest colours were brought into the strongest contrast, their long black locks floating in the wind, their animated gestures, loud cries, and quivering spears, now urging their horses forward, now checking them in full career; the regular cavalry, with their elegant light blue uniform, and systematic movements, powerfully contrasting with the erratic evolutions and dresses of the irregulars; native and European infantry; officers on horseback, some in furs, some in cloaks, as they might best resist the cold of the morning; all this in the midst of a pathless and unfeatured desert, was a wild and animated scene."—*Allen.*

PAPAL PROTECTION.—In former times it was not uncommon for individuals who felt their possessions were in some degree endangered, to place them under the protection of the Pope, and he had no objection to take charge of all property worth having. A bull granted by Honorius, in 1221, to the hospital of Coventry runs thus:—"We do take your persons, with all the goods ye now possess or shall hereafter acquire by just means, under the protection of blessed St Peter and our own, more especially the land of Smercote, with the houses and other effects thereto belonging."

INVENTION OF BILLS OF EXCHANGE.—When the Jews were driven from Arabia, in their flight great numbers of them passed over to Spain, then in the possession of the Moors, by whom they were treated with great kindness. As no obstacle to improvement in learning or to promotion in rank was placed before them, the Jews by their genius and attachment to the interests of the state soon raised themselves to high civil offices about the persons of the Caliphs, who respected them, their learning, wisdom, and virtue. They established the most celebrated schools then in the world, both for sacred and profane literature. The Talmud, which in Arabia had been the only book studied by the Hebrews, gave place to the Scriptures, together with the most elaborate treatises on the arts and sciences; in the knowledge of which they took precedence of every learned fraternity in Europe. In the fine arts they likewise made great proficiency. Several among them are celebrated to this day as astronomers, architects, jurists, historians, poets, painters, and physicians. But neither the learning nor loyalty of the Jews availed them aught, when the Crescent was supplanted by the red banners of the Cross. On the defeat of the Saracens, Ferdinand and Isabella left them no choice between baptism and banishment; and with the exception of 500, whom the extremes of age and poverty prevented from removing, all preferred the latter. As the period for their departure was limited to a fixed hour, after which those remaining were liable to suffer death in case they refused baptism, the condition of the Jews was the most lamentable that can well be imagined. But they were not suffered to remain in the peaceable enjoyment of the time allotted to them by the Royal edict. The Christians fell on them in many places, and put them to death without regard to age, sex, or condition. Those of them who had escaped towards the sea previous to the breaking out of the disturbances in the interior of the country, were either pursued and butchered on the coast, or were drowned in great numbers through the treachery of those who supplied them with vessels. Few arrived safely in Italy; and even there they were only sheltered from a fate such as they had fled from by a Papal Bull. It was on this memorable occasion that some Spanish Jew merchants contrived, by the invention of Bills of Exchange, to possess themselves in Italy of

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that wealth which they had no means of removing out of the dominions of Ferdinand. Of what immense utility that invention has since been to the mercantile world it is needless to inquire.

A SEASONABLE THOUGHT.

A season used ten months to last,
For divers weighty reasons;
But latterly, we move so fast,
One month now sees two seasons.

LYNX.

The Gatherer.

Expensive Education.—The Marquis of Wellesley, in 1801, founded the college of Calcutta, which during the first four years cost, exclusive of buildings, 193,813*l.*, or, including salaries received by the students, 268,690*l.* The number of students educated during the four years was 208, so that the education of each cost 1,292*l.* per annum.

Appeals to the Chancellor.—The origin of appeals was this: as the Lord Chancellor was the secretary of the King, the Master of the Rolls was the secretary of the Chancellor; and the matters first referred to the Chancellor by the Lords for his decision, came, as the custom ever has been, to be transferred by the great man to *his* great man, and then back again.

Patronage.—Full 2,000,000*l.* sterling of the Indian revenue are divided among less than a thousand persons; who accordingly share among them, from lads of eighteen and upwards, on an average, salaries above 2,000*l.* a-piece, besides being entitled to considerable retiring superannuations.

Human Folly.—Mankind have never exerted half the energy in defence of their most important rights, that they have in support of some hidden mystery or cabalistic expression of which they understood nothing.—*Westminster Review.*

Historical Novels.—The worst of historical novels of second rate, is that you are sure of nothing in them. The historical characters are shaded according to the fancy of the writer or the emergencies of the story. The manners have rarely a more authentic source than some imperfect and hasty researches of the novelist; and the style is pretty generally formed after the manner of a late Irish novel, where, though the scene is placed in the middle ages, the dialect is the modern brogue.—*Westminster Review.*

East India Stockholders.—The capital stock of the East India Company is six millions sterling; and the holders of it amount to about 3,500, of whom something less than 2,000 are entitled to vote; the proprietor of 1,000*l.* worth of stock is entitled to one vote; the proprietor of 3,000*l.* to two votes; of 6,000*l.* to three votes; and of 10,000*l.* to four votes. About one-fourth of the whole of the proprietors are entitled to more than single votes. Any one may be a proprietor, and any one may vote. The proprietors, consequently, consist of foreigners as well as Englishmen,—of women as well as men,—of officials holding place and salary at the will of the executive, as well as of persons unconnected with it.

Diffident Merit.—Raimbach the engraver says 'The Rent Day' cost him two years and a half of labour. So fearful and timid was he about his works, that he never took a plate to the printer unaccompanied by a friend. "He had been working in the dark so long," he said, "that he was afraid to look alone at what he had been about."

Charity Defeated.—If a benevolent person, three centuries ago, said in his will, "I have a field worth 10*l.* per annum; I bequeath 5*l.* to school A., and 5*l.* to school B.," and after his death this field rises in value as building ground to 500*l.*, then the master and wardens of any company left trustees of the testator, claim the right of keeping for their own uses the difference between the 10*l.* and the 500*l.* This charge has recently been brought against the companies of the London Corporation. Each ought for itself to answer it.

A Bad Hat.—It is amusing to find Kohl wondering that the poor Irish peasant, instead of a useful, light waterproof cap, wears a quizzical, shapeless felt or silk hat, which may have been soaked a hundred times in the rain and dried again. That the higher and unoccupied classes should encumber themselves with so uncomfortable and inappropriate covering as our hats, and keep to them because they have been once the fashion, is intelligible enough; but how such an absurd article of dress could have been kept up for years among millions of people of the labouring classes is to me incomprehensible.—[The writer might, on inquiry, have found that the shapeless old hat is given to a poor man who cannot afford to buy a light waterproof cap.]

Irish Tradition.—Many of the followers of Mr O'Connell believe that a Scythian king, who married a daughter of Pharaoh who expelled the Jews from Egypt, after having conquered Spain, came over to their island.

English Carriages and English Drivers.—The carriages, even the largest, are light as feathers, but at the same time as solid as steel and iron; the horses are as fleet as birds, and at the same time as strong and lasting; and the coachmen are so skilful in their craft, that each of the 3,000 public drivers, who are said to exist in the United Kingdom, would obtain a prize among us.—*Kohl.*

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Algiers.—The 'Moniteur Algérien' announces the discovery at Orleanville, in preparing the foundations for some new buildings, of the ruins of an old Christian church. On the porch was found an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation :—"Here reposes our father Reparatus, bishop, of sacred memory, who for eight years and eleven months performed the sacerdotal functions, and who has passed before us in peace, the 11th of the Calends of August, in the 436th year of the birth of Jesus Christ."

Attack on an Alligator.—We entered the wood, and presently one of our party, who was ahead, cried out, "There's a mugger!" I looked in the direction in which he pointed, and saw an alligator, about seven feet long, basking under a tree. I viewed it with interest, as it was the first I had seen alive, but with some degree of apprehension. My companion, to whom it was not a novelty, sprung from his horse, and threw a heavy stone at it, which sounded on its side as if it had struck a piece of timber; it gave a groan, and began to waddle sluggishly away towards the tank, showing no inclination whatever to resent the affront.—*Allen.*

The Savoy Chapel.—This ancient chapel, the property of the Crown, and maintained by the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, is now undergoing a complete restoration at the expense of her Majesty. The architectural department has been intrusted to Mr Sydney Smirke, who has restored a very beautiful altar screen, originally designed by Sir Reginald Bray, in the time of Henry VII. The old carved roof, which consists partly of emblems of the Plantagenets in succession down to the last of the Tudors, and partly of dedevices emblematic of our Saviour's passion, has been renovated and emblazoned under the superintendence of Mr Willement. The chapel, according to Pennant, was restored and royally endowed by Henry VII, under his will, dated 1508. This endowment is still kept up, the incumbent receiving an annual fee by Royal warrant. The chapel will be re-opened on the 29th inst.

Chinese Music. — According to Père Amiot, an ancient instrument among the Chinese called the *Kin* was constructed with the "belly curved to represent the heavens; the back level to represent the earth; with a dragon eight inches from the bridge, to represent the eight points of the winds; four inches of neck to represent the four seasons of the year; five strings to represent the five planets and the five elements; and its total length fixed at seven feet two inches, to represent the universality of things." The Chinese have a specific number of airs for great occasions, which are never varied. They have their court airs, as 'God save our great Fum Hi;' airs to excite virtue, a kind of 'Chinamen, strike home,' and airs to inspire true concord and national felicity, being probably 'Confucius's Boys,' and 'Croppies lie down.' During the late hostilities the English introduced among them 'Oh dear, what can the matter be!'

Receipt for making Every Day Happy.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young depend upon it it will tell you when you are old; and if you are old rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. You send one person—only one—happily through the day—that is 365 in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence the course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time—and this is supposing no relation or friend partakes of the feeling and extends the good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G., Kensington," and "V., Highgate."—We are sorry the delivery of the 'Mirror' is so irregular; but an order given to any respectable bookseller or newsman will remedy the evil.

"A. B."—Spermaceti is taken from a whale, which differs from the common whale by having a bunch on its back. The oily mass from which it is made is found in a large triangular cavity, about 5 feet deep and 10 or 12 feet long, which fills nearly the whole of the head, save a space left for the brain. The oil is separated from the spermaceti by putting it into bags and letting it drip away. It is brought to England in barrels, and has a yellow unctuous appearance. A moderate-sized whale will produce about 12 barrels. It is afterwards purified in this country.

The communication of "Caractacus" has been lost sight of. We have hoped from time to time to act on his suggestion, but have not yet had the opportunity.

"Paul" asks, What is a season? A season used to mean a whole spring or summer; sometimes a whole autumn and winter. Now it is understood, in theatrical circles, to mean anything that a shuffling manager pleases. "'Tis something, nothing." We may have two seasons in a month, or twenty-four seasons in a year.

"W. P." would be justified in "thrashing" the mean betrayer he describes, but looking to the probable consequence of his thus seeking justice in a land of law, we should say he had better leave him

"To Heaven,
And to those thorns that in his bosom lodge."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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CHINESE SPLENDOUR.

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Original Communications.

SOCIAL DOINGS IN CHINA.

A NEW and most important chapter in the history of mankind has been opened to us by the late war with the Celestial Empire. Instead of continuing, as they were for centuries, wrapped up in arrogant notions of their own measureless superiority, and treating all Englishmen as barbarians hardly entitled to be regarded as fellow mortals, the Chinese now meet us on terms of equality. To the terror inspired by our arms, the most cordial good will appears to have succeeded. No longer do they tremble to hear of the advance of the British, no more are Chinese parents seen putting their offspring and themselves to death, that they may not encounter [the greater horrors of falling into the hands of the English invaders; they now look up to us as friends, as superiors, and are too happy to adopt our ideas and usages.

The free intercourse which must soon take place between the two empires will make us intimately acquainted with many of their peculiarities, of which we have heretofore had but imperfect information. With us their former stately reserve is fast wearing off. A letter from Hong Kong, published within the last week, gives an entertaining picture of a late festival. The writer says:—

"At about five o'clock in the afternoon the British officers met at the Government house in full dress (thermometer 100), all the troops, officials, and public being present to witness the ratification of the treaty of peace, which was done in great form, under salutes from the forts and ships. The Chinese did not seem to care about it. When dinner came we sat down in white jackets, about fifty. The Commissioners appeared quite at their ease. They drank an enormous quantity of wine; chatted, laughed, and finished every glass, turning it over to show that it was empty, and helping themselves from the decanters. Old Keying, the Chief Commissioner, must have taken 50 large glasses of wine at least. When dinner was removed the Queen and Emperor of China were drunk in one toast, with three times three. We then drank to Keying's health, who would not be done out of his glass, but drank too. He then gave us a Chinese song—such noises. What do you think of the Emperor's uncle singing a song? After this he called upon the Governor, Sir H. Pottinger, who gave us an English song; Wang, the second Commissioner, gave us another Chinese one, and called on another Englishman, and then the old Tartar General, whose performance surpasses all description: such a collection of noises I never heard before. He then called on Lord Saltoun, who gave us a jolly song, when old Keying commenced again: and so passed the evening till near 11 o'clock, the old fellow taking wine enough for six at least, and walking off pretty steady."

Sir Henry and Lord Saltoun had no occasion to teach the Emperor's uncle "to drink deep ere he departed."

A letter from Sir Henry Pottinger mentions other facts of interest connected with the same entertainment. When the Commissioners met in the drawing-room, the attention of Keying rested on the miniature portraits of the members of Sir Henry's family; and the Chinese grandee preferred the singular request, that he might be allowed to adopt the eldest son of the English Envoy as his own. He pressed his suit (which was at first evaded by Sir Henry) with great earnestness; and on Sir Henry saying, "the education of the youth must first be attended to," he begged, when that should be completed, that he might be sent out to him in China. In the meantime he desired to retain his portrait and that of Lady Pottinger, which he held up to his head, an act which in China is deemed a mark of great honour. He further gave the British Plenipotentiary the state dress which he wore, and which he informed him had been given to his father by the Emperor Kien Long, who reigned in China half a century ago. A sword, presented to him by Sir Henry, Keying received with great marks of satisfaction. He immediately wore it by his side, and could not be induced to put it away during the whole of the festive scene in which he acted so conspicuous a part.

Hitherto they have been very jealous of permitting their ladies to roam. A female was exhibited in London, fifteen or twenty years ago, who stated that she had got away from her native country, China, by stealth, and if she were to return, her flight would be punished with death. Her feet were as small as those of an infant, and her finger nails, which were said never to have been cut, were nearly a foot long, and in form resembled a marrow spoon. Possibly, since in politics China at length recognises the *jus gentium*, in other affairs a more liberal course will be pursued, and Celestial beauties may not disdain to visit England. Their attire is stated to be very rich and fanciful. Peacocks' feathers, worn on the head, are among the auxiliaries to their charms.

The cuts which embellish our present number give correct representations of Chinese costume in high life. From these it will be seen that glyphography can present figures as effectively as buildings. Several artists of eminence have taken up the new process, and are now labouring on their own designs.

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AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

LETTER V.

NOT only are changes continually taking place on the surface of the earth, for the purpose of renewing the expended soils, and supplying food for succeeding races of vegetable beings, but also in the air above and around us most important changes are constantly going on to the same end. These natural operations are so simple in their order, so mighty in their results, so unchanging in their combinations, that no one, however dead to the harmonious beauties of creation, can contemplate them without admiration and astonishment. In Nature's great laboratory there is no useless expenditure of material; and where man, in the blindness of ignorance, once saw *but* contingencies, or the production of useless, or even deleterious compounds, chemistry has already taught him that even in the fulfilment of the most ordinary duties of the animal economy, in the involuntary process even of respiration itself, there is an end and aim to be accomplished beyond the mere wants of the animal thus breathing; nay, the very wants which may be considered artificial, and which teach us to warm our habitations and our persons by means of fires, are rendered subservient by nature to a great and wise purpose.

In order that these various changes may be understood, we shall proceed to the consideration of the chemical constitution of atmospheric air.

The air we breathe is composed essentially of only two gases, the other bodies found there being accidental products and impurities. The constituents of air are nitrogen and oxygen. Every hundred parts of dry air contain seventy-nine parts of *nitrogen* and twenty-one of *oxygen*. This latter element is the only vital portion of air, the only supporter of animal life. In fact, the negative state of nitrogen, as a supporter of *vitality*, is well pointed out by the name given to it by many of the continental chemists, who term it *azote*, from α, *privative*, and ζωη, *life*. However, we must not forget to state that although it will not, in its separate state, support respiration, or its kindred process of combustion, yet it serves an important end, as a diluter of the stimulating element oxygen, thus rendering it much more adapted to the ordinary wants of the animal economy.

Let us now proceed to consider the changes which take place in the atmosphere during respiration, especially in reference to the production of the food of plants.

When an animal inspires, a quantity of atmospheric air is taken into the lungs; but as the nitrogen of the air is not required, it is taught instinctively to reject that portion and retain merely the oxygen. This element, remarkable for the facility with which it unites with other bodies, combines electively with the carbon of the human body, thus producing the compound called carbonic acid, and also with hydrogen, to form the vapour of water. These products are expelled from the mouth, in an invisible form, but may be detected in a most simple and satisfactory manner. That water is given off from the lungs may be proved by breathing on a piece of cold glass, which is dimmed by it. On a cold frosty morning the vapour is condensed by the atmosphere, and we see the fluid pouring off in immense quantities from the mouth of man, and of the inferior animals. That carbonic acid is also a product of respiration may be readily proved by breathing through a tube into lime-water. The presence of carbonic acid renders the fluid milky, owing to the formation of carbonate of lime. The quantity of this substance, so fruitful a source of nutriment to plants, which is given off from the lungs, is immense. A healthy man gives off, in twenty-four hours, no less than forty thousand cubic inches; and as this gas is composed of carbon or charcoal and oxygen, in the proportion of six of the former to sixteen of the latter, we find that upwards of eleven ounces of pure charcoal are daily expelled by the mouth. It has been calculated that even so small a bird as a pigeon gives off at least ninety-six grains of charcoal in the same period of time.

During combustion, accompanied by flame, exactly the same changes occur, and the same products are given off.

Carbonic acid is the product of all burning bodies containing carbon, whether those bodies be of animal or vegetable origin; and as this gas is very poisonous to animals, we may at once perceive the imprudence of allowing combustion to proceed in confined apartments. This is especially the case when the fuel is charcoal; for then the production of the mephitic vapours is so rapid as soon to produce death. How often have we read of suicidal and accidental death from this cause!

Again, water is the invariable product of combustion, accompanied by flame; for the presence of flame is indicative of hydrogen, which element during its combustion always combines with oxygen to form water; hence the term signifies, "to generate water."

The water thus formed during combustion and respiration, as well as by evaporation, and the decomposition of organic matter, ascends into the atmosphere, there to remain until again required for fertilizing purposes. Thus the air, even on the brightest and sunniest day, contains

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at least one per cent.; that is, every hundred gallons of air contain at least one gallon of watery vapour. Changes of temperature, or electrical changes, cause condensation to ensue; the fluid passes from its gaseous condition to the state of clouds, which consist of vesicles, or envelopes of water containing air, resembling soap bubbles, except in bulk; and eventually further condensation of the watery vapour results in the fall of rain, or dew, or snow, as the case may be, and thus it becomes an important agent in the formation of soils, in the solution of salts, about to be absorbed by the plant, and in rendering up to the vegetable two of its most important elements, oxygen and hydrogen.

The carbonic acid, also the product of combustion, respiration, &c., and which, if allowed to remain in the atmosphere, would soon render it irrespirable, is soon decomposed by vegetables, and its carbon absorbed; or it is taken up in solution by the descending rain, and carried into the earth, to be applied to the root of the plant, or to the formation of the various carbonates.

But the air is not only decomposed during the foregoing processes, but even the winged lightning, as it plays among the overhanging clouds, is also an instrument in the formation of new combinations of the atmospheric elements, for the sake of the vegetable world. We speak advisedly when we say "for the sake of the vegetable world;" for the care of the Creator is over all his works, and every portion of organised life lives and has its being in accordance with his great provisional laws. It is also a pleasing reflection that the electric fluid, so terrible in its career, should travel as the messenger of that Being who has, even in this phenomenon, a merciful purpose to serve.

The changes produced by lightning in the air are the following: the watery vapour is decomposed, and is resolved into its constituent elements, oxygen and hydrogen. The elementary portions of the air itself are also separated; while the same mighty agent which thus decomposes, acts as well as a "promoting affinity," or "attraction," and new and important compounds are formed. Thus the nitrogen combines with oxygen to form nitric acid, a compound of

Nitrogen 14, or one atom; and Oxygen 40, or five atoms. } Nitric Acid.

At the same time ammonia is formed by the union of nitrogen with the hydrogen of the decomposed water; thus—

Nitrogen 14, or one atom; and Hydrogen 3, or 3 atoms. } Ammonia.

The nitric acid then combines with the nascent ammonia, and the salt called nitrate of ammonia is formed, which, being taken up in solution by the rain water, is conveyed to the plant, to enrich and invigorate it. Thus, in the tropics, where thunder-storms are frequent and violent, vegetation is infinitely more luxuriant than elsewhere; while the soils abound with the "nitrates" formed by these various atmospheric changes.

In a series of experiments performed at the Royal Polytechnic Institution some time ago, Dr Ryan distinctly found nitrate of ammonia in jars of air, impregnated with watery vapour, and through which a quick succession of electric sparks from the colossal machine had been allowed to pass. These experiments, performed at the suggestion of Mr Johnston, the celebrated agricultural chemist, sufficiently pointed out the uses of lightning, and the changes produced by it.

MARCH OF COMFORT.—WATER FLANNEL.

"A FRIEND put into my hand the other day," writes a correspondent of the 'Athenæum,' "a yard or two of what seemed a coarse kind of flannel, grey on one side, greenish on the other, and a full quarter of an inch thick, which had been thrown up by the river Trent, and washed ashore in vast sheets. It was pronounced to be a manufactured article, and so it was, but by the hand of Nature. It brought to mind a similar production, of which some acres had been discovered in Berkshire about three years since, when it was said that clothing had been made from it by the country people, who took it for a sort of cotton wadding, fallen from Heaven.

This substance, when handled, is harsh to the touch, although composed of finest threads. To the naked eye it presents no character by which it may be known from any coarse and loosely woven cloth. The microscope reveals its nature. It is then found to consist of myriads of jointed threads, whose joints are compressed alternately sideways and vertically; they are here and there transparent, but for the most part opaque, and rough to the eye. The white side is more opaque than the other, and more unexaminable; but if a little muriatic acid be added to the water in which the fragments of water flannel float, copious bubbles of air appear, which are much increased in quantity by the application of the heat of a spirit lamp. By degrees they disappear. They were bubbles of carbonic acid, extricated by the action of the muriatic acid on a coating of carbonate of lime, with which the plant is more or less completely invested. If, after this operation, the threads are again examined, the contents of the joints become visible; in the green parts of the flannel they are filled with an irregular mass of green mat-

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ter, in the white part with myriads of globules, intermixed with a shapeless substance. The globules are the seeds. If a little iodine is then given to the flannel, it is readily absorbed, and the contents, shapeless matter, globules, and all, become deep violet, showing that all this substance is starch.

"Hence it appears that the water flannel is a microscopical plant, composed of jointed threads, secreting carbonate of lime on their surface, and forming seeds composed of starch within them. And when we consider that the joints are smaller than the eye can detect, while each contains from 50 to 100 seeds, it may easily be conceived with what rapidity such a plant is multiplied; and, as their contents consist to a great extent of starch, the most readily organizable of all vegetable materials, the means of growth with which the plant is provided are far more ample than anything we know of in the higher orders of the vegetable kingdom.

"This curious substance has of late years attracted the attention of people in various parts of England, and the inquiries that have been made of naturalists have been so incorrectly answered that it is full time to put an end to the mistakes about it. In the year 1840 the Royal Agricultural Society submitted specimens of it to the late Librarian of the Linnæan Society and the Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society. Mr Don declared it to be the Oscillatoria corium—one of the half-animal half-vegetable productions which form entangled layers in the bottom of streams in the colder parts of England. But it is difficult to conceive what could have given rise to this statement; for the water flannel has no one of the peculiarities of Oscillatoria corium, which, moreover, is glossy and slimy. Mr Hardyman reported it to be a water-plant called Conferva sordida, or, as he called it (Hibernicè), a kind of fresh-water sea-weed; and he was nearly, though not quite, right; for it is really the Conferva crispa of Dillwyn, or the C. capillaris of Linnæus, known for years for the singular property it has of forming beds of rough, entangled curling threads.

"And for what purposes, we may ask, is this small plant intended? Is it for food for man or animals, or for decorating the waters in which it grows, or for adding to wealth or comfort in any way? It is hard to answer questions of this sort. That it has its use we may rest assured; but whether for us or our fellow-creatures it is scarcely within my province to determine. One quarter of its weight consists of starch and azotised substance; that is to say, of the nutritious matter that gives bread its value. Why, then, might not the water flannel be converted into food in times of scarcity? It would certainly be far better than the bread of bark and straw which has been sometimes used."

This account is so extraordinary that we hardly know whether we ought to treat it seriously. To see a modern *Musidora*, while taking her bath, provide herself with a flannel robe is certainly strange, but that this said garment, when done with, may be turned into bread is still more wonderful. Looking at the important discoveries that have occurred within the last half century, we see such vast additional means at our command for multiplying food, clothing, and all the necessaries of life, that it is hardly too much to hope that the world, or at least this favoured portion of it, will shortly make its fortune, and want, in the absence of misconduct, be unknown before the present generation passes away.

JUDICIAL SLAUGHTER.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE A CENTURY AGO.

It has latterly been common to speak of the reign of George III as one of frightful severity; as if by him executions had been wantonly multiplied. This is not the fact. That the punishment of death was in his time much more frequently inflicted than it is now, cannot be denied. William IV abated the number of capital punishments, once so mournfully frequent, and during the present reign still geater mildness has prevailed.

But it is due to the memory of George III to say that while he sat on the throne the march of humanity had more than commenced. During a very considerable portion of his reign so many as five or six sufferers was a very extraordinary sight. In the days of his grandfather, George II, the case was different. The reader will be amazed at the evidences afforded by a single year, and that a year not distinguished by any remarkable outbreak, as exhibited in the following notices extracted from the 'London Magazine' for 1750:—

"*Wednesday, Feb.* 7.—This day the nine following malefactors, condemned the two last sessions (Hammond having obtained a respite, Lidd being pardoned, and the rest to be transported for life), were executed at Tyburn, viz. J. Edwards, for breaking open and robbing the house of Mr R. Fleming; Pat Dempsey, for assaulting and robbing Mr Evan Saxe of his watch, &c.; Edward Dempsey, for assaulting and robbing Mr Thomas Brown of a gold watch, diamond ring, &c.; R. Hixon, for the highway; James Aldridge and Thomas Good, for divers robberies; Lawrence Savage, for robbing Mr Constantine Gagahan of a silver watch; with Dennis Branham and William Purnell, for robbing Mr Whiffin in Shoreditch of a hat and wig. The criminals set out from Newgate about nine in the morning, in four carts, which (pursuant to ancient custom, but by a new order made by a vigilant city magistrate)

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were double guarded, all the proper officers being commanded to attend. The procession closed with the two under sheriffs (who had never attended an execution before) holding their white wands. Endeavours were used to get the carts to stop, in order for the criminals to drink, but this indulgence was prudently refused them. It was discovered, about Turnstile, that one of the criminals was untied, but he was soon made fast again. They behaved with great decency at Tyburn. The two Dempseys and another Irishman died Roman Catholics. Near the gallows stood a hackney coach, in which was a well-dressed young woman, accompanied by two gentlemen. She wept bitterly, and afterwards took one of the executed criminals into the coach. Most of the bodies of the rest were delivered to their friends. The great decency and regularity with which this execution was performed, is a second proof that a military force is quite unnecessary, whenever the civil power will exert its just and proper authority. Our ancestors executed the laws without an unnatural aid, and so may we, if we will but employ the safe and laudable methods so wisely ordained by them."

In the following month a like tragedy was acted:

"*Monday, March* 26.—Eleven of the malefactors, condemned last sessions at the Old Bailey, were executed at Tyburn, viz., Jones, Carbold, Young, Scott, Gawen, Doe, Russel, Busbey, Oldfield, Boney, and Bastow. The rest were reprieved for transportation (see the seventh day). Jones and Young rode (pinioned together) in the first cart; a precaution judged absolutely necessary, as the former was a great favourite of a desperate gang, who had rescued him out of the Gatehouse; and the latter had like to have escaped out of his cell in Newgate, he having sawed off his irons, &c. The other nine criminals followed in three carts, three in each. Mr Sheriff Janssen attended, preceded by the two under sheriffs. There were between two and three hundred constables, with their several high constables, viz., Mr Carne, for Westminster; Mr Welch, for Holborn: Mr Adlington, for the Tower Hamlets; and Mr Harford, for Finsbury division. The attendance of the two last and of their posses had never been required before. The several carts are lined by constables within, and by civil officers on horseback without; and no persons, either on horseback or on foot, suffered to mix with them; by which means the whole proceeded regularly and without interruption. During the procession, and at the place of execution, great numbers of the populace either threw away, or gave up (upon their being required to do it) their bludgeons; a remarkable example of the influence (superior to any other) of the civil power, when duly exercised."

Two months afterwards thirteen more wretches suffered at the same place:

"*Wednesday, May* 16.—When the report of the eighteen condemned malefactors was made to the Lords of the Regency, Capt. Clark was respited *sine die*, and Thrift the hangman for a fortnight: Andrews was ordered to be transported for life, and Reidhead for fourteen years. Vaughan died in Newgate, and the remaining thirteen were this day executed at Tyburn. Nunnan, for counterfeiting the coin, was drawn in a sledge, the executioner riding with him; and the other twelve were conveyed in four carts. Mr Sheriff Janssen, with five high constables, and a very great number of their officers, attended the procession, which proceeded from Newgate to Tyburn, with the utmost decency. There being, at the place of execution, crowds of soldiers and sailors, to receive some of the bodies, they were ordered by the sheriff (on the sailors, &c. having behaved peaceably) to be delivered to them, after being cut down by the executioner. By this prudent regulation, the barbarous custom of fighting for the bodies after execution, and the many cruel mischiefs arising from thence, were prevented. Benjamin Campbell Hamilton, a boy of sixteen, behaved with great indecency all the way to Tyburn, and even there. John Groves protested at the gallows that the goods for which he suffered had been lent him by the prosecutrix, in order for him to get a shirt of his out of pawn, in which he designed to mount guard the day after the pretended robbery. 'Tis assured that the sheriffs never had the least thoughts of applying to their own use any property which might happen to be found of the above mentioned Capt. Clark, but merely to assert their right to it, as a perquisite belonging to their office."

In these days what would be thought of a procession of three vehicles, filled with sufferers, passing up Holborn to the place of execution! The following we add to show how cheaply human life was then valued.

"*Wednesday, Aug.* 8.—This day were executed at Tyburn Henry Web and Ely Smith, for robbing Henry Smith in Bream's buildings; Benjamin Chamberlain, for robbing Mr Powel in Chancery lane; Thomas Crawford, for robbing Capt. Harris, in East Smithfield; with Samuel Cook and James Tyler, for robbing farmer Darnel near Hackney. They were carried in two carts from Newgate, at eight in the morning. Mr Sheriff Janssen attended with the high constables; as likewise did the city marshal (for the first time) with his officers, as far as Holborn bars. Most of these malefactors discovered an unconcern which no ways suited their condition. The procession went on with great order, and the execution was over by half an hour past ten. Crawford, who had shown great resolution in his way to the gallows, turned exceeding pale when the rope was about his neck. The bodies of the criminals were delivered to their friends; three hearses attending for that purpose. The regulations made in the Sheriffalty of Mr Alderman Janssen have been productive of two excellent effects (among others): First, the reviving the former decency and solemnity of executions: Secondly, the restoring the civil power to its ancient use and lustre. May future magistrates copy the example here set them!

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"It is remarkable, that the above six malefactors suffered for robbing their several prosecutors of no more than six shillings.

"'Little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.'
GARTH."

The same volume contains further notices of the same dismal character. In the next group is a sort of Macheath of the time.

"*Wednesday, October* 3, 1750.—Twelve of the sixteen malefactors, who were condemned at the last sessions at the Old Bailey, among whom were William Smith for forgery (who was also charged with divers other forgeries), and James Maclean, were this day executed at Tyburn, pursuant to their sentence. Smith, who was the son of a clergyman in Ireland, after he was haltered in the Press-yard, went to a bench, and kneeling down, made a devout extempore prayer, acknowledging his crimes, dying in charity with all mankind, and hoping for forgiveness at the great tribunal. Maclean was the son of a dissenting minister in Ireland, and has a brother of the same persuasion now living at the Hague, a worthy and pious man, as appears by his excellent and most affecting letters, published in Dr Allen's account, one to his unhappy brother and the other to a friend. Both Maclean and Smith had been educated in virtuous and religious principles, but unhappily counteracted them; though the force of them returned to their misery, and made them both, as is to be hoped, sincere penitents. These twelve malefactors were carried from Newgate to Tyburn in four carts, Maclean, Smith, and Saunders being in the last. Maclean, when he came to the gallows, looked up and said, with a sigh, Oh Jesus! He took no notice of the populace, but was truly attentive to his devotion, and spoke not at all, except to the constable who first took him up, who desired to shake him by the hand, and hoped he would forgive him; which he said he did, and hoped that God would bless his friends, forgive his enemies, and receive his soul. Smith was a man of parts, and had a very gentlemanlike appearance: he was very devout, as were all the others, and died very penitent. No soldiers attended at the above execution; the excellent regulations made (in this and other respects) during the late sheriffalty, having rendered the aid of the military power quite unnecessary. The following lines were wrote on Smith's going to execution.

"'With talents blest to charm the mind and eye,
What pity thou, at Tyburn tree, must die!
Cover'd with crimes, no king cou'd well forgive;
What pity so complete a wretch shou'd live.'

"*Wednesday, November* 7, 1751.—The five following malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. Thomas Reynolds, Thomas Pryor, George Robins, George Anderson, *alias* Jeffery Everett, who were condemned the last sessions at the Old Bailey, and William Riley, condemned the preceding sessions. They all, except Everett, behaved in a manner becoming their unhappy circumstances; but he seemed hardened and unconcerned, and, as by several symptoms he appeared to be a desperate fellow, he was carried to the place of execution handcuffed. The rest who were condemned the last sessions were reprieved for transportation. Reynolds, executed for enlisting men into foreign service, declared in the Press-yard, whilst his irons were knocking off, that he went to be hanged with as much satisfaction as if he was going to be married, for that he was innocent of the crime for which he suffered, and freely forgave his prosecutor."

THE CEMETERY.

(By the American Poet Bryant.)

GAZED upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green, mountain-turf should break.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent;
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument:
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But, if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

Mining in the Pyrenees.—A gentleman, lately from the Pyrenees, says—"The mines opened near the famous Port de Venasque, to within a few feet of the summit of the extraordinary natural obelisk called the Pic de Picade, are the remains of a gallery about two hundred feet long, piercing a rich vein of lead ore, supposed to have been executed by the Romans, as it is known that the latter were acquainted with the mineral wealth, of the Pyrenean mountains. The situation of this shaft, occupying eight hours of almost perpendicular climbing to attain it, give some idea of the difficulties attendant upon the execution of the work. The mines, which are at the base of the Pic have only been opened during the summer, and were yielding 1 oz. of silver in 13 lbs. of lead."

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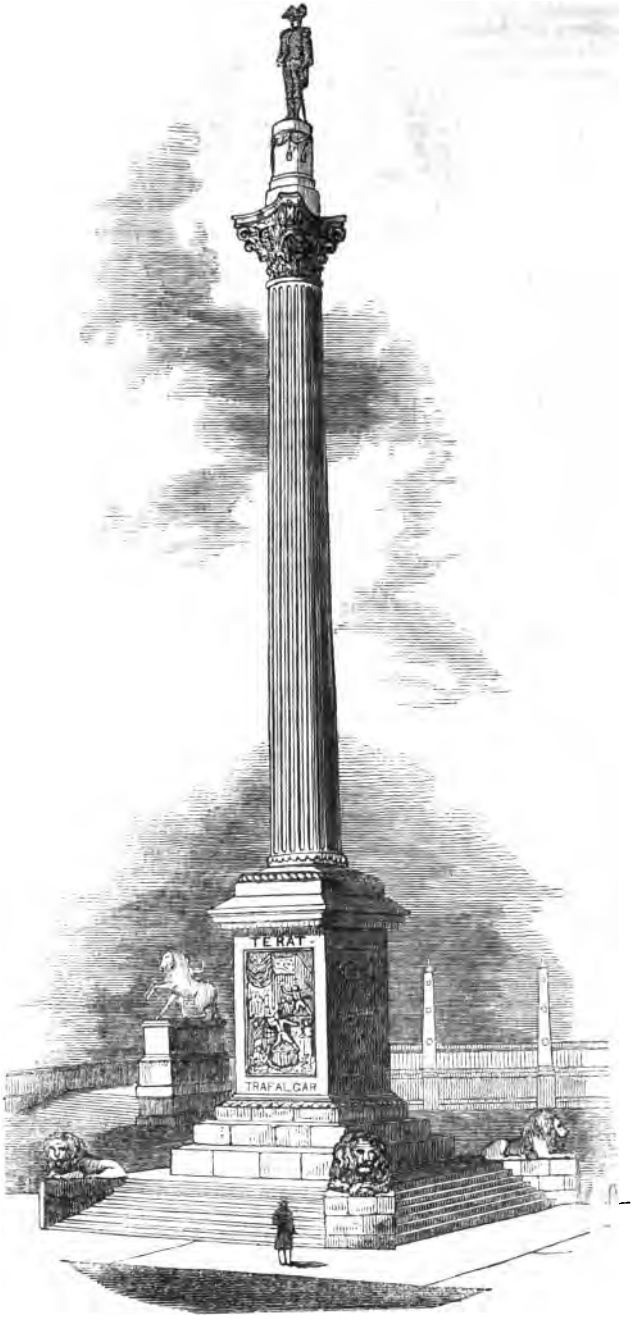

NELSON'S PILLAR.

We give this week a correct representation of the column just completed in honour of the hero of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Want of space compels us to postpone till our next some particulars, interesting as a record connected with the fine arts, of this national monument.

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Arms. Quarterly, first and fourth, az., three cross crosslets, fitchée, issuant from as many crescents, ar.
Crest. A dexter hand, couped above the wrist, and erect, ppr., grasping a crescent.
Supporters. Two parrots, ppr.
Motto. "I hope to speed."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CATHCART.

This is an ancient Scottish family. Reinaldus de Kethcart was a subscribing witness to a grant to Alan, the son of Walter Dapifer Regis, of the patronage of the church of Kethcart to the monastery of Paisley, in 1178. His lineal descendant, Sir Alan Cathcart, was distinguished for his valour at the battle of Loudoun hill, in 1307. His worth is thus celebrated:—

"A knight that then was in his rout,
Worthy, and withal stalwart and stout,
Courteous and fair, and of good fame,
Sir Alan Cathcart was his name."

He was succeeded by his son Alan de Cathcart, and the great-grandson of the latter was created Baron Cathcart, by James II of Scotland, in 1447. He was Warden of the West Marshes, and on his death was succeeded by his grandson, John, the second Lord Cathcart. He had one son, known as Alan, Master of Cathcart, who "died the death of fame" at Flodden field in 1513. His son succeeded to the title of the grandfather. He married the eldest daughter of Lord Sempill, and lost his life in the battle of Pinkie, fought on the 10th of September, 1547. The son of this nobleman, the grandson, the great-grandson, and the great-great-grandson, all of the same name, succeeded in due course to the honours and estates. The last dying in 1732, the title came to his son Charles, the eighth Baron. He was distinguished as a soldier, and was in the battle of Sheriffmuir. Several important offices in the Court of George II were afterwards held by him. In 1740 he embarked for America, having been appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces there, but died on the voyage on the 20th of December. He had been married in 1718 to Marion, the only child of Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, by whom he had a son and two daughters. Of these the elder, Eleanor, married Sir John Houston, and Mary Anne, Lord Napier. He afterwards married Mrs Sabine, widow of Joseph Sabine, Esq., of Tring. By her he had no issue. He was succeeded by his son Charles, who married, July 24th, 1753, Jane, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton, and granddaughter of William, fourth Duke of Hamilton. He served as Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, fought April 30th, 1745; attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army, and was invested with the Order of the Thistle. He died July 21st, 1776, and was succeeded by the present peer, William Schaw, who was born in August, 1755. He married, April 10th, 1779, Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Elliot, Esq., Governor of New York. His lordship entered the army, and became a Major-General in 1794, and Lieutenant-General in 1801. He was Commander-in-Chief of the expedition sent against Copenhagen in 1807, and on his return was rewarded, Nov. 3rd, 1807, with the Barony and Viscounty of the United Kingdom. On the 16th July, 1814, he was further advanced to the dignity of an Earl. His lordship has also served the country as Ambassador at the Court of St Petersburg. He is a General Officer in the army, Colonel of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards, member of the Board of General Officers, a Commissioner of the Royal Military College, and Royal Military Asylum, and Vice-Admiral of Scotland.

GARDENING HINTS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—KITCHEN-GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

In-door Department.

PINERY.—There is more danger from drips and over-watering than from the plants getting too dry, especially when bottom-heat is on the decline, and the pots not well filled with roots; these two causes soon tell on the black pines. A uniform bottom-heat, with the atmosphere rather dry, and not much on either side of 60° in the morning, will do for this month.

VINERY.—For the next six weeks a practised eye can see clearly if the plants in the late vineries have been over-cropped, even should the half of the crops be already

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gathered. With the best-constructed houses, and other things well managed, over-cropped vines, or weakly ones in ill-drained borders, never carry their late crops well; the least touch or speck, and away they go, and you cannot help it. Look, again, at a healthy, vigorous, young or old vine, under opposite circumstances, and you could hardly damp or injure its fruit, if you wished. If the sashes of the early vineries are off, no time should now be lost in getting them on, as, if we should get cold rains, the borders inside would be chilled too much, and thus put you under disadvantages when you begin to force. All vines that are forced should be pruned as soon as the wood is ripe.

Out-door Department.

The change of weather impels us to have all our crops and plants secured and well provided for against the winter long before real danger is at hand. You must have your mats at hand, ready to cover up in case of frost.

Cauliflower.—In a short time this will be the best flower in the garden; and who would not prolong its succession? Nothing is easier than to do so with cauliflowers; pull up a quantity of them that are now fit, or nearly fit for use, and lay them in by the heels in some moist earth in a dry shed or out-house—it is too soon yet to put them down in the cellar. Look about for a dry, well-sheltered border, dung and dig it, and the first mild day plant it all over with good cauliflower plants, ready to be sheltered with hand-glasses.

Cabbages.—If any failures have happened in the rows already planted the spaces should now be filled up with the strongest plants you have on hand.

Lettuce and Endive Plants may still be planted in cold frames, but the sooner the better.

Orchard.—Pruning may now be commenced in earnest, beginning first with the currants, then the gooseberries and raspberries; this will clear a good deal of ground to be dressed and dug in fine weather. After that apple and pear trees, &c. Look over the walls and cut away useless laterals and late growths on the peach trees; indeed, any shoot you think will not be wanted in spring, and let in the sun and air to ripen the bearing wood for next year; the leaves of peach trees are of very little use after this time, and they do much harm by shading the wood; therefore cut them off, but do not strip them off, for fear of injuring the buds. No author has recommended this, but many of the best gardeners practise it regularly.

II.—FLOWER-GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

In-door Department.

Stove.—There are no plants more easy to manage in winter than stove-plants, and yet an inexperienced person may injure them at this time sooner than any other tribe. 60° is about the lowest temperature they ought to have this month, with rather a dry atmosphere and air on all fine days, if only to sweeten the houses now that they are so full.

Greenhouse.—Those who have not the advantage of cold turf-pits must have crowded their greenhouses on the approach of the late frosts. Let a place be ever so small there ought to be some contrivance for sheltering half-hardy greenhouse plants late in the autumn, without crowding them into houses thus early. The Chrysanthemums and Pelargoniums ought now to occupy the best places here, and more hardy plants would be much better in pits, where rain and frost could be kept from them till the Chrysanthemums are nearly over, to make room for them in-doors.

Conservatory.—From this time till next March a conservatory must be kept close, more or less, to suit forced plants, &c., while a greenhouse cannot have too much air whenever the weather is fine.

Pits and Frames.—Now is the time to pot all the Cape Iridaceæ, with others from Mexico, Chili, &c. &c.; the whole order delights in light, open soil. The stronger Gladioli, and the like, are much benefited by the addition of one-third rotten leaf-mould, the rest peat and light loam, in equal portions, with a little sand; and the more delicate sorts do better in two-thirds sandy-peat, the rest of loam and sand in equal proportions. Mrs Loudon's beautiful book, treating on these bulbs, is indispensable to those who would excel in the cultivation of these charming plants. Tropæolums, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, to flower late in the spring, may now be potted, and those first potted of these will now have the pots pretty well filled with roots, and may therefore be brought to a glass frame, to get up the foliage and flower-stems slowly, when a smart forcing will not much injure the bulbs.

Flower-Garden.—Take up such flower-gardening plants as you may want another year.

VAMPYRES—THEIR CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

Every age has its unaccountables and horrors. The last had its vampyrism. That was really most marvellous, and to credulity in a more than common degree alarming. While reflecting men laughed at the stories told of vampyres, sovereigns sent officers and commissioners to inquire into their terrific proceedings, just as the late Government sent doctors to Russia to invite the cholera to England. Hungary, Poland, Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia were the favourite scenes of their appearance and exploits. The people of

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those countries, sunk in the most abject ignorance, placed implicit faith in such wonders. A vampyre haunted and tormented almost every village. Deceased fathers and mothers, who had reposed for years in their graves, appeared again at their dwellings—knocked at the doors, sat down to table in silence, ate little or nothing, sometimes nodded significantly at some unfortunate relation in token of their approaching death, struck them on the back, or sprang on their bellies or throats, and sucked draughts of blood from their veins. In general, however, this last consummation of vampyrism was left as an inference from the other facts—and the statement was, that certain men or women of the village grew pale, and gradually wasted away—blooming girls in the flower of health lost the roses from their cheeks; and sank into rapid and premature decay—then an apparition of some deceased individual was seen, and suspicion instantly fixed on him or her as the cause. The grave of the apparition was resorted to—where the corpse was invariably found fresh and well-preserved—the eyes open, or only half-closed—the face vermilion-coloured—the hair and nails long—the limbs supple and unstiffened—and the heart beating. Nothing more was necessary to fix on the body the crime of vampyrism, and to attach to it the guilt of having drained the streams of life from all the pale youths and hectic maidens in the vicinity. Some judicial forms of proceeding were, however, often observed before proceeding to inflict the last penalty of justice on the offender. Witnesses were examined as to the facts alleged—the corpse was drawn from its grave, and handled and inspected; and if the blood was found fluid in the veins, the members supple, and the flesh free from putrescence, a conviction of vampyrism passed—the executioner proceeded to amputate the head, extract the heart, or sometimes to drive a stake through it, or a nail through the temples, and then the body was burnt, and its ashes dispersed to the winds. Burning was found the only infallible mode of divorcing the spirit from the frame of these pertinacious corpses. Impalement of the heart, which had been long considered to be the means of fixing evil and vagrant spirits to the tomb, was often ineffectual. A herdsman of Blow, near Kadam, in Bohemia, on undergoing this ceremony, laughed at the executioners, and returned them many thanks for giving him a stake to defend himself against the dogs. The same night he arose to his nocturnal meal, and suffocated more persons than he had ever attacked before his impalement. He was at last exhumed and carried out of the village. On being again pierced with stakes he cried out most lustily—sent forth blood of a brilliant crubescence—and was at last finally quelled by being burnt to cinders. This fact, with many other similar narratives, is related in a work called 'Magia Posthuma,' by Charles Ferdinand Schertz, dedicated to Prince Charles of Lorraine, Bishop of Olmutz, and printed at Olmutz in 1706. The Rev. Bere Dom. Augustin Calmet, Abbé de Senones (Abbey, as Voltaire insinuates, of 100,000 *livres de rente*) quotes, in his grand treatise on apparitions and vampyres, an extraordinary case of vampyrism detailed in the Glaneur Hollandois, No. XVIII.

In a certain half-peopled canton of Hungary, near the famous Tockay, and between the river Teisse and Transylvania, the people called the Heiduques were possessed by a firm conviction of the powers of vampyres. About 1727 a certain Heiduque, an inhabitant of Medreiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death under a load of hay. Thirty days afterwards four persons of the village died suddenly with all the symptoms indicative of death by vampyrism. The people, puzzled and eager to discover the vampyre delinquent, at last recollected that Arnold Paul had often related how, in the environs of Cassova, on the frontiers of Turkish Servia, he had been tormented and worried by a Turkish vampyre. This, according to the fundamental laws of vampyrism, should have converted Arnold into a vampyre in his grave; for all those who are passive vampyres on earth, invariably become vampyres active when they descend to the tomb. Arnold Paul had, however, always stated that he had preserved himself from contagion from the attacks of the Turkish vampyre by eating some of the earth of his grave and by embrocating himself with his blood. All precautions appeared, however, to be fruitless, for the inhabitants of Medreiga, on opening his tomb forty days after his death, found upon him all the undoubted indices of an arch-vampyre—his corpse ruddy, his nails elongated, his veins swelling with a sanguinary tide which oozed from his pores and covered his shroud and winding-sheet. The hadagni or bailiff of the place, "qui etoit un homme expert dans le vampirisme," proceeded to impale Vampyre Arnold through the heart; on which he sent forth horrid cries with all the energy of a living subject. His head was then cut off and his body burnt. Similar execution was then performed on the four deceased persons, the supposed victims of Vampyre Arnold's attacks, and the Heiduques fancied themselves in safety from these terrific persecutors. Five years afterwards, we read, the same fatal prodigies reappeared. During the space of three months, seventeen persons of different ages

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and sexes died with all the old diagnostics —some without any visible malady—others after several days of languor and atrophy. Amongst others a girl named Stanoska, daughter of the Heiduque Stotuitzo, went one night to rest in perfect health, but woke in the middle of the night shrieking and trembling violently—she asserted that the son of the Heiduque Millo, who had died nine weeks before, had attacked her in her sleep and had nearly strangled her with his grasp. Heiduque Millo's son was instantly charged with vampyrism. The magistrates, physicians, and surgeons of the commune repaired to his grave, and found his body with all the usual characteristics of animation and imputrescence, but they were at a loss to understand from what channel he had derived his faculties. At last it was discovered that the exhausted vampyre Arnold Paul had strangled, not only the four deceased persons, but also a number of cattle, whose flesh had been plentifully eaten by Millo's son and other villagers. This discovery threw the Heiduques into fresh consternation, and afforded a horrid prospect of an indefinite renewal of the horrors of vampyrism. It was resolved to open the tombs of all those who had been buried since the flesh of the cattle had been consumed. Among forty corpses, seventeen were found with all the indubitable characteristics of confirmed vampyres. The bodies were speedily decapitated, the hearts impaled, and the members burnt, and their ashes cast into the river Teisse. The Abbé Dom. Calmet inquired into these facts, and found them all judicially authenticated by local authorities, and attested by the officers of the Imperial garrisons, the surgeon-majors of the regiments, and the principal inhabitants of the district. The *proces verbal* of the whole proceedings was sent, in January 1735, to the Imperial Council of War at Vienna, who had established a military commission to inquire into the facts. "Proces verbaux" and "juridical authentications" certainly are high-sounding things—but a sceptical critic has pretended that his Imperial Majesty's surgeons-major and counsellors of war might perchance be deceived in some respects; and admitting a great deal of what they attest to be true, that vampyrism is not a necessary inference from it—that Miss Stanoska was only a young lady of weak health and head, and strong imagination, who dreamt that young Mr Millo appeared to her in the night, and laid hold on her more rudely than was becoming in a deceased person, which frightened her into fits, and occasioned her death in a few days—that though she professed to be sucked, yet she could not show the wound, or the *dente labris notam* of the vampyre—that no person ever caught a vampyre in the fact of his sanguinary osculations—and that, in this case, no purple aperture was exhibited on any of the individual throats, which the connoisseurs assert is the sure trace of the vampyre's embrace—that as for the fresh and vermilion corpses, allowing for the common exaggeration of two-thirds in the length of the period since their burial; their preservation might be easily accounted for, by certain antiseptic qualities in the soil, similar to those in the abbatial vaults at Toulouse and other places.

Reasonings of this sort by no means either satisfied the poor Hungarians and Poles, or the physicians and metaphysicians of Germany and Selavonia. The universities rang with the names of Stanoska and Arnold Paul; and while the book-stalls every day sent forth 'Cogitationes de Vampiriis,' 'Dissertationes de masticatione mortuorum,' &c. the churchyards of Sclavonia every day vomited forth fresh bloodsuckers to confound or support their theories. At Warsaw, a priest having ordered a bridle of a saddler, died before it was completed. A few days afterwards he appeared on horseback, clad in the costume in which priests are buried, and demanded his bridle of the saddler. "But you are dead, Monsieur le Curé," said the man. "I shall soon let you know the contrary," replied the reverend father, striking him a slight blow. The priest rode home to his grave, and in a few days the poor saddler was a corpse.—Sometimes the people ate bread steeped in the blood of a vampyre; and at the impalement a white handkerchief was dipped in his blood, and handed round to the multitude to suck as a preservative against future attacks. A device resorted to in Walachia, in order to detect suspected vampyres, has something in it singularly wild and poetical. The people would place a virgin youth, about the age of puberty, on a horse as yet *insólitus blando labori*, of a jet black colour, without a speck of white. The boy rode the horse about a suspected burying-ground, and over all the graves; and when the animal stopped short, and snorted, and refused, in spite of whip and spur, to set foot on any particular grave, it was an unerring indication that a vampyre lay within. The people immediately opened the tomb, and in general found it occupied by a fresh and well-fed corpse, stretched out like a person in a blooming and profound sleep. The Abbé Dom. Calmet, after a diligent inquiry into the subject, satisfied himself on every point, except the manner in which the vampyre escapes from his tomb without deranging the soil, and enters through doors and windows without opening or breaking them. Either the resuscitation of these bodies, says the Abbé, must be the work of the Deity, of the angels, of the soul of

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the deceased, or of the evil demon. That the Deity cannot be the instrument is proved by the horrid purposes for which the vampyre appears—and how can the angels, or the soul, or the demon, rarefy and subtilize gross corporeal substances, so as to make them penetrate the earth like air or water, pass through keyholes, stone walls, and casements?—even taking it for granted that their power would extend to make the corpse walk, speak, eat with a good appetite, and preserve its fresh looks. The only instance directly against Dom. Calmet, where the vampyre has been caught *in articulo resurgendi*, is one stated before one of the many vampyre special commissions appointed by the Bishop of Olmutz, at the beginning of the last century. The village of Liebava being infested, an Hungarian placed himself on the top of the church tower, and just before midnight (from midday to midnight are the vampyres' ordinary dinner-hours) saw the well-known vampyre issue from a tomb, and, leaving his winding-sheet, proceed on his rounds. The Hungarian descended and took away the linen—which threw the vampyre into great fury on his return, and the Hungarian told him to ascend the tower and recover it. The vampyre mounted the ladder—but the Hungarian gave him a blow on the head which hurled him down to the church-yard, and descended and cut of his head with a hatchet; and although he was neither burnt nor impaled, the vampyre seems to have retired from practice, and was never more heard of.

WICKEDNESS OF CARD PLAYING.

THAT cards are the devil's books is a common saying among serious people. How they were thought of two hundred and twenty years ago, by at least one reverend gentleman, will be seen in the following paragraphs taken from 'A Treatise against Dicing, Dancing, Plays, and Interludes,' by John Northbrooke, Minister, in which the writer gives a dialogue between Youth and Age:—

"*Youth.* What say you to carde playing? is that to be vsed and allowed among men?

"*Age.* I tell you plainly, it is euen almost as badde as the other: there is neuer a barrell better herring (as the prouerbe is); yet of the two euils it is somewhat the lesse, for that therein wit is more vsed, and lesse trust in chance and fortune (as they term it), and yet I say, therein is no laudable studie or good exercise. Dice playing is the mother, and carde playing is the daughter, for they draw both with one string all the followers thereof vnto ydlenesse, loytering, blaspheming, miserie, infamie, shame, penurie, and confusion.

"*Youth.* Is there as much craft and deceit at carde playing as there is at dice playing?

"*Age.* Almost none; I will not giue a straw to choose; they have such sleightes in sorting and shuffling of the cardes, play at what game ye will, all is lost aforehand, especially if two be confederate to cousin the thirde.

"*Youth.* As how, I pray you?

"*Age.* Eyther by pricking of a carde, or pinching of it, cutting at the nicke; eyther by a bumbe carde finely vnder, ouer, or in the middes, &c., and what not to deceyue? And therefore to conclude, I say with that good father, St Cyprian, the playe at cardes is an inuention of the deuill, which he found out that he might the easier bring in ydolatrie amongst men. For the kings and coate cardes that we vse nowe were in olde times the images of idols and false gods which, since they that would seem Christians, haue changed into Charlemaine, Launcelot, Hector, and such lyke names, bicause they would not seem to imitate their idolatrie therein, and yet maintaine the play it self, the very inuention of Satan, the deuill, and woulde so disguise this mischeife vnder the cloake of such gaye names."

RUSSIAN MILITARY COLONIES.

THE military colonies of Russia are but little known in this country. Léon Renouard de Bussiére has written the best description we have seen of them. He makes the total of infantry and cavalry amount to 46,000 men, with a reserve of half that number, and supplies the following details, which more particularly apply to the infantry.

"The colonization of a regiment consists in placing it in perpetual cantonments in a territory which it never quits except for a campaign; and the other inhabitants are attached to the land of the colony, with an obligation to lodge and feed the soldiers, and successively furnish recruits. Everything in the colony receives a military stamp. The farmers or tenants are obliged to wear the uniform, are placed under the orders of old officers, and form what is called the colonised battalion. During their whole lives they remain subject to severe discipline, which extends to the direction of their agricultural labours. Their children are born soldiers; from the age of twelve they receive the musket and cartouch box. Afterwards they enter into the reserve, and are subsequently placed in the active battalions. Fifteen years' service completed, they return for five years into the reserve, and terminate their days as invalids of the colony, unless the inheritance of their fathers, or some new distribution of the land, cause them to become

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cultivators or farmers. The male population of a colony is therefore composed of the following elements:

"1. *The farmers or cultivators properly so called.*

"2. *The cantonists.* The male children of a military colony are thus called. They receive gratuitous instruction in the schools established by the government; at the same time they are taught one or more trades, and are exercised in the use of arms. At eighteen the strongest are placed in the reserve, after having undergone an examination.

"3. *The soldiers of the reserve.* Each colonised regiment has a battalion of reserve, one half of which, in the event of war, is united with the active battalions, to enter upon service along with them. The cantonists terminate their military education in the reserve. They remain for two years, and, at the age of twenty, they enter the active battalions, and are fitted to be led at once to the field of battle.

"4. *The soldiers of the active battalions.* These are ready to march at the first signal. Their long term of service, and the education they have received as cantonists, make them from habit excellent soldiers. Their pay does not exceed eleven roubles a year; but they are clothed by the state, and the cultivators feed and lodge them. If they are the eldest sons of farmers, and their father dies, or if in any other regular way they are called to the succession of a tenant, they are entitled to their discharge, and enter immediately into possession of their farm. As long as they remain under their colours, and no war keeps them out of the territory of the colony, they serve as farm-servants to the tenants, and their labour repays the expense of their maintenance.

"5. *The invalids.* This denomination is bestowed on the old soldiers who have completed their service. They enjoy, to the exclusion of the other individuals of the colony, the privilege of allowing their beards to grow. Being lodged among their relations or the other farmers, they share their labours, and when age or infirmities have weakened their strength, the government provides for their maintenance.

"Finally, 6. A last class, without any particular denomination, comprises the old cantonists who have performed no military service on account of the weakness of their constitution or a superabundance of recruits. These people, thrown upon their own resources, work as farm-servants, or gain their livelihood by the trades which the government has taught them. The lot of the colonised troops appears far preferable to that of the other Russian soldiers. These last, from the time they are enrolled, are in some sort dead to their family; the soldiers of the colonies are not torn from their domestic ties; they remain children, fathers of families, even citizens to a certain degree.

"As to the ancient serfs of the crown, who have been transformed into farmers or military cultivators, they have not been able as yet to accommodate themselves to their new position. With their affections crushed, these poor creatures grieve in silence. Ignorant simplicity made them value their former existence, and the recollection of this relative happiness, which was founded upon habit, never leaves them. Besides, they were subjected to the most severe labours during the first years; they cleared the ungrateful soil which was assigned to them, built villages, constructed bridges, roads, and canals. But these motives for regret and suffering will not exist for a second generation, whose lot will be less hard than that of the serfs of the crown. The farmers receive the title of free men, and this denomination, if it be ill suited to cultivators bowed down by military despotism, proves at least on the part of the government an intention rather to raise than to depress this class. The state supplies the farmers with a furnished habitation, six or eight hectares (from fifteen to twenty English acres) of land, cattle, and agricultural implements; and they pay neither property tax, nor capitation, nor rent. All that they acquire becomes at their death the property of their natural heirs; the farm which is intrusted to them may in some degree be considered as their patrimony. When age no longer allows them to superintend its labours, or when they feel their end approaching, they themselves nominate their successor. In this manner the possession of a farm may be perpetuated in the same family as a genuine property, and it is only in extreme cases, in consequence of a judicial sentence, that a tenant can be expelled from it.

"In general the power to which the cultivators are subjected is not arbitrary, as in the other villages of Russia. Thus, for example, none of them can be subjected to corporal punishment without legal forms being gone through, and in each locality the primary jurisdiction is intrusted to an elective magistracy, which exercises at the same time certain functions of police as well as of administration.

"Philanthropic precautions are taken to prevent indigence and misfortune. A magazine of wheat, maintained by the inhabitants at large, removes all danger of famine. The sick are taken care of gratuitously in a central hospital; orphans become the adoptive children of the colony, and the maintenance of the widows and the aged is provided for. A savings and trading bank ensures for the farmers the preservation of their gains, and in times of distress even advances money to them,

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without interest, to the extent of five hundred rubles.

"The gratuitous instruction given to the children deserves the highest praise. Nothing is neglected to make them at once good agriculturists, well-instructed soldiers, and skilful artisans. In the schools, which are organised according to the methods of Lancaster and Pestalozzi, they are taught to read and write; they are exercised in music and singing, are taught the elements of arithmetic, painting, and geometry; and the precepts of religion are explained to them.

"Those who display most zeal and aptitude are placed in a school of sub-officers, and these children of moujiks (peasants) have before them a prospect of rising to the rank of officers, which they are entitled to after twelve years of irreproachable service. To sum up all, the internal management of the colonies procures for their inhabitants certain privileges and even positive rights. Liberty would there be sought for in vain; but, at least, order, justice, and the regular action of a paternal authority, are seen in the model of slavery. A stranger rarely obtains permission to visit these establishments; even Russians are admitted to them with difficulty."

Miscellaneous.

A Remorse-stricken Judge.—Judge Sewall, of Salem, presided during the trials for sorcery in 1692, and pronounced sentence of death on the victims. When the frightful excitement of superstition had passed away, and humanity resumed its empire, he was one of the first to regret the part which he had taken in his official situation. Sixteen years afterwards, one Sunday, at the close of public worship, Judge Sewall left his seat, and advanced towards the pulpit, where he handed up to the minister a paper which he requested him to read aloud to the congregation. It was an acknowledgment of sincere recantation and deep repentance for having, in his capacity of judge, sentenced to death so many innocent people. He stated that he now believed himself to have acted under a delusion, which seemed contagious, and which on its first appearance should have been checked rather than encouraged by those who had power and influence to repress it. He added, remorse had soon come over him, and that he had since done all in his power to benefit the families of those who had suffered by his sentence, and to make atonement for his misguided severity. He now humbly, and in the presence of the assembled church, expressed his sorrow and compunction, and tremblingly implored the forgiveness of his God. While this memorial was read to the congregation (amongst which were many relatives of the victims of the year, 1792) Judge Sewall stood at the foot of the pulpit in a posture of the deepest sorrow and contrition, with his head bowed down, his eyes cast on the ground, and his hands crossed humbly on his breast.

The Queen's Visit to Cambridge.—A great sensation has been created at Cambridge, by the expected appearance of her Majesty in that celebrated seat of learning. Queen Elizabeth honoured the University with a visit in 1563. On that occasion, tragedies, orations, disputations, and other academical exercises were recited before her Majesty. The list of honorary degrees then conferred comprises many distinguished names in the history of their age and country. The following are copied from the University annals of the time:—Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Edward Veere, Earl of Oxforde; Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwicke; Edward Manners, Earl of Rutland; Thomas Ratclif, Earl of Sussex; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicestre; Edward Clinton, Lord High Admiral; William Howard, Lord Chamberlain; Henry Carew, Lord Hunsden; Sir William Cecil, Secretary; Sir Francis Knolls, Vice Chamberlain. Thomas Henage, John Ashley, Richard Bartue, William Cooke, Edmond Cooke, Esqrs. —"The celebrated Thomas Cartwright," Fuller says, "and Thomas Preston, then Fellow of King's College, afterwards Master of Trinity Hall, were appointed two of the four disputants in the Philosophy Act before the Queen. Cartwright had dealt most with the Muses, Preston with the Graces, adorning his learning with comely carriage, graceful gesture, and pleasing pronunciation. Cartwright disputed like a *great*, Preston like a *gentile* scholler, being a handsome man; and the Queen (upon parity of deserts) alwaies preferred propernesse of person in conferring her favours. Hereupon with her looks, words, and deeds, she favoured Preston, calling him her scholler, as appears by his epitaph in Trinity-hall Chappell, which thus beginneth—

"'Conderis hoc tumulo Thoma Prestone scholarem
Quem dixit Princeps Elizabetha suum.'"

Insomuch for his good disputing and excellent acting in the tragedy of 'Dido,' she bestowed on him a pension of 20 lib. a year, whilst Cartwright received neither reward nor commendation, whereof he not only complained to his inward friends in Trinity College, but also after her Majesty's neglect of him, began to wade into divers opinions against her ecclesiastical government. But Mr Cartwright's followers, who lay the foundation of his disaffection in the discipline established in his conscience, not carnall discontentment, credit not the relation. Adding, more-

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over, that the Queen did highly commend though not reward him. But soon after he went beyond the seas, and after his travel returned a bitter enemy to the hierarchy." Queen Elizabeth herself, on this occasion, delivered a Latin oration before the assembled members of the University, in the Senate House.

Lord Rosse's Telescope.—We have already noticed the gigantic telescope now constructing by the Earl of Rosse. The Rev. Dr Robinson, the astronomer of Armagh, thus describes it:—"The speculum, which weighs three tons, has been ground to figure, and can be polished in a day. The tube, partly a cubic chamber where the mirror is fixed, and partly a cylinder of inch-deal, strongly hooped, and eight feet diameter at its centre, is complete. The massive centres on which the telescope is to turn are in their place, and the apparatus which supports the speculum, which is of wire, and of great weight, is also complete. The telescope is not to be turned to any part of the sky, but limited to a range of half an hour on each side of the meridian, through which its motion will be given by powerful clock-work, independent of the observer. For this purpose it stands between two pieces of masonry of Gothic architecture, which harmonises well with the castle. One of these pillars will sustain the galleries for the observer, and the other the clockwork and other machinery, one of which is finished, and the other nearly completed. An extremely elegant arrangement of counterpoises is intended to balance the enormous mass, so that a comparatively slight force only will be required to elevate or depress it, much of which is also completed, and Lord Rosse considers that a couple of months will be sufficient to have the instrument fit for trial. The aperture is six feet, and the focal length fifty-two feet."

The Gatherer.

Sir Robert Peel.—The following letter from Sir Robert Peel to Lady Bell, announcing the pension granted by her Majesty, deserves to be preserved as a model of delicacy and good feeling:—"Whitehall, September 4. Madam,—I have had great pleasure in recommending to her Majesty, that in consideration of the high attainments of your lamented husband, and the services rendered by him to the cause of science, a pension of one hundred pounds per annum for your life shall be granted to you, from that very limited fund which Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown for the reward and encouragement of scientific labours. This pension, small in amount as it necessarily is, will, perhaps, be acceptable to you as a public acknowledgment, on the part of the Crown, of the distinguished merit of Sir Charles Bell. I have the honour to be, Madam, your faithful and obedient servant, Robert Peel."

The Rev. Dr Wolff.—This gentleman has started for Constantinople, *vid* Malta; from thence to proceed to Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. The Oriental Steam Packet Company gave the reverend gentleman a passage at one half the usual charge; for the subscription which is to determine the fate and (as many of the best informed believe) effect the release of two distinguished countrymen—officers who were thrown into prison so long since as 1838, when employed on public service—goes on but slowly; 500*l.* only was required, Dr Wolff's services being gratuitous, and yet little more than half that amount has been raised.

The Isthmus of Panama.—The long-meditated project of piercing the Isthmus of Panama, for the junction of the two great oceans, is daily more and more attracting the attention of nations. The French government has despatched a mining engineer of distinction, M. Napoléon Garella, to make a careful examination of the Isthmus, and report on the most eligible direction for a canal of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Vegetable Nature of certain supposed Animals.—M. Decaisne, an eminent French botanist, has lately come to the conclusion that certain marine productions, supposed to be animals, and called by naturalists "chalk-bearing Polypes (*Polypiers calcifères*), are in reality sea-weeds. This view has been microscopically and chemically confirmed by M. Payen.

Extinguishing Fires.—A Vienna letter states that a M. Dietrich, of Gratz, has invented a powder which has the effect of extinguishing fire. Several very successful experiments are stated to have been made.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Tyro" will find an answer to his question in Moore's or Macdonald's 'Quotation Dictionary.'

"Henry and Julia" will not suit the 'Mirror.' A mere whining love story does not please its readers.

"B. H."—The publication in question is not worth notice. Ill usage was to be expected in such a quarter.

Errata.—In the 'Run in the Highlands,' in the last number of the 'Mirror,' for "ride," read "raid;" for "ghosts," read "shoals;" for "Oibe," read "Ailsa;" for "Portlands," read "Pentlands;" for "Campia," read "Campsie."

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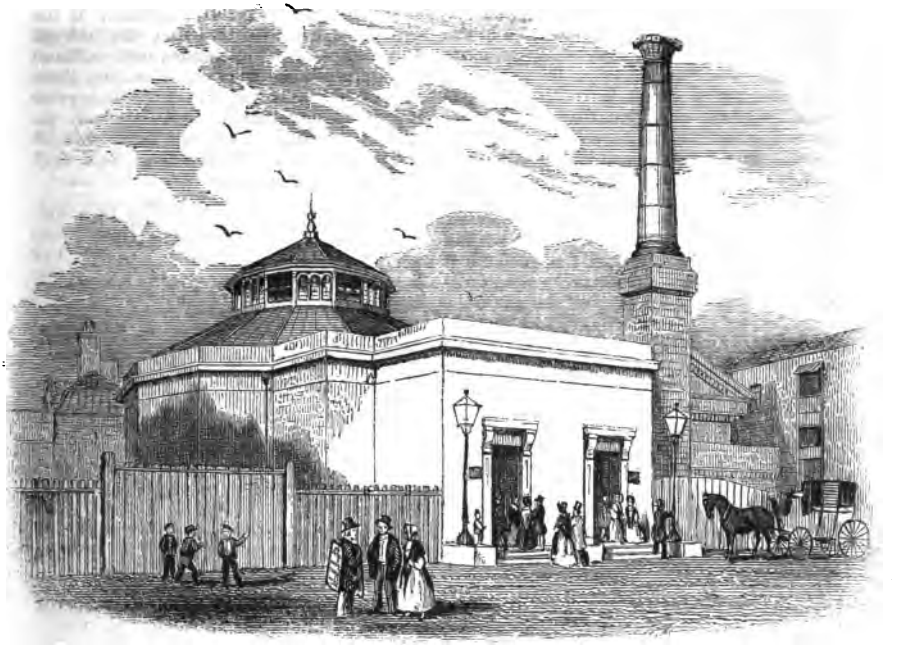

Original Communications.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

WISHING to furnish a series of interesting local pictures, by the powerful aid of Glyphography, we are enabled this week to submit a strikingly correct representation of the entrance to the Thames Tunnel, in the opinion of foreigners the most remarkable structure in England, if not in the world. All strangers visiting this country deem this the object that *must* be visited, whatever else may be left unseen. Nothing in any moderate degree resembling it can be looked at elsewhere.

From the doors seen in the cut, a hundred steps conduct the visitor to the entrance of the passage or passages, for there are what may be called two streets, which pass beneath the bed of the river. We need not here repeat the description given at the time of the Tunnel being opened to the public. What has since occurred, its present appearance, and future prospects, will probably be more acceptable.

By an authorised account, published a few weeks back, it appears that in the first half year from it becoming a regular thoroughfare, no fewer than a million and a half of persons passed through. A good beginning this, and though it cannot by any possibility be kept up, those interested in the success of the speculation have a right to calculate that, besides the constantly-growing regular traffic, a vast number of visitors will annually be attracted for the reasons above stated, so that the falling off will be less enormous than might otherwise be expected. At first, shops, or stalls, were established beneath almost every arch. Of these about two-thirds have vanished, but enough remain to give

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the place a somewhat lively and variegated aspect. On a wet day, however, the visitors are found to fall off so considerably, that many of the traders who still retain their standings seem to give themselves a holiday.

One thing strikes the eye which seems hardly necessary. Wherever we turn we find an announcement that no smoking can be allowed in the Tunnel. What mighty evil could arise from the use of a pipe or a cigar is not very obvious. But the directors seem affected with a perfect *fumophobia*, and have ridiculously multiplied the prohibitions. If there be one place in the country where the practice would be more harmless and less offensive than another, the uninitiated think it is this immense vault, where the damp earthy vapour perceived could hardly be combated with success if all the smokers in London were to resort to it to hold their jubilee. Yet if a powder magazine were in the vicinity more anxious caution could not be manifested. The idea is that the smoke could not find vent. Be it so; but still the weed must be consumed on a greater scale than ordinary minds can imagine possible before the slightest nuisance could be created. In this, and in the formidable announcement that no writing is to be allowed on the walls, which the grave directors hold in like horror, there is something almost childish. If silly people choose to commemorate their advent to the tunnel by scribbling their names as they pass through, they could do no more harm in a place where it would hardly be seen than it does to the cathedrals, in which it has been permitted, time out of mind, in the face of day. Why is Sir Isambert Brunel's great work, admirable as it is, to be hel i more sacred than Westminster Abbey and all the abbey churches in the kingdom? Improper inscriptions ought, of course, to be dealt with there as elsewhere.

Last week it was reported that the water had begun to find its way through the roof of the wall. Of this, in a recent visit, we could see no marks, but the ground, we observed, was damp in many places.

Of the progress of the carriage roads we hear nothing. They, it is stated, are to be forty feet wide. When completed they will materially alter the appearance of the Tunnel altogether. Undoubtedly they will add largely to its receipts, but they must be preceded by a vast outlay. We are told that "an immense amount of the foreign goods brought into the West India, the London, and St Katherine's Docks, on the north side, is absorbed by the coasting trade on the south; and it appears is almost entirely conveyed from one to the other by land carriage. During the year 1829, of 887 waggons and 3,241 carts which passed over London bridge southwards, no less than 480 of the first and 1,700 of the second turned down Tooley street—one half of which are supposed to be engaged in the traffic mentioned. The accommodation a tunnel may afford to passengers receives a striking illustration from the returns made to Parliament of the watermen engaged at the different ferries in the neighbourhood, who were 350 in number, and calculated to take, on an average, not less than 3,700 passengers daily."

Whatever the result, it must, at all events, be admitted that this undertaking will always rank high among the scientific triumphs of England. As one of the wonders of art, it must claim more admiration than the famed hanging gardens of Babylon. We wish its success may console its proprietors for all the sacrifices they have made. That day is distant, but many costly works, which have in the end largely remunerated those with whom they originated, have not opened with better prospects. One thing at least is certain, that it will not soon have a rival. Already it has materially changed the aspect of parts adjacent. Pictorial representations of it furnish signs to the places of recreation in its approaches, which must aspire to honourable distinction; the present neighbourhoods are rapidly increasing, and new ones will, no doubt, in the fulness of time, be formed to take advantage of the novel communication thus supplied to connect the two important counties of Kent and Essex.

ON METALLO-CHROMES, AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

By Charles V. Walker, Esq., Editor of the 'Electrical Magazine,' &c.

Introductory.

The very brilliant electro-chemical productions termed metallo-chromes have of late become comparatively familiar objects to the philosopher, but are not so generally known to those who tread the humbler paths of science as they deserve. They are so very easily produced, they are of so attractive a character, and they involve in them so many points of scientific interest, that we have thought a popular account of the means of obtaining them would not be devoid of interest to the lover of science generally. We propose, therefore, devoting a series of articles not merely to metallo-chromes as such, but to those modifications of them which promise to be of practical avail in the arts. We shall not wander from our purpose to follow out the several phenomena which may present themselves as we proceed, but will be as careful as possible to give a familiar description of such portions of each phe-

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nomenon as are concerned in the case before us.

In the outset, we are aware that these pages will pass before the eyes of many readers to whom the science of electro-chemistry is no new thing; but we are bold to assume that there are many more to whom its laws are far less familiar. Those, then, who have advanced far forward in these pursuits, will bear with us awhile as we pave the path and make it easy for others to follow them, and also to comprehend equally with them the nature of our present experiments.

Metallo-chromes, as the name implies, are coloured metallic productions; they are thin films of oxide of lead placed on the surface of steel plates by the proper application of the laws of electro-chemistry, and by means of voltaic agency; and, by duly regulating the character of the action and the form of materials employed, an endless variety of patterns may be obtained, and an almost endless modification of colour. But of this hereafter; for the present we will content ourselves with a few illustrations of voltaic agency, and this will lead to the explanation of the means most effectual for the object in view. If three wine-glasses be taken, each containing salt and water, and a shilling be placed in one, a piece of zinc in the second, and a shilling and a piece of zinc touching each other in the third, it will be found, after a certain time, that the metals in the first and second glasses have undergone no change; but in the third glass the zinc will be found very evidently to have undergone some action; it will appear very dirty, and, when touched with the finger, a black powder will be found on it. Or, again, if a thin piece of copper be nailed on a board by two nails, one iron the other copper, and be then exposed to the weather for some weeks, it will be found that the iron nail is very much worn away, while the copper nail is as sound as ever. That this is not a case of mere rust will be evident by exposing an iron plate, secured with an iron nail, for the same length of time. To take another case: if we put faith in the judgment of the lovers of malt liquor—and in no matter are they more competent to pass judgment than in that before us—they agree in maintaining that porter drunk from the pewter tankard is of better flavour than that taken from a glass tumbler. Or, if we take two eggs and two silver spoons, and with one spoon eat one of the eggs, and with the other spoon merely lade out the contents of the second egg, the latter spoon will be comparatively clean, but the former will be very deeply stained.

These cases are from *facts*: they may be very much modified, and, as we shall see presently, may be presented under much more favourable forms. Let us, however, take them as they are, and begin to reflect upon them, and we shall soon establish some general resemblance between them all. When a shilling is in contact with salt water, no change takes place; when a piece of zinc is in contact with salt water, no change takes place; and if a shilling, resting on a piece of zinc, were placed in a fourth glass without water, no change would take place; but when the three things, silver, zinc, and water, were in contact, the change occurred. When copper in contact with copper was exposed, no peculiar effect followed; when iron in contact with iron was similarly exposed, nothing unusual occurred; but when iron and copper in contact were exposed to atmospheric moisture, the iron was speedily rusted.

The connexion between these two facts is evident: the condition for success in each experiment being two metals and a liquid in mutual contact. We here gain two pieces of information: we learn, first, that some certain arrangements will *not* give us effects. This kind of negative information is positive knowledge, and is of far greater importance, especially in experimental philosophy, than at first sight may appear; for when we have an object in view, and several paths are open before us, one only of which is the true path, it is no small step gained when we have discovered those of the other paths which do not lead thitherward; our investigation is so far shortened, its limits are narrowed, and we have less work before us in what remains.

We learn, secondly, that some certain arrangements *will* give us the effect. But this knowledge is evidently limited, for, though the arrangements before us teach that the combination of two metals and one liquid is a condition favourable to the destruction of one of the metals, it does not prove that this is the only favourable condition.

Indeed, when we come to regard our fourth experiment, it is evident that *two* metals are not essential; for here we have a single metal, silver, in one case unchanged, and in the other greatly discoloured. A silver spoon is not discoloured when we put it into our mouth; it is not discoloured when we put it into an egg; but when it contains egg, and is then placed in the mouth, the effect occurs; in fact, when the moisture of the mouth, the moisture of the egg, and the metal are in contact, the effects occur. Thus, the contact of two liquids and a metal is a condition favourable to success. In drinking porter from a glass we have two liquids, and no metal; but when, by using a metal tankard, we complete the conditions of two liquids and

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a metal, a certain change occurs which is pronounced to produce an improvement in the taste of the beer. The change is not imaginary, for a change does occur by such heterogeneous contact, exactly analagous to that observed in the experiment, though exhibited in a different way.

To collect these phenomena into one class: it appears that nothing extraordinary occurs between *two* bodies in contact; but, when *three* are concerned, one at least of which must be a liquid, some kind of power is developed. We will consider this power more in detail.

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES EXTRAORDINARY.

Season the third, under Mr Wallack's management, opened on Monday, and will probably have closed by the time this number of 'the Mirror' is published. Finding old plays indifferently acted, even with the "alternating" mediocrity of Mr Vandenhoff, Mr Anderson, and Mr Phelps, did not pay, he seems to have imagined something inferior would succeed. The lover, who found his mistress unkind, was asked,

> "Will, when looking well can't move her,
> Looking ill prevail?"

Mr Wallack seems to have thought it might. He tried the experiment, and finding himself as far off the mark as ever, if the newspapers may be depended upon, lost his temper (his wits he could not), called a portion of the audience blackguards from the stage, and intimated that he was ready to fight so many of the said blackguards as wished to claim the satisfaction of gentlemen!

Such conduct might be very valiant, but it was not a little deficient in that which one great theatrical authority calls "the better part of valour." Wallack was deservedly laughed to scorn, and his group of children, his antiquated ballet, and French drama, all failed to find favour in the eyes of the public.

Mr Wallack has made himself very ridiculous, and his absurdities will be the source of annoyance and loss to not a few beside himself. He, however, is not worse than many other theatrical potentates, who, taken as a class, though not without talent, are in the position which they venture to assume, among the stupidest of mankind. On a recollection of some, and traditionary report of former stage successes, they aim at renewing them by certain pet expedients. They think they cannot afford to make the stage what it ought to be, but bring forward what, under peculiar circumstances, has paid, and what, under different circumstances, they conclude must pay. A startling drama makes a hit in Paris. They at once conclude it must delight all London, and "the indefatigable manager," as he calls himself in the newspapers, starts off for France at midnight, and returns with all the costumes and effects. Then some vamping hack is set to work to put it *not* into English, and a few green-room jokes render the thing complete. This sort of hashing has gone on, year after year, till men who could write plays worth seeing have abandoned the attempt in despair. The way in which they are mutilated while preparing, and frequently marred in representation, is too much for endurance. An actor of moderate standing deems it servile to keep to the author's text, and the vamper of the house rejoices in everything that can abate the pretensions of those who aspire to be original.

Managers are misled in these matters by subordinates. They are invariably so much engaged that they can never attend to what is of most importance. To responsible ministers they leave everything. They please themselves by affecting the monarch, to find in the end that they have been playing the fool.

A good play, a play admitted to be good, is not accepted because it will not suit the company. "Your play is admirable," said one manager to an author not long ago, "but it will not suit us; put it away, and consider you have a bank bill in your drawer for 500*l.*!" This was uttered with apparent sincerity. A noble reward for authorship! What shall we say to a national theatre that could not represent a drama which deserved such praise? If stage directors are to act on this principle, Shakspere, were he now among us, would stand no chance. His *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello* "would not suit the company of either house." Characters, forsooth, must be written for players. This ought rarely to be countenanced. The persons of a drama ought to be drawn from life, and those actors who cannot effectively "imitate humanity" ought not to be lauded as masters of the histrionic art, but set to some handicraft business, as belonging to a race made by "Nature's journeymen."

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ROYAL VISITS TO CAMBRIDGE.

The visit paid to Cambridge in the last week has created a great sensation in that ancient seat of learning. 'Cooper's Annals' show that it has received the same honour from many former monarchs. Guthrum, Oskytel, and Anwind, Danish kings, went to it with a large army. King Stephen was there in 1139, as was King John in 1200-1201; Henry III passed through it in 1252. In April, 1270, the King, ac-

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companied by his son (afterwards King Edward I) paid a visit to the town, and being informed of the contentions and disputes constantly occurring between the burgesses and scholars, the prince undertook to act as a mediator. Through his intervention an agreement or composition was entered into, which was sealed with the common seals of the University and town, and also with the king's seal. In 1293, Edward I was there on the 25th of March, and stayed two nights in the castle, where no king had been known to have lain before. The King's cofferer had previously deposited 1,000*l.* in the dormitory of Barnwell Priory against his arrival, and the chancellor, Sir John de Lang, lodged at that monastery during the King's visit, and for four or five days previously. 1325-6, Edward II; in 1328, Edward III visited the town. Richard II held a Parliament there in 1388, and lodged at the Priory of Barnwell. Edward IV attended the Cambridge assize in 1161-2. Richard III was there in 1483 and 1484, and Henry VII in 1485-6, as also in 1487, 1491, 1498, and with his mother, the Countess of Richmond, in 1506. In 1520, Catherine, Queen of Henry VIII, visited the University; in 1522, Henry VIII was there; in 1564, Queen Elizabeth; in 1614, James I; in 1630-1, Charles I; in 1671, Charles II; in 1689, William III; in 1705, Queen Anne; in 1717, George I; and in 1728, George II.

Of the honours thus rendered to Cambridge that which it most gratefully remembered is the visit of Queen Elizabeth. She was there six days, and the details, which have been carefully preserved of her reception, are, in many respects, curious. It will not fail to be remarked that a play was acted before the Queen on Sunday. On her arrival on Saturday, August 5th, we read—

"First, at the corner of the Queens College and Martin Gills house, was set a great falling-gate, with a lock and staple. From that place, unto the Kings College west door, stoode, upon both sides, one by one, all the University. From the gate stood the scholars; then the Batchellors of Arts; then the Batchellors of Law; then the Master Regents; then the Non-regents and Batchellors of Divinity. Then, at last, the Doctors in their degree; and every one in habits and hoods. The last Doctor and the Vice-Chancellor stood upon the lowest greese of the west doore. And by him the three Bedells.

"The whole lane, between the Kings College and the Queens College, was strawed with rushes, and flags hanging in divers places, with coverlets and boughs; and many verses fixed upon the wall.

"Saint Austins lane was boarded up for the keeping of these ways, and for observing of order. And, that no person should stand there but scholars, there were appointed eight men as tipt staves. And the great south gate of the Kings College was kept by the Queens porters; who received such charge that, after the Queens train was entered, they should suffer none to come in.

"All the Scholars had in commandment, at the Queens Majesties passing by them, to cry out, 'Vivat Regina,' lowly kneeling. And, after that, quietly and orderly to depart home to their respective colleges, and in no wise to come to the Court, the disputations, or to the plays. And if upon some just occasion, they were enforced to goe into the towne, then they should go two and two, upon a great pain.

"The Kings College Church was hanged with fine tapestry, or arras of the Queens, from the north vestry dore, round by the communion table, unto the south vestry dore, and all that place strewed with rushes. The communion-table and pulpit hanged richly.

"Upon the south side, about the middle between the vestry dore and the communion-table (which stood north and south) was hanged a rich travas of crimson velvet, for the Queens Majestie; with all other things appertaining.

"Also a fair closet glazed towards the quire, was devised and made in the middle of the rood loft, if the Queen's Majestie perhaps there would repose herself; which was not occupied.

"The place between the north and south and west doors of the church was strawed with rushes, being not paved. And, in the middle, between the north and south doors, a fair Turkey carpet laid; and upon that, a little joined short forme set, covered also with one other Turky carpet, and one cushion to kneel upon, and one other to lean upon, of cloth of gold; and thereon was laid the Bible in Latin. All these were of the Queen's stuff. Also there was set a chair of red velvet for her Majesty to have set in, whilst she heard the oration, if she had forsaken her horse.

"On the part of the College, Mr Doctor Baker, with all his company, was in copyes, standing in a length from the quire doore, unto the north and south doors, orderly, as in procession wise.

"The bells, both of the Colleges and also of the towne, were rung most part of the afternoon. And such churches as were negligent herein, were afterwards called upon, and were fined, some 8s. 4d., some more, some less. Order also was taken, that upon the Queens coming to the church doore, all the bells should cease, that her Majestie might hear the oration.

"All these things being in this wise ordered, the Queens Majestie came from Mr

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Worthingtons house at Haslingfield, where she lay all night, by Granchester. And, by the way, the Dukes Grace of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, the Bishop of Ely, and divers other henourable personages, met with her Majestie, and so conveyed her towards the town.

"The Maior of the town, called Robert Lane, with the Aldermen, and all the Burgesses, with the Recorder, met with her Majestie, a little above Newnham, on horseback; and there alighted, and did their duties, and made by the Recorder an oration in English.

"Then the Maior delivered the mace, with a fair standing cup, which cost 19*l.* and twenty of old angels, in it; which her Majesty received gently, and re-delivered the mace to the Maior, and took the cup, &c., to one of her footmen, and so came to Newnham Mills (the Maior riding with the mace before her Majestie). And there (being requested to change her horse) she alighted, and went into the millers yard and house for a little space. And so took horse and came forward.

"Sir William Cecyl all this while sat upon his horse at the gate beyond the Queens College, and caused certain of the guard to keep the streete, with strict commandment as was given before; and turned all the trayne into the towne, saving the Lords and chief officers appointed to wait upon her Grace.

"Then came the trumpetters, and by solemn blast declared her Majestie to approach. Then followed the Lords in their order and degree. Her almoner, the Bishop of Rochester, bare-headed; with the Bishop of Ely. Then Garter King at Arms, in his Royal cote; with divers Serjeants at Arms. Then the Lord Hunsdon with the sword, in a Royal scabbard of goldsmiths work. And after him, the Queens Majestie, with a great companie of ladies, and maids of honour, who, at the entering at Queens College, was informed, by Mr Secretary, of the Scholars, of what sort they were. And the like he did of all other companies and degrees.

"When her Majestie was about the middle of the Scholars or Sophisters, two appointed for the same came forth and kneeled before her Grace, and kissing their papers exhibited the same unto her Majestie. Wherein were contained two orations gratulatory; the one in verse, the other prose, which her Highness received, and gave them to one of the footmen. The like was observed and done by the Batchellours of Arts; and of two Masters of Arts. And so she was brought among the Doctors; where all the Lords and Ladies did forsake their horses; and her Majestie only remained on horseback.

"She was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinked; a call upon her head, set with pearls and pretious stones; a hat that was spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers.

"The Maior of the town, riding before her Majestie bare-headed, stayed himself at the Kings College south gate; as acknowledging that he had no authority or jurisdiction in that place. Of this he was advertised the day before by Mr Secretary.

"When the Queens Majestie came to the west doore of the church, Sir William Cecyl kneeled downe and welcomed her Grace, showing unto her the order of the doctors. And the Bedells kneeling, kissed their staves, and so delivered them to Mr Secretary, who likewise kissed the same, and so delivered them to the Queens hands, who could not well hold them all. And her Grace gently and merrily re-delivered them, willing him and other magistrates of the University to minister justice uprightly, as she trusted they did. Or she would take them into her own hands, and see to it. Adding, that, although the Chancellor did hault (for his leg was sore, as is before mentioned), yet she trusted that justice did not hault.

"Then her Highness was advertised, that the University by their orator would speak unto her Majestie. Whereupon she inquired for the orator, and willed him to begin.

"Then Mr William Master, of the Kings College, orator, making his three curtesies, kneeled downe upon the first greese or step of the west door (which was on the walls outward covered with verses) and made his oration of length almost half an hour.

"When he had done, she much commended him, and much marvelled that his memory did so well serve him, repeating such diverse and sundry matters, saying, that she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak false Latin, and then they would laugh at her. But in fine, in token of her contentation, she called him unto her presence, and offered him her hand to kiss; requiring his name.

"Then she alighted from her horse, and asking of what degree every doctor was, offered her hand to be kissed. And four of the principal doctors bearing a canopy, she under the same, entered into the church, and kneeled down at the place appointed, between the two doors, north and south; the Lady Strange bearing the traine: and all the other ladies followed in their degrees.

"Then the Provost, revested in a rich cope of needlework (standing about four yards from the Queen, directly towards the quire, in the middle of his company kneeling of both sides) made his obeysance and curtesies three times, coming towards her Majestie. At the last, kneeling hard at

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her stoole, he kissed her hand, and so pointed out the psalme, 'Deus misereatur,' inquiring whether it would please her Majestie to answer and say with him? And understanding that she would pray privately, he likewise privately said the said psalme and after that a collect for the Queen. Which done, the whole quire began to sing, in English, a song of gladness; and so went orderly into their stalls in the quire, the Queen following, and going into her travys, under the canopy; and marvellously revising at the beauty of the chapel, greatly praised it, above all other in her realme. This song ended, the Provost began the 'Te Deum' in English, in his cope: which was solemnly sung, the organs playing. After that, he began even-song, which also was solemnly sung; every man standing in his cope.

"Which being ended, the Queen's Majestie came forthe of her traverse, and went towards the lodging by a private way, made through the east window of the north vestry door as before. And as she went, she thanked God that had sent her to this University, where she, altogether against her expectation, was so received, that she thought she could not be better.

"During all this time of prayer, the Lords and other honourable persons, with the Doctors, sat on the high stalls. And afterwards betwixt the doors and walls of the vestry and the porch of the Provosts place (which was now the Court) stood the two Proctors, and by my Lord Robert and Mr Secretary, presented unto her Majestie, in the name of the University, four pair of Cambridge double gloves, edged and trimmed with two laces of fine gold; and six boxes of fine comfitts, and other conceits (devised and provided at London by Mr Osborne of the Exchequer, late a scholar of Cambridge at the appointment of Mr Secretary); which she thankfully took, and so went to her chamber. And the Bedells, receiving Mr Chancellor at the same place, went before him with their staves to his lodging, he riding upon a little black nagg.

"On Sunday, August 6, her Majesty attended matins, after which a sermon was preached by Dr Andrew Perne.

"At evening prayer the company of King's College, being informed that the Queens Majestie would not come unto the same, began and did sing. And then, being advertised that her Grace was coming, staid. And when she was come unto her travys by the secret way, they of new did begin the even-song. Which ended, she departed back by the same way, to the play, 'Aulularia Plauti,' for the hearing and playing whereof, was made by her Highness surveyor and at her own cost, in the body of the church, a great stage containing, the breadth of the Church from the one side to the other, that the chappels might serve for houses. In the length it ran two of the lower chappels full, with the pillars on a side. Upon the south wall was hanged a cloth of state, with the appurtenances and half path for her Majesty. In the rood-loft, another stage for ladies and gentlewomen to stand on. And the two lower tables, under the said rood-loft, were greatly enlarged and rayled for the choyce officers of the Court. There was, before her Majestys coming, made in the Kings College Hall, a great stage. But, because it was judged by divers to be too little, and too close for her Highness and her company, and also far from her lodging, it was taken down.

"When all things were ready for the plays, the Lord Chamberlayn with Mr Secretary came in; bringing a multitude of the guard with them, having every man in his hand a torch-staff for the lights of the play (for no other lights were occupied); and would not suffer any to stand upon the stage, save a very few upon the north side. And the guard stood upon the ground, by the stage side, holding their lights. From the quire doore unto the stage was made as 'twere a bridge, rayled on both sides, for the Queens Grace to go to the stage, which was straightly kept.

"At last her Highness came, with certain Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen; all the Pensioners going on both sides, with torch staves. But the sword was not carried, neither the maces. And so took her seat, and heard the play fully. Which was played by certain selected persons, chosen out of all Colleges of the towne.

"On Monday the Queen attended a Divinity Lecture, a disputation in art, and disputations, at St Marys church.

"On Tuesday, the ordinary lectures, disputation, and frequenting of the same, was done as the same day before.

"At night, about the accustomed houre, and in the same manner, her Highness came to the play called 'Ezechias,' in English, which was played by the Kings College, and the charges thereof by them born. And then her Majestie went to her rest.

"This day also order was taken, that her Majestie should remain here one day longer than at the first it was appointed. For her jestis were to depart upon the Wednesday. And a saying was if provision of beer and ale could have been made, her Grace would have remained till Friday; her Highness was so well pleased with all things.

"Wednesday, the ninth of August, after the ordinary lectures and disputations were done, about six of the clock in the morning the Queens Majestie took her progress about to the Colleges riding in

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state royall; all the Lords and Gentlemen riding before her Grace; and all the Ladies following on horseback. The Bedells waited upon her Highness, and in the same manner and order as on Sunday before.

"The Maior that day came not abroad, which was noted of divers, and thought some part of his duty.

"From her Palace she went first to Clare hall; where the Master waited with all his company, and received her Majestie with an oration.

"Then entered her Grace into the Kings College, where the Provost stood, with the whole household, and caused an oration to be made unto her Highness. And then gave unto her a fair book, covered with red velvet, containing all such verses as his company had made of her Grace's coming. There was also compiled, in the same book, an account of the founder of the same college, benefactors; and the names of all such persons, as were of any worthy memory, which had been brought up in that college. Which book she received with a mild countenance, and delivered to one of her footmen.

"From the Kings College her Majestie ridd into Trinity hall. And from thence to Gunvill and Caius College. And, in both places, was received with an oration.

"From thence she departed to Trinity College; and riding as in a lane in the midst of her company, came almost to the east gate, where the Master stood, and caused an oration in Greek to be made to her Highness.

"Then she went into St Johns College, and riding into the hall, had there an oration.

"From thence she rode to Christs College (leaving Jesus College because it stood far out of the way; and in her journey next morning she minded to see Magdalen College). At Christs College was made an oration before her Majestie in Greek verses. For the which she rendered thanks in Greek. And the Master presented unto her a pair of gloves, in remembrance of her grandedame, the Lady Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, Foundress of that College and St Johns.

"From thence her Grace, by the Market hill and Butchery, came to Benet College. And because the time was passed, she would hear no oration. But the Master gave her a pair of gloves and certain boxes of comfitts. From thence she went into Pembroke hall, and Peter house, and, in both places, heard an oration. And at Peter house she much commended the son of Sir Walter Mildmay; which being a child, made a very neat and trimm oration, and pronounced it very aptly and distinctly.

"From thence her Majestie came [illegible] by the Queens College and St Katherine hall; only perusing the houses because it was almost one a clock.

"And so returning to her lodging, as her Grace ridd through the street, she talked very much with divers scholars in Latin; and at her lighting off her horse, with Latin dismissed them.

"At three of the clock the University bell rang to the disputations in divinity, unto which her Majestie came, as before.

"Upon Thursday, the 10th of August, early in the morning, was called a congregation against eight a clock; in the which divers Lords of the Garter, and other Noblemen, were made Masters of Arts; who gently accepted the offer of the University, and were admitted, and promised their fidelity to the University in the Chamber of Presence. The parties thus admitted Masters of Arts were, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, High Steward of the town; Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex; Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick; Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; Edward Manners, Earl of Rutland; the Lord Robert Dudley, Master of the Queen's Horse and High Steward of the University; Edward Lord Clynton, Lord Admiral; Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon; the Lord William Howard, Lord Chamberlain; Sir William Cecil, knt., Secretary of State and Chancellor of the University; Sir Francis Knollys, knt., Vice-Chamberlain; John Ashley, Esq., Master of the Queen's Jewels; Richard Bertie, Esq.; Thomas Heneage, Esq.; Edward Cooke, Esq.; and William Cooke, Esq. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was also conferred on William Latymer, Dean of Peterborough and Clerk of the Queens Closet

"The Queens Highness, about nine a clock, hasted to horseback. And at the porch of her lodging met her the Provost and certain of his company; where Mr Preston (whome before in all his doings in the University the Queen well liked) made a very goodly oration; taking their leave, and bidding her Majestie farewell. With whom she was then so well pleased, that she made him and openly called him her scholar. And in token thereof, offered him her hand to kiss, and so took her horse and departed.

"Passing from the Kings College by the Schools, Dr Perne, and divers others of the University kneeled, and wished her Grace, in Latin, a prosperous and safe progress. To whom she mildly answered again, with a loud voice, 'Valete omnes.'

"The Maior on horseback, and bearing his mace, with all the Aldermen, tarryed for her Majestie against the west end of St Marys Church; and so waited upon her to the far end of Howse Causey. And coming by Magdalen College, the

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Master and Company of the same were ready to receive her Grace with an oration. But her Highness excused her staying to hear the same, by reason of the heat of the day, and the press of the people. And therefore required the paper of the oration; which being exhibited, she departed, and was by all mens prayers, committed to the grace and tuition of Almighty God.

"The Duke of Norfolk accompanyed her Majestie out of the town, and then, returning, entered Magdalen College and gave much money in the same. Promising 40*l.* by year till they had builded the quadrant of their college. And further promised, that he would endow them with land for the encrease of their number and studys."

THE NELSON MONUMENT INTENDED FESTIVAL.

As the completion of the column in Trafalgar square has been postponed, it might be premature to offer those remarks on it as a work of art, which we intended to supply. The effect can hardly be justly dealt with, till nothing remains to be added.

That the day for lifting the statue into its place has been deferred is not of much importance, but many people regret that the festival of the tars who shared in the battle of Trafalgar is also put off. Rather than these poor old hearts should be disappointed, it might have been expected that those with whom it rests would have given two dinners in place of one. We have, however, had communications made to us, speaking of a deficiency in the funds for the dinner being among the causes of the delay. Such a story we do not know how to believe. It is, nevertheless, confidently affirmed, and to this is added the information that two or three old sailors have been stationed within the enclosure round the column to collect pence from those admitted to enter it, to make up the sum necessary.

That persons have thus presented themselves at the spot indicated, parading a begging-box, is, we believe, a fact that cannot be denied. The Mendicity Society's officers ought to have looked into the affair. They would probably have found that this was a *ruse* of some of their old acquaintances. That the Government would have permitted the companions-in-arms of Nelson, the pensioners of Greenwich Hospital, to become public beggars, is what we cannot credit. The injurious calumny ought to be refuted, by taking the cheats who have thus imposed upon the public before a magistrate, with a view to their removal as speedily as possible from Trafalgar square to the treadmill.

Arms. Three dexter gauntlets, backs affrontée, or.

Crest. Out of a ducal coronet of a bull's head, ar., pied, sa., armed of the first charged on the neck with a rose gu., barbed and seeded, ppr.

Supporters. Dexter, a griffin, per fesse, ar., and or, gorged with a plain collar, and lined, sa.; sinister, a bull ar., pied sa. collared and lined or, at the end of a line a ring on three staples of the last.

Motto. "*Ne vile fano.*" "Bring nothing vile to the temple;" or (with the *jeu de mots*) to Fane.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF WESTMORELAND.

JOHN VANE, of Hilden, county of Kent, who lived in the time of Henry VI, is the recognized ancestor of this noble family, which, however, further traces its descent from Howell ap Vane, of Monmouthshire, who was there established long before the Conquest. John Vane had a grant of Hadloe, in Kent, during the reign of the monarch who has been mentioned. He was succeeded by his eldest son, who died without issue in the twenty-fifth of Henry VIII. The next of four sons, Richard Fane, Esq., of Badsell, in Kent, inherited the manor of Snergate, with other extensive possessions, from his father, and was the residuary legatee of his elder brother Henry. His only son, George Fane, succeeded him, who was succeeded by his elder son, Thomas Fane. This gentleman was involved in Wyat's rebellion in the first year of Queen Mary. He was tried, imprisoned in the Tower of London, and ordered for execution, but eventually pardoned. In the reign of Elizabeth he was

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knighted at Dover Castle, August 26, 1573, by Robert Earl of Leicester, in presence of the Queen. He married, first, Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Culpepper, of Bedgbury, but had no issue; and afterwards, in 1574, Lady Mary Neville, heiress of Henry Lord Abergavenny, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. He died May 25, 1604, and his widow, Lady Mary Fane, was restored to the dignity of Baroness Le Despencer, formerly Justice of England in the reign of Henry III, the letters patent of restoration beginning thus: "Whereas, Hugh Le Despencer, formerly Justice of England in the reign of King Henry III, was one of the Barons of England by the name of Baron Le Despencer, to him and his heirs, and was summoned to Parliament among the Barons in the forty-ninth of Henry III; and whereas, Mary Fane, daughter and heiress of Henry Lord Abergavenny, son and heir of George Lord Abergavenny, son and heir of Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Isabel, sister and heiress of Richard Le Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Le Despencer, son of Edward Lord Le Despencer, by Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Bartholomew Lord Burghersh, son of Edward Le Despencer, son of Hugh Lord Despencer, Earl of Winchester and Baron Le Despencer, who was son of Hugh, the aforesaid Justice of England, who was summoned to Parliament in the forty-ninth of Henry III among the Peers, and not only born of an honourable and illustrious stock, but showed himself adorned with all virtues, and worthy of his descent, &c. &c. Her Ladyship died June 28, 1626, and was succeeded by her eldest son, Francis, K.B., in the ancient Barony, he himself having been advanced to the Peerage October 29, 1624, by the ancient titles of his maternal family, Baron Burghersh and Earl of Westmoreland. His Lordship married Mary, only daughter of Sir Anthony Mildmay, Knight, of Apethorpe, in the county of Northampton, by whom he acquired a large additional fortune. He had seven sons and six daughters. Of the former, Mildmay, the eldest, succeeded to the title. He died on the 23rd of March, 1628, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Mildmay, who was made one of the Knights of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I. At the breaking out of the civil war he arrayed himself under the Royal banner, but in 1643 Whitlock says in his 'Memorials,'—"The Earls of Westmoreland and divers other delinquents came into the Parliament, desiring the benefit of the declaration of both kingdoms for composition, and April 22, 1645, the Earls of Westmoreland, Thanet, Holland, Monmouth, and the Lord Saville, took the oath appointed by Parliament for such as came unto them before the Commissioners of the Great Seal." His Lordship concurring, however, in the restoration of the Monarchy, was constituted jointly with John Earl of Bridgewater, July 30, 1660, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Southampton. His Lordship was a poet. He put forth, for private circulation only, in 1648, a volume of poems. His Lordship was a man of powerful mind. It is impossible not to admire some of his ideas on the "pomp of ancestry." He writes—

Virtus vera Nobilitas.

"What doth he get who e'er profess,
The scutcheon of his ancestors?
This chimney-piece of gold or brass?
That coat of arms blasoned in glass?
When these with time and age have end,
Thy prowess must thyself commend.
For cast how much thy merit's score,
Falls short of three sent there before;
By so much art thou in arrear,
And stain'st gentility appear.
True nobleness doth there alone engage
Who can add virtue to their parentage."

He died, and was succeeded by Charles, the third Earl, February 12, 1665, who was succeeded by his eldest son, Charles. He married twice, but died without issue, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Vere. The eldest son of the last-named Peer was also named Vere, and succeeded to the title. He died unmarried, and it thus devolved on his brother Thomas, and he dying without issue, it came to a third brother, John, who served under the Duke of Marlborough, and had, during the life of his brothers, been raised to the Peerage of Ireland, under the title of Baron Catherlough. His Lordship subsequently attained the rank of Lieut-General in the army. He married Mary, only daughter and heiress of Lord Henry Cavendish, second son of William Duke of Devonshire, but dying without issue, August 26th, 1762, the Irish Peerage expired, while the Barony of Despencer, being a Barony in fee, was conferred on Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart., of West Wickham, in the county of Buckingham, April 19th, 1763, as only son and heir of Sir Francis Dashwood, by Lady Mary Fane, eldest daughter of Vere, fourth Earl of Westmoreland, by his wife Rachael, daughter of Mr Alderman Bence, and the Earldom of Westmoreland, with the Barony of Burghersh, reverted to the next male heir, Thomas Fane, Esq., M.P. for Lyme Regis, as eighth Earl. He died Nov. 12th, 1771, and was succeeded by his elder son, John, the ninth Earl, who married March 26th, 1758, Augusta, daughter of Lord Montague Bertie, son of Robert Duke of Ancaster, by whom he had issue. He died April 26th, 1774, and was succeeded by his elder son, John, the late Peer, who died last year, and was succeeded in his honours by the present Earl, who was born Feb. 3rd, 1784, and married, June 26th, 1811, Priscilla Anne, daughter of the Right Hon. W. W. Pole, the present Lord Maryborough, by whom he has issue.

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THE REVOLT IN HEIDELBERG.

Being a full, true, and particular Account of its Rise, Progress, and Suppression on the ever memorable 20th and 21st of September, 1843.

[THE *émeute* at Heidelberg, of which a brief account lately appeared in the 'Morning Herald' and 'Times,' was in all respects such a parody on agitation that the following lively and amusing sketch of the particulars by an eye-witness cannot but be acceptable.]

"Poor Fisher! and so he's gone at last! Ah, well, we could better have spared many another. But is it true that his affairs were in such confusion—that he was near a bankruptcy, as some say?"

"Not the least doubt of it. Most people think it was the drink did for him;—by no means: it was all o' being down in the mouth at seeing other folks getting his business away from him."

"Well, I never!"

"No, nor nobody else. A clearer-headed, straight-forwarded fellow never was until the drink laid hold of him. Such a hand at a song, too! He's to be buried this afternoon, at four. Suppose we go; we've just an hour to spare, so we can step into old Kepler's first, and taste a glass of his schnapps."

The speakers were two burghers of Heidelberg, Herr Miller the pig butcher, and Herr Martin Slogun the baker. The University was deserted, the students being away for the vacation, during which time the citizens become all-important. The deceased (Fisher) alluded to had been a cabinet-maker in a large way of business. Finding himself possessed of a surplus capital he ventured upon speculations, and soon perceived that he had outrun his means. Such being the case he fled to the usual resource of weak-minded men, drink. Of course this rendered matters worse; his customers were neglected, and revenged themselves by neglecting him. Dissipation and despondency made him thin, a circumstance reflecting eternal disgrace on the forty men composing the burgher cavalry, whose colonel he was, and who all prided themselves on being fat, regarding this as a sure indication of being well-to-do in the world. At length he was taken ill, and kept his bed for some weeks; and at the precise moment when his family were congratulating themselves on his being in a fair way of recovery, expired. It is usual on the Continent to bury the dead with as little delay as possible, and the following day was fixed for the ceremony.

Let us now follow the mournful cavalcade to the churchyard. His sorrowing children stood round the open grave, sobbing audibly. In his palmy days the deceased had been a great favourite with his fellow-townsmen, and the concourse to view the last pious offices performed over his remains was proportionately large. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr Sable, having read the burial service, proceeded, according to custom, to make an oration. After adverting slightly to the dead man's former prosperity, he regretted that he should thus unexpectedly have been called away from his family; for, as they all knew, he was fond of the enjoyments of life; and now, alas! there he lay, still and motionless, at their feet.

"What does the parson say?" inquired Slogun of his neighbour the butcher; "I'm rather hard of hearing."

"He says we all knew poor Fisher to be a drunken, good-for-nothing chap."

"No! did he speak thus?"

"Yes, and, what's more, he said, 'There lies the fellow!'"

A murmur of dissatisfaction arose from the few who had heard this new version of what had really been uttered, and had only partially understood the preacher, who, unaware of what was going forward, proceeded to speak of the loose and irreverent manner in which all classes of the townspeople held the Sabbath, the churches being nearly empty, and the public-houses full. Formerly things were quite otherwise; if, by any accident, one was prevented from attending the temple of God, the head of the house always read at least one chapter from the Holy Book; but now, instead of this, the cards were fetched or waltzing practised, as though gaming and dancing would indicate the way to the kingdom of heaven.

"What says he?" again inquired the baker.

"Why the canting rascal swears we never go to church, but always sit in the pot-houses, and are sure to go to the devil."

"Does he mean to say that, because one goes to the public-house, one's certain to be damned?" inquired Kepler, who felt this as a personal insult, seeing that he kept the Prince Max.

"To be sure he does!" exclaimed Miller, "nothing more or less."

"Then what's to become of his own sons, I should like to know?" inquired the indignant host. "Why don't he keep them in order, and prevent them from getting drunk more than seven times a week, before he preaches about other people?"

"Ah! why not, indeed," murmured the listeners; and the dissatisfaction of the group would have expressed itself more audibly, but for the solemnity of the occasion.

The sermon was now ended; the reverend gentleman and the mourners had betaken themselves homewards; the little knot of

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malcontents, however, retired to the Prince Max, to discuss the matter more at leisure, and to work themselves into a state of irritation, which was to produce mighty consequences.

The pastor who had given rise to this ill will, however innocently, had not the good fortune to be a favourite. Although, doubtless, a very worthy man, his fellow-citizens quarrelled sadly with his violent gestures in the pulpit. He would, perhaps, be saying something to this effect: "Beloved brethren, all ye whose hearts are sincerely contrite may hope for salvation;" when any person unacquainted with the language, judging only by the frenzied air and action, must certainly have concluded that the congregation was being condemned to eternal perdition, at the very least. It was not without reason that he had complained in his funeral sermon of the churches being nearly empty; but then, it had never once occurred to him that it was only the church in which he preached that was so deserted, the others being proportionately thronged; so that, while Parson Sable was exhibiting his oratory to "a beggarly array of empty *pews*," his brethren were growling at the overwhelming heat caused by the numerous attendance.

The party at the Prince Max had paid their *devoirs* to the landlord's celebrated '34 vintage; and as the wine worked, so did their imaginations grow more heated with the sense of the wrong which had been done them, as they fancied, in common with the citizens in general. Their brains had now become more prolific, and the parson had said, "There lies the sot, and let this be a warning to all drunkards." By the time the next bottle was finished he had said, that all the townsmen were drunken, impious rascals, not worth a groat. Whereupon each gave the other his hand, and vowed to be revenged on the "black wolf," as they termed him.

Mine host undertook the management of the affair, and had soon assembled some half-dozen stable lads. Having warmed their hearts with beer, and encouraged them by the promise of a tangible reward if they succeeded, they were dispatched to the different beer-houses to excite their friends by exaggerated reports of Sable's villany.

Towards dusk a small, half-drunken mob had collected before the preacher's house in the Sandgasse, and by their groans and suppressed hootings had shortly brought together all the idlers of the town. These were, of course, soon made acquainted with the parson's conduct, with variations of the same *ad libitum*. The shouts and groans were now loud and vigorous, and threats of "doing for" the rogue issued from the lips of the drunken stable-boys. At this crisis two *gendarmes* arrived, armed with sword and musket, and endeavoured by their admonitions to prevail on the rabble to disperse. They might possibly have succeeded, had not one of the auxiliaries, no less a person than Meyes, the master chimney-sweep, after informing his friends that their civic rights and privileges were being scandalously interfered with, proceeded to enforce his argument by launching a stone at the obnoxious individuals, which, flying wide of the mark, demolished a pane of glass in one of the windows of Sable's house. The riff-raff, regarding this as the signal of attack, in a few seconds had torn up the pavement in several parts, and hurled a volley of huge stones against the devoted dwelling; and in less time than it takes to relate, windows, shutters, and lattices in the lower story were dashed to atoms. One of the *gendarmes* had been felled by a severe blow on the head, the chimney-sweep was soundly cuffing the other, the stable-boys were endeavouring to force the door, when a reinforcement of ten *gendarmes* appearing at one end of the narrow street, the crowd fled precipitately by the other, leaving the new comers nothing to do but to mount guard before the besieged house, and to carry off their wounded comrade.

The evening passed off without further disturbance, and the following morning the Council met by special invitation, to consider what was to be done in the present urgent position of affairs. The Burgomaster thought that, if such things were allowed to pass over, the lives and properties of himself and fellow-citizens would be constantly endangered; that this was a crisis in which they were called upon to act, and not to stand still with their hands in their pockets. By way of illustrating his meaning, the civic dignitary sat down, and withdrawing two red hands from the two huge pockets of his drab continuations, laid them upon the table. This was a forcible argument, since it served to evince the determined spirit of the magistrate.

Mr Youngman, the cheesemonger, thought that the *gendarmerie* was not strong enough.

Mr Crosman, the jeweller, thought that it already cost the burghers too much.

Mr Wetstone, the stationer, considered that the ringleaders should be punished.

Mr Potts, the pewterer, opined that they must first be discovered.

Mr Blitz, the watchmaker, imagined this would be a difficult matter.

Mr Tick, the rival watchmaker, thought not.

The Burgomaster, rising, informed all present that the best thing to be done, in his opinion, was to inquire of the Rev. Mr Sable, if he could furnish them with the necessary information for laying hold of the culprits. This being assented to, a

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messenger was dispatched to request the attendance of the reverend gentleman. Pinches of snuff were exchanged in the interval, and the probable rise of corn discussed. Mr Youngman was energetically endeavouring to convince his hearers how much more wholesome cheese was for the human body than bread, seeing that all doctors agreed that the former aided digestion, when in rushed the sky-blue messenger, and made all present acquainted with the astounding fact that Parson Sable had fled with his family, by the early train, to Carlsruhe.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

(*From the French.*)

As a brigand chief, who had for a long time been the terror of the neighbourhood, was being conducted to the scaffold, a person from the crowd which lined the road said, "I should like to know how the fellow will feel when he has the rope about his neck."

The culprit looked round and saw that the person who uttered this wish was a young locksmith, who had been the companion of his childhood, and whose name and life he was well acquainted with. He, however, went on without betraying the least emotion, till he came to the place where he was to suffer, when at the moment the executioner was about to fix the fatal cord round his neck, he cried, "Stop! Up to the present time I have refused to discover any of my accomplices, but now that I see all hope is lost, I do not wish to quit the world without having some brave comrade to bear me company." The judge, who was present, ordered him to be brought before him, and after taking down his deposition, directed that he should be reconducted to prison.

The following day the young locksmith was seized, brought before the judge, and confronted with the brigand chief. The latter declared that the artisan had been one of his most active accomplices in numerous robberies and murders, and brought forward such convincing circumstances in corroboration of his accusation, that the unfortunate locksmith became confused, and prevaricated in his answers, and at length raised such strong suspicions in the minds of his judges, that they condemned him to the torture, or question. Groaning under the insupportable anguish to which he was then subjected, he confessed that he was guilty. He was consequently condemned to suffer the same death as his presumed accomplice, but as he had only borne a secondary part in these criminal transactions, he was, according to custom, doomed to suffer death first.

Amidst the sound of church bells, and an innumerable crowd, the brigand chief and his supposed accomplice were conducted to the place of execution. The rope was already round the neck of the poor locksmith, whose senses had almost forsaken him, when the brigand cried out a second time, "I have yet more secrets to reveal to the judge, let me be conducted to him;" then raising his voice loud enough to be heard by all around, he said, "This young man is quite innocent, my accusation against him is as false as it is perfidious. The fact is, that many of my comrades had sworn to rescue me when I was first conducted to the scaffold, and thinking they had not had sufficient time to arrange their plan, the idea flashed across my mind of taking advantage of the exclamation of this young locksmith (whose history and whose life were known to me) by making the accusation I did, and so gain my comrades a further opportunity for attempting my deliverance; since they have deceived me, all ties between us are broken, and I therefore abandon them to a similar fate to my own. Here is a list of their names and places of concealment."

Having made this declaration he walked steadily to the scaffold, but holding out his hand to his supposed accomplice, he said, "You ought to be well pleased with me, for I would not die without gratifying the wish of an old companion. No one, now, can know better than yourself, *what a fellow feels when the rope is round his neck.*" Saying this, he met his death with the greatest firmness.

The unfortunate locksmith paid dearly for the gratification of his wish, for he died four days afterwards of sheer fright.

ANECDOTES OF NEGRO SHREWDNESS.

Some rather striking passages relative to the quickness of negroes appear in a book lately published, entitled, 'Jamaica; its Past and Present State.' The writer, a Baptist missionary, we suspect, has been imposed upon with some elderly jokes, which he has taken upon himself to dress up for the London market. Every student of 'Joe Miller' has read of the negro boy making a bet with his mule. Well, it will appear the Baptist missionary was present, and thus he describes the important affair:—"Near Oracabessa, I observed a negro boy flogging his mule most severely; but before I got up, he had dismounted and appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with fore-legs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, seemed proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies. 'Who-o! you no go ober? Bery well—me bet you fippenny me make you go. No? why for

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you no bet? Why for you no go ober?' Here the mule shook his ears to drive away the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. 'Oh! you do bet; bery well, den me try.' The young rogue (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fanweed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fanweed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to the animal's tail, and off they went, as a negro himself would say, 'Like mad, massa!' Into the water they plunged—the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth in perfect ecstasy. Out they got on the other side; head and ears down—tail and heels up—and the boy's arms moving about as if he was flying; and I lost sight of him as he went over a rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but small chance of escape. A butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy in these exploits. About two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria. There I saw, in an open space near one of the stores, standing, or rather leaning against the wall, Quashie, eating cakes; and there also stood the mule, eating Guinea grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at the river side. 'Well, Quashie,' I said, 'you have got here, I see; but which of you won?' 'Quashie win, massa—Quashie never lose.' 'But will he pay?' I inquired. 'Quashie pay himself, massa. You see, Massa Buckra, massa gib Quashie tenpenny bit for grass for mule: Quashie bet fippenny him make him go ober de river: Quashie win. Quashie heb fippenny for cake—mule heb fippenny for grass.'"

Some of his stories are dull and long winded, but the following are not bad:—

Sleep has no Master.—Exhausted by a long journey, a negro servant had fallen asleep. On being awoke, and told somewhat sharply that his master was angry because "him da call, call, and him keep on sleep, and no heary," he facetiously replied, "Sleep no heb massa."

A Negro Pun.—"Wilberforce," said a negro, on one occasion, in the midst of a group of his companions—"Wilberforce—dat good name for true; him good buckra; him want to make we free; and if him can't get we free no oder way him *will by force.*"

Meum and Suum.—A negro, having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to manifest considerable anxiety to preserve it from the wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus leaving his head exposed, he wittily observed, 'Hat belong to *me*—head belong to *massa.*'

Man made of Mud.—During an examination of a black servant in the Catechism, he was asked by the clergyman what he was made of. "Of mud, massa," was the reply. On being told he should say, "Of dust," he answered, "No, massa, it no do, no tick togedder."

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—A negro, when in a state of heathenism, contracted a debt to a considerable amount. Being frequently importuned for payment, he resolved to be christened, and afterwards, on the application being made, replied, with considerable *naivete*, "Me is new man now; befo me name Quashie, derefo me no pay Quashie debt."

What's Sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander.—A white man had often beaten one of his slaves unmercifully; the latter, after a punishment unusually severe, preferred a complaint before a bench of magistrates, which had the effect of securing a reprimand to the master. Highly provoked with the slave for thus daring to oppose him in open court, the master meditated revenge. Some time after, sending the slave into a summer-house in a secluded spot, seizing a large stick, he entered, and securing the door, vociferated, "Now, villain, I'll teach you to take me before the magistrates. I'll make you pay dear for it, I'll warrant you. Nobody can see me here, and you'll have no witnesses now," at the same time beginning to beat him unmercifully. The slave, being a powerful man, on hearing the latter sentence, seized the weapon, and wresting it from the master's hand, retaliated, saying, "If me no heb witness to prosecute massa, massa no heb witness to prosecute me," and continued the flagellation until the assailant was obliged to cry for mercy, which was shown him by the victorious Quashy, on condition that he would never notice the circumstance to his disadvantage.

SECRETS IN RUSSIA.

The numerous Englishmen in Russia are obliged in their correspondence to be silent on all passing events. A gentleman in London lately wrote to a friend at St Petersburg to furnish some particulars of life in Russia. The answer was, it would be unsafe for any one residing there to do anything of the kind. Many particulars were given in the 'Tour' which lately appeared in this publication, which had never transpired before. The secrecy necessary to be observed in the Russian dominions in cases which would receive all possible publicity elsewhere, is strongly shown in the work of the Marquis of Custine, the 'Empire

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of the Czar.' Even a storm must not be spoken of. He writes—

"About three o'clock, while at dinner in the English palace, a squall of wind passed over Peterhoff, violently agitated the trees, and strewed the park with their branches. While coolly watching the storm, we little thought that the sisters, mothers, and friends of crowds seated at the same table with us were perishing on the water, under its terrible agency. Our curiosity was approaching to gaiety at the very time that a great number of small vessels, which had left Petersburg for Peterhoff, were foundering in the gulf. It is now admitted that two hundred persons were drowned; others say fifteen hundred or two thousand: no one knows the truth, and the journals will not speak of the occurrence; this would be to distress the empress, and to accuse the emperor. The disaster was kept a secret during the entire evening; nothing transpired until after the *fete;* and this morning the court neither appears more nor less sad than usual. There, etiquette forbids to speak of that which occupies the thoughts of all; and even beyond the palace little is said."

What follows is still more remarkable. It exhibits the Russian police in no very favourable light.—

"At the last carnival, a lady of my acquaintance had permitted her waiting-woman to go out on the Sunday. Night came, and this person did not return. On the following morning the lady, very uneasy, sent to obtain information from the police. They replied that no accident had occurred in Petersburg on the preceding night, and that no doubt the *femme-de-chambre* had lost herself, and would soon return safe and sound. The day passed in deceitful security. On the day following a relation of the girl's, a young man tolerably versed in the secrets of the police, conceived the idea of going to the Hall of Surgery, to which one of his friends procured him an admission. Scarcely had he entered when he recognised the corpse of his cousin, which the pupils were just about to commence dissecting. Being a good Russian, he preserved self-command sufficient to conceal his emotion, and asked—'Whose body is this?' 'No one knows: it is that of a girl's who was found dead the night before last, in —— street; it is believed that she has been strangled in attempting to defend herself against men.' 'Who are the men?' 'We do not know: one can only form conjectures on the event; proofs are wanting.' 'How did you obtain the body?' 'The police sold it to us secretly; so we will not talk about it.' This last is a common expression in the mouth of a Russ, or an acclimated foreigner. The peculiar characteristic of Russia is the protective silence in which similar atrocities are shrouded. The cousin was dead. The mistress of the victim dared not complain; and now, after a lapse of six months, I am, perhaps, the only person to whom she has related the death of her *femme-de-chambre.* It will by this be seen how the subaltern agents of the Russian police perform their duties. These faithless servants gained a double advantage by selling the body of the murdered woman: they obtained a few roubles, and they also concealed the murder, which would have brought upon them severe blame if the noise of the event had got abroad."

ON WALLACK'S CHALLENGING THE AUDIENCE OF COVENT GARDEN.

When *Bobadil* Wallack indulged in a spout,
It made both his friends and his enemies grin,
They felt that before he an audience *called out,*
He had best find a method of coaxing one in.

LYNX.

The Gatherer.

Heidelberg.—The young Princes of Baden are still pursuing their studies here; despite the vacation they continue hearing private lectures of the professors. Ludwig, the hereditary Prince, has a good knowledge of the English language; and on Monday, the 2nd of October, Mr T. W. Gaspey was favoured with a private audience, on which occasion he had the honour of presenting a copy of his translation into English of Engel's 'Laurence Stark,' which had previously been dedicated by express permission to his Highness. Book and translator were both graciously received.

A Bull.—"Patrick, you fool, what makes you stale after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on?" "Hush! hush! my darlin', the rabbit don't know that."

Multum in Parvo.—The following business-like account of the last penalty of the law being inflicted on eight unhappy beings, appeared in the Historical Register of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for Jan. 1747:—"Wednesday, 21st, were executed at Tyburn, Felix and Anthony Mathews, haymakers, Barnaby Lindsay, a boy of 16, for highway robberies; Samuel Mecum, for burglary; Philip Jewel, for shoplifting; Robert Fitzgerald, for uttering a forged bill of exchange; Richard Clay and John Mathews, for burglary."

Barking Trees.—According to Grimm, the offence of barking trees was that which, amongst the ancient Germans, was visited with the most atrocious severity. The offender's naval was dug out, and nailed to the injured tree, round which he was driven, dragging out his own bowels, and winding them upon it in lieu of the de-

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spoiled bark. While damaging trees was thus punished, every injury to a fellow-creature, even murder, might be expiated with a sum of money!

Law of Debtor and Creditor in Norway.—In the old Norwegian code it was declared, "If a debtor be impertinent to his creditor, or refuse to work for him, the latter may bring him before a court of justice, and invite his friends to pay the debt. If the friends will not free the debtor, the creditor has a right to cut off of him as much as he will, above or below." (It is not explained whether he was to cut flesh only, or might lop off a limb.)

Aged Parents to be Destroyed.—The Teutonic and Sclavonian races were accustomed to put their fathers and mothers, when very old, to death. Dr Grimm, alleges that they were no worse than the Romans, in proof of which he quotes a passage from Festus, showing that sexagenarians might, in times of scarcity, be legally thrown from a bridge into the Tiber; and another from Cicero (*Cic. pro Sext. Rosc.* cap 35), alluding to such a right.

A Civic Compliment.—The late Margrave of Anspach married an English lady. On the occasion of the freedom of the city of London being voted to him, in the Fishmongers' Company, it was presented to him with a medal, on which appeared this remarkable motto: "He married our countrywoman, and we adopt him as our brother."

Royal Anxiety to guard against Misrepresentation.—An officer who attended Frederick the Great in his campaigns remarked that at night he opened a large book, in which he wrote, sometimes very little, at other times a great deal; and venturing to ask him at last what he was writing, he replied, "A journal of my campaigns: when I am dead, no doubt somebody will make use of and publish it; now, by setting down faithfully every night the occurrences of the day, I am sure no lies will be told."

Gone Out.—A short time ago a gentleman in Birmingham had occasion to visit a friend, but, on inquiring, was told he was gone out. He then wished to see the mistress, but she was gone out also. That no time might be lost, he inquired for the young master, but he was also out. He then said he would walk in and sit by the fire till one of them returned, but he was told by the servant (an Irishman), "Indeed, sir, and you can't, for the fire is *gone out* too."

Anecdote of a former Lord Strangford.—During the campaigns in Flanders, a regiment, commanded by one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, happened to take possession of a college at Liege. One morning, as the general was walking alone in the garden, he perceived a slate fall at his feet, with something written upon it. On taking it up, he observed these words: "Lord Strangford is confined a prisoner in this tower, against his will." The general immediately inquired into the circumstances of the case, and having found the statement to be correct, ordered the nobleman's immediate liberation. The present Lord Penshurst, his descendant, has the slate with the inscription in his possession.

Louis', the Eighteenth.—When a young man, Louis, then Monsieur, wrote a comedy in three acts, called 'Le Mariage Secret,' in verse; which he wished to have represented under the name of his secretary, the celebrated Ducis, the imitator of Shakspere on the French stage. It was acted and succeeded; but though elegantly written, was wanting in passion and deficient in interest. Afterwards, it is said, he suppressed a publication called the 'Miroir' for criticising his style too freely.

New Food.—The Viscount de Barreul-Beauvert, director of some agricultural establishments in Central America, has forwarded a packet of rice, of a variety altogether unknown, to France; and a case of the root of an *arum*, named by the inhabitants *kikishe*, of which the nutritive qualities are exceedingly great, M de Barreul having obtained 27 per cent. of fecule from it. It possesses the property of keeping longer than the potatoe.

Shakspere in Prussia.—At Berlin, the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' has been acted with scenic music by Dr Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The first act, of course, offers no scope to the musician; but the three following, in the Athenian wood, have been embellished with rich and fantastic elfin music. In the fifth there is a brilliant bridal march; and caricature music to the "parlous" tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, written in the sublimest style of false sentiment.

Progress of Puseyism.—The 'Alleghany Banner' says it saw a beautiful young lady of the Episcopal Church walking along Federal street with a bishop on her back and a cardinal on her shoulders. Verily this is a priest-ridden people.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of several correspondents must remain unanswered till next week.

We do not recollect seeing the lines sent by "Delta" before, and of course cannot give the information he seeks.

"J. Y. B. R. H.'s" suggestion will be considered.

Two or three stories have been received, which, from their length and other circumstances, must be declined. They will be left for the writers at the office towards the end of the week.

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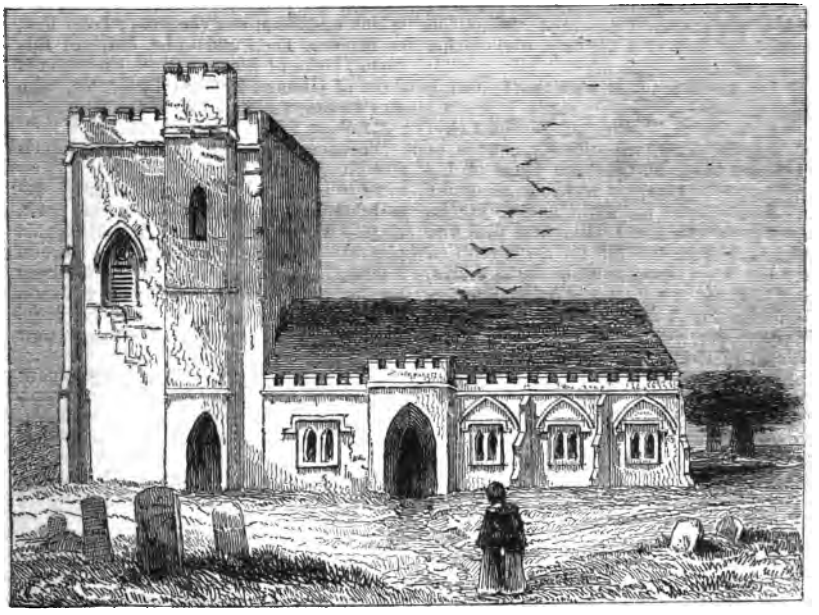
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 20.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843. [VOL. II. 1843.



Original Communications.

MEMBURY CHURCH.

THE subject of our engraving is the parish church of Membury, near Axminster, in Devon, situated in a rich valley under the Black Down hills. It is remarkable in the neighbourhood for the height of its tower, but more interesting to the general antiquary as containing some curious monuments of the ancient family of Fry, seated at Tarty house, a family which long held a distinguished position among the gentry of Devon, and claimed to be descended from the Royal house of Plantagenet. Risdon, in his quaint style, says of this parish—

"Membury, more properly Maimburgh, is also a member of Axminster, where the maimed men in King Athelstane's age, after that great overthrow of the Danes, were sent to be relieved, in which place the ruins of a castle yet remain. It is to be observed that many places, towns, and cities have borrowed their names of enterprises there achieved, for—

"'Whence the name,
Thence commonly the fame.'

The like hath been in other kingdoms, and may especially be noted in the Scriptures, where, in Genesis and other books thereof, often mention is made."

Polwhele, however, thinks that the place was named from the castle there, as Membury means a stony castle or burrow. The church, which was built about the end of the 13th century, is dedicated to St John the Baptist, and the living is a perpetual curacy annexed to the vicarage of Axminster in the archives and diocese of Exeter; but though its church is a chapel of ease to Axminster, Membury is a distinct parish.

In the church is a monument to Sir Shilston Calwady, who was killed at the siege of Ford Abbey, Feb. 3rd, 1645-6, besides which there is no tomb of note, except those in the "Tarty, or Fry aisle,"

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as it is called, being enclosed in a carved oak screen surmounted with the Fry arms. The principal of these monuments is a mural one against the south wall formerly painted and gilded, but now ruinous and defaced. It exhibits an entablature and cornice supported by columns, and ornamented with smiling cherubs, and coats of arms, &c., beneath which are the effigies of a man and woman kneeling opposite to each other, with a desk and books between them; their hands are uplifted in the attitude of Royers, and they are habited in the costume of the 17th century, each with a large ruff round the neck. Underneath the figures is a tablet with the following inscription:—

"Here lie the bodies of Nicholas Fry, of Teartie, Esq., who died the 25th of October, 1632, in the 79th yeare of his age, and of Elynor, his wyfe, the daughter of John Brett, of Whitstanton, in the countee of Somersett, Esq.; she died the 28th of March, 1619, in the . . .th yeare of her age. they lieved in wedlocke 37 yeares, and had issue 4 sonnes and 6 daughters.—Willyam, theire eldest sonne, who marryed Marye, the youngeste daur. of John Tonge, of Colyton, Esq.—Henrie, theire second sonne, who marryed Elizabeth, youngeste daur. of Richard Parrett, of Buckerell, Gent.—Nicolas, theire third sonne, who died an infante.—John, theire fourth sonne, who yett liveth unmarryed.—Margerette, theire eldeste daur., who marryed Robert Ashford, of . . . Newell, Esq.—Elizabeth, theire 2nd daur., who marryed Henry Worth, of Worth, Esq.—Bridgett, theire 3rd daur., who marryed Edward Pyne, of East Downe, Esq.—Anne, theire 4th daur., who died an infante.—Alice, theire 5th daur., who married Henry Luscombe, of Luscombe, Esq.; and Agnes, theire youngeste daur., who marryed Gideon Sherman, of Knightston, Esq."

At the top of the monument is a coat of arms carved in stone and painted – quarterly, first, gules, three horses courant ar. in pale (Fry); second, sa. a fess. engr. betw. three mullets ar. (Bratton); third, sa. a lion ramp. ar. (Mathew); fourth ar. three mallards gu. (Tartie); crest, a horse's head erased argent.

In front of the desk, between the kneeling figures, is a shield with their coat armorial, viz., Fry, as above, impaling ar. remée of cross corslets gu. a lion ramp. of the last (Brett). Beneath the brackets which support the monument, and on each side of the tablet, is a shield, but the arms are defaced excepting one, which is Fry impaling gu. a chevron between three cones or. (Pyne).

In the south east corner of the aisle is a large tablet of black and white marble, ornamented with sculpture, and the following inscription in gilt letters:—

"In memory of Robert Fry, of Tearty, Esq., who married Frances, ye daur. of Joseph Langton, of Newton park, in ye county of Somersett, Esq., by whom he had 1 son and 6 daurs. who all died young save Elizabeth, who was married to John, Lord King, Baron of Ockham, she died 28 Jany. ——, ætat 23, who lies also here interred without issue:—the said Robert Fry, descended from John Fry, of Tearty, and Agnes, his wife, the only daur. and heiress of Tearty, of Tearty, Esq., and which said John was the son of John Fry, of Finiton, Esq., and Jane, daur. of Edmund, Duke of Somersett, ye grandson of John of Gaunte, Duke of Lancaster, who was ye son of King Edward the Third.

"Robert Fry, obiit Jany. 1725.

"Frances Fry, obiit 24 Decr. 1730, ætatis suæ 50.

"From John Fry afore-mentioned descended Henry Fry, now of Deer park, Esq.; Gilbert Fry, late of Wood, in this county, Esq.; Bernard Fry, yett afore of Dulcis, Esq., whose only daur. and heiress was married to Geo. Southcott, 2nd son of Thomas Southcott, of Calverly, Esq., and gt. grandfather to Geo. Southcott, now of Dulcis, Esq.

"This monument was erected pursuant to the directions of ye last will and testament of the said Frances Fry, by Raymondo Brett, Richard Hallett, and Geo. Southcott, Esqrs. exors. in trust therein named for Joane, Margrett, Elizabeth, daurs. of John Fry, uncle to the aforesaid Henry Fry, Esq., anno 1742."

Above the tablet is a shield with the arms of Fry impaling quarterly sa. and or. over all a beudlet ar. (Langton).

Against the eastern wall is an elegant mural monument, consisting of the bust of a young female surrounded by flowers, very well sculptured in white marble; beneath it a tablet with the following inscription:—

"Frances, daur. of Robert Fry, of Tearty, Esq., by Frances, his wife, dyed 18 March, 1718, æt. suæ 17, who, disconsolate for her loss, erected this monument to her dear memory:—

"'Stop, passenger! and view ye mournful shrine,
Which holds ye reliques of a form divine.
O! she was all perfection, heavenly fair,
And chaste and innocent as vestals are,
Her wit, her humour, and her youth conspired
To warm the soul, and all who saw admired.
But, ah! how soon was all this heaven of charms
Rifled by Death, and withered in his arms;
Too soon for us, but not for her too soon,
For now upon ye wings of angels flown
Her native skies she's by her God carest,
And keeps the eternal sabbath of ye blest.
Learn hence, believers (good reader), to be wise,
This trifling world and all its joys despise;
With each high virtue let thy bosom swell,
And live like her, yt you may dye so well.'"

Above the monument the arms of Fry in a lozenge.

On the chancel floor a stone bearing the

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arms of Fry in a lozenge, and the following inscription:—

"In memory of Mrs Elinour Fry, youngeste daur. of Wm. Fry, of Tarty, Esq., who dyed August 27, A.D. 1705, aged 83—

"Who, whilst she lived a virgin pure,
Desired her dust might rest secure,
With grave beneath this stone, before
The last tramp soundeth times no more."

Of four hatchments affixed to the walls two are defaced, the others exhibit—

First. Shield with the arms ar, a satire engr. betw. four roses gu. leafed vest, and beneath it,

"In memori ave Dominæ Annæ uxoris Johannes Fry de Tearty Devoniensi Armig, Quæ unica fuit filia Roberti Napier de Puncknolle Dorcestriensis Armig. Ob. 25 de Mar.. Anno Dom. 1633—ætat 39.

Second. Fry impaling Langton, with a Greek inscription.

In the window of the aisle is lying an oaken frame containing a shield with a helmet, &c, cast in plaster and painted; the arms of Fry impaling ar. a wivern gu (Drake of Ash).

In a future number we may perhaps give a description of Tarty House, the seat of the Fry family, which is in the parish of Membury, about three miles from Axminster, now partly inhabited as a farm house, the rest in ruins.

Note.—These monuments were much defaced, about a century ago, during a lawsuit pending between Lord King and a branch of the Fry family, concerning the Tarty estates, as they conveyed unwelcome intelligence.

THE REVOLT IN HEIDELBERG.

Being a full, true, and particular Account of its Rise, Progress, and Suppression on the ever memorable 20th and 21st of September, 1843.

(*Concluded.*)

WHAT was now to be done? he had gone to the capital, no doubt to complain to the higher authorities of the remissness of the Burgomaster in suffering the mob to proceed to such extremities. The advice of the Council, however, was no longer necessary; and the Burgomaster, after thanking them for their prompt attendance, politely hinted that they might evaporate.

The great man now betook himself to his pipe, his dressing gown, and his reflections. Dinner was announced; the Burgomaster heard it not; he was still buried in thought and in smoke. "I've got it!" he exclaimed at length, just as his wife came to ascertain the reason of his non-appearance.—"What?" inquired the lady. "Nothing, my dear," responded the grave man, and followed his spouse to the dining room.

All that day, as may be imagined, the occurrences of the preceding evening were the sole topics of conversation. The expressions reported to have been used by the clergyman were in everybody's mouth; and everybody, before retailing it to his neighbour, made some slight addition or improvement, according to the suggestion of a more or less fertile imagination; so that by two o'clock in the afternoon it was the opinion of the whole town that it served him right; and that, but for the presence of the mourners, he ought to have been stoned in the churchyard. Then, too, it was discovered by somebody, who told it to somebody else, who told it to everybody else, that at Bretten, a small town where he had formerly held a cure, his house had also been stormed by the people; and on its being universally known that he had gone to Carlsruhe, the bolder spirits said it was lucky for him, though nobody could indicate exactly wherein the "luck" consisted.

About six in the evening the *gendarmerie*, to the number of five-and-twenty, were seen to issue from the Town hall, and to march up the High street, in the direction of the Sandgasse. Sundry little boys, impelled by curiosity, followed to see where they were going. Presently a few idlers joined the party; and by the time the Sandgasse was reached, there might have been some thirty lookers on. The Burgomaster had despatched the *gendarmes* to preserve the preacher's house from further indignities, although it is quite certain that it had not entered into the head of any person to begin the disturbance over again. The little boys were now ordered to disperse, which, as might have been expected, only had the effect of increasing their numbers. On endeavouring to enforce their orders with the butt-ends of their muskets, they were assailed with groans, and as the darkness came on the crowd gained materially in numbers and boldness. By eight o'clock the apprentices had joined the mob; soon after came the stable-boys, their friends, and the chimney-sweep; and now the murmurs of the crowd were changed into actual hostilities on a small scale, in the shape of a small pebble coming occasionally from the background.

"My friends!" exclaimed a thin voice from between two *gendarmes*; it was the Burgomaster's. "My friends! what means this tumultuous assemblage? I warn you all, in the name of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke Leopold——"

"Stop your jaw! old pig's head!" shouted the sweep; and the Burgomaster hastily took refuge behind his escort.

At this moment a reinforcement of twelve *gendarmes* from Mannheim appeared, and were greeted with hootings from the now formidable assemblage; torches

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were brought by order of the Burgomaster, though for what purpose it is impossible to say. These last auxiliaries seemed to irritate the crowd more than all the rest, and no wonder, for by their light it would be comparatively easy to recognize the disturbers of the peace. Shouts of "Out with the torches," and vollies of stones succeeded; then a rush, and the torch-bearers were overwhelmed and borne to the ground. All was again darkness and tumult.

"Fire!" commanded the leader of the *gendarmes*, and instantly the roar of muskets was heard. For a moment the mob was staggered, and two ran clear off. Finding, however, that no one had fallen, or been wounded, they comprehended that it was only a trick to frighten them by firing over their heads. The scuffle now became general, blows and broken heads were exchanged. The Burgomaster, like a wise man, retired from the scene of action; he was not paid to be thrashed. The stable-boys did wonders; but the champion commanding universal admiration was the sweep. He had cleverly tripped up a Mannheim *gendarme*, and was now engaged in performing a *pas seul* on his prostrate carcase, at the same time vociferously shouting to the others to come on. The battle was long and stout; ten o'clock had struck; the *gendarmes* still fought bravely, but the odds against them were overpowering, seeing that they were only allowed to make use of the butt-ends of their muskets. Their captain did not venture to command them to fire upon the crowd without authority, and the Burgomaster had vanished no one knew where.

The weaker party was gradually losing ground, when the rattle of drums in the distance caused an instant cessation of hostilities. The stable-boys looked aghast, the chimney-sweep arrested a blow that would certainly have laid the captain sprawling had it fallen on him; and the mob left off shouting.

"The soldiers from Mannheim!" exclaimed the *gendarmes*. The soldiers! the soldiers! was echoed from mouth to mouth. A moment's pause, and then a general flight ensued. Down one lane, up another. Every one for himself, and devil take the hindmost. First prostrate lies the butcher's man, and three more tumble over him. "Oh Lord! oh Lord! the soldiers! the soldiers!" roared one and all, and in a second had scrambled to their feet again, and were gone. In less than two minutes not a soul was to be seen in the streets, save a small party of exhausted *gendarmes*.

R-r-r-r-rub-r-r-r-rub r-r-rub-a-dub-a-dub-dub! went the drums, and the peaceable inhabitants, who had long since retired to rest, thronging the windows with their night-capped heads, beheld a formidable force of infantry marching rapidly down the High street, the drums beating, as if the town was to be taken by storm at the very least. Many of the frightened, half-sleepy creatures at the windows expected nothing less.

The Burgomaster, seeing the turn things were taking, on leaving the scene of action, had sent off an express by the railway to Mannheim, requesting military assistance; a troop of 250, under the command of Colonel Schnurbart, had been immediately despatched, and, on arriving, were not sorry to find that there was nothing further to do than to rest after the fatigue of twenty minutes' travelling by steam. The officers were lodged at the principal hotel, "the Court of Baden," and the men accommodated with a shake down in what had formerly been the mad-house.

Danger being now at an end, the Burgomaster felt himself called upon to assert his dignity, by issuing an order to the effect that, if more than three persons were seen assembled together in the street, after dusk, they would be arrested. All masters were to keep their apprentices at home; all public-houses to be cleared of guests and closed by ten o'clock. All persons found abroad after this hour, unless necessitated by business, to be arrested, &c. &c.

Next morning the order was pasted up at all the street-corners. No further disturbance being feared, the military returned to Mannheim the same afternoon, and investigations were commenced for finding out the ringleaders. A reward being offered, one of the stable boys, not thinking himself sufficiently indemnified for his trouble by his employer, Kepler, and having no objection to earn an honest penny at any time, gave the requisite information, and in a few hours mine host of the Prince Max, the other stable boys, and chimney-sweeper Meyes, were in the hands of the police.

Some days later, Parson Sable returned, and resumed his duties as usual; and the Burgomaster received a hint that his prompt behaviour in sending for the military and capturing the malcontents, was highly approved of in the capital. The worst part of it was, that as the troops had been sent for on the Burgomaster's authority alone, the Council, judging by the result, vowed that there was no occasion for them, and that they would never consent to the citizens paying for so needless an expenditure. The probability, therefore, is that the Burgomaster will have to defray the costs out of his own pocket. It is to be hoped, however, that the government will reimburse him.

The troops, too, on their return to Mannheim, having related that they had been quartered in the mad-house, or, as the

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Germans also call it, fool's-house, were so unmercifully derided by their comrades, who saw fit, on this account, to regard them as fools, that a serious tumult arose, which the officers were unable to suppress until skulls had been cracked and noses broached.

The stable boys, the sweep, and Mr Kepler, have not yet been examined; it is fully expected that they will have the pleasure of being imprisoned for a few short months in the tower of the bridge-gate, and that the last-named gentleman will have to pay a smart fine into the bargain. No one pities him. He has the misfortune to be enormously stout, and his enemies chuckle at the idea of his "paunch," as they maliciously term a certain rotundity of figure, being diminished in circumference by at least a foot and a half.

On the second night of the "revolution," as it is now called, Stogun's shop was entered, and his till carried off, doubtless by some person who mistook it for his own. Neither was Butcher Miller allowed to escape unpunished, for on returning home the same evening, somebody in his passage, probably with the charitable intention of easing his till of any loose cash that might chance to be there, seized the butcher by the throat, and overthrew him with such violence, preparatory to making his escape, that his cranium, striking against a stone-step, received so severe an injury, that to this very day he has not been able to make up his mind whether he is standing on his head or his heels.

THE RIVULET.

(By Bryant, the American Poet.)

This little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun:
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green, amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground-bird in thy glen
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are passed—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I all trembling, weak, and grey,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date),
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream,
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou metst my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men.

Auro-Cyanide of Potassium.—Mr A. Meillet describes this crystallized salt as far better for electro-gilding than the solutions generally employed. He procures it by adding pure cyanide of potassium to a saturated solution of perfectly neutral chloride of gold. On evaporation the salt crystallizes in very white scales of a pearly lustre.

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A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Letter II.

My Dear Brother,—The morning after my arrival I found myself in the midst of a country truly delightful. Before me was the Clyde, the father-stream of Scotland, carrying on its useful waters a crowd of vessels of all kinds, for passengers and goods, of steam and sailers, smacks and Indiamen, bound for every port, and presenting on its beautiful banks views of exquisite, and, in some respects, unrivalled scenery. Opposite to me was the park of Lord Blantyre, whose father was so unfortunately killed by a stray shot during the Belgian revolution, when gratifying the natural, perhaps irresistible, curiosity of looking on the intense strife of a people "struggling to be free." His lordship has very lately, I see by the papers, been so happy as to be honoured with the hand of a daughter of the excellent Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and with—what no doubt is also an addition even to that happiness—a substantial dowry of 80,000*l*. I suppose that now the hospitalities of Blantyre House will be revived, and that the gloom which a long minority has spread over the place will be dissipated by the all-cheering presence of a young, accomplished, and aristocratic bride. Behind me were the Kilpatrick hills, and not far off the town of Kilpatrick itself, which possesses a claim to honour little known or suspected in the south, as being the birth-place of St Patrick, and from which fact it no doubt owes its present name. The legendary lore of the place also claims the kirkyard as the sacred spot where the bones of Erin's Saint repose, and says that all the soil of the kirkyard was brought from Ireland. But this is one of the disputed questions of history, and I have no doubt a Downpatrick man would be very ready with arguments to convince you that *there*, and not in Scotland, was the Saint interred, according to the verses of his country—

> "These three in Down, lie in tombone,
> Briget, Patrius and Columba pious."

Such points must be left, like Homer's burial place, to the uncertainty in which Time has involved them, for, alas! there is little chance of additional light being thrown upon them by discoveries in our day. The highest rock in the neighbourhood (Dumbuck) is also associated with legends of the Saint, for he is stated to have entertained an idea, compared to which the wildest notions of La Mancha's Knight were sane and reasonable, viz., the expulsion of witchcraft from Strathclyde! and this, mark you, not in the seventeenth century, as late as which era even all the judges of the land were devoted adherents to its belief, but in the fourth. And the legend further says, that compelled to flee from his native town, the avenging furies, Polyphemus-like, tore from the shattered side of Dumbuck half the rock, and like the baffled giant, hurled it at the head of the flying, but triumphant, Saint! The whirling fragment was buried in the sands where the Leven contributes its gentle and classic stream to the troubled waters of the Clyde, at the point were the land of the ancient Piet was divided from the country of the fair-haired Saxon,—and thus was formed Dumbarton's rock! Hence the expatriation of St Patrick; hence the extirpation of reptiles (at least of the animal tribe) from the Emerald Isle; hence the conversion of its sons to the Catholic faith; hence Daniel O'Connell; and last, not least, hence Repeal!

At no great distance from Dumbarton, higher up the Clyde, is Dunglass Castle, the termination, according to Scotch antiquaries, of the Roman wall of Agricola, and now a very pleasing ruin. The stones of the old wall, which, if this be true, have stood 1700 years the wear and tear of the elements, are covered with what Horace calls *hederæ vis*, and which has been happily translated "a power of ivy." On this wall is now erected a pillar to the memory of Henry Bell, a man who had the rare and proud distinction of introducing into Europe, on the river Clyde, the first steamboat! Thirty years ago the 'Comet' started from Glasgow amid the jeers of the many and the doubts even of the reflecting—met with the misfortune of running aground a few miles from Glasgow—but eventually established itself as a working, practical, and infinitely beneficial thing in this world of ours. Now, up and down the Clyde, sixty steam vessels daily ply! of all sizes, and with every species of accommodation, and for every kind of voyage, from the magnificent 'Achilles,' bound for Liverpool, with its engines of 500-horse power, and fitted up like the palaces of princes, to the steamers for Greenock and Ellensborough, and all the beautiful fairy-like villages on the Clyde, which those very steamers have called into existence. Honoured, indeed, be the memory of Henry Bell! But the *monument* erected to him is a disgrace to the Clyde. It should be replaced by some splendid memorial worthy of the people and the stupendous event it is intended to commemorate, for to whom, after Sir Walter and Watt, are the Scotch people so much indebted as to the man who has really *made* the river a highway for millions? I hope another year will not pass without some efficient steps being taken to erect a monument of a fitting kind, with a suitable inscription. Spreading away at a few miles distance are the hills of Loch Lomond, surmounted by the renowned Ben! Nothing can be more beautiful than a ramble over the Kilpatrick hills. The view is perfectly superb. You have the vale or strath of

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Clyde before you, and at one point you may see nearly a hundred miles, and seven counties! On one side the hills of Argyllshire, "robed in their azure hue," and on the other the range of hills between Edinburgh and Glasgow, with the fertile and well-tilled plains of Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, and Lanarkshire before you, and the river itself flowing proudly between. If one were disposed to criticise such scenery, I should say that the river is too narrow till it reaches Dumbarton, when it swells away in breadth and volume truly grand!

Our first visit was to Dumbarton Castle, which surmounts the rock that rises perpendicularly about 600 feet from the river, and it puzzled me, even after inspecting the place, how Captain Crawford ever could have scaled it.* It commands a fine panoramic view. The Clyde winds so much a few miles below Dumbarton, that from the summit of that rock it appears like a lake, the coast of Renfrewshire forming one side, the hills of Argyllshire another, and the Dumbartonshire bank of the river the third. The town of Dumbarton itself is extremely picturesque. We visited all that remains of the Catholic college, which centuries ago diffused the blessings of religion and knowledge among the inhabitants of Clydesdale and western Scotland. The Leven, which encircles the town, having flowed a few miles from Loch Lomond, at a place called Balloch, which in Gaelic means the point whence a river issues from a loch, runs through a vale called, after itself, Leven-aux, and thence contracted into the well-known word Lennox. Leven has been celebrated, like Loch Lomond, by the celebrated Smollett, who, you are aware, was born on its banks, and has a monument there erected to his memory, for which Dr Johnson wrote the famous inscription beginning "Siste viator." On examining the interior of the castle, we were shown the *genuine* (?) two-handed sword with which the renowned Wallace used, like the Douglas, to "shear away" the limbs of our English ancestors. One might be disposed, perhaps, to say "*Credat Judæus, non ego,*" but I own on all such occasions I feel with Washington Irving, willing to believe everything not absolutely *impossible.*

* Dumbarton was only once captured, and that by surprise. In 1571, during the civil war that so furiously raged between the adherents of Queen Mary and the Regent Murray, Captain Crawford, of Jordan Hill, a gallant and enterprising officer, surprised and took the Castle on behalf of the Regent. This daring feat is recorded, with his characteristic power, by Dr Robertson, 'Hist. of Scotland,' book vi. The gallant captain and his descendants (one of whom I have the pleasure to know in the person of my friend K——) for this signal service was authorised, by special grant, to bear as a crest on their coat of arms, "Dumbarton Castle," with the proud motto "Expugnavi."

Of course, on another day, we visited Loch Lomond; and I and K—— spent two or three days, going by railway and coach to Stirling, and reaching the loch by that gem of gems, Loch Katerine, and walking across the country of the Macgregor to Inversnaid. But, exquisite as was our enjoyment of that trip, you, and all those to whom you may show these letters, are so familiar with the *show-scene* of Scotland, that I feel it unnecessary to say anything about it, except that it brought home vividly to my mind the impression of the omnipotence of genius. Every spot of ground for forty or fifty miles acquired an interest tenfold greater than even its own loveliness could have given it by the magic veil that has been thrown over it by the Great Romancer, or rather *Nec*-romancer, of the North. But you know what an enthusiast I am for Sir Walter, and therefore I need say no more on that subject.

We made occasional trips up and down the Clyde, to Rothsay, &c., which these countless steamers enable you so easily and so economically to do. No wonder they are always crowded. Frequently a trip is arranged for the public convenience by the proprietors of one of these boats, which, for a very small sum, enables people to travel a great distance, through some of the finest scenery in the world. For instance, once a fortnight during the season the lieges of Edinburgh are enabled to go by the *first-class* train to Glasgow, and thence by the saloon of the steamer to Rothsay, and back in the same manner, a distance of 180 miles, for eight shillings! And this liberal arrangement, I understand, is self-rewarding to the spirited proprietors; as, indeed, all such arrangements are invariably found to be. The increased numbers who will partake of an enjoyment so great, and thus unexpectedly thrown open to them, amply compensate for the loss of the price that might be obtained from the aristocratic few. Such trips are *public benefits* as well as *private pleasures.* I wish they were more frequently imitated north and south of the Tweed!

Of course we occasionally went to Glasgow. Great improvements are going on in this "second city of the empire." The trustees of the Clyde are building a dock for small craft above the bridge at the Broomielaw, which said bridge, you will be doubtless surprised to find, is twelve feet wider than *London* bridge! The object of this improvement is, of course, like the removal of our colliers from the Pool, to enable the large vessels to be moored below the bridge, without being encumbered by all kinds of craft. The banks of the river near Glasgow are gradually being converted into docks and quays. On the western side of the city the tide of fashion

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is running, as in London, and every year some new squares enlarge the boundary of the city, and show the progressive state of its inhabitants. Splendid club houses adorn the city. Homage is being paid to the great men of Scotland, by erecting statues to Sir Walter, Watt, and Sir John Moore (the two last natives of Glasgow), which adorn St George's square. Two noble lines of railways already terminate in the city; and such is the increase of shipping, that the annual revenue of the river derived from vessels alone is now nearly 50,000*l.*! I had the advantage of being shown over Glasgow by an admirable cicerone—a man of literary and antiquarian information, who has watched the progress of Glasgow with intelligent interest for fifty years, and whom I have advised to write its annals, under the title of 'Chronicles of the Trongate.' He duly showed me the house in which Oliver Cromwell lived when at Glasgow, the printing house of the renowned Foulis, and the "*whereabout*" of the never-to-be-forgotten Baillie Nicol Jarvie, the mirror of magistrates, the prince of commercial correspondents, the warmest of friends, the noblest of weavers! The Cathedral and the University you may be sure I visited. But what surprised me extremely was the interesting Cemetery. This noble spot for interment consists of a hill, immediately adjoining the Cathedral, and has been admirably laid out in a series of galleries, so as to give the greatest possible quantity of ground for walking in the space. It commands at all points fine views of the distant country, and the mighty city at its base, whose inhabitants, busy as the summer bees, must, within half a century, gradually find their way to its noiseless precincts. No place can be better adapted for such an object, nor a more improving exercise for the mind and feelings be undertaken, than a walk along its monumental galleries at that hour which the greatest of living poets selected for viewing London—"when all that mighty heart is lying still," and musing on the changes that must happen alike to individuals and nations, bring back the mind to the *certainties* and *durabilities* of existence, too often forgotten amid its hubbub and passing occurrences. The Scotch have done due honour to their great Protestant hero, by erecting a splendid monument to Knox on the summit of the Sepulchral hill, whence he seems to survey with gratified pride the subject cathedral. The gorbals of Glasgow have increased from 3,000 or 4,000 to 70,000, in the last forty years, and that the population of Glasgow has increased in the last twenty years from 143,000 to upwards of 300,000.

On the Sunday we went to the Free Kirk, amid the hills of Kilpatrick. You know the great stir that this question, pre-eminently with our Scotch brethren *the* question of questions, has recently made, from the Pentland to the Solway Friths. Your active and inquiring mind, desirous of learning everything that relates to the moral history of your species, has put you in possession of the chief points involved in that "great argument." And you also know the deep sympathy which I have for all *enthusiasms*; you know well, as you have often heard me argue, that I feel *enthusiasm* to be the great *moral* power which keeps the world in check, and prevents its *selfishness*, and littleness, and eternal *money-gettings* from having their full swing, and turning us all into specimens of the species *humdrum*. You will, therefore, know with what interest I went to the wooden shed, under the conduct of my friend K—— (who is an ardent sympathiser with the non-intrusionists), in which three hundred of my fellow beings were assembled, in obedience to what *they* felt to be the dictates of conscience, in assertion of what *they* thought principles of eternal truth, in defiance of what *they* thought domineering error. The service was, like all Scotch worship, effective and impressive; but, to my *southern* feelings, *too long*. It lasted almost three hours, which is nearly twice as long as religious services at any one time ought to be. I object to this the more confidently, because I observed some of the congregation, whose devotion and attention had been as great as others, become wearied. But the respectability of the appearance and of the conduct of these seceders (who claim, perhaps justly, to be the "Reformed Kirk")—their devout and sincere attention to the duties of the day—the serious, but not gloomy, aspect which reigned among them—were, I confess, to me extremely grateful. "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs," said her bard, who had well watched their remotest operation, albeit himself unhappily too little attentive to the lessons they are so strongly adapted to teach. And long may they continue! to give strength and ornament to her people, to consecrate her rugged soil, to shed around her hills and moors an influence to which nothing else can compare, and *for* which nothing else can be a substitute, which give to poverty its wealth, to misery its consolation, to life its dignity, and to death its hope!

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

Mendicant Refinement.—In Dresden, a little ragged child was heard to call from the window of a mean house, to her opposite neighbour,—"Please, Mrs Miller, mother sends her best compliments, and if it is fine weather, would you go a-begging with her to-morrow?"

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Arms. Per pale, az. and gu. three lions, rampant, ar.

Crest. A wivern, wings elevated vert, holding in the mouth a sinister hand, couped at the wrist ar.

Supporters. Dexter, a panther, rampant guardant, ar., spotted of various colours, first issuing from the mouth and ears, ducally gorged az.; sinister, a lion ar., gorged with the ducal coronet gu.

Motto. "Ung je serveray." "*One I serve.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF PEMBROKE.

From Maud, his grandmother, William Herbert, Lord of Ragland, in Monmouthshire, inherited the lordship. That lady was heiress to Sir John Morley, whose descent is derived from Henry, the son of Herbert Fitz Herbert, chamberlain to King Henry the First, or, according to some writers, from Henry Fitzroy, one of the natural sons of that monarch. The latter descent the Welsh heralds held to be perfectly clear. William, the representative of the family, resided at Ragland Castle, in the county of Monmouth, in the time of Henry the Fifth. For the bravery which he displayed in the war with France he was knighted. He sat in Parliament in the second year of King Edward the Fourth, and in the same year attended the King in an expedition to the North.

His son William succeeded to his honours, and rendered important services to the King. For those on the 27th of May. 8th of Edward the Fourth, he was created Earl of Pembroke. He received several grants from the Crown, and was chosen one of the knights companions of the Garter. In the following year an insurrection broke out in the North. Herbert was sent with the Earl of Devonshire, at the head of 18,000 Welshmen, with 8,000 archers, to quell the rebels. Unhappily serious differences arose between the two commanders, and the Earl of Devonshire withdrawing, Pembroke rashly attacked the insurgents with the troops that remained. Most disastrous was the result; he was defeated in the battle of Danes Moore, July 26th, 1469, and made prisoner. The Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick, when they saw him their captive, determined that he should die. He was accordingly ordered to be beheaded, and the sentence was carried into effect the next day, at Banbury. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who had married a daughter of the first Earl. This William gained great favour with Henry the Eighth. His title he exchanged for that of Huntingdon, in 1479, as King Edward wished to confer the earldom of Pembroke on his son, Prince Edward. Henry named him one of his executors, and appointed him to be of the Council to Prince Edward, by whom he was afterwards created Master of the Horse, Knight of the Garter, and Lord President of the marches of Wales. In the year 1551 he was advanced to the dignity of a Baron of the realm, under the title of Lord Herbert, of Cardiff, and on the following day he was made Earl of Pembroke. Upon the death of Edward he immediately appeared among the defenders of Mary. In her service he acted as General with great success, and put down the Kentish rebels.

He was succeeded by Henry, his eldest son, who had three wives. The last was the daughter of Sir Henry Sidney. To her Sir Philip Sidney dedicated his celebrated 'Romance of Arcadia.' She was deemed a lady of great understanding and fine taste. She died at a very advanced age, at her house in Aldersgate street, where divers of the nobility were then accustomed to reside, September 25th, 1621; and the following epitaph was written on her by Ben Jonson:—

> "Underneath this marble hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse;
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Though, ere thou hast slain another,
> Wise and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

He died in 1600, and was succeeded by his elder son, William, who dying April 10th, 1630, the title devolved upon his brother Philip.

This nobleman had been raised to the Peerage as Baron Herbert, of Shurland, in the Isle of Sheppy, county of Kent, and Earl of Montgomery. He was made a Knight of the Garter in 1608. He was one of the gentlemen of the King's Bed-

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chamber, and Lord Chamberlain to King Charles I.

The Earl of Pembroke was accused, with six others, of high treason in 1647, on which occasion he made a very singular speech in the House of Lords. Its oddity is amusing, and it gives a striking and melancholy picture of the convulsions that raged in the kingdom, and of the varying humours of the leading actors in the civil war.

"You know I seldom make speeches; yet, my lords, everything would fain live; and now I must either find a tongue, or lose my head. I am accused for sitting here when your lordships fled to the army: alas, my lords, I am an old man, I must sit; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man. You voted them traitors who left the house, and went to York; they told us then they were forced away by tumults. Do not you say so too? Were they traitors for going, and am I a traitor for staying? 'Sdeath, my lords, what would you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven years; what have you given me, unless part of a thanksgiving dinner, for which you made me fast once a month? I was fed like a prince at the King's* cost, twice every day, long before some of you were born; and this king† continued, nay, out-did his father in heaping favours upon me; yet (for your sakes) I renounced my master when he had most need of me, voted against him, swore against him, hired men to fight against him; I confess I never struck at him, nor shot at him, but I prayed for those that did: I gave my tenants their leases fine-free, if they would rise and resist the King; and yet, my lords, after all this I must be a traitor. Have not I sworn for you over and over again? You sent me on your errands to Oxford, to Uxbridge, to Newcastle, to Holdenby;‡ you hurried me up and down as if I had been a king;‖ you made me carry a world of propositions; I brought them all safe and sound; what you bid me say I spake to a syllable; and had the King asked me how old I was, without your commission I should not have told him; and yet, my lords, I am an old man. Remember how I stuck to you against Strafford and Canterbury;§ some of you shrunk at Strafford's trial, so that your names were like to be posted for malignants; and for Canterbury, many of you would have had him live: my lord of Northumberland and others would have no hand in his blood; but I gave you the casting voice that sent him packing into another world, and yet now would you send me after him. All the other lords left you in the house when Sir Thomas Chaplin gave thanks for your return; but I staid and prayed with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I rejoiced with you, fasted, sung psalms, prayed with you, and hereafter will run away with you; nay, I had done it now; but who knew your minds? If you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? Think you I could run away by instinct? My lords, you know I love dogs, and (though I say it) I thank God I have as good dogs as any man in England. Now, my lords, if a dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him begone; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never called him, you'll think me mad. 'Sdeath, my lords, 'tis a poor dog is not worth the whistling."

The following passages are equally eccentric:—

"As to signing warrants to raise a new army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many reams of paper have we subscribed to raise forces for king and parliament? 'Tis well known I can scarce write a word besides my name: can't a man write his own name without losing his head? If I must give account for what I set my hand to, Lord have mercy upon me. I see now my grandfather was a wise man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me were I so too. Come, come, my lords, be plain and tell me, do I look like one that would raise a new war? I must confess I love a good army, but if there be none till I raise it, soldiers of fortune may change their names. No, my lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the eleven members would have raised a war. You see they were guilty, by their running away; I neither ran with them nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it; and whether was for war, I that staid in town, or you that went to an army? The devil of a horse did I list, but in my new coach, nor used any harness but my collar of S. S.; and will you for this clap me in the Tower? You sent me thither six years since, but for handling a standish, and now you'll commit me for writing my name. What, my lords, do you hate learning? Can you not end or begin a parliament without sending me to the Tower? Do your lordships mean to make me a lord mayor? If I needs must go, pray send me home to Baynard's Castle, or Durham House; a damnable fire burnt my house at Wilton, just at that hour I moved your lordships to drive malignants out of London. But why the Tower? Am I company for lions? Do you think me a catamountain, fit to be shown through a grate for twopence? No, my lords, keep the Tower for malignants; they can endure it; some of them have been prisoners seven years; they can feed upon bare allegiance, please themselves with discourses of conscience, of honour, of a righteous cause, and I know not what; but what's this to me? How will these malignants look upon me? Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess some of them love my son's company, they say he's more a gentleman, and has wit. 'Sdeath, my lords, must I turn gentleman? I thought I had been a peer of the realm; and am I now a gentleman? Let my son keep

* James I. † Charles I.

‡ At all which places propositions of peace were made to the King.

‖ King Charles at this time was carried from place to place, according to the motions of the army, being then the army's prisoner, whom they had taken by force from the Parliament's commissioners.

§ Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, who were both beheaded under the long Parliament.

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his wit, his poor father never got twopence for his wit. Alas, my lords, what hurt can I do you? or what good will it do you to have my head? I am but a ward; my Lord Say hath disposed of me this seven years; I am no lawyer, though the Littletons call me cousin; I am no scholar, though I have been their chancellor; I am no statesman, though I was a privy councillor. I know not what you mean by the three estates. Last June the army demanded a release for Lilburn, Musgrove, and Overton: I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good estate of my own, and I have the estate of Lord Bayning's children, and I have my Lord Carnarvan's estate; these are my three estates, and yet, my lords, must I to the Tower? Consider, we are but a few lords left; come, let us love and be kind to one another. The cavaliers quarrelled among themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be wiser, my lords; for, had we fallen into their condition, my conscience tells me we had looked most wofully."

The first Earl left two natural sons, besides his legitimate offspring; of these sons the elder became Sir Richard Herbert, Knight, of Euyas. The Earl acted a distinguished part, both as a statesman and a soldier. It is recorded of him that he rode, on the 17th February, 1552-3, to his mansion of Baynard Castle, with three hundred horse in his retinue, of which one hundred were gentlemen in plain blue clothes, with chains of gold, and body of a dragon on their sleeves. He died March 17th, 1569-70, and was buried at St Paul's on the 18th of April following, with great magnificence. The mourning given on the occasion of his funeral cost, according to Stowe, no less than 2,000*l*. Henry and William were the next wearers of the title. The latter was succeeded by his younger brother, Philip having previously been created Lord Herbert, of Shurland. Philip, his son, was the next, who was succeeded by his eldest son William, as was the latter by his half brother, who in the time of Charles II married Madame Querouaille, sister to the Duchess of Portsmouth. He died without male issue, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, the eighth Earl, who was succeeded in 1732-3 by Henry, the ninth Earl, who was followed by his only son Henry, the tenth Earl. His son, George Augustus, the eleventh Earl, died October 26, 1827, and was succeeded in his honours by Robert Henry Herbert, the present Earl, who was born September 19, 1791, and married, August 7, 1814, the Princess Octavia Spinelli, daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, and widow of the Sicilian Prince de Rubari, by whom he has no issue. His lordship's titles are Earl of Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, county Glamorgan, Baron Herbert of Shurland, in the Isle of Sheppy, in Kent, Baron Ross, of Kendall, county Westmoreland, Baron Parr Marmion and St Quinten.

ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA.

A DESERTED HUSBAND.

The following autographical narrative we have received from Australia. It is singular, but true. Such a series of ups and downs do not often occur in the history of an individual. Mr Talbot, the writer, was born in 1809. The first years of his mature life were passed in a public office. Retrenchment being the order of the day, he lost his situation, and resolved to visit Australia. Under date of Sydney, Jan. 7, 1842, he thus describes his voyage out, and the painful scenes in which he subsequently acted a part.

We sailed from Gravesend to Portsmouth on the 28th of May, 1833, and from Portsmouth on the 10th of June. The usual monotony of blue water and blue sky was our lot until we got to Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe;—a beautiful spot, rising like an oasis in the desert of waters, attractive to a stranger by the splendid scenery and the snowy-capped Peak raising his tall head and looking like a giant amongst his fellow hills. We took in water here, with fruit, but as the cholera morbus had been raging in England three years before we got there they placed us in quarantine, and would not let us land for fear that we might give them the ugly. We up stick and showed them a loose fore-topsail as soon as possible, and from there to Van Diemen's Land we saw land no more, a distance of nearly 15,000 miles (longer than a voyage to Ramsgate), in 109 days. Shortly after leaving Teneriffe a very suspicious-looking hermaphrodite brigantine hove in sight, and hovered about us for a long time, when we were all placed to quarters, the guns got up, loaded, shotted (we had twelve—four twelve-pounders and eight nine-pounders), cartridges got ready, the shot placed round the combings of the hatch, and all in man-of-war style. Your humble servant had charge of six men with small arms on the poop, and such a ragged regiment Falstaff never had. After waiting very patiently for two days, the schooner rounded to under our stern, and when hailed would not answer, but shot a-head of us and lay to. The evening was delightful,—very dark, but the sea had the most beautiful luminous appearance, every wave fringed with beautiful coruscations, as it threw up. All was still, leave-taking of husbands and wives over, and nothing to be heard but the heavy plash of the waves as they dashed against the sides of our gallant barque; suddenly a shout came from the schooner, and instantly her decks were lined with men, while hitherto there was only one solitary individual at the wheel. Then was the word passed on board our ship for silence and to be steady, and when the schooner came within fifty yards alongside us the word was given to fire

our broadside into her, and as she was rather under the counter of our ship all the shot did not take effect, but the scream was rather awful—a few poor wretches went to their long account, and by the rapidity with which we supplied them with a second edition of ditto they evidently took us for a sloop of war, of which class of vessels we had very much the appearance, having the white ensign flying at our mizen peak and a small union at the fore (you must understand that in the darkest night at sea you can always see a considerable distance). The stranger sheered off in the dark, and we heard no more of her until we spoke the 'Drunmore,' from Leith, who informed us that he had seen a schooner with a brig in tow some days before. The battle ended, then was the time when jolly tars and courageous landsmen boasted of their feats, and said what they would have done if the pirate had only come on board. I really do believe that one individual, a lame bumble-footed tailor, would have greased his head and swallowed him whole, such is the valour of man when the danger is over. Nothing material took place until one fine morning one of the seamen caught a fish, called a bineta, which he sold to one of the steerage passengers for some rum, when they all got drunk, and refused to go to their duty; one fellow came aft, when the captain desired him to leave the quarter-deck, and, on his refusing, ordered him to be placed in irons. While this little interesting process was going on, the rest came aft in a body and demanded their shipmate, arming themselves at the same time with handspikes, fids, and anything that first came to hand. In this mutinous attempt they were joined by the steerage passengers, and it was not until after considerable difficulty that they would resume the duties of the ship. On the 17th of October there was an unusual bustle on the decks, caused by a sailor shouting land oh! though to our unpractised eyes there appeared nothing but a heavy cloud as far as the eye could reach. This was our wished-for haven, the south-west Cape of Van Diemen's Land; but the wind being contrary, and having a lee shore, we were driven off the coast until the morning of the 22nd of October, when we sailed up the Derwent, the land of our hopes now before us, and certainly for a land of promise I never saw so unpromising a spot; huge basaltic rocks covered with nothing, and altogether as dreary a looking place as you would wish to settle in. Proceeding further up the Derwent, the rich and verdant banks of that splendid river displayed themselves in all their beauty, decked with the verdure of lovely spring, and all the balmy atmosphere of a southern clime. In these distant regions the sun is in the north at noon, and comfortably he scorches you. We landed on the morning of the 23rd at Hobart Town, and I think even now a more romantic neighbourhood I never saw. I here presented my letters, and found them of no avail, no, not even for a dinner; so much for letters of recommendation. I waited on Sir George Arthur, then Governor, a gentlemanly sort of humbug enough, but most clever at putting people off. Thus situated in a foreign land, what was to be done? Our wits went to work, we were invited to a party, Mrs T. sang in her best style, everybody was in raptures, and she must sing at the ensuing concert, for which she got ten guineas for two songs. This was an introduction to public life, and as I could not remain idle, I was asked by a gent. to see if it were possible to get up any sort of theatrical entertainment, in which, after much labour and trouble, I succeeded; and on the 24th of December, in the same year, he opened a large room fitted up as a theatre. Here our success was unbounded, and everything went on well until a rupture occurred between the manager's lady and Mrs T., which caused a division. At this time we were moving in the first society in the island, and I may say our company much courted—Maria's conduct the most circumspect. On the 3rd of March we sailed from Hobart Town to Sydney, in the brigantine 'Currency Lass,' a colonial craft, and after a pleasant passage of four days arrived in New South Wales. Port Jackson, the harbour, is reckoned one of the finest in the world, and I thought the scenery and the *tout ensemble* of the place approaching more nearly to the fabled regions of Elysium than anything that was ever dreamed of in my philosophy. Here an engagement for her ensued at the Sydney theatre, and on my presenting myself to Sir Richard Bourke, he appointed me to a situation in the office of the principal superintendent of convicts, where I remained nearly twelve months, until, maddened by Maria's conduct, I quitted the colony, with the feelings more of a demon than a man. My hours of business, from nine till five, gave every opportunity for the advances of designing villains, who, under the mask of friendship, were visiting at my house and undermining my happiness by weaning my wife's affections from me. It was not until I was arrested for a debt of hers, and thrown into the common gaol, that I awoke to the real state of my misery. She who should have been the soother of my trouble, and have sympathized with me, was riding heartlessly in a carriage with one of these pretended friends, and my hands fast by being a prisoner. Through the kindness of a *true* friend, and one who has on every occasion proved himself so to me, I was liberated,

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and when I returned to my home I found it desolate—the things sold, my wife flown, and I thus cruelly robbed and a beggar. Revenge then seized me, and borrowing a fast horse from a friend, I galloped to Parramatta, a distance of fifteen miles from Sydney, goading on the poor beast, while I was perfectly frantic, until he fell with me and severely injured me. Three days did I lay senseless, and on my recovery I adopted more cool measures, and by great manœuvring discovered her abode. When I called she was not at home; the man who opened the door did not know me, he said she was gone for a ride with her paramour on the South Head road. This was enough for me. I procured a horse, and arming myself with a heavy brass-handled hunting whip, patiently took my position in the bush, and had not long to wait before I saw them both on horseback coming down the road. Never shall I forget the demon spirit that enraged me; at this distance of time I feel sick when I think of the horrible feelings that animated me: guess, as I tell you what occurred, what they must have been. She was riding on the side of the road nearest where I was, and as they passed I plunged my spurs into the horse, burying them above the rowels, and so great was the violence with which I came against the horse she was riding, that both her and the horse were thrown down with great violence, and, as I afterwards heard, she was nearly killed. My horse was brought up by her paramour's—I struck one blow, and but one, but it was one that few men would live to tell the tale of. As luck would have it, I only struck with the side and not with the hammer. I caught him on the head—I saw him fall—I saw them both lying in the road bleeding, and I laughed—yes, I actually laughed; but I could not have touched her for worlds—no, there she lay, for aught I knew or cared, dead. I immediately returned to Sydney, and to save myself from the hands of the police, I that night went on board the 'Maria' for Hobart Town, where I landed in May, 1835, with four shillings in my pocket, amongst strangers. Having had some success before on the stage, I rejoined the company as manager, and became the favourite of the town. I received a letter soon afterwards from a friend who knew of my residence in Hobart Town, that neither of them were killed, though both desperately hurt. They did not even know me, for the advertisement offering rewards for my apprehension gave the wrong colour to the horse, and described me as a bushranger. Thus I escaped.

I wrote repeatedly to her to inquire about the child, but could never get an answer. Then it was that I felt truly wretched; the black ox had struck on my threshold, and I was friendless and without a home. Soon after I went to Launceston, where I met the Governor's nephew, Mr Arthur, with whom I was intimate, and who was collector of customs; he gave me a situation in his office, which I had hoped to retain for some time at least, but being obliged to go to Hobart Town, as a witness in the Supreme Court, on my return I found new faces in all the seats. The bubble had burst, without any notice had the Home Government superseded us, by gentlemen sent from England, and thus was I again adrift on the world, with nine pounds to fight my way. I then went to Hobart Town, where I joined the theatre with great success, excepting benefits, for on those occasions it was always sure to be wet. Many strange ups and downs did I have in this course of life; one day a gentleman, the next a beggar; still my heart never failed me. About this time, and as I told you, I would relate all facts, I met a young woman, who is now living in London. I was ill, she nursed me, and paid great attention, and as I had no wife, my conduct needs some palliative, she was at once nurse, wife, and everything to me; she lived with me for nearly two years, when an opportunity occurring, I prevailed on her to return to England, where she now is. I do not wish to wound the feelings of any of you, but I cannot pass over this portion of my history without saying that to that unfortunate girl I owe my life. When the theatre failed I kept the tavern attached to it, and there, while going on successfully, as if misfortune was ever to be in my path, the house was put in Chancery, and I obliged to close my doors. Driven again on the world, I went to Launceston, where I got a situation as clerk in a lawyer's office, at thirty shillings per week, and as my board and lodging only cost me sixteen out of it, I thought I should be able to lay by something; but how ridiculous are all human calculations, the first Saturday night I got ten shillings for wages, and after starving in his employ for three months, I left him in my debt seven pounds. I then practised as an agent in the Court of Requests there, but, as if the devil was in the people, nobody would get in debt, so that was no go. As I had heard no definite news from Sydney for so long a time, I determined to return, and, proceeding to Hobart Town, embarked in the Yankee ship 'Tybee,' and arrived in Sydney on the 26th of June, 1839. Mine has been a life of adventure—while coming up the harbour, a vessel, bound for London, the 'Lucretia,' caught fire, and was burned. On landing this time in Sydney, with my wardrobe in a pocket handkerchief, and the enormous sum of two shillings in my pocket, after paying my passage, I

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stalked through the busy scene, wondering what would come next, and fancying every fellow I met was a bailiff. I met a friend in the street, who told me, over a glass of grog, that I had better be off, for I should only be annoyed by her conduct, which now was too notorious to mention; but for me, who had braved in many instances the futile attempts of false friends to injure, to return without obtaining my object was too good a joke. On passing by a house I saw a fat fellow standing at the door. "Halloo!" says he, "you, sir, with the bundle, there, where are you going?"—"Halloo!" said I, equally astonished, "inside your house, to be sure, for I am pretty sharp set, seeing I've had no dinner."—"Dinner be d—d," says he, "come on, while I've got sixpence, old boy, you know threepence is yours." Accordingly I went in, and the cordial and warm reception I met with from my old friend, Jack Meredith, and his not very handsome, but for all that a good, wife, does honour to that worthy pair—long may they live in peace and happiness; poor Jack and I saw some rough work in the bush in Van Diemen's Land, and as we have both learnt to work, so much the better for us. Two days after I met the dame flaunting through the street, and I do not envy her feelings at that moment. I did not speak, nor notice her, but a message was brought to me to meet her. I did, and demanded the child; I gave her till seven that evening to make up her mind, when I told her if she did not give up the girl to me, or tell me where she was, I would visit her at her house, as I knew I should be welcome. Receiving no answer at seven, I proceeded to her domicile, and the door was opened by a gentleman, who inquired my business; I requested him to step outside, and I would tell him; he came out of course, so I gave him a poke behind, and walked in, shutting the door after me. She then, I believe, was tolerably frightened, and said, if I would be quiet, she would tell me where Maria was; but another friend advised her not to tell the scoundrel; as he was somewhere about six feet long I took a chair to him, and as we say colonially, made him "close up a muckah," which, in plain English, means that I floored him with the chair, and as I found that it was likely to be an awkward weapon, I took the liberty of breaking off one of the legs, furnishing myself, by this means, with a very pretty little shillelah; at it we went, tooth and nail, and I can't say that the drums and trumpets sounded, but the women screamed, and the men swore, and I fought, and kicked, and flourished my leg of a chair about in a most astounding way, until I was master of the field. My God! says one, take care, he is mad; and so I was, for I can assure you I never hit with such right good will in my life; as I found one of the enemy still on the floor, and as I was not quite certain he was not dead, and as in that case it would be necessary to bury him, I thought I would give him a decent funeral, so I kicked over the table with a lot of knicknacks, shells, and glasses on it, by way of a coffin, and gave him some chairs and the sofa for a shroud and pall. Then came the fun—I, standing like a maniac, and the interesting wife, on bended knees, with hair dishevelled and distilling briny tears, imploring her affectionate husband to be quiet for one minute, and she would tell him where his daughter was. This was glorious, that I, single-handed and unarmed, could clear the house of four men, and bring a violent shrew to my feet: who would have thought it? it seems so ridiculous, I can't help laughing at it now. I obtained my object, got my child, and got rid of her, for I never spoke to her after, nor did she think fit to trouble me—so much for that. Well, after remaining six weeks out of employ (here comes the gist, and proves at once what a blackguard, wretch, swindler, scoundrel, villain, I must have been), I was sent for to Hyde-park barracks, and the chief clerk asked me what I was doing, and if I should like to return to my old situation in the principal superintendent's office? "Yes," said I.—"Well, then," says Mr Ryan, "I will speak to Capt. M'Lean, the present principal superintendent, and see if I can get you back." He was as good as his word; and, to the astonishment of everybody, even my own well-wishers, was I, after resigning the situation, and being absent from the colony four and a half years, with a character vilified in every way by these despicable wretches, who so ardently and earnestly tried to work my ruin, restored to the very same situation I had previously held; and after two years and a half that I have now held it, received again in society as a gentleman, holding a situation of trust and responsibility; and I am now satisfied that, from my good conduct, whenever a vacancy again occurs, it is mine. I have already been promoted four times, and I begin to suspect there is something now like the dawn of future prosperity breaking through the clouds. Mrs T. sailed for Calcutta, in the 'Charles Jones,' with a Monsieur Layeteau, captain of a whaling vessel; and after a few capers there, leading a most infamous life, for her conduct was so bad that they would not receive her on the stage, she expired, as I have before told you, in misery, on the 13th of last May—may her sins lay lightly on her, she has much to answer for.

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Reviews.

The Hesperus: a Monthly Periodical of Literature and Art. G. Purkess.

This magazine, said to be devoted chiefly to the productions of writers under twenty-one years of age, although much to be discredited when the articles are taken into consideration, evinces this month (the third of its age) considerable ability in many of its essays. The opening one, 'On late Hours of Business,' reflects credit on the author, as much in a humane point of view, as in a literary one. When youth attacks the bane, under the scourge of which thousands of our fellow creatures are pining, maturity may do much in ridding us of many of the evils by which we are surrounded. The 'Twiggle Club' is humorous and well written, but too little is given of it in this number to produce a happy effect. The character of Peter Doubleday is well drawn, and the story, *in toto*, augurs well. The following extract cannot fail to please, and will serve to give an idea of the merits of this periodical. It is from an essay on 'Long Hair:'—

"It is said that the ancient Britons were proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and took great pains in dressing and colouring it; they were particularly anxious that it should never be touched by a slave, nor stained with their blood. The Anglo-Saxons, also, and the Danes, continued to wear long hair, which they considered one of their greatest ornaments, though it often proved a source of inconvenience in battle; many a valuable life might have been saved, and many an advantage secured, had they followed the custom of the Abantes, who took the precaution of having all the military shaved, 'because their enemyes in warre should have no occasion to pluck them by the heare.'

"William the Conqueror's long and fine hair was not forgotten by his poet, who, after the conquest of Britain, produced the following epigram:—

"'Cæsarium Cæsar tibi si natura negavit,
Hanc Willielme tibi stella comata dedit;'

in which, says Camden, 'it may seeme he alluded to the baldness of Julius Cæsar, who for that cause used a lawrell garland, to the comete appearing before his conquest of this kingdom, portending the same as it was thought, and to the manner of the French in that time: among whom long bushie haire was the signale marke of Majestie, as Agathias noteth: when as all subjects were rounded, and the kings only long-haired. Which custome continued among the French kings untill Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, disswaded them from it, and among ours, as appeareth by their seales, until King Henry the Fifth.' The former of these circumstances led to more important results than could possibly have been anticipated; for Louis le Jeune, in yielding to the solicitations of the prelate, and parting with his royal locks, offended his haughty queen, Leonor of Poictou: he had destroyed the associations of centuries, and become odious in her sight. Hence arose her intrigues with Saladin, her subsequent marriage with Henry II of England (who assumed, therefore, the titles of Lord of Normandy, of Maine, of Anjou, of Touraine, of Poictou, and of Aquitaine), and the repeated hostilities which have since caused so much bloodshed between the two nations."

"'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE."

(Song by J. Miller, written in 1744.)

A fool enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares;
His passions never are at strife,
He hopes, not he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile, as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.

Or should, through love of change, her wheels
Her fav'rite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gains nor loss.

When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,
Whilst men of sense run mad,
Fools, careless, whistle on and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,
A fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name
Is to be over-wise.

Miscellaneous.

Anecdote of Burns.—Andrew Horner and Burns were pitted against each other to write poetry. An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine"—

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739 (the real date was some years earlier), so I mak' that the commencemen'." He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine;"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper, were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *viva voce*:—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,
The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But, shortly after, changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!"

Ainsworth's Magazine.

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ON THE FEAST INTENDED TO BE GIVEN TO THE SAILORS OF NELSON.

When we Jack Tars are to be fed
In festive style is not yet known;
Some say for grog, and meat, and bread,
'Tis meant to give us only stone.
But can a nation's grateful smile
So soon get a penurious chill,
That all the honours of the Nile
For us must be reduced to *Nil*?

A Greenwich Pensioner.

The Gatherer.

Apple-tree Mussel-shells.—The little animals sticking to the bark of the apple-trees are so similar to mussel-shells, that Geoffrey called them *Le Kermes en ecaille de moule.* Sometimes they are crowded together in immense multitudes in every possible position, even lying one over another. Their scales are hard, dark, and shining; they are exceedingly like a minute mussel-shell.

Importance of attending to the Stomach.—The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there, and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides.—*Abernethy.*

Nelson's Column.—The figure of Nelson was quietly lifted to the top of the column, where it is to stand, on Saturday last. As yet the scaffolding has not been removed, so that it cannot be said to have been opened to the public, as all that is to be seen is a cocked-hat beneath a flag, said to be the same which waved over the hero of Trafalgar when he died in the arms of victory.

Irish Wit.—A gentleman travelling through Ireland with a very stout companion had occasion to hire a jaunting-car, and having agreed with the driver for half-a-crown, he stepped back to the inn where he was staying and called his fat friend. The driver, as soon as he caught a glimpse of the enormous dimensions of his fare, walked up to the head of his horse, and holding up the tattered lapets of a worn-out jacket, said, "Whist, sir, get up as lightly as you can, will'ee?" "What, is your beast skittish?" asked the gentleman, "No, sir," with an inimitable shrewd leer, "but if he saw the big gentleman had most likely say—whist, Pat, but it ought to be five shillings."

Honesty the best Policy.—The booksellers in America, who have been in the habit of pirating English books, finding themselves similarly treated by the newspaper proprietors, are now earnest to have literary property protected. A memorial on the subject is about to be laid before Congress, which states that "the present law regulating literary property is seriously injurious, both to the advancement of American literature, and to that very extensive branch of American industry which comprehends the whole mechanical department of book-making."

Impetuous Gallantry of Charles I.—The Spanish customs refused Charles, when in Spain, an interview with the princess it was proposed that he should marry, but he was allowed a glance on the Prado, and a fuller view at the theatre, where he stood with his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta for half an hour together. He watched her progress from church to church, and tracked her carriage through the streets; and once, when she went to the Casa di Campo to gather maydew, he rose before the sun, and, accompanied by Endymion Porter, explored the house and garden, pursued his way to the orchard, and found his passage obstructed by a wall and a double-bolted door. Winged like another Cupid, he speedily scaled the wall, espied the lady, and leaping down, flew towards the alarmed and screaming Infanta, and only consented to retire on the earnest entreaties of her aged attendant, who declared her life was at stake.—*D'Israeli.*

BROKEN TIES.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier ties. M. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Observatory."—Our correspondent is remiss in his reading. He will find that in China there is a fine observatory, erected at Pekin in the time of the late Emperor. It was by the advice of a Father Verbest, a Jesuit missionary, that it was undertaken, whom the Emperor appointed his Astronomer Imperial. The instruments are upon a magnificent scale. Those of note are an armillary sphere, and an azimuthal horizon, each of six feet diameter; a quadrant, and a sextant, each of eight feet radius; and a celestial globe, six feet in diameter. The Brahmins have an observatory at Benares, built about two hundred years since, by Emperor Ackbar, for the improvement of the arts. He wished to recover the sciences of Hindostan; he therefore ordered an observatory to be erected at Delhi, Agra, and Benares.

"A Five-years' Subscriber" is informed that provided he makes his model without any support but its own material, and dries it gradually, there will be no danger of its cracking. Nothing can be added to the clay with advantage.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

Original Communications.

KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

In the future surveys of London the Cemetery at Kensal green must hold a distinguished place, not only for itself but for its numerous progeny. This was the first establishment of the kind, of any magnitude, in or near the capital of the British empire. Year after year funerals had continued to be performed in the churchyards, though it had been well ascertained that to inter one body it was necessary to eject another. To the evil those under whose observation it was necessarily brought continued resolutely to shut their eyes. One reverend gentleman, who had seen many thousands placed in a deplorable nook attached to his church, closely

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surrounded by houses, is reported to have said that he did not know why five hundred bodies could not continue, as heretofore, to be put there annually; nor could he foresee that the time for discontinuing this would arrive during his incumbency. That a mass of putrefaction might be heaped together, most fatal to the health of the living, he did not consider among things possible; if it were, he had not learned to regard it as a serious affair.

We need not here dwell on the sickening and revolting scenes which some of the churchyards of London have lately presented. The grievance, it is well known, is not a new one; and many people have supposed, that because it has been long endured, it must last for ever. Sixty or seventy years ago Bunhill fields was so full that it was attempted to silence the complaints then heard, by heaping new mould on the surface of the ground. But generally, to render it practicable to bury over the former graves, at a sufficient depth, was obviously impossible. This state of things has existed for centuries. The grave scene in *Hamlet* shows what Shakspere regarded as churchyard practice in his time. In our days the scenes which have come to light, if not so ludicrous, are infinitely more offensive.

In the cut given at the head of these remarks, we submit a glyphographic drawing of the chapel of the Cemetery at Kensal green, and its extensive catacombs. The approach to it is by a noble road, which, even since the artist made his sketch, has been largely peopled on either side, a proof that the public mind, once little favourable to other than churchyard graves, is now rapidly turning in favour of cemetery funerals. Philosophers may say it matters not where the remains of the departed are thrown, but many feel differently; many are disposed to exclaim in regard to thoughts of the grave—

"Say not they are beneath my care,
I cannot such cold truths allow;
True, they may not disturb me there,
But, oh! they vex and fret me now."

Those who have to mourn the loss of beloved friends and relatives find it a solemn luxury to be able to visit their last dwellings where the voice of the ballad-singer, the thunder of the omnibus, and all the tumult of a great city, cannot approach. Writers of no ordinary powers have viewed the subject as one of importance, as will be seen from the beautiful 'Songs of the Tomb' which follow.

ON PLANTING FLOWERS IN CEMETERIES.

(*From the French of De Lille.*)

Since in the tomb our cares, our woes,
In dark oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose,
In figures painful to the eye?

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Portrayed a nymph in airy flight,
Who hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a flambeau's trembling light.

To die!—what is in death to fear?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame!
A power unseen still watches near
To light it with a purer flame.

The love that in my bosom glows
Will live when I shall long be dead,
And haply tinge some budding rose
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

Ah, thou who hast so long been dear,
When I shall cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near
In thoughtful mood to sigh for me.

And when the rosebud's virgin breath,
With fragrance fills the morning air,
Imagine me released from death,
And all my soul reviving there!

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her,
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep, and still!

Murmur, glad waters by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where on a gentle head
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring rain
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still from where she lies
Should blessed breathings rise—
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew,
Thence in the heart renew,
Life's vernal glow:
And, o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where the wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

—*Mrs Hemans.*

Supply of Water to London.—The quantity of water supplied to the metropolis by all the water companies on both sides the river may be estimated at 38,000,000 gallons daily; and one orifice from a single Artesian well, with a diameter of six feet, would yield more than sufficient to meet this demand.

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THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

THE often-quoted remark of Gibbon, that "mankind seem generally more attached to their destroyers than their benefactors," applies in a remarkable degree to the astonishing monster who presided over the destinies of Russia in the middle of the sixteenth century—Ivan the Terrible. Though he was one of the most extraordinary monarchs that ever sat on a throne, his story is comparatively little known in England. Some passages of his life will interest most readers. In his infancy he lost his father (1534); and his mother, said to have been a gentle, intelligent being, died when he was but seven years of age. During his nonage, the government of Russia was carried on by a council of Boyards, whose intrigues caused many disorders in the state, and it was in imminent danger from its Tartarian and Lithuanian enemies. His education was much neglected. It was the object of those about him to keep him in a great measure ignorant of public affairs. His faculties were good, and he soon perceived that he was intended to be the slave of a domineering oligarchy. He was not slow in learning to hate all who aimed at securing to themselves a participation in the sovereign power. Hence the first resolution his opening mind formed, was to make himself an absolute despot. Cruel from infancy, he loved to torture and destroy domestic animals. To shed blood was for him a recreation, and he considered it delightful pastime to ride over women and old men. These wretched propensities were encouraged by those who, faithful to duty, would have laboured incessantly to repress them. Prince Shuisky, the president of the council, was one of those who acted this unworthy part, and he was the first victim of the tyrant he had laboured to form. Shuisky became the object of general execration; and Ivan, when but thirteen years of age, pronounced his doom. By his contrivance, at a signal given, the unhappy prince was dragged from his house into the public streets, and there ferocious dogs were set upon the miserable man, who almost tore him limb from limb, and were not permitted to desist till they had worried him to death. This cruel deed was applauded by a rude and savage people, and Ivan became an object of popular regard. In 1546 he was crowned Czar of all the Russians, and that title was thenceforth adopted by Russian sovereigns.

Married to the amiable Anastasia, her gentleness for a time tempered and appeased to have subdued the cruelty of his disposition. Acts of generosity endeared him to his subjects, and the victories which he gained over assailing enemies caused him to be regarded with general admiration.

In evil hour, Ivan had recourse to an aged bishop, who in the time of his predecessor had been banished for his crimes. By him he was advised to be his own minister, as those who held high offices of state never failed to aim at ruling their sovereign. Athanasia died in 1560, and from that period his brutal nature spurned control, and trampled on all that humanity should have taught him to revere. His most prudent counsellors were exiled, and many of their friends were put to death. He stabbed with his own hand a prince who had offended one of his favourites, and another was poniarded in the church because he refused to sanction those sins against decorum which had now become "the mode at court."

The fate of these unfortunate men induced Prince Kurbsky, who had been greatly distinguished both in the cabinet and in the field, to fly from the dreaded Czar. He passed into Lithuania, and was well received by the enemy of Ivan, Sigismund, King of Poland; and finding himself in safety, he addressed a reproachful letter to the Czar, in which, using Scriptural language, he complained that he had shed the blood of the elders of Israel, even in the temple of the Most High, and charged him with many other crimes. It solemnly reminded him that there was a tribunal before which he must one day appear to meet the accusing spirits of those whom he had murdered; and complained of the black ingratitude with which the services of the writer had been requited, who declared the Czar should see his face no more.

When the messenger of Kurbsky appeared before Ivan, he struck the man with an iron rod which he generally carried. The blow caused blood to flow; then leaning on his rod, the Czar serenely proceeded to read the letter. It would appear that the autocrat thought highly of the progress he had made in literature, and the answer which he gave to the letter, written with his own hand, was not a little remarkable. It commenced thus:—

"In the name of the all-powerful God, the Master of our being and actions, by whom kings reign, the mighty speak, and the humble and Christian-like answer, to the Russian ex-Boyard, our counsellor, and waywode Prince Andrew Kurbsky.

"Why, thou wretch, dost thou destroy thy traitor soul in saving by flight thy worthless body? If thou art truly just and virtuous, why not die by thy master's hand, and thereby obtain the martyr's crown? What is life—what are worldly riches and honours?—vanity! a shadow! Happy is he to whom death brings salvation!"

Having given an answer to some of the

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accusations preferred by the prince, the Czar proceeded:—

"What thou sayest of my pretended cruelties is an impudent lie. I do not destroy the elders of Israel, nor do I stain with their blood the temple of the Lord. The peaceful and the righteous live securely in my service. I am severe against traitors only, but who ever spared them? Did not Constantine the Great sacrifice his own son? I am not a child. I have need indeed of God's grace, and of the protection of the Holy Virgin and all the saints, but I want no advice from men. Glory to the Most High! Russia prospers; my Boyards live in peace and concord; it is only your friends, your counsellors, that invent mischief in darkness. Thou threatenest me with the judgment of Christ in the other world. Dost thou then believe that the Divine power does not also regulate things here below? Manichean heresy! According to you, God reigns in heaven, Satan in hell, and men on earth. All error! falsehood! The power of God is everywhere, both in this life and in the next. Thou tellest me that I shall never again see thy Ethiop face; heavens, what a misfortune! Thou surroundest the throne of the Highest with those whom I have put to death; a new heresy. 'No one,' saith the apostle, 'can see God.' But I am silent, for Solomon forbids us to waste words on fools like thee."

This farrago of coarse abuse, grave expostulation, religious admonition, scriptural reference, and mirthful irony, appeared to him a very sublime performance, though most probably it was laughed to scorn by the prince to whom it was addressed. It seems to have been his constant habit to associate religion with the insolent mockery which, from time to time, he was pleased to hurl at those who offended him. Of that an instance is afforded in a letter to the King of Sweden, in consequence of some notice having been taken by the latter of a rumour (circulated on its being falsely reported that he was dead), and which represented Ivan as having designs on his widow. He then wrote:—

"We chastise both thee and Sweden (he had obtained some successes in war). The righteous are sure to prosper. Deceived by the false report indeed of Catherine being a widow, I wished to gain possession of her, but with no other design than that of delivering her to the King of Poland her brother, and obtaining in exchange the provinces of Livonia without bloodshed. Whatever any of you may calumniously say, such is the truth. What care I for thy wife? Is she worth the undertaking of a war? Many daughters of Polish kings have married grooms and varlets. Ask well-informed people who Svoidilo was in the time of Jagellon? Dost thou think I care more for King Eric? Tell me whose son was thy father? What was thy grandfather's name? If I am wrong in believing, at this very day, that thou art sprung from some low fellow or other, send me thy genealogy to convince me of my error."

Kurbsky caused a powerful army of Poles to move against Russia, and the Khan of Tartary also invaded the southern provinces. The most frightful misgivings now took possession of the bosom of the Czar.

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,"

and he distrusted every one. His courtiers he believed were in the interest of Kurbsky, and on mere suspicion he caused many to be executed. In his judgment, however, too little blood had been shed, and having represented that it was impossible to carry on the government for the benefit of the people without greater severity, which he pretended he was reluctant to exercise, he caused it to be rumoured that he was on the point of leaving Moscow to go no man knew whither. One morning in the month of December, the great square of the Kremlin was seen covered with sledges, some of which were filled with gold, silver, splendid clothes, sacred relics, and other valuables. He proceeded to the church of the Assumption to celebrate mass. Ivan then prayed with great fervour, and received the blessing of the Metropolitan, Athanasius. He held out his hand to be kissed by the nobles, and entering his sledge, left Moscow for Alexandrovsky, being escorted by a regiment of horse.

The people were in great consternation at what they saw. A month passed; nothing had been heard of the Czar, and they now began to lament that they were "sheep who had lost their shepherd," when letters were received from Ivan. Of those, one was addressed to the Metropolitan, in which he complained that, in his attempts to preserve tranquillity by punishing the guilty, he had been continually thwarted by the clergy. He had, therefore, resolved to wander whithersoever Heaven might lead him. Another letter, addressed to the inhabitants, declared that of *them* he had no reason to complain; but, under the circumstances, he could do no other than bid them farewell for ever.

The Russians were greatly afflicted and indeed alarmed at this solemn announcement. Strange as this may seem, their grief was not irrational. Experience had already taught them that one tyrant was better than many. To the humbler classes Ivan had sometimes been kind. It was on their superiors that his iron hand descended to annihilate. At the sad announcement that he would not return, Moscow went

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into mourning. The shops were closed, the tribunals of justice suspended their proceedings, and all business was at a stand. Loud and general was the lament. From every disconsolate Muscovite was heard the melancholy exclamation, "The Czar has forsaken us—we are undone. Who will fight our battles? Who will now defend us against a vengeful enemy."

The minds of the populace inflamed by their fears, they tumultuously demanded that the Metropolitan should endeavour to prevail upon Ivan to abandon his design. Their cry was, "Let the Czar punish all who deserve it. He ought of right to have the power of life and death without limit or control. We cannot remain without a sovereign, and we will acknowledge none but Ivan, whom God has set over us."

The cry was too loud and too general to be long withstood, and a numerous deputation of prelates and nobles waited on the Czar at Alexandrovsky to solicit his return. With much apparent unwillingness he yielded to their prayer, it being clearly understood that he was to punish all who offended him as he pleased. He had the hypocrisy to declare that his arm was necessary to support the church, and the bishops admitting this, added, that his resumption of the government was necessary to save his people from everlasting perdition.

King Stork soon retraced his steps to Moscow. He was much changed in appearance. His head was bald, his beard had been shaved, his eye was dim, and his whole aspect that of a man who had suffered much from the fiery emotions of which he was the victim. He was received with great rejoicings, and lost no time in making it understood how essential he deemed it to the well-being of the country that the Czar should have the means of punishing with appropriate rigour the Boyards and all disturbers of the public peace. He called for the formation of a new body-guard, to consist of a thousand men, connected with families of some importance. This was conceded; and then was formed that military corps known as the Opritshnina, or Select Legion. Subsequently they were called the Strelitzes. Possessed of this mighty engine, Ivan did not fail to use it against those he deemed his enemies. The tyrant felt himself secure; deeds of blood soon followed, and the gates of mercy were closed against all who became objects of his displeasure. Another Prince Shuisky he regarded as disaffected. His own conduct, which he knew might justify defection, prompted the cruel rigour with which Shuisky was to be pursued. His family had been distinguished for loyalty, but the merciless Ivan condemned the unfortunate prince. Nor was it enough to take his life; his son Peter was included in the sentence. Monstrous as this severity was, it would seem father and son were not unprepared for it. Aware of the ferocious character of the Czar, they probably considered their fate to be sealed from the moment of his reappearance in Moscow. Be this as it may, when the will of Ivan was made known, they opposed to it a calm and dignified aspect. Sustained by the hope that in another state of being they would be more than consoled for their unmerited sufferings here, each wore an air of cheerful resignation while advancing to the fatal scaffold.

(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Letter VI.

In applying manure to soils, we have the following great objects to serve. In the first place, we have to renew the supply of those metallic salts which the previous crops have largely consumed, to the impoverishing of the soil and the consequent injury of the succeeding harvest.

In our second paper we gave a list of several plants, and pointed out the amount of inorganic matter, principally metallic salts, found in one hundred thousand parts of each. These salts are compounds of lime, potash, soda, magnesia and silica, with sulphuric, carbonic, phosphoric, and other acids.

In looking over the paper already alluded to, our agricultural readers will see that oats, barley, wheat, and rye, or rather the straws of these plants, contain enormous quanties of the inorganic substance called silica; and therefore the land, after the production of successive crops, becomes so much deteriorated as to be unable longer to produce healthy samples of the same kinds. We are taught, therefore, either to alternate our crops, or to replace in the soil by artificial means the substances which have been so largely consumed; this, therefore, is one grand object in the application of manures, as well as a powerful instance of the necessity of some acquaintance with agricultural chemistry. Of course, such arrangements as those of which we now speak would be unnecessary if the crops were allowed to remain upon the spots where they were produced; for in that case the soil would be benefited by the compounds given off during the decomposition of the plants, and the inorganic matter previously taken from the ground would again be restored to it. It is only on cultivated lands, where the crops are removed or eaten, that alternation or manuring are necessary.

There is, however, another mode of renewing the strength of land, to which we must refer, although the rapid progress of chemical science is now fast abolishing

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its employment. We refer to *fallowing*, or allowing the soil to lie idle for a length of time.

In order that the renewal of strength by fallowing may be understood, we would refer our readers to our fourth paper, where we pointed out the fact that the constant disintegration of rocks, and the action of atmospheric air and moisture upon the smaller particles, produce new materials for the inorganic portion of the land; and these, being washed and distributed by the rains which follow, are eventually carried into every part of the neighbouring soils, and being allowed to accumulate during the idleness of the land, render it as rich as ever.

The second great object in the application of manures is to supply the soil and the plant with those prime fertilizers, ammonia, carbonic acid, and water. To this end we employ organic manures, of various kinds, some of them merely supplying the chemical agents of which we have just spoken, others again rendering more important service, by giving up, during decomposition, not only organic but also inorganic food in the form of the metallic salts, with which they are impregnated.

In our next paper we shall enter upon the subject of collecting and preserving the various manures.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PER CENT.

A GLANCE AT THE LAW OF THE LAND.

In the 'Times' of Nov. 9th a singular statement appeared in the shape of a report of a case tried on the preceding day in the Court of Common Pleas. That facts like those stated should occur in England seems to the uninitiated strange, but that they should have been the subject of a public proceeding in a court of justice, and yet passed over in silence by those journalists who would have it believed that it is their special care to expose abuses and call for needful reforms, is perhaps still more extraordinary.

In this case we are told:—"It appears that the plaintiff is well known in the sporting or play world, and having amassed a considerable sum of money employed it as a bill discounter. The defendant, about two years ago, being in want of money, got introduced to the plaintiff, who agreed to lend him 400*l.* on his bill at two months, charging him 100*l.* (a hundred and fifty per cent. per annum!) for the accommodation. The bill in question, not being honoured on its coming to maturity, was renewed, the expenses of which on renewal amounted to upwards of 1,000*l.* The defendant ultimately paid the bill, with the 100*l.* discount, and it was now contended by him that, having paid the original bill with the exorbitant discount, he was exonerated from the charges of renewal attempted to be charged by the plaintiff. After a luminous charge from the learned judge, the jury, having retired for half an hour, found a verdict for the defendant."

The plaintiff in this case, it may not be improper to mention, is an individual whose house, early in the present year, was entered by the police, information having been laid against it as a gambling house, when his son, attempting to escape, got a fall, which cost him his life.

We make no comments on the feelings of a father seeking consolation for a bereavement so severe. These, perhaps, might naturally incline him to endeavour to make a poorer man pay 1,000*l.* for 400*l.* borrowed, but certainly we unequivocally applaud the finding of the jury for the defendant, however a contrary decision might in this instance have suited to "soothe a father's woe."

We pretend to know nothing of the merits of the individuals concerned beyond the facts mentioned in the newspapers, but are somewhat startled to learn that we live in a state of society in which an individual, after paying 500*l.* for 400*l.* borrowed, and within two years of the loan being obtained, can be sued for 500*l.* in addition to that! How could charges be multiplied, we should like to know, so as to bring the sum claimed to such an amount and in such a shape that a judge and jury can be asked to favour the claim?

The borrower, we suppose, was to blame; but we can conceive no circumstance that ought to entitle the lender to the assistance of twelve honest men to enforce a demand like that mentioned.

We have, however, heard, since writing the above, that the judge actually twice refused to receive the verdict for the defendant, and that the plaintiff has asked for a new trial.

The judge can, of course, only state what is the law, and act accordingly. It is, however, for the jury to decide on the facts, and in the present case those who had to decide on the question with noble resolution performed their duty. Should a new trial be granted, the principles laid down, as well as the facts established, cannot be other than curious. We know a man has escaped unpunished, though proved to have cut off his child's head; we know that a judge has directed a jury to find for a plaintiff where it was known nothing was due to him: it remains to be seen whether an English judge and jury can be found to concur in compelling a poor defendant, under the circumstances described, to pay 1,000*l.* in discharge of a loan of 400*l.*

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VALUE OF MORALITY IN FACTORIES.

Dr Ure, in speaking of a moral and religious discipline in mills, says—

"So efficacious is religious discipline, steadily enforced by an enlightened master, to keep his dependents in the paths of virtue, that it may be laid down as a general rule—whenever mill-workers are noted for dissolute manners, the owner or manager will be found to be of licentious life, or at least indifferent to the welfare of the people committed to his care, who are ready to be influenced for good or evil by his precepts, regulations, and example. The following testimony places this position in a clear light :—'Some masters insist on better conduct, better dress, and more respectability. The overlookers are steady and suppress anything bad. There is a great competition for admission into their factories. I have known thirty young women on the list at a time.' What a tribute to virtue in the proprietor of a mill!

"Like master like man, is a proverb no less applicable to public works than to private families. The mill-owner who has a nice sense of purity in heart and life, a just comprehension of his own interests, and a conscientious concern for the well-being of his dependents, will adopt every practicable measure to raise the standard of their behaviour. If, on the other hand, he is lax in his own principles, and careless of their conduct, except as to their punctuality at their task, he will experience the consequences of this unconcern in slovenliness of work and in personal disrespect. Let us figure to ourselves a proprietor of extensive factories, a man of old experience, an unwearied worshipper of Mammon, and, of course, a stranger to the self-denying graces of the Gospel. Such a man knows himself to be entitled to nothing but eye-service, and will therefore exercise the most irksome vigilance, but in vain, to prevent his being overreached by his operatives—the whole of whom, by natural instinct as it were, conspire against such a master. Whatever pains he may take, he can never command superior workmanship, he will find the character of his goods to be second-rate in the market, and he will of course get a second-rate price and set of customers. His whole business is blasted as it were by an evil eye. Aware of his unpopularity with his work-people, he strives to regain their favour by conniving at their vices, and views their intemperance on Saturday night and Sunday with indifference, provided it does not interfere with their labour on Monday morning.

"Such policy may have been compatible with profit in times of narrow competition; but now it seldom fails, as I could prove by examples, to counteract prosperity at least, if not to impair the fortunes realized under better auspices. It is, therefore, excessively the interest of every mill owner to organize his moral machinery on equally sound principles with his mechanical, for otherwise he will never command the steady hands, watchful eyes, and prompt co-operation, essential to excellence of product. Improvident work-people are apt to be reckless, and dissolute ones to be diseased: thus both are ill-qualified to discharge the delicate labours of automatic industry, which is susceptible of many grades of imperfection without becoming so obviously defective as to render the work liable to a fine. There is, in fact, no case to which the Gospel truth, 'Godliness is great gain,' is more applicable than to the administration of an extensive factory."

FATHERS' TEARS.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so gentle and so meek,
It would not shame an angel's cheek;
'Tis such as pious fathers shed,
Upon a duteous daughter's head.—Scott.

The following close parody on the above much-admired verses has lately been privately circulated in relation to a money-loving parent whom the death of his child could not check for a moment in the pursuit of unhallowed gain:—

Some feelings in vile mortals dwell,
With less of earth in them than hell;
And if there be a human tear,
From generous love remote and clear,
A tear so burning and so base,
It would not shame the Devil's face;
'Tis such as serpent fathers shed,
Upon a youthful viper dead.

Climate of Greece.—The physical configuration and climate of Greece are extremely peculiar; the country consists of an endless succession of valleys and hills, rising occasionally into lofty mountains covered with all but eternal snow. In some few places the vale lands assume the appearance of plains, as in Thessaly, Bœotia, and Elis. But for the most part the valleys are narrow and deep, consequently much buried in the shade of the overhanging mountains, and naturally enjoying the additional coolness occasioned by woods and streams. But the most remarkable feature in the character of Greece is the different aspect presented by its several cantons, in each of which local causes produced a modification of the general climate, and gave birth to those varieties which were observable in the Hellenic race as long as it endured unmixed.

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Arms. Gu. two bars, or, a chief indented, of the last.
Crest. A demi lion, couped, ar., ducally gorged.
Supporters. Two dragons, erm., armed and langued, gu., wings elevated and endorsed.
Motto. "Odi profanum." *"I hate the profane."*

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LISTOWEL.

From the house of Harecourt, in Lorraine, this family is descended. Its ancestors, Burke mentions, "were counts in Normandy." John Hare, Esq., its more immediate progenitor, resided at Homersfield, in Suffolk, in 1461. He was the son of Thomas Hare, Esq., by Joyce, his wife. His son Nicholas became the father of John Hare, Esq., who married Elizabeth Fortescue, by whom he had two sons. Of these one was Sir Nicholas Hare, of Brusyard, Suffolk, Master of the Rolls to Queen Mary; and the other, John Hare, Esq., who eventually succeeded to the estates of his brother, and established himself at Stow Bardolph. He had a large family, of whom Richard, the eldest, was created a Baronet in 1641. John Hare, the youngest, became a bencher of the Middle Temple; he married Margaret, daughter of John Crouch, Esq., of Cornbury, Herts, by whom he had a son. This lady was afterwards married to Henry first Earl of Manchester.

Hugh Hare, Esq., the son of the above, was one of those who remained faithful to Charles I. He was created Baron Coleraine, and had issue. From his eldest son the Lords Coleraine are descended. From Hugh, a younger son, spring the Hares of Listowel. He was succeeded by his son Richard Hare, whose son William succeeded him. This gentleman, born in 1751, sat in the Irish Parliament for Cork and Athy from 1796 till the Union. He was raised to the peerage, July 30, 1800, as Baron Ennismore, county of Kerry; and further created Viscount Ennismore and Listowel, January 22, 1816, and Earl of Listowel, January 12, 1822. His lordship married twice. By his first wife, Mary, only daughter of Henry Wrixon, Esq., of Ballygiblin, county of Cork, by whom he had issue. Richard Viscount Ennismore, the eldest son, sat as M.P. for Cork. He married, June 10, 1797, Catherine Bridget, eldest daughter of Robert first Lord Clonbruck, by whom he had seven children, the eldest of whom, the present peer, on the death of his grandfather, July 13, 1837, succeeded to the title. He was born in 1801, and married, July 29, 1831, Maria, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral William Wyndham, of Fellbrigge, widow of George Thomas Wyndom, Esq., of Crome Hall, Norfolk, by whom he has a large family, the eldest of whom, William Viscount Ennismore, was born May 29, 1833. The present peer was appointed Vice-Admiral of the province of Munster in August, 1838. He represents St Alban's in the House of Commons.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Letter III.

FROM GREENOCK TO INVERARY AND OBAN.

My Dear Brother,—I started from Greenock on a Monday morning in September, for the Highlands, which have ever had for me a thrilling interest. I had long burned with impatience to see them, and to tread the heather rendered immortal by the footsteps of a Bruce and a Scott. The lofty and rugged mountains covered with perpetual mists, the deep and lonely glens, the clear and bubbling streams, the picturesque lochs, the superstitions and legends with which every spot was peopled, the traditions of an enthusiastic people pre-eminently tenacious of their local histories, their picturesque costume, their romantic customs, their wild and independent life, the exploits of their renowned chiefs—were all part of the earliest inheritance of my mind; and in later days my sympathies were doubly awakened by that matchless genius who has thrown into spots naturally of extreme interest, the additional and intenser glow of moral feeling and poetic association. Accordingly I began my journey with feelings the exact reverse of those which animated the breast of the worthy magistrate of Glasgow, of immortal memory, although, like him, I resolved to adhere to the practical wisdom of not expecting to "carry the comforts of the saul market" with me. We started

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at nine o'clock from Greenock (which town was that day preserving its reputation in being rained upon most unmercifully), by a boat that carried us to Loch Goyle head, our object being to reach Inverary that day. If you look at the map of Scotland, you will find that the seat of MacCallien More may be visited from Glasgow by either of two ways; you may go the route I returned, by the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fine, at the head of which loch I need not tell you the capital of the Campbells is situated, or take the nearer route by Loch Long, and thence to Loch Goyle, and then across the land to the bank of Loch Fine, opposite Inverary. Such is the cheapness of the voyage, that you go from Greenock to Loch Goyle head for half a crown. I saw nothing, however, of Loch Long, as we were involved in a genuine Scotch mist all the time of passing up it. One advantage of this latter route is that you go through a very fine pass, between the head of Loch Goyle and Loch Fine, and of which you may estimate the wildness from its name, Hell's Glen. This was the first pass I saw, and though, of course, inferior to Glenco, I was extremely struck by it. It has all the characteristics of a Highland pass in eminent perfection, the narrow road through the lofty mountains, which look as if they had been torn asunder by some tremendous convulsion, the winding path, which constantly presents you with varying views, the heather-clad mountains, only tenanted by the well-known black cattle of the north, and doubtless towered over by the eagle and swept by the grouse and the ptarmigan, the "burn" or stream running by the road, bubbling over the straggling rocks, and leaping from "linn" to "linn," as they are called, or pools, which are the favourite resort of the salmon and the trout, the rolling mist that now conceals and now reveals the grey and ragged scalps of the mountains, and adds to their sublimity an awe and grandeur of its own, and then at last the descent into the vale below, in which the neighbouring loch reposes,—these, these indeed, the elements of the sublime! We had the casual, but great, pleasure of travelling through this pass with a distinguished member of the legislature, whose urbanity and kindness of manner showed how thoroughly a gentleman is at all times the same, and how little honours, even when self-achieved and amply deserved, throw coldness or distance into his conduct.

Ah, what a place is Inverary! a fairy town! Its white houses shining on the banks of the loch as if they had just been called into existence by the magic touch of some refined enchanter; behind it the woods of the Duke of Argyll, forming a beautiful background; opposite, the far-famed hill of Duniquaich, on which is the signal tower, whence in times gone by the fiery beacon summoned the Campbell clan to arms, and close to it the noble park, which is full of fine timber, and contains perhaps *the* finest cedars and pine trees in the world. But this scene, as you may remember, has been sketched by a master-hand:—"Embarked on the bosom of Loch Fine, Captain Dalgetty might have admired one of the grandest scenes which nature affords. He might have noticed the rival rivers, Aray and Shiray, which pay tribute to the lake, each issuing from its own dark and wooded retreat; he might have marked, on the soft and gentle slope that ascends from the shores, the noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, towers, and outer and inner courts, which, so far as the picturesque is concerned, presented an aspect much more striking than the present massive and uniform mansion. He might have admired those dark woods which for many a mile surrounded this strong and princely dwelling; and his eye might have dwelt on the picturesque peak of Duniquaich starting abruptly from the lake, and raising its scathed brow into the mists of middle sky, while a solitary watch-tower, perched on its top like an eagle's nest, gave dignity to the scene by awakening a sense of possible danger . . . . The boat soon approached the rugged pier, which abutted into the loch from the little town of Inverary, then a rude assemblage of huts, with a very few stone mansions interspersed, stretching upwards from the banks of Loch Fine to the principal gate of the castle."—(Concluding passage of the 11th chapter of the 'Legend of Montrose.') I was forcibly struck, I own, at Inverary, with the luck of having a grandfather, or a great-grandfather, who was determined that his respected grandson should enjoy what he took so much pains to make. The woods of Inverary are, of course, the result of artificial planting, and I believe the "great Duke" contributed materially to produce their present extent and beauty. If so, he justly demands the gratitude of his descendants for having been "aye planting," as well as the gratitude of his countrymen for his patriotic life. Indeed, nothing can be more striking than the entrance to the woods of Inverary after coming through the bleak glen of Ary from Dalmally, which is at the head of Loch Awe. This glen is above eighteen miles, and connects the two lochs, Fine and Awe. After travelling through some of the wildest scenery of the Highlands, you suddenly enter grounds with the characteristics of an English park, and with the advantage of the adjoining loch superadded. A noble avenue of lime trees runs to the castle gate, and those fragrant and elegant specimens of the beautiful species *arbor* are

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plentifully found in the park. As I said before, the cedars and pine trees are truly superb monarchs of the northern forest. The deer abound, and are strictly preserved. The castle is a wretched piece of architecture, and proves that the great Duke, with all his noble patriotism and admirable taste in planting and park-making,

"And though the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field,"

was no judge of a building. Sir Walter is a great deal too limited in his censure when he merely calls it a "massive and uniform mansion." It is half buried in the earth, instead of being placed on an eminence. Its proper site would be on the hill side, among the noble woods, whence MacCallien More might look on his subject loch and surrounding country. The inside we did not see; I believe it contains some interesting portraits of the powerful family who have been lords of Lorn and Argyllshire from generation to generation for 400 years.

The hotel at Inverary is one of the largest and most comfortable in Britain. The landlord is a prince of landlords, and all the arrangements are as complete as if you were in the metropolis itself. You may get that capital soup, hotch-potch (which I am truly astonished we do not introduce into general use in the south), and Loch Fine herrings in pre-eminent perfection. We dined at a very comfortable *table d'hote*, and slept that night at the hotel, which is a very necessary place at the entrance of the Highlands, and particularly comfortable when you return after a week or a month's *roughing it*."

We started for Oban on Tuesday morning, which opened that glorious weather that for four consecutive weeks so pre-eminently distinguished the autumn of this year, and so wonderfully reigned over the Highlands. Day after day of unclouded blue, with not even a threat of rain, for the month of September, was weather unknown, I believe, in the memory of the oldest man in the north; so that nature was determined we should see her masterpieces in perfection. The coach in which we started has been lately set up by the enterprising and accommodating landlord of the hotel, for the benefit of unhappy tourists like us, who have no coach or horses of our own, and too little superfluity of cash to throw away on the dignity of posting along glens, where the "name of the thing" is of no use. The coach itself was a compound of a pill-box and a waggon, and we paid twelve shillings for an outside place to Oban, a distance of about forty miles. (You know I love statistics, and think half the value of a traveller's account consists in telling you how much it will cost to get along in the places he is describing so enthusiastically to you.) This price is high enough to ensure safety; but I regret to say that friend K—— made the alarming discovery, when we were going through Glen Ant, that the "tire" of the hind wheel was gradually *retiring* from office, and was about to deposit all the outsiders in the beautiful "burn," when we should have soon ceased to be "tired" with life. Luckily the discovery was made before and not after the catastrophe; but I mention it, because the sooner a really good vehicle is established on that road the better, and the more the trip is known in the south, the more frequently it is sure to be adopted by English tourists. The route commenced by a delightful path through the noble woods of the park of Inverary, and, as you wind along, up the hill that leads from the town, you catch a charming view of the loch, and then, at the distance of a mile, you plunge into the midst of the woods, full of the noblest cedars and pines and larch, and which you traverse for three miles more till you come suddenly on the wild moors of Glen Ary, which, I told you before, is the pass between Loch Fine and Loch Awe. You should then look back on the park you have quitted, and rest your eye on the scene as long as the winding path will allow you, and enjoy the contrast of the richly-wooded domain, and the wild country you are about to enter. You go on mile after mile by the burn, or stream of Ary, with hills of heather stretching away on each side of you, the road forming a sort of *marchdike*, or dividing boundary between the estates of the Duke of Argyll and Mr Campbell, of Monzie. (In pronouncing this word, you drop the *z*.) There you may depend on it you are in the country for trout-fishing and grouse-shooting. After a journey of a dozen miles you begin your descent into the vale that terminates on the banks of Loch Awe, and are among the wild and inaccessible fastnesses in which the Campbells were of yore secure from any invading foe; according to the well-known expression "It's a farery to Loch Awe." The road terminates at a place called Port Sonachan, where there is a ferry across the loch, and about two miles before you reach that point, the Glen Ary ends, and the roads diverge; the one takes you by a superb ride (by which we returned) to Dalmally, the head of Loch Awe, and the other by a gentle descent to the banks of the loch, six or seven miles from its head at the place I before mentioned, Port Sonachan. As you descend the vale, you have before you what you do not quit for many a mile and day when travelling in this country, Ben Cruachan, the glory of Loch Awe, which towers over the neighbouring hills and loch, being 3,400 feet in height and *only* twenty miles in circum-

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ference at the base. This mountain is very wild, and is full, I believe, of deer. It has been beautifully brought before us by Christopher North, in his delightful paper on Loch Etive, among his (and the reader's) 'Recreations,' written with the rollicking style in which Kit so loves to indulge. You see before you the beautiful islands at the head of Loch Awe, on one of which are the ruins of a convent, and on another of a castle, formerly the seat of the Argyll family. At Port Sonachan there is a very fine seat on the banks of the loch, belonging to one of the Campbells. Here we all dismounted from the vehicle, and were ferried over, luggage and all, to the opposite shore, at a place called Kilchrenan, and after stopping half an hour we duly remounted, on a similar coach to the one we had quitted, and began to reascend the hills on the western side of the loch. The winding path was very interesting, and brought us in a couple of miles to a "clachan," a word which, though you have frequently seen it in Sir Walter, you may not, perhaps, know the exact signification of, viz., a small collection of cottages or huts. We passed a small loch, with the awful Ben still on our right, and soon afterwards traversed a most splendid pass, of which I am surprised more notice is not taken by tourists and guide books—Glen Ant. The beauty of this pass it is difficult to exaggerate. It is about four miles in length, and resembles the celebrated Trossachs in its richly-wooded hills, which are in truth covered with birch and shrubs. The burn which runs through it into Loch Etive, is extremely picturesque, running over the broken rocks between the wooded hills, where there is just space enough for the road. It was in this pass that, as I told you, we were in danger of a serious accident from the tire of one of the wheels coming off. Three times in the pass we were obliged to stop and use some stones for a hammer, and it was only on our arrival at Taynault that we could get the injury properly repaired. If you look at the map you will see that this place is on the banks of Loch Etive, and the point at which the two roads to Oban from Inverary meet again, after having diverged near the head of Loch Awe. Three or four miles from this village the ride becomes very grand. The road runs beside the shores of Loch Etive, and seldom quits them till you arrive at Oban, near which place the loch runs into the sea. For a due enjoyment of the beauties of the loch, as far at least as description can give it, I refer you to the paper by Christopher I before mentioned. You pass near the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, which is situated in the loch, where the ancient Scottish kings were crowned, and where afterwards the great Lord of the Isles held his almost regal state. Soon after passing that interesting ruin, you arrive in sight of Dunolly Castle, where anciently the powerful family of the MacDougals of Lorn held sway. One of their descendants still resides at this commanding spot, and kindly allows visitors to go over the grounds on certain days. At last we arrived at Oban, which is like Inverary, a fine little village, at least in fine weather, with its white houses on the shore of the sea, in the middle of a fine bay—the island of Kenera immediately opposite, and the wild hills of Mull visible in the distance, and standing gloriously out in the landscape at the setting of the sun. Perhaps this is one of the finest coast situations in the world. But I will tell you more about it in my next letter, when I duly detail to you the events of my third day, in which I visited Staffa and Iona, and sailed round the Isle of Mull. I went to bed on Tuesday, fatigued with my day's journey, and dreaming of the marvellous islands I was to visit next day. There you must for the present leave me. Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The magnificent collection of drawings of fossil fishes, being the originals of the great work of Prof. Agassiz, which were purchased by Lord Francis Egerton, was presented to the society. The following communications were read:—1. 'On the fossil remains of star fishes of the order Ophiuridæ, found in Britain,' by Prof. Edward Forbes.—After enumerating the several Ophiuridæ recorded as British fossils, the author described four new species—viz. 1. Ophioderma tenuibrachiata, and 2. Ophiura Murravi, discovered by Dr Murray in the lias near Scarborough; 3. Amphiura Pratti, discovered by Mr Pratt in the Oxford clay; and 4. Ophiura cretacea, communicated by Mr Tennant from the chalk. The animals of this order appear to have commenced their existence in the earliest periods of organic life, and to have continued to the present day without any great modifications of form of family or generic value. None of the fossil species is identical with the existing.—2. 'On the geology of Malta and Gozo,' by Lieut. Spratt, R.N., Assistant Surveyor H.M.S. 'Beacon.' The formations composing these islands are tertiary, and appear, from the author's researches, to belong to one geological epoch. They are all of marine origin, and very regularly deposited in parallel strata, but little inclined from the horizontal. They may be grouped under four divisions:—1. Coral limestone; 2. Yellow sandstone and blue clay; 3. Yellow and white calcareous sandy freestone; and 4. Yellowish white semi-crystalline limestone. Each of these groups is characterized by peculiar fossils, some of which are common to more than one. By a careful examination of the organic remains in each, the author was enabled to detect several extensive faults in both islands. The direction of the faults is traversed to the

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line of elevation, or the direction of the islands, that is, N.E. and S.W., the chain of islands running N.W. and S.E.

Horticultural Society.—The Marquis of Bath sent two queen pine apples, weighing 5 lb. 4 oz., and 5 lb. 9 oz., and measuring each 5½ in. in diameter, and 9½ in. in length; the number of pips was 10. These were exceedingly handsome fruit, and were not produced by mere accident, as those exhibited by his gardener from time to time prove; but were the result of steady successful cultivation and good management. There is little doubt that in a few years the manner of cultivating the pine will be greatly altered, and that larger and better fruit will be produced than we have hitherto seen. A Banksian medal was awarded.—G. W. Ward, Esq., exhibited two bunches of grapes, weighing 1 lb. 4 oz. and 1 lb. 3 oz.; these were said to have been brought from Paris in 1840, under the French name of Raisin Monstre: they much resembled the Gros Ribier du Maroc.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—M. Arago, in a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, alluded to the recent discoveries of Dr Belfield Lefevre in photography. The processes now made use of are empirical, and the results obtained are not to be explained in the present state of chemical science. Sir John Herschel had, indeed, pointed out the fact that ioduret of silver was, by the action of light, reduced or transformed into a subioduret; but whether such reduction took place in the camera obscura, by what chemical mechanism that reduction was effected, in what manner the accelerating substance, brome and chlorine, intervened to precipitate the action of light, are problems which Dr Lefevre is supposed to have solved; and, in so doing, to have shown that the process, as at present instituted, is founded on a wrong principle, so that success must necessarily be the exception, and failure the rule. According to Dr Lefevre, no less than six distinct elementary substances, viz., silver, iodine, chlorine, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, compose the sensitive coating which is to be submitted to the action of the light; and that these substances, by their mutual reactions, successively form seven distinct compounds; whilst the entire thickness of the coating does not equal one ten-thousandth part of that of a sheet of silver paper, and its weight, though extended over an area of 48 square inches, is not equal to the tenth part of a grain.—M. Hardy, the Director of the Central Nursery of Algeria, sent to Paris the produce of his crop of opium. It amounted to rather more than an ounce and half, from 990 poppy heads, and had been carefully extracted by means of incisions on the capsules. This opium, says the reporter, presented all the character of the best samples from Smyrna. On being analyzed it was found to contain 5 per cent. of crystallized morphine, deprived of the narcotine by ether. Two samples from Smyrna being analyzed for the purpose of comparison, they were found to contain—one 3·925 per cent.; the other 4·1 per cent. of morphine. Some samples from India were, however, found to be much more rich than either of the samples operated upon as above stated; they yielded 10·7 of pure white crystallized morphine. It would appear, however, by a communication from M. Liautaud, that as much as 12 per cent. of morphine has been obtained from the opium of Algeria.

A report was received from M. Lewy on the analysis of wax received from China. This wax, which is of vegetable origin, is of a beautiful white colour, crystallized, and resembles spermaceti in its external character. It melts at a heat of 82·5 of Centigrade; its boiling point is superior to that of mercury. The produce of the distillation is white, and differs in its nature from the substance when undistilled. It is very soluble in boiling alcohol and ether, and is completely dissolved by the oil of naphtha. When subjected to a boiling solution of potass the wax becomes a soluble soap, and it also freely mixes with barytes. When acted upon by nitric acid, it appears to yield the same products as those obtained with this acid from bees' wax. Amongst other products is a volatile acid possessing the principal characters of butyric acid.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

Galvanic Light.—An interesting experiment with the galvanic light, proposed by M. Achereau as a substitute for that of gas, has been made at Paris. The light was enclosed in a glass globe of about twelve inches in diameter. When the gas lights of the Place de la Concorde, 100 in number, were put out, the effect of the galvanic light was exceedingly brilliant, eclipsing even that of the hydro-oxygen light. It was easy to read small print at the distance of 100 yards, and it was only necessary to look at the shadow of the objects in the way of the light to be convinced of its great illuminating power. The single light exhibited did not replace the whole of the gas lights which had been put out, but we may fairly estimate it as equal, at least, to twenty of the gas burners of the Place de la Concorde. It would, therefore, require five of these galvanic lights to light the whole of the place; but the rays of these five lights meeting each other would, in all probability, give a much more intense light. The substitution of the galvanic light for gas light would be a great improvement; and we imagine that the expense of renewing the supply of the galvanic battery, by which the electric fluid is conveyed to the burner, and then thrown upon the charcoal, which becomes thus brilliantly incandescent, would not be so great as that of the generation of gas.—[We copy this from Galignani's Paris paper, and at the same time remark that we have seen the experiments performed by our countryman, Professor Bachhoffner, at the Polytechnic Institution some years ago, therefore the subject is not new, nor is the *invention* due to M. Achereau any further than its application to street lights, with regard to which we doubt much its efficacy, as the light cannot in the proposed manner be sustained for any considerable period.]

Method of Coating Bobbin Net or Lace with Copper.—Stretch a piece of net or lace by placing a copper wire around it; then black-lead the lace thoroughly with pure powdered plumbago, using a large camel-

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hair brush for the purpose; then place the lace between two copper plates, positively electrified, connecting at the same time the copper wire round the lace with the negative pole of a galvanic battery. The lace becomes rapidly coated with copper, which can be electro-gilded or silvered, and will give it a beautiful appearance; the lace, when so covered with a metallic coating, will be useful in the manufacture of little articles, such as jewel-cases, &c.

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.—The last stone of the tower was set on Tuesday week. The vane will be the same grasshopper (the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham) which adorned the old Exchange, and escaped the fire. It has been repaired and will be regilt before put up. The chimes will be restored, and the peal of bells increased from eight to fifteen. It will be finished and open for the use of the merchants by the middle of next year. The portico is completed, with the exception of the fixing of the sculpture in the pediment, which will consist of sixteen figures, in high relief. Bank buildings will be removed, the space arranged, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Chantrey, erected.

Reviews.

Flowers and Fruits; or Poetry, Philosophy, and Science. By James Elmslie Duncan. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE praise of intrepidity is due to an author who, in these times, dares publish poetry on his own account. The encouragement given of late to such experiments has not been excessive. Mr Elmslie Duncan has a good deal of vivacity, and he has written in a variety of measures. He is not always so nice in his rhymes as he ought to be. "Taste," does not sound much like "nest;" nor "hell" like "will;" yet these and many similar instances of negligence occur. They deserve to be rebuked, as in some instances he has produced elegant verses, and seems to have an ample command of language to save him from the necessity of putting off his readers with such make-shifts.

As he *can* write gracefully we should advise him to think when he is choosing a subject whether he has anything to say about it. We shall best explain what we mean by copying the first twelve lines of his

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MRS HONEY.

"Alas, and art thou from us torn?
Ah, has Death struck the fatal blow?
And is it ours to weep and mourn
For thee, thus soon? Ah, surely no!
But ah! these tears declare 'tis so,
Yes, thou hast pass'd the mystic bourn,—
Well may we sigh in tearful woe,—
From whence no traveller doth return.—
Life's summer had not long entwined
It's rose-wreath 'round her sunny brow—
But who—ah, who could have divined
That Death thus soon would lay thee low?"

Now here all that in effect is said, is "Can she be dead? Impossible! Who would have thought it?" Was it worth while writing so much to express so little? Such spinning out not all the pathos of his four "tragic ahs!" will render very acceptable to readers of taste. We think, had he done himself justice, he could have thought of something more worthy of being committed to paper, but suspect that, writing with facility, he too leniently allowed his rhymes to pass as worthy of publication, and dignified them with the title of a "Monody." Some of his Scotch songs are very lively, but in these, also, we detect some negligence, which tells us that the writer could do better things. Besides poetry, it will be seen he undertakes to give us philosophy and science. In his prose we find some very sensible and humane remarks, mingled with a touch of hair-brained enthusiasm, which, if we do not applaud, we care not to reprehend. He is an advocate for vegetable diet. For this he stands up manfully, and as the best interests of society, if he is right, are connected with the adoption of his views on the subject, it may be well to let him speak for himself. After rather an elaborate description of "The breathing, moving wonder—man," he tells us—

"The thousands who have adopted the vegetable and water diet find themselves the better in health for having so done; we are, therefore, warranted in supposing their longevity will be the greater for it. And the greater portion of those celebrated for their extraordinary age have all been, more or less, more than usually temperate and simple in their diet, have approached, more or less, more than usual, in fact, to the vegetarian diet. Thousands of cases in point might be brought forward, but let the following suffice:—Jenkins and Parr were both exceedingly temperate and simple in their diet, they were almost strict vegetarians and 'teetotalers.' And it is well known that it was the opinion of the medical men of the times, from a *post-mortem* examination of his body, that the latter would have lived much longer than he really did, had he not been absolutely killed by having his own wonted simple diet changed for that of the Court of King Charles II.

"We have now seen, I think, that vegetable diet is best, in, at least, as far as the foundation or the body is concerned. We will next consider it in connexion with man's animal nature. It is not well known that a rich diet, as it is termed (for it should rather be called a gross one), inflames the blood, as the expression is—unduly stimulating the passions, and at the same time clouding the intellect, and, moreover, seeming also to dull the moral feelings. Wines and spirits are proverbial for disposing to anger; and various sorts of animal food for stimulating Nature's most ungovernable tendency—a tendency sufficiently powerful of itself—a tendency which, given way to improperly and intemperately, is a source of the most

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frightful woes. Children, displaying untimely activity of the instinct referred to, have been quite cured by a purer diet.

* * * *

"With respect to the question in its higher, and perhaps more important point of view, namely, as it respects man's moral nature;—among the lower animals, the most gentle are those living on vegetables; and the most amiable and gentle of the human race are the vegetable-eating Hindoos. The slaughtering of the lower animals naturally tends to stimulate the animal passions, and to deaden the moral tendencies. The wholesale and universal slaughter of animals for amusement, and for the gratification of depraved appetite, and a thousand other similar things now tolerated—for instance, the cruel lashing of the noble horse to goad him to draw loads, perhaps beyond his strength—the non-checking of children, when destroying living creatures for mere amusement, or even their encouragement in it by their elders, by actual example—must not this all tend to make man selfish? to look upon himself and self-gratification as everything, and the feeling of other creatures as nothing—as created for the gratification of his own whims and caprices, and gross appetites? And he naturally comes to regard his fellow-man in much the same light; and is prepared by this bloody and cruel education for the ensanguined battle-field itself.

"It may be said that we cannot drink a draught of water without destroying myriads of living creatures, nor walk in a field without crushing creatures innumerable beneath our thoughtless footsteps; but to these and such like arguments I would answer thus:—can it possibly have as searing an effect on the feelings to destroy involuntarily that which we neither see nor think of, and what, moreover, we cannot by any possibility avoid destroying, as to cruelly slaughter creatures associated with all that is most beautiful in nature—creatures endeared to us by association—creatures which have been, perhaps, our pets and companions, and which we can avoid destroying? creatures whose cries of agony we can but too plainly hear, and whose convulsive writhings are but too visible, whose blood stains our fingers."

In the subsequent extracts some remarkable facts will be found.

"To consider man anatomically, he is decidedly a vegetable-eating animal. He is constructed like no flesh-eating animal, but like all vegetable-eating animals. He has not teeth and claws like the lion, the tiger, or the cat, but his teeth are short and smooth, like those of the horse, the cow, and the fruit-eating animals; and his hand is evidently intended to pluck the fruit, not to seize and rend his fellow-animals. What animal does man most resemble in every respect? The ape tribes: frugiverous animals. Doves and sheep by being fed on animal food (and they may be, as has been fully proved), will come to refuse their natural food: thus has it been with man. On the contrary, even cats may be brought up to live on vegetable food so that they will not touch any sort of flesh, and yet be quite vigorous and sleek. Such cats will kill their natural prey, just as other cats, but will refuse them as food. Man is naturally a vegetable-eating animal; how, then, could he possibly be injured by abstinence from flesh? A man, by way of experiment, was made to live entirely on animal food; after having persevered ten days, symptoms of incipient putrefaction began to manifest themselves. Dr Lambe, of London, has lived for the last thirty years on a diet of vegetable food. He commenced when he was about fifty years of age, so he is now about eighty, rather more, I believe, and is still healthy and vigorous. The writer of the 'Oriental Annual' mentions that the Hindoos, among whom he travelled, were so free from any tendency to inflammation, that he has seen cases of compound fracture of the skull among them, yet the patient to be at his work, as if nothing ailed him, at the end of three days. How different is it with our flesh-eating, porter-swilling London brewers: a scratch is almost death to them."

Adventures of Telemachus. Translated by Dr Hawkesworth. Willoughby and Co. Though a cheap, this is a very superior edition. It opens with a life of Fénélon. It is handsomely printed, and it is illustrated with more than a hundred woodcuts, many of which are very beautiful. Of this we give one as a specimen, though it ought to be added machine printing can hardly do justice to the elaborate style of the engraving.

Telemachus is one of a series of cheap publications. They are thus enumerated by a London contemporary:—

"'Robinson Crusoe,' with three hundred woodcuts, beautifully executed by an eminent artist, is issued at ten shillings; 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' with two hundred engravings, six shillings; 'Asmodeus,' with two hundred cuts by Tony Johannot, six shillings; 'The Life of Napoleon,' with five hundred engravings by Horace Vernet, and twenty original portraits by Jacque, seventeen shillings; 'Gil Blas,' with five hundred engravings by Gigoux, twelve shillings and sixpence; 'Telemachus,' translated by Dr Hawkesworth, and illustrated with about a hundred and eighty first-rate woodcuts, eight shillings; and 'Mythology of the Ancients,' embellished with two hundred and odd engravings, six shillings. All these works are printed in the demy octavo form, upon beautiful paper, and are bound in cloth, figured and lettered, and with gilt edges. We have been thus particular in giving an account of these works in detail, because we conceive that they constitute invaluable presents for parents to bestow upon their children. The 'Heathen Mythology' is an admirable work, being weeded of all indecencies, and rendered suitable to the germinating intelligence of the youth of both sexes. Mr G. Moir Bussey observes with much elegance and feeling:—'The

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TELEMACHUS AND NARBAL.

Mythology of the ancients is one long romance in itself, full of poetry and passion, a mysterious compound of supernatural wonders and of human thoughts and feelings. It entrances us by its marvels in childhood; and in manhood we ponder over it, if not with the same rapturous delight as formerly, yet at least with such a sense of pleasure as that inspired by the perusal of a magnificent poem—the product of immortal mind, refreshing, invigorating, exalting. Beauty and strength—the might of man, and the majesty and sublimity of the misunderstood intelligences of the godhead, not only constituted the worship of the Greeks of old, but governed their lives, their actions, their laws, and the very aspirations of their

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hearts. They arrived at excellence in the highest, in order that their statues might be installed in their national temples as those of demi-gods, and the struggle brought them sufficient knowledge and energy to win deathless renown among men. All that they achieved, all that they meditated, bespeak the soaring of a race bent upon conquering every obstacle —natural or artificial—which stood between them and absolute perfection, whether in legislation, in philosophy, in art, in science, in poetry, in war, or in dominion.' Such is the charming description of heathen 'Mythology;' and we now recommend to universal notice the volume in which its incidents are condensed."

To this praise we cordially subscribe.

ON READING OF THE EXCELLENT PROVISION MADE FOR MR BUCKINGHAM IN THE FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

THOUGH patriots never care for pelf,
They do not number one neglect,
And taking good care of himself,
Great "*Buckingham* grows circumspect."

The Gatherer.

Covent Garden Theatre.—The opening of the fourth or fifth season this autumn is not announced. Mr Wallack retained possession in opposition to the wishes of the proprietors. His continuing to hold on he thus explained:

Here good for evil you may see;
A manager of *nous*
I, if the house will not *keep me*,
Resolve *to keep the house*.

Peace has now been concluded, and the doors are to be again opened, it is said, for *his benefit*.

A Second Lord Mayor's Show.—The day after Lord Mayor's show, the citizens were astounded to see something like a repetition of the grand pageant of their monarch. Every one wondered. Strange signs and portents were spoken of, when the whole business was explained to be neither more nor less than a puff for one of the pictorial newspapers!

A Good Hint to Railway Directors.—We find the following in the Brussels papers: "The public are informed that from the 25th of October instant, the open carriages will be withdrawn from railways, and covered carriages substituted for them during the winter." English directors make their second and third class carriages as uncomfortable as possible, to compel passengers to go in the first.

Corn Tax in Holland.—There is a tax on grinding corn at the mill in Holland. It was extended by the Dutch government to Belgium, and proved one of the main causes publicly stated to have brought about the barricades of Brussels, the revolution of 1830, and the ultimate separation of the two countries.

Russian Policy.—Russia situated between four tottering yet extensive powers, Persia, Turkey, Japan, and China, she waits to absorb them at her leisure. It is there she will try to recruit her legions of disciplined slaves when the progress of civilization shall diminish the sources of her present supply.

Reading aloud.—A modern critic says—The habit of reading well aloud should be encouraged in schools, both to discover whether the meaning be fully understood by the reader, and to produce an accomplishment of more extensive utility to others than even music, that of presenting the views of an author by reading, so as to give them all their force.

Sepulchral Arrangement.—In the East the difference between the sexes is observed in the grave. In family vaults there is generally a partition wall to divide the remains of the women from those of the men; and in Medina it is not allowed to a male pilgrim to enter the sepulchre in which repose the female members of the prophet's family.

Good Manners in Egypt.—In most Egyptian houses the ground floor belongs to the male portion of the family; the women are carefully boxed up in the upper stories. Thither no stranger of the ruder sex may venture; or even if invited so to do, he is bound to announce his approach by an audible exclamation of *destur* (by your leave).

Anecdote of General Kosciusko. — Kosciusko wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn, and gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse he himself usually rode. On his return Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered, "when a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money, I was obliged to make belief to give something, in order to satisfy the horse."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Candour" is thanked for his hints. Several original tales of great interest are about to appear.

With some slight alteration, "Ten years to come" is intended for early insertion.

The 'Glories of Spring' are pretty, but deficient in novelty.

We hope shortly to gratify our correspondents who are so anxious for further notices of 'Natural Magic.'

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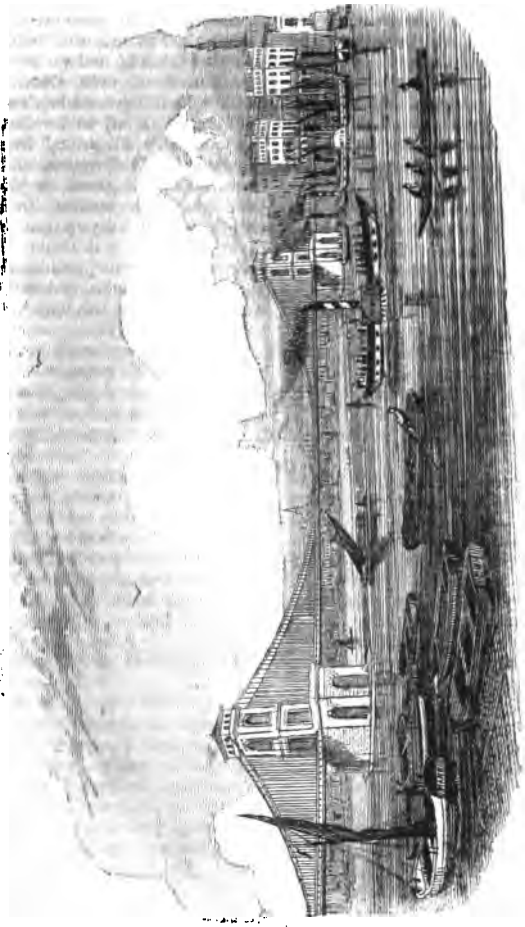
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 22.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1843. [VOL. II. 1843.



THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT HUNGERFORD MARKET.

Original Communications.

HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

THE public will be rather taken by surprise to find that the new bridge from Hungerford market to Lambeth is on the point of being completed. Remembering, as many inhabitants of this vast city must, how many years the Vauxhall and Waterloo bridges were apparently in a more forward state before they could be announced as nearly finished, every one must be struck with the contrast now supplied when the Hungerford-market bridge, which careless observers would regard as little more than commenced, is found to be so far advanced that the public may expect to be in possession of their new thoroughfare across the Thames before next Midsummer.

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From the glyphographic drawing annexed, it will be seen that the new structure will be what is called "a suspension bridge." It will stand about midway between Westminster and Waterloo bridges.

The idea of a bridge over the Thames coming before the public on a sudden, seems almost as extravagant as the building of a palace in a single night by means of *Aladdin's* lamp. We can only say in explanation, that the two piers standing in the river are nearly all that can arrest attention in the present state of the works. More, much more, those who have watched the progress of the other bridges of the metropolis, would naturally conclude must be seen, long before the several parts could be connected. But let the inquirer pass from Hungerford to the wharf opposite, and there he will find that the *ribs*, the *saddles*, and all the iron work necessary to finish the undertaking have been silently provided. Every piece is distinctly marked, and kept in such admirable order, that when the pier on the Lambeth side is done, which will be about Christmas, it is confidently declared that the ironwork can be put together with little labour, and with such rapidity that the structure will be in every respect complete by next June, if not sooner.

It need hardly here be repeated, that the bridge is not for carriages, but for foot passengers exclusively.

Some doubts have been thrown out as to the utility of such an erection while Westminster bridge is gratuitously open, and Waterloo bridge, which may be crossed for a halfpenny, are so near. It, however, appears that it is not on the profits derived from those who go over it that this undertaking will mainly depend. Originally it was intended to build a pier for the convenience of the numerous steam boats that leave Hungerford stairs. This bridge will supply that desideratum, a commodious approach for the accommodation of those who are about to embark, and the rickety, wooden temporary *in*-convenience by which the boats are now reached will be removed. The bridge is to be entered from the gallery over the floor of the market. Combining the advantages of a well-frequented pier with those of an important and commodious thoroughfare from the Strand to the York road, Lambeth, it may be found both useful to the public and largely remunerative to the proprietors, which we fear the larger bridges have not proved as yet. The erection when completed promises to be one of equal elegance and solidity.

What the name of it will be we may almost be excused for saying its projectors and proprietors themselves cannot be expected to know. We cannot tell why, but bridges are very much in the habit of losing those appellations by which it is in the first instance proposed that they shall be known. When the foundation stone of Blackfriars bridge was laid, an inscription was deposited with it, which stated the building, when finished, would be called "Pitt bridge." In like manner, Vauxhall bridge was intended to be known as "Regent's bridge." In these cases the statesman and the ruler intended to be honoured were put aside, and the bridges were called after places with which they were connected. The magnificent erection by Somerset house, on the contrary, intended to be called "Strand bridge," was subsequently proposed to be distinguished by the name of "Waterloo," in compliment to the Duke of Wellington. All London, we may say all England, acquiesced, and it will, doubtless, continue to be known by that name so long as one stone remains upon another.

From pier to pier, the length of the Hungerford bridge will be 600 feet; the entire extent 1,440 feet; and its height, from the water level to the footway, 28 feet. The height of each pier will be nearly 100 feet. The links that compose the supporting chains are made of malleable iron, and the weight will not be less than 700 tons. The property required to make the approaches will cost 13,000*l.*; and the bridge itself 80,000*l.* Including incidental expenses, those for obtaining the Act of Parliament, &c., the total cost will be 106,000*l.* It has been calculated that the tolls collected may, when the bridge is fully at work, be expected to give a profit to the proprietors of eight per cent. on their outlay.

THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(*Continued from p.* 329.)

Deeply and memorably affecting was the scene which followed. Arrived at the place of execution, each victim was anxious to suffer first. The son presented himself to the axe, and begged that it might descend on him, leaving his father as many moments of life as the instruments of the tyrant dared to concede. But the prince claimed the sad privilege of leading the way to the tomb, and so earnestly prayed to be spared the shock of seeing the blood of his offspring shed, that the son gave up the point. He saw his father fall. The head was severed from the body, and the young man, witness of the awful deed, the moment after sprang forward, and eagerly kissed the venerated, but now lifeless features, and was thus engaged when the fatal blow was struck which laid him lifeless by the side of his parent's remains. Four other princes were beheaded in the same day, and one was impaled.

The shedding of blood seems really to

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intoxicate as well as brutalise. The career of most tyrants will be found to be marked by absurdities not less startling than their crimes were enormous. The wretched Ivan, proceeding in his career of wickedness, indulged in unimaginable extravagances, and the horrid was frequently found associated with the ridiculous. The select legion, which was to have consisted of a thousand persons of birth and importance, was increased to six thousand, and in this fearful body the lowest and most infamous of the mob were freely admitted. They were encouraged to commit every sort of excess. More than ten thousand householders were driven from their dwellings that the Strelitzes might be well lodged. They plundered with impunity, and brought forward charges which were wholly false, to gain an order for wholesale confiscation. To render their appearance more striking, a *dog's head* and a *broom* were ordered to be suspended from their saddle bows, to indicate that it was their province to *worry* the enemies of their master, and to *sweep* them from the face of the earth.

The magnificent Kremlin was not sufficient to satisfy the despot's pride, and by his command a new palace was built outside its limits, which was provided with bulwarks like a fortress. Its aspect was most formidable, and by commanders of that period it was pronounced to be impregnable; but fear, which uniformly pursues guilt, whispered to Ivan that within its walls he was not secure. To Alexandrovsky, to which he had withdrawn on the occasion of his threatened abdication, he determined to return. There palaces, churches, and houses, were soon seen in the course of erection, and the humble village was changed into a large town. The church of Our Lady was a splendid object. It was painted outside of the most dazzling colours, and enriched with gold and silver, while every brick presented a representation of the cross. Never was that religion which breathes "Peace upon earth and goodwill to men" more outrageously mocked than it was by this fiend in human form. While Ivan reposed in a splendid palace, defended by a ditch and a rampart, and while all persons were prohibited from leaving or entering the town without his express permission, and patrols constantly surrounded it to enforce this mandate, and while the most abominable sensuality was indulged in from day to day, Ivan affected to establish a monastery, and styled his favourite companions in riot and dissipation monks, and himself their abbot. Nor was this merely an irreverent jest; he made the brothers, as his Bacchanalian crew were called, go through the most solemn exercises of the church, and Prince Skuratof received the title of Sacristan.

It was his pleasure that this new order should be most splendid in its appearance, and for that purpose habits embroidered with fur and gold were provided, and at the same time he was as strict in his observances as if the most fervent piety had animated his bosom. It would almost seem as if the sacrilegious monster had cheated himself into a belief that the sins against reason and humanity, in the perpetration of which he was daily engaged, were to be atoned for by the solemnities he practised. At three o'clock in the morning he left his bed and repaired with his children and the sacristan to the church, in order to ring the bell, which was to call the brothers to matins. Any monk who dared to absent himself was punished with imprisonment for a week. Prayers were then read, and a service, which lasted from three to four hours, was performed. Ivan engaged in it with the zeal of a pious enthusiast, whose every thought was fixed on the glories of a better world. He sung and prayed, and repeatedly prostrated himself on the floor, and that with such energy that his forehead was often severely bruised. At eight o'clock the farce was resumed, and mass was celebrated. At ten the fraternity sat down to table, with the exception of Ivan, who remained standing, and read to them from some pious book, to assist, even while they were feasting, the progress of their souls in grace. They fared sumptuously, and the remains of their repast were sent to the market place and given to the poor. To mark his humility, the abbot dined after the rest of the fraternity, and then he would converse with them on spiritual affairs, and on the steps proper to be taken with a view to the salvation of their immortal part, in order "to make their calling and election sure."

Few readers will be prepared for what was to follow these devout exercises. His prayers ended, the Czar descended into the dungeons of his prison, to see the torture inflicted on the wretches who languished there. His ingenuity assisted the ministers of his wrath, and, prompted by him, the tormenters often succeeded in causing the unhappy captives to experience a more awful thrill of intolerable agony than their own unaided labours would have inflicted. From this scene, which might have appalled a demon, he withdrew, apparently much cheered by what he had witnessed. The sufferings of the victims furnished him with mirthful themes to heighten the gaiety of his evening, which, as might be expected with one who rose so early, was short. Vespers were read at eight o'clock, and shortly after he retired to his bed chamber, where three blind men, skilled in the art of story-telling, attended to lull him to repose; but com-

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monly he directed that he should be roused from his slumbers at midnight, in order that he might commence the new day by humbling himself before the mighty being, his Creator, whom he lived but to outrage.

Such was the singular construction of this man's mind! But that his deeds were so unequivocally atrocious that charity cannot regard them as anything less than monstrous crimes, they would almost have been supposed to proceed from inspirations, or at least from virtuous error. But, alas! while singing the matin song, while in the very act of claiming mercy from above, he would issue his orders for remorseless butchery on earth. To torture and murder his fellow men, with the amusement of bear-hunting, were the great delights of his life. The former luxury never seemed to cloy. He went forward

"As if increase of appetite
Had grown on what it fed on."

His fatal orders were issued from Alexandrovsky; havock was the word, and princes, nobles, and substantial citizens fell in every direction. The ferocious Strelitzes, from day to day growing bolder under his protection, increased the number of their victims. Not fewer than twenty *per diem* are said thus to have perished, and, to gratify Ivan and his unworthy favourites, the unburied bodies were left as decorations of the streets and squares through which they occasionally passed, till decomposition had more than commenced.

Against these appalling deeds Philip, the new metropolitan, who had been compelled by the Czar to quit a desert island which he had chosen for his residence, was the only man who had the courage and the virtue to remonstrate. He ventured to point out to the despot the evil consequences which they were likely to produce here, as well as the tremendous punishment which might be expected to meet them in the world to come. For this the good man was thrown into prison, and treated with great severity. The morose tyrant, far from profiting by the sage council which had been given, now determined to extend the scale of his operations, and, not satisfied with shedding the blood of individuals, he aspired to signalize himself by destroying a whole community. At a fair held at Torjek, a quarrel occurred between a few of the select legion and some of the townsmen, and for this the whole of the inhabitants were denounced as traitors. The six thousand Strelitzes were let loose. Many of the people were inhumanly tortured, and many more were drowned. At Kolomna similar scenes were acted, and the ladies doomed to die were first stripped naked, exposed to the gaze of the populace, and then shot. This wanton barbarity was not confined to the place which has been named. In Moscow the wife of an obnoxious boyard was often compelled, when he passed in procession, to appear in a state of nudity. Scenes equally offensive to decorum marked the pageants of the monarchs of France in the preceding century, but these were not inflictions on women of character. If disorderly females for pastime or pay appeared in several public scenes, their attendance was always voluntary.

In the year 1569 a native of Volhynia, named Peter, who for gross misconduct had been punished by the authorities of Novgorod, panting for revenge, determined to make the suspicious Czar believe that those who had incurred his hatred were in correspondence with the King of Poland, and contemplated putting themselves under his protection. He forged a letter to that monarch, purporting to be written by the Archbishop of Novgorod in the name of the inhabitants. He contrived to get it placed behind the figure of the Virgin in the church of St Sophia, and in due time the paper was found, and the Czar informed of all the particulars of the pretended conspiracy. This was enough for Ivan. Sentence was pronounced against the whole city, and on the 29th December, 1569, he left Alexandrovsky, accompanied by his son and the select legion, in order to execute the scheme of hellish vengeance which he had resolved to carry into effect against the inhabitants. Not to lose time, he exterminated the whole population of one or two towns on his way, and at Twer, where the metropolitan lately deposed resided in a monastery, Ivan's confident and mock secretary, Skuratof, saw the unhappy ecclesiastic, and strangled him in his cell.

Ivan did not himself enter Twer, but established himself at a neighbouring monastery, where he remained five or six days. His soldiers, however, pillaged the town, and in resentment of the admonition their master had received from the metropolitan, their fury was especially directed against the clergy. A catalogue of horrors is now presented to us, which the eye shudders to look upon, which have the air of being too extravagant for romance, though unhappily they are well attested as forming part of real history. Not only was property of every kind seized and carried away, but the ferocious Strelitzes made torturing and hanging the helpless inhabitants their daily pastime. The Polish prisoners who were there confined were brought out and slaughtered in cold blood; some were shot, some cut in pieces, and others drowned in the Volga, and all this was but the prologue to the memorable tragedy which remained to be acted at Moscow.

(To be continued.)

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RELICS OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

The *Counterpane* which covered the bed of Charles I at St James's Palace, the night before his execution, and which is made of a thick blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver, in a deep border, was used by the family of Champneys, of Orchardleigh, near Frome, Somersetshire, as a christening mantle, from the period it came into their possession, by marriage with the sole heiress of the Chandlers of Camon's hall, near Fareham, in Hampshire—a family connected with Cromwell. The *Sword-belt* of the unfortunate king is also at Orchardleigh house.

The *Prayer Book* of King Charles, and used by him on the morning of his execution, was sold by auction, May 17, 1825, by Mr Thomas, of King street, Covent garden: it was printed partly in black letter, of folio size, bound in russia, originally purple, but very much faded, with arms on the cover in gold, of the Elector Palatine, afterwards King of Bohemia, empaling the arms of his wife, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, and sister of Charles I. The title-page was wanting. On the leaf of the preface was written, "King Charles the First's own prayer book;" and "*Ex Libris Biblioth. presby. Dumf. Ex dono Joan Hutton, M.D.*, 1714." On the title-page of the Psalter was "*Carolus R.*" supposed to have been the autograph of Charles. This book is reported to have been given by the king to Dr Juxon, who attended him on the scaffold. It was sold to a Mr Slator, for one hundred pounds.

The *Chair used by Charles I during his Trial.* This attractive curiosity was also placed for the king's accommodation upon the scaffold at Whitehall. It has a long seat and high back, and is covered with deep crimson velvet, a footstool being attached to it of corresponding style and material. It was exhibited at the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, February, 1840.

The *Pocket Handkerchief of Charles I* was purchased some years since by a silversmith of Bath, at the sale of the effects of W. M. Pitt, Esq., of Dorchester; it was of fine white cambric, and neatly marked with the imperial crown and the initials "C. R." It was accompanied by the following certificates:—"This was King Charles the First's Handkerchief that he had on the scaffold when he was beheaded, January ye 30th, 1648.—From my cousin Anne Foyle, 1733."—"Certificate by me, July 25, 1828—W. M. Pitt:—as to the authenticity of the fact, I can only state that I was informed by my father, that Mrs Anne Foyle was a cousin of his mother's, whose father was much attached to the king; was present at his death, and obtained by some means or other, this handkerchief; from her father she obtained it, and gave it to my grandmother, Lora Pitt, as is stated on the cover herein inclosed: the endorsement was written ninety years after the event took place, and my grandmother was born in the reign of Charles the Second. I myself know that that endorsement is the handwriting of my grandmother, who evidently believed it to be true; and this I write ninety years also after the writing of that endorsement by my grandmother."

The *Satin Cap worn by Charles I at the time of his Execution.* It appears that this melancholy relic, after having been in the possession of Bishop Juxon, came into that of Sir — Hungerford, standard bearer to Charles I, and afterwards into the family of the Innocents, of Great Newport street, Leicester square, London, who, it is said, retained it for upwards of one hundred years. It next became the property of General Crewe, who gave 70*l.* for it; and, lastly, that of the Rev. Edward Leigh, of Painton, whose executors offered it for sale, 1843. There was an old written paper fastened to the cap, stating it to be the identical one worn by Charles at his execution.

The *Watch and Shirt* belonging to Charles I* came into the possession of the Hon. Bertram Ashburnham, who, by his will, dated 16th June, 1733, bequeathed them to the church of Ashburnham, Sussex, as appears by the following extract: "And I desire and direct my executor or executors, soon after my decease, to deliver the watch and shirt which are now in my custody, and formerly belonged to his Majesty, King Charles I, to the minister of the church of Ashburnham aforesaid, in order to be deposited among the plate and linen belonging to the said church, where I desire and direct the same may remain for ever." They were deposited accordingly in the chancel of the church; but, some rogue contriving to steal the outward case of the watch, they can only be seen now through the medium of a glass case.

The *Linen Chest of Charles I* is in the possession of the writer of this memoir: the inside is lined with pink silk, and the

* On the morning of his execution, Charles awaking, after four hours' sound sleep, called Herbert, who was lying by the side of his master's bed, saying to him: "This is my second wedding-day: I would be as trim as may be." He then appointed what clothes he would wear. "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary by reason the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake,† which some observers may imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation."—*Herbert's Memoirs*, p. 127, 8vo. 1702.

As the shirt in Ashburnham church has the stain of blood on it, most probably it was the one worn over the under-shirt.

† Whilst Bailly, the mayor of Paris, was ascending the steps of the scaffold to be executed (1793), a soldier accosted him, saying, "You tremble!" "No, my friend," replied Bailly, "I only shake with cold."

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outside covered with crimson leather, strongly studded with nails, tastefully disposed: on the lid is an imperial crown, with "C. R." also formed of gilt nails: the key is of polished steel, the top forming two C's curiously ornamented.

At the sale of the late Mr Heber's extensive library, 1836, the *Dying Speech* of King Charles, with some others of celebrated persons, bound in black leather, brought the sum of 50*l*. G. S.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Letter IV.

MULL, STAFFA, AND IONA.

My Dear Brother,—Oban is a town situated on the north-west coast of Argyllshire, in the centre of a noble bay, with the Island of Kerrera immediately opposite, and the wild and rocky Island of Mull behind Kerrera, with the waters of Loch Linnhe on the right running into the Sound of Mull, and on the left Jura and Islay stretching away to the wide Atlantic. This place is much frequented by tourists through the western Highlands, because it lies on the route from Inverary to Fort William, and thence by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, and more still, perhaps, because it is the starting point for a visit to Staffa and Iona. During the season, steamers are daily passing between Oban and Glasgow. They come by Loch Fine, which they pass up as far as Loch Gilphead, where there is a canal cut across the narrow neck of land which connects the loch with the Sound of Jura, called the Crinan Canal, and thence up that Sound to Oban. On alternate days one steamer runs to Fort William, and another to Staffa and Iona. Yachts may also be had here, for a week or a month, and on very moderate terms; I believe ten guineas is the price for the latter period. This would be a very pleasant mode for a party of friends to adopt, provided always they are not limited for time. They might touch *where*, and remain as long as, they pleased, and scour the whole Hebrides from Islay to Skye, and even, if they thought fit, Harris and Lewis themselves. But we were on other "thoughts intent." No deer-stalking in Skye, or Hebridean tour, after the style of old Samuel Johnson, were in our plans of operation; but Fort William was our limit, north and west. Among the *indispensable* things to be done, however, in my designs, was a visit to those marvellous islands which Science and Literature, through the oracular mouths of their *then* high priests, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr Johnson, revealed to the gaze and interest of an admiring world. Accordingly I went on board the steamer at six o'clock in the morning, after our arrival at Oban (K—— not accompanying me, as he had already been *twice*, and felt disposed for a quiet day). The day was stated by the captain to have been the finest in the season. It was not one of your gorgeous, sun-illuminated, but haze-smothered days, when you can see no distance, but one of those delightful days in September, when the air is cool and the atmosphere is clearness itself. The packet fare is one pound five shillings; rather high, you will doubtless think, for a day's voyage; but that day, you will remember, lasts *fifteen hours*, during which you pass some of the very finest coast scenery in the world, and your packet is not filled like a Clyde or Greenwich steamer. I dare say, however, that as the tour becomes more and more known in the south, the pressure of visitors will enable the proprietors to reduce the charge. The accommodation is excellent, and this mode of viewing the scenery you pass as admirable as possible, with the exception of the bagpipes, which are incessantly played during the day, and most Englishmen will feel like me, totally at variance with the steward of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, "who was so specially fond of the pipes." You are delayed by nothing; but on you go, hour after hour, with unerring certainty, and with a continually changing prospect. There is none of the inconvenience experienced by Dr Johnson seventy years ago: "Here the violence of the weather confined us for some time. We would very willingly have visited the islands, *which might be seen from the house* scattered in the sea, and I was *particularly desirous* to have viewed Isay, but the storms did not permit us to *launch a boat*, and we were condemned to *listen in idleness* to the wind, except when we were better engaged in listening to the ladies."—('Tour to the Hebrides,' Dunvegan.)

Who, by-the-bye, after that last line, shall say that the Doctor was *a bear*? But the substantial inconvenience of delay, perhaps for days, in visiting the islands of that stormy and uncertain sea, is gone. It is no longer necessary to "launch a boat," nor even to be dependent on a yacht; but the unfailing steamer performs with certainty the task it undertakes, and shows you the whole magnificent panorama in an autumn day. And what a panorama! Much, indeed, I anticipated, but more I enjoyed; much I had expected to see, but more I saw. You must follow me with the map of Western Scotland before you; you must have the chart in your hand to understand the bearings of our voyage. We first passed the ruins of Dunolly Castle, which I mentioned to you in my last letter as the former residence of the MacDougalls of Lorn, and which is situated on one point of the bay, formed by the Island of Kerrera, on which Oban is centrically placed.

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Near this point the waters of the wild and interesting Loch Etive flow into the sea; and separating the mouths of the two lochs, Etive and Linnhe, is the Island of Lismore, at the southern end of which is, what is a very necessary thing in that spot, a fine lighthouse. After passing that island, anciently the seat of the bishops of Argyll, you cross the mouth of Loch Linnhe, which is a very noble specimen of lake scenery, and is the terminating loch of the remarkable line of lochs which traverse Scotland between Fort William and Inverness, and now artificially connected by the Caledonian Canal. You are then in the Sound of Mull, and beginning your excursion round that island, which you sail completely round before the termination of your voyage. The Sound forms one of the four sides of the island. Here is the land of poetry and romance, indeed! On your right are the hills of Morvern, so often celebrated in 'Ossian;' although I confess I did not look on them with any of that interest which other scenes in that remarkable district gave me, from having been celebrated by a *true* genius, because you and I have long made up our minds to the imposition and quackery of Macpherson; and notwithstanding Napoleon's preposterous admiration of Ossian, I own for one I think the great bulk of it sad rant. But if Ossian is not Homer, Scotland has had a bard, who arose in a civilized age, to transmit to the most distant times a memory and interest for her wildest and most rocky scenes; and for the generation of untamed and desperate men, which for ages lived amongst them,—albeit now happily passed away, and only existing in the undying pages of the 'Minstrel.' The scenes through which you pass on this voyage I need not tell you are the *locality* of that delightful poem, the 'Lord of the Isles;' and not far up the Sound is Artornish Castle, which makes such a figure in the opening of that poem, and was long the stronghold of those petty sovereigns, the Lords of the Isles. At the termination of the Sound, on the right-hand side, which is the mainland of Inverness-shire, and the extremest point of land on the western coast of Scotland, are the hills of Ardnamurchan, which stretch out into ocean's bed full many a league, and serve as a rampart against the surges of the wild Atlantic. For miles and miles their towering crests are seen before you as you come up the Sound, and turn the northern point of the Isle of Mull; and wilder and wilder they look as you approach them—apparently only the residence of the eagle and the cormorant. What a country is this! No wonder that man, unconnected with his fellows of a happier climate, became as savage as the scene, and yet would not exchange the fiery independence his inaccessible mountains gave him for all the beauties of brighter skies and civilized life!

"No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms these torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest."*

And yet, as the poet truly adds, as the moral to his fine picture:—

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which left him to the storms;
And as a child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountain more!"

When you reach Ardnamurchan point, on a fine day, you see distinctly the peaked hills of the Isles of Skye, Rum, and Eig, which form a very bold outline. In the course of that day we saw a hundred miles, from the hills of Skye to the Rhinns of Islay. You then turn southward, and pass along the side of Mull, opposite the Sound, being in fact in the Atlantic ocean, and leaving Coll and Tiree on your right. All the islands I have named to you in the last three sentences have been described by Dr Johnson, as you know, in his interesting and admirable tour. The Island of Mull is a great grazing district; a large quantity of cattle are annually exported, and so little of the land is laid out in tillage, that grain is imported for the consumption of the inhabitants. We touched at Tobermory, which is the chief place in the island, pleasantly situated in a fine bay in the Sound. After coasting for a couple of hours along the Isle of Mull, which on the western side presents a wild and rocky front to the sea, always invading it, our expectations were strongly excited about mid-day, by a distant glimpse of Staffa and Iona, standing out in the ocean. I strained my eyes to discover them, and gradually we approached during an hour's run, which eventually brought us there. We did not near the Island of Staffa, which is the first you see that way, on the proper side. You should approach from Iona, and then the Cave of Fingal is seen in its grandeur, as you have the entrance full before you. The arrangements are well made, so that you land in boats from the steamer, which is moored alongside, at one of the caves, called the Clamshell. The rocks are not in this part of the island high, upright columns, but ribbed like the timbers of a ship. We all climbed along, both sexes and all ages, to *the* wonder of wonders—nature's miracle—Fingal's Cave! There is this remarkable circumstance about the cave, that though one of the most marvellous of nature's works, so that if a man should see it for the first time without being apprised of it, he would be overwhelmed with the sensation of its sub-

* The 'Traveller.'

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limity; it is *the* thing of which you can form the nearest conception. It was almost exactly what I expected to see. The cave runs two hundred and fifty feet, with columnar rocks of basalt, sixty or seventy feet high, and the sea eternally breaking and moaning against those picturesque pillars, which seem to stand the memorials of a former world. The description of Scotland's poet is the only adequate one, and will bear repetition for the thousandth time :—

"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay,
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose,
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome;
Where as to shame the temples deckt
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Nor for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone, prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers, that stately shrine,
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!'"

Doubtless there is a continuous basaltic substratum across the seas from Staffa to the Giant's Causeway and thence far inland.*

The island of Staffa is about two miles in circumference, and is depastured in summer by black cattle. About ten miles distant is *Iona*, meaning, according to the picturesque language of the Gael, the Island of the waves, and *Icolmkill*, meaning the Island of the cell of St Columba. Here we again landed, and I own I was somewhat disappointed, although unreasonably, for if I only saw ruins and a wretched 'clachan' of fishermen, what else was I to expect? The whole interest of the scene was moral, and that at any rate was intense. The site, however, of the celebrated monastery and cathedral is very grand. On your left is the distant Staffa, and on the right the isles of Jura and Colonsay,—and before you the wild rocks of Mull, tenanted only by the cormorant, and around you the Atlantic ocean. The enthusiasm of Dr Johnson was so strongly roused when treading this celebrated island, that it developed itself in a passage of eloquence which is, in our opinion, you know, the finest in all the Johnsonian declamations:—"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over ground which has been dignified by wisdom, learning, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." The Doctor afterwards minutely and agreeably describes the monumental ruins, and adds a passage not generally known on the important point of Iona being the site of interment of the Scottish kings. "Iona," he says, "has long enjoyed, *without any very credible attestation*, the honour of being reputed the cemetery of the Scottish kings. It is not unlikely, that when the opinion of local sanctity was very prevalent, the chieftains of the isles, and perhaps some of the Norwegian and Irish princes, were deposited in this venerable enclosure; but by whom the subterraneous vaults are peopled is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and some of them undoubtedly contain the remains *of men who did not expect to be so soon forgotten.*"

After leaving Iona, we came in sight of Colonsay, and then turning our course by the southern side of Mull, had Jura on our right, with Ben Cruachan distinctly visible in the distance. All the coast scenery on both sides is peculiarly bold and rocky, and the cliffs stand up like battlemented castles from the deep in a succession of many a mile. Eventually, at nine o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Oban, after a day enjoyed, by me at least for one, as one of the most interesting it has ever been my good fortune to spend, and I felt, indeed, after the intensely-exciting scenery we had been passing, and the instructive "lessons on objects" we had been taking for fifteen hours, that on retiring to rest on *that* day, at any rate, I might conscientiously say, "Diem *non* perdidi!"

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED.

* A few years ago two gentlemen, one from Edinburgh and another from London, went from Mull to Staffa in an open boat; and it being then fine weather, sent the boat back. A storm, however, arose, which continued for some days, so that the boat could not return. The gentlemen were obliged to kill a sheep, and lighted a fire with the lucifer matches for their cigars, sleeping in one of the caves.

Science Rewarded.—It is with pleasure we announce that a pension of 200*l.* a year has been granted by her Majesty to Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Astronomy, and President of the Royal Irish Academy.—Rumours are current that the Presidency of King's College, London, is about to be given to Dr Mill, formerly President of Bishop's College, Calcutta.

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Arms. Or three eagles displayed, purple,
Crest. On a ducal coronet or, an eagle rising, purple.
Supporters. Two eagles, wings endorsed, purple, each sustaining with the interior claws a banner of St George, tasselled or, the staves enfiled with a naval coronet of the last.
Motto. "Non generant aquilæ columbas." "*Eagles do not generate doves.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RODNEY.

SPLENDID deeds of modern date, and not a lineage of extraordinary antiquity, distinguish the noble house of Rodney.

The eminent man who raised it to the proud rank which it now claims was George Brydges Rodney. He was the son of Henry Rodney, Esq, of Walton-on-Thames, and Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Newton, Knight, and Envoy Extraordinary to Genoa, Tuscany, &c., LL.D., and Judge of the Admiralty. He was born February 13, 1718. He devoted himself to the naval service of his country, and having passed with credit through the humbler walks of the service, became Vice-Admiral in 1762; was created a Baronet, January 22, 1764; and in 1780 made a Knight of the Bath. On the 19th of June, 1782, he was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, county of Somerset, as a reward for the memorable victory gained over the French fleet, commanded by the Count de Grasse, on the 12th of April in that year. No triumph was ever more welcome to the English nation. It came at a moment when the people generally were dispirited at the ill success of the war with America, and all the circumstances were honourable to the British name and to the hero who commanded. It was at daybreak on the 12th that the line of battle was formed. The hostile fleets were nearly equal in force. Rodney had thirty-six ships under him, his antagonist thirty-four; but the latter had a greater number of guns, besides a body of land forces then on their way to attack the island of Jamaica. A cable's length was allowed by Rodney between each ship. The signal being given for close combat, the ships came up severally and took their stations against their selected opponents. Victory was held in suspense, when the English Admiral executed a manœuvre which, according to some writers, was never before resorted to in British naval tactics, but which has since been repeated with splendid success. In his own ship the "Formidable," supported by the "Namur," the "Duke," and the "Canada," he bore down, with all sails set, on the enemy's line, within three ships of the centre, and succeeded in breaking through it. This was accomplished with the most masterly skill. "In the act of doing so," says Sir Gilbert Blaine, "we passed within pistol shot of the 'Glorieux,' which was so terribly handled, that, being shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign staff, but with a white flag nailed to her stump, and breathing defiance, as it were, in her last moments, she lay, a motionless hulk, presenting a spectacle which struck our Admiral's fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero; being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed, 'That now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus!'"

The result was all that he could have desired, and the French were totally defeated, with the loss of eight ships; one had been sunk, one blew up after she had been taken, and six remained in the hands of the conqueror. One of these was the Admiral's own ship, the "Ville de Paris," of 106 guns, and the only first-rate man-of-war that had then ever been taken into port as a prize by a naval commander. She had been a present to Louis XV, from the city of Paris, and was said to have cost 176,000*l.* Her commander had made a gallant resistance, fighting, though surrounded, till night, and when he at length submitted, only three of the survivors of his crew remained without a wound.

In the following year Lord Rodney was granted a pension of 2,000*l.* per annum to himself and his successors, for his conduct during the war.

He married in January, 1753, Jane, the daughter of Charles Compton, Esq., sister of Spencer, Earl of Northampton, by whom he had two sons, George, who succeeded to the Peerage, and James, who was lost at sea in 1776. His Lordship having become a widower, married Henrietta,

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daughter of John Clies, Esq., by whom he had two sons. He died May 21, 1792, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, who was born December 25, 1753, who married, April 10, 1781, Anne, daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Harley, Alderman of London, and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Oxford, by whom he had a numerous family. He died January 2, 1802, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, the Peer lately deceased.

REGICIDAL OUTRAGES.

Lahore, in the East Indies, has again been the scene of deeds of blood shocking to humanity. The murders perpetrated have all the wildness and ferocity about them which have heretofore marked oriental outbreaks. Revolutions there, however, deliberately planned when the moment for proceeding to action comes, are executed with the rapidity of thought, and tragedy speedily succeeds to tragedy.

It appears that an insurrection broke out at Lahore on the 15th of September. It was marked by the murder of Shere Singh, his son, and all their families. The Sirdar Ajeet Singh was the perpetrator of this bloody tragedy. The event took place at the north gate of Lahore, about a mile and a half from the palace, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning. The conspiracy was formed by Fakeer Azeez-ood-deen and Dhyan Singh, and it fell to the lot of Sirdar Ajeet Singh to execute it; Sirdars Golab Singh, Lena Singh, and Soochet Singh were also concerned. Dhyan made the arrangement by proposing to the Maharajah to inspect Ajeet's troops, which the Maharajah said he would do the following morning, and orders were accordingly issued. On the Maharajah's arrival at the parade ground he found fault with the appearance and condition of some horsemen purposely placed to attract attention, when Ajeet became angry, words ran high, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, he shot Shere Singh through the head, the ball having entered his right temple. General Ventura and his party attacked the murderer, but being opposed by a powerful body of troops, were defeated. Ajeet cut up the Rajah's body, placed his head on a spear, and on entering the town met Prince Purtaub Singh's suwarie, which was immediately attacked, and the prince killed. The palace was taken, the treasury thrown open, and the troops paid their arrears of pay; every child and all the wives of Shere Singh and Prince Purtaub were then brought out and murdered, amongst the rest one of Shere Singh's sons only born the previous evening. Troops were sent off to guard all the ghauts, and all the opposite party (except Gen. Ventura, who escaped) were made prisoners. Ajeet, after having killed Shere Singh, was returning to the fort and met Dhyan; he told him he had done the deed, and asked him to return; he got into Dhyan's carriage, and when they got near the gate of the fort, Ajeet stabbed Dhyan, and sent his body to his brother and his son, who surrounded the city with their troops, while the people inside continued plundering all night. In the morning (16th) Heera Singh having entered the fort, seized Ajeet, Lena, and others, and having avenged the murder of his father by putting them to death, exposed their heads in the plain and threw their bodies into the bazaar. Dhuleep Singh, an alleged son of Kurruck, ten years of age, is on the throne, and Heera Sing has been appointed Prime Minister.

The reader will be struck with the swift succession of rulers. The prince now advanced is the fifth that has ascended the throne since 1839, being something more than a monarch per year. Runjeet Singh died in June, 1839; his son Kurruck succeeded. He died, and was followed by Nao Nehal Singh, who was killed at his father's funeral. Shere Singh succeeded, and he has been killed, and a child placed in his room, to become a victim in his turn.

The anarchy which prevails, it is thought, will lead to British interference. Our empire, we believe it is generally felt, is more than sufficiently large. Experience has taught England that the happiness of a nation does not increase in proportion as it multiplies the number of its foreign dependencies. Still, where such anarchy prevails, it is almost to be wished that a power capable of commanding obedience should in charity step forward to govern those who seem so miserably incapable of governing themselves.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Letter VII.

As in a state of nature all animals instinctively frequent those localities which are best adapted to their habits and wants, so also do plants, in the same way, accommodate themselves to the changes taking place in the surrounding soils. Salt-loving plants frequent the sandy margins of the sea, and peaty soils are distinguished by their woolly grass. The serpentine rocks are clothed with the Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, while the red broom-rape, *Orobanche rubra*, thrives best on basaltic rocks. Some plants seek an acid soil; others again, one where alkalis abound: thus, the red clover and the vetch are found with gypsum; and white clover where alkaline salts are present.

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Not only so, but plants of peculiar tribes appear or disappear in the same spots, as the nature of the land is changed;—thus, by a natural alternation of races, giving a most important lesson to the agriculturist. "Burn down a forest of pines in Sweden, and one of birch takes its place *for a while*. The pines after a time spring up, and ultimately supersede the birch. The same takes place naturally. On the shores of the Rhine are seen ancient forests of oak, from two to four centuries old, gradually giving place to a natural growth of beech; and others, where the pine is succeeding to both. In the Palatinate the ancient oak woods are followed by natural pines; and in Jura, the Tyrol, and Bohemia, the pine alternates with the beech." *

Plants in an artificial state of culture are subject to the same laws of alternation, and therefore chemistry steps in for the purpose of supplying, by proper manures, the deficiency of those portions of the soil forming the peculiar food of the vegetable we wish to rear.

Manures may be divided into *organic* and *inorganic*. Under the term *organic* we include all those which are of animal or vegetable origin;—for the principles in both are the same: under the term *inorganic* are referred the manures which are of mineral derivation, as *salt, nitrate of soda*, &c.

We have already, in our previous papers, stated that the ultimate principles of organized matter are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. The substances exist, therefore, in organic manures: and during the process of rotting, or putrefaction, are eliminated. But, however, these elements are not imbibed by the plant in their separate state. On the moment of escape, or in the nascent state, as the chemist terms it, these substances unite with each other to form new and important compounds:—these are principally water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. Thus oxygen eight parts, unite with hydrogen one part, to form *one atom of water*. Carbon six parts, unite with oxygen sixteen parts, to form *carbonic acid*; and finally, nitrogen fourteen parts, unite with hydrogen three parts, to form *ammonia*.

When the manure is of animal origin we have, also, other compounds given off during decomposition, producing the offensive odours so well known. The principal of these unpleasant compounds is hydrosulphuric acid, or sulphuretted hydrogen. It is the cause of the odour emitted from rotten eggs, and consists of sulphur sixteen parts, with hydrogen one part.

Mineral manures, when placed in the soil, act either mechanically or chemically.

Thus, when we introduce quantities of sand, our object is *frequently* merely mechanical, so as to correct the heavy and cold nature of clayey loam, and render it more light and porous. Sand, however, often serves a *chemical* purpose as well, in assisting to form the soluble silicates.

The soluble mineral manures, such as salt, nitrate of soda, &c., as well as those which in a short time become soluble, by entering into new combinations, or by undergoing decomposition, serve merely *chemical* purposes, by correcting the acidity, or alkalinity of the soil; or by entering, in some new form, into the circulation of the growing plant.

In some instances the soil requires *principally*, if not *solely*, mineral manures. In other cases organic manures must be applied, in order to support the growing vegetable. Manures are to be valued, therefore, according to the circumstances demanding them. If their value be estimated by the quantities of inorganic matters, of course the mineral soluble substances are best; but as it may be most convenient to combine organic and inorganic matters, we shall give a table showing the amount of fertilizing mineral matter which may be obtained from certain substances, used as manures. Every *ton* by weight, therefore, will yield the number of pounds weight of inorganic matter, indicated by the figures appended:

Wheat straw	70 to 360
Oat straw	100 to 180
Hay	100 to 200
Barley straw	100 to 120
Pea straw	100
Bean straw	60 to 80
Rye straw	50 to 70
Dry potatoe tops	100
Dry turnip tops	260
Rape cake	120

If, however, we wish to estimate manures by the amount of nitrogen contained in them, then the following table may be taken:

Farm-yard manure	100
Wheat straw	80 to 170
Oat straw	150
Barley straw	180
Buckwheat	85
Pea straw	45
Wheat chaff	50
Green grass	80
Potatoe tops	75
Fresh seaweed	80
Rape dust	8
Fir sawdust	250
Oak sawdust	180
Coal soot	30

The preceding tables have been drawn up principally in reference to vegetable manures. Animal manures are generally richer in nitrogen; but owing to their more speedy decomposition, when placed upon the soil, they are often less useful to the plant than the more slowly-decaying vegetable compost.

In a future paper we shall compare the relative value of animal and vegetable manures.

* Johnston.

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Reviews.

The Novel Newspaper. Vol. XV.

Though originally published as a newspaper, we have before us a goodly tome, containing matter which, when first given to the world, filled fourteen or fifteen volumes. Their unabridged contents are now presented closely printed, but in a good type, and it costs to possess them not more than twice as much as would once have been claimed for a hurried perusal of them. The productions which form this volume are 'The Damsel of Darien,' by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.; 'The Italian,' by Mrs Radcliffe; 'Isabel; or, a Pilgrimage in Sicily,' by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq.; 'The Fawn's Leap: a tale of the Natchez;' and 'The Lollards.' The first of these is a very extraordinary performance. It is founded on the adventures of the early Spanish captains in America. Such minute details are given, that the author, to have qualified himself for his task, must not only have studied the characters and the deeds of the daring and cruel men who at once shed lustre and threw disgrace on the country which they represented, but the geography, peculiarities of the climate, and the manners and occupations of the aboriginal inhabitants, have been equally attended to. His characters are varied, drawn with great skill and elaborate care, and many of the scenes are in a more than common degree interesting. To enjoy it, however, more steady application and severer attention are required than most novel readers are prepared to bestow; and his dialogues, though powerful and rich in information, will be found too long by those who are eager to pass from incident to incident in the most approved modern style. It ought not to be dealt with hastily, and though not what might be expected under the name of "light reading," will well repay a careful study. This work, as well as 'Isabel' and 'The Fawn's Leap,' will be treasured by the admirers of American literature. 'The Italian,' and 'The Lollards,' are too well known to require description here. Our narrow limits will not admit of long extracts, but a specimen of 'The Damsel of Darien' we cannot refrain from transcribing. To make it understood we must premise that Garabito is at once a monster and an affected "popinjay." Buru is a dancing woman, most admirably drawn, a native of St Domingo. Her son has a playful monkey, and the mischievous animal, springing first on one and then on another, at length jumps on Garabito, to the great annoyance of his person and the utter discomposure of his fantastical finery. With his hat the monkey finally makes off. The narrative then proceeds.

"Garabito then drew his sword and made after the criminal, who now stood upon a little point of rock, and still seemed disposed to chuckle and rejoice in his imprudence, though half conscious of the danger which he had incurred. But for his agility, he had paid for his insolence with life; leaping from point to point of the rocks around him, as Garabito approached the little wretch, still bearing the hat in triumph, mocked at the hostility which he was so able to elude, and stretching out his long paws in the manner of a wicked schoolboy, taunted the infuriated dandy to renewed efforts at overtaking him. Meanwhile the sailors, to whom the whole scene afforded nothing but delight, urged its continuance after their own fashion.

"'All sail, Senor Garabito; you shall overhaul the enemy soon. You have but to weather the cape, and the game is certain. The chase slackens sail, and you shall have him at short quarters, close in shore.' Such was the language of one. The encouragement of a second was bestowed upon the monkey; while a third lent his counsels to the Indian boy, who, scarcely less active than the marmoset, was pursuing him with the best prospect of success. He sprang up the heights in pursuit—put in practice sundry well-known tricks to persuade him to terms—leaped as daringly from ledge to ledge of the declivity as himself, and at length succeeded in compelling him to restore the hat which he had contrived with awkward efforts to confine upon his own head. Finding he could no longer baffle his sturdy pursuer with such an incumbrance, he hurled it to the feet of Garabito, who, exhausted with his efforts, and rendered mad by the ridicule of those around him, stood red and panting, looking emotions which the Indians too well understood to venture to approach him, while under their distracting influence. The hat still lay at his feet, as the boy, whip in hand, leaped down from the little height from which he had chased the monkey. Without speaking a word, Garabito fixed his furious gaze upon the trembling child, and simply pointed with his finger to the hat. The sign was understood, and with slow steps, that seemed to denote a lurking apprehension of danger, the boy approached, and stooping down as to raise the desired object from the earth, was seized by the vengeful Spaniard; swinging him from his feet with one hand, Garabito lifted his sword in the same instant with the other. The act was sufficiently startling and threatening in the eyes of all who remembered the atrocious notoriety which his former savage deeds had secured to his name. The astrologer was the first to cry aloud to his companion:

"'God of the martyrs, Vasco Nunez, strike in and stay his hand; he will slay the child if thou dost not.'

"Such also was the fear of Buru, who was the mother of the boy. She bounded forward with a shriek, and with that animation in her fine features now which she had not worn during the whole of her picturesque performance, threw herself before the Spaniard, grasping with one hand the child, and with the other seconding the piteous prayer with which she implored his mercy.

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"'He will not—he dare not strike!' said Vasco Nunez, in hoarse accents, but hurrying forward as he spoke, with a degree of haste which belied his confident speech. 'He will not use weapon upon the child—impossible! He is not base enough for that—he dare not before our eyes!'

"But the actions of Garabito looked full of the direst purpose. With his foot he spurned the mother from before him, with one hand held the child at full length of his arm, while throwing back the hand that held the sword, he waved the instrument aloft in order to give force to its descending sweep.

"'Hold, Senor Garabito—hold, Spaniard! wretch, base, cowardly villain, hold back thine arm. Beware, lest I do to thee whatever thou dost to the child.'

"The words of Vasco Nunez were too late, or only served to provoke and goad the vindictive monster to the commission of the deed. The fatal blow was given at the instant. The keen steel, aimed too unerringly and with all the bitter force of rage, went through the tender neck of the boy, severing flesh, gristle, bones, and life. The body of the victim fell quivering upon the shoulders of the mother, who still lay and grovelled at the feet of the murderer; while the head, hurled from his bloody hands, rolled among the devoted savages, who, apprehensive of like cruel treatment, ready to fly, were huddled together in fear and trembling at the edge of the rocks."

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository, for 1844.

Utility and elegance have seldom been more happily combined. Enriched with many engravings and much agreeable literary amusement, we have here an Almanack, with pages for memoranda of passing events, and ruled columns to remind the fair purchasers that, while in the paths of pleasure, they must not altogether lose sight of pounds, shillings, and pence.

TEN YEARS TO COME.

Ten years to come, ten years to come,
They whisper of the past,
For oh! what cherish'd ones will sink,
Beneath the deadly blast.
Of sorrow, sickness, and of death,
E'er winged time has flown,
That space, which vast eternity
So soon will call its own!

What perils on the seas will rise,
When storms their vengeance pour,
While shiver'd vessels strew the beach
To swell the wrecker's store.
Earth op'ning, spreads in caverns wide
To fright the rocking town,
When monuments, like stricken oaks,
The shock will crumble down.

Of noble hearts there will be some
More rich, more priceless than
The wealth which India's mines illume,
Or human view may scan,
Sinking 'mid cold neglect and scorn,
Almost forgotten die,
Or light with wild unearthly fire
The maniac's flashing eye.

But will there not be generous deeds,
The patriot's zeal, and all
Th' enobling efforts to restore
Thousands from error's thrall?
Oh yes, but who shall speak of that
Which none but heaven can know,
Those god-like sacrifices which
Like hidden streamlets flow?

Ten years to come, ten years to come,
We tranquilly may view,
Its dark and light contingencies
If to our God we're true.
Then raging storms at sea, on shore
Or in the tortured breast
Will sink in peace, or waft our souls
To everlasting rest.

Miscellaneous.

How to get at a Lady's Age.—In the course of the memorable trial of Lord Baltimore, at Kingston, in March, 1768, his lordship cross-examined the prosecutrix, Sarah Woodcock, when the following questions and answers occurred:—

Lord Baltimore.—How old are you?

Sarah Woodcock.—I am *twenty-seven.*

Lord Baltimore.—Will you swear you are no older?

Sarah Woodcock.—I will swear that I am *twenty-eight.*

Lord Baltimore.—Will you swear that you are no older?

Sarah Woodcock.—I will swear that I am that.

Lord Baltimore.—Will you swear that you are no older?

Sarah Woodcock.—I do not know that I need to tell. I am *twenty-nine,* and that *is* my age; I cannot exactly tell.

Lord Baltimore.—To the best of your belief, how old are you?

Sarah Woodcock.—I believe I am *thirty* next July; I cannot be sure of that, whether I am or no.

False Claims to Heaven.—Tenet Davidson gives the following as a sepoy's exposition of the doctrine of exclusive salvation, practically afforded to some of the Fakers at that favourite and holy spot of Hindu pilgrimage, the meeting of the Jumna and the Ganges:—"Observing that one of these impostors was surrounded by a group of sepoys clad in full uniform, and that they kicked and abused him without mercy, I rode up to interfere. 'What is the matter, my brothers?' said I. 'Why do you maltreat this poor beggar? What has he done to deserve beating and abuse?' One of them briskly approached me, and, with a countenance marked with the strongest indignation, exclaimed—'Sir, this rascal is a chumâr (a low caste, dealing in hides of animals, cutting up carrion and the like), and I am a chuttree! (a Rajpoot). What right has he to defile this holy ground? If he should die of any disease contracted here, the villain would most assuredly claim the merit of having died at the Tribênee, and thus get to hea-

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ven! a low scoundrel like that! Is this to be endured? Do you suppose that we have no proper sense of religion to allow such desecration?'"

THE NEW RIVER.—The stream so called, from which so many thousands of the inhabitants of London drink every day, derives its origin from a natural Artesian spring at Chadwell, and an arm of the river Lea, between Hertford and Ware. Under an act of parliament granted by Queen Elizabeth for "cutting and conveying a river from one part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London," Sir Hugh Middleton, in 1608, undertook to extend its course to London. He employed, at his own expense, several hundred workmen, and, after five years' labour, the river was carried from its origin, Hertfordshire, in a rounding course to Islington, a distance of about sixty miles, and there he built a large cistern to receive it. This was the first reservoir for water established in the metropolis, and was opened accordingly with all due ceremony. "When the water was brought to the cistern," says Burton, "but not as yet let in, on Michaelmas-day, 1613, in the afternoon Sir Thomas Middleton, brother to Sir Hugh, being that day elected lord mayor, Sir John Swinnerton, Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Montague, the recorder, with divers other aldermen and citizens, rode to see the cistern and the waters first issuing therein, at which time a troop of about three score labourers, well apparelled and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike armed with spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such instruments of labour, marched thrice round the cistern, the drums beating before them, and then presented themselves before the mount, where the lord mayor and aldermen stood to behold them; and after one of them made a handsome speech on the occasion, the floodgates flew open, and the stream ran chearfully into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding all the while in a triumphant manner, and a brave peal of muskets concluded the entertainments."

TURKISH MARRIAGES.—A child of twelve or thirteen years of age is snatched from the home of her parents, and consigned to the keeping of an insolent and ill-mannered boy only a few years older. She must herself have become a mother before the rules of Eastern etiquette (not indeed always strictly observed) allow her to enjoy again a mother's converse. In the meantime she remains generally under the guardianship of her mother-in-law, and is exposed to all the rudeness and caprice of her boy-husband. At times, if his victim show no immediate signs of becoming a mother, he takes it into his head to repudiate her; in which case she returns to her parents' house, where she must wait for three months to see whether her husband is pleased to repent his precipitate conduct, and to demand her back again. Twice the husband may repudiate his wife and demand her back; but after the third time he cannot, according to the laws of Islamism, receive her again until she have been the wife of another.

ANECDOTES OF MR MOORE.—In his younger days, being in Grattan's company, the latter was holding forth on the servility of literary men, and the manner in which they almost universally prostituted their talents to the great and powerful. He appeared to exclude no one from this sweeping censure; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he continued, "but there are some exceptions;" and, turning to Mr Moore, who stood near him, and patting him kindly on the shoulder, he said, "I'm wrong; my young friend here is one who wears his hat before the king."—At a reform dinner, Mr Moore's health having been drank, he rose to return thanks, and was received with enthusiasm. He ventured, in the progress of his speech, to say, "England will not permit so large a segment of her orb as Ireland to remain for ever shrouded in darkness." He expected this sentiment to awaken a few cheers of sympathy; but there was a dead silence. It was evident he had entered upon forbidden ground: he therefore sounded a retreat, and slipping gently into some other subject, restored harmony. He could not, however, avoid feeling surprise at such a result, and after he had sat down he asked of some person who sat next him, a stranger, what could be the reason that sentiment about Ireland was received with so much coldness? "Ah, sir!" said the other, "Irishmen and pigs are very unpopular all along this line."—*Life of Griffin.*

NOURISHING QUALITY OF SUGAR.—M. C. Chossat, in a communication to the Paris Academy on the effects of sugar in diet, states that he made seventeen experiments on dogs, and ascertained that in some cases the sugar tended to fatten the animal, and in others turned to bile. In the first case there was in general a tendency to constipation; in the other, the bowels were relaxed. The author observes that milk as well as sugar has the tendency of fattening or creating bile, according to the different systems of the persons who use it exclusively, or make it the principal article of food; and that where bile is thus created a diarrhœa ensues, which causes a wasting of the solids. The value of his experiments consists in their having been made under circumstances favourable to the elucidation of the question as to the degree to which this article may be used in diet with due regard for health. Few of our own species have ever made sugar exclusively their diet; and we have had comparatively but uncertain evidence as to its effects. The

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reporter in 'Galignani' observes, that the celebrated Bolivar had, by fatigue and privations, so injured the tone of his stomach that he was unable at times to take any other food than sugar, which in his case was easy of digestion. It has been stated by his personal friends, that in some of his last campaigns he would live for weeks together upon sugar alone as a solid, with pure water as a liquid; but, probably, in 999 cases out of 1,000, this diet would have soon brought the person adopting it to the grave; for although the nutritive powers of sugar are well known, inasmuch as saccharine matter forms one of the bases of our sustenance, yet it is equally true that with many the excessive use of sugar brings on indigestion in its worst forms.

Size of Trees.—Our native woods often contain noble specimens, of which the bulk is ten or twelve feet in diameter, a width greater by three feet than the carriage-way of Fetter lane near Temple bar; and oaks might be named on the block of which two men could thresh without incommoding one another. The famous Greendale Oak is pierced by a road, over which it forms a triumphal arch, higher by several inches than the poets' postern at Westminster Abbey. The celebrated table in Dudley Castle, which is formed of a single oaken plank, is longer than the wooden bridge that crosses the lake in the Regent's park; and the roof of the great hall of Westminster, which is spoken of with admiration on account of its vast span, being unsupported by a single pillar, is little more than one-third the width of the noble canopy of waving branches that are upheld by the Worksop Oak. The massive rafters of the spacious roof rest on strong walls, but the branches of the tree spring from one common centre.

The Gatherer.

Important Discovery.—M. Baldiconni (of Vienna) has discovered that by a solution of sal ammoniac and corrosive sublimate a hardness equal to stone is given to articles immersed in it, and that without destroying their original colour. Some years since a discovery of this kind was made, and while the purchase of the secret was pending, the party died. It has been the study of many philosophers to re-discover this important secret, and M. Baldiconni has fortunately succeeded.

Statistics of Agriculture.—(From the census of England and Wales, 1843.)—Waste Land.—There are 3,450,000 acres of waste in England and 530,000 acres in Wales capable of improvement. Rent of Land.—The following shows the average value of land per statute acre: In Berks, 19s. 10d.; Devon, 15s.; Dorset, 17s. 1d.; Somerset, 25s. 10d.; Southampton, 13s. 10d.; Surrey, 15s. 6d.; Sussex, 13s.; Wilts, 20s. 6d.;—average of England, 18s. 10d.; average of Wales, 9s. 5d.; average of England and Wales, 17s. 8d.

Earthquake.—An alarming earthquake has left terror and suffering in Ragusa; and the island of Nias, situate to the westward of Sumatra, has undergone a still more dreadful visitation of the same scourge, which has overthrown several hundreds of houses, the Government house, the hotel of the Military Commandant, and three churches; and left an awful list of 1,500 persons killed or wounded. A large part of the hill on which the citadel stood, which contained a garrison of about 300 men, was thrown down, and the land on the sea-border was submerged.

Medal of the Queen.—The Paris mint has just struck a very fine medal in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu. On the obverse is the profile of the young Sovereign of Great Britain, and on the reverse the following legend:—"S. M. Victoria, Reine d'Angleterre, visite S. M. Louis Philippe, Roi des Français, au Château d'Eu, en Septembre, 1843." The die was cut by M. Borrel. The king has ordered, of M. Davéria, for the next annual exhibition at the Louvre, a picture representing the ceremony of inaugurating the statue of Henri Quatre at Pau.

Destruction of Relics.—At the coronation of George the Fourth a fine monument of Anne of Denmark, queen of James the First, Great Britain's Solomon, was at one fell swoop pulled down and carted away. Its choice marble columns and statuary were long exposed for sale in a mason's yard near the Wooden bridge at Pimlico! This superb monument is the subject of one of the finely-engraved plates in Dart's 'History of Westminster Abbey.' It can be proved that, in the same sacred edifice, at a date not more or less remote than that of the last coronation, the splendid monumental brass of John of Salisbury was torn up and stolen! It can be proved that another kind of monument, the records of the city of London, have been in part sold out of the Guildhall itself for waste paper. —*Smith's Collectanea.*

Egyptian Houses.—There is something in an Egyptian house singularly fantastic to a European eye. Not only the several wings and excrescences are perpetually at cross-purposes, but even the different parts of one and the same room look as though they were about to go to loggerheads with one another, there being a constant struggle for precedency and ascendency between the several portions of the same floor. In planning a street and grouping his houses the presiding idea of an Eastern architect is to arrange matters so that it may not

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be possible from the windows of one house to pry into those of another. This task, of course, it is not always possible to accomplish; in which case, not only are the windows masked by railings of carved wood, but the light of heaven and the glances of the curious are farther impeded by the interposition of stained glass.

The Land Tax.—This is equally borne by the property in towns and the estates of the landed aristocracy. In one form or another it has existed since the Normans introduced the feudal government into this country. Under the Commonwealth it became a permanent money tax on the land. Four years after the Revolution a new survey and valuation were made; which survey and valuation, notwithstanding the vast increase in the value of the land, have never been altered to the present day. In the reign of Queen Anne the tax on the survey and valuation of King William was rated at four shillings in the pound of the rent, and this has never been exceeded in a period of more than 130 years; so that, even where the tax has not been redeemed, the original four shillings scarcely amounts to a sixpence.

Thames Water.—In the course of the parliamentary inquiry which took place some time ago it was proved that, between Chelsea Hospital and London bridge, the contents of more than 100 common sewers emptied themselves into the Thames. Furthermore, instead of this mass of filth being swept into the ocean by every ebb of the tide, it appeared that after being carried about thirty miles by every ebb tide, the same water returns by the flood, so that a constant flux and reflux of the abomination was established. "The Thames," observed Mr Mills in his evidence, "is neither more nor less than the common sewer of London."

How to Live Long and Joyously.—The wonderful story of Louis Cornaro teaches a fine moral lesson. He was infirm and fearfully passionate in his youth, and addicted, like most of the young men of his clime and period, to intemperance; but perceiving the injurious consequences of indulging in excesses of temper and sensuality, he changed the whole course of his life, and, submitting himself to regular and severe discipline, vanquished his dangerous inclinations, became one of the most hearty and cheerful men of his age, and expired gently in his arm-chair, after having survived his hundredth year.

Oriental Modesty.—Even from a physician, to whom an Eastern woman is sufficiently unreserved in every other respect, the face must be carefully concealed. "My face thou must not see, for then I should have shown thee my whole heart," she will say; and if the nature of her illness makes it indispensable that the face, the mirror of the heart, should be seen, it is usually uncovered piecemeal, first one cheek and then the other, but never the whole at once.

The Duke of Wellington's Last Triumph.—The following is a literal account of part of a conversation held with a young man of twenty-one:—"Did you ever hear tell of the Duke of Wellington?" "No,—but I seed his shape once." "Did you see it over a public-house door?" "No; I seed it ridin' on a jackass, with a pair o' owd boots on, and a pipe in his mouth." "And where did this happen?" "Why at Marsden;"—where, as I subsequently gathered, this effigy of his grace had been paraded on the occasion of some political excitement.—*Chaplain's Report on the Preston House of Correction.*

— An ancient coffin was discovered some time since in the cemetery of Lens (Pas de Calais). The body, which fell to dust when exposed to the air, was supposed to have been that of a person of rank, from a certain quantity of jewels found with it. They consist of a pair of earrings, a brooch, two cloak-clasps, a large pin, and a bulla or medallion, all of gold. The clasps are covered over with a fine tracery of gold, giving the appearance of net-work. The whole of these articles were submitted to the Historical Committee of Paris. The opinion given by the committee is, that the objects date from the time of the Merovingian race, and that they formed the ornaments of a princess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nitre, commonly called saltpetre, is formed in great abundance on the surface of the earth, more particularly in India, South America, and Africa. In Germany and France it is obtained from artificial nitre beds, which consist of the refuse of animal and vegetable bodies undergoing decomposition. When oxygen gas is presented to azote, at the instant of its disengagement nitric acid is formed which seems to explain the origin of these acid beds. The azote disengaged from these putrefying substances combines with the oxygen of the air, and the potash, probably, partly being furnished by decomposed vegetable matter, forms the nitre in question. It is obtained in a marketable form by lixiviating the earthy matters with water, and when sufficiently saturated pouring it of. The salt is collected in brown crystals by evaporising the water by repeated processes, the nitre is obtained in a pure form.

R. W. must be blind if he does not see many costly and valuable additions have been supplied, which might console a reasonable observer for the absence of what he is pleased to say, formerly "threw lustre" on 'The Mirror,' but which has not been neglected.

Natural Magic next week.

Many communications omitted in the present number will be attended to at the same time.

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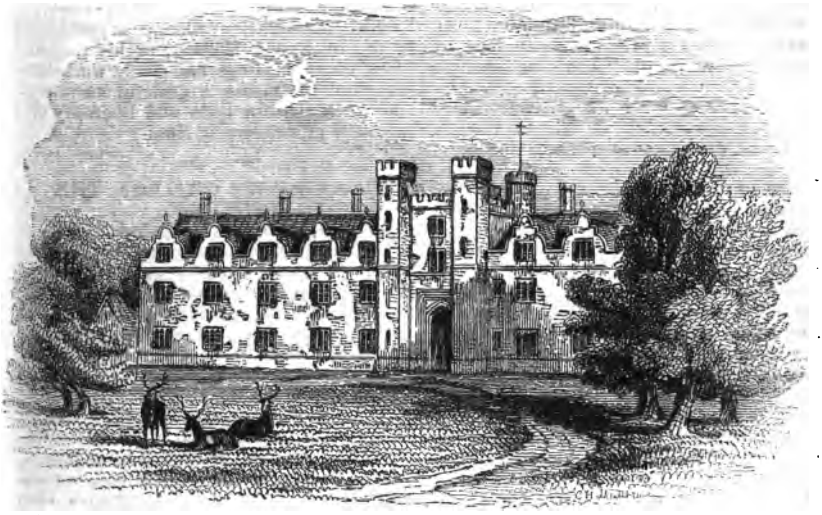

Original Communications.

KNOLE, IN KENT.

It is a grateful task to explore those noble, time-defying edifices which have seen many successive generations pass away, which still retain much of their grandeur, while their lords are seen no more, and

"Hands which the reins of empire once had held,
In arms who triumphed or in arts excelled,"

have crumbled into dust. One of these we find in the subject of the cut which embellishes the present number of the 'Mirror.' The mansion there represented has been the seat of many distinguished families. It is near Sevenoaks, in the county of Kent, and stands in a large and beautiful park. Baldwin de Bethun, Earl of Albemarle, held it in the time of King John. To the Mareschals, Earls of Pembroke, it passed by marriage, and next to the proud Bigods, Earls of Norfolk, and from them to Otho de Grandison. Sir Geffrey de Say, a knight banneret, bought it of Sir Thomas Grandison, the descendant of Otho. Thence it is traced to Rauf Leghe, who sold it to the Fienneses, Lords Say and Sele. In 1456 it was disposed of by William Lord Say and Sele to Thomas Bourchier, Arehbishop of Canterbury, who left it at his death, in 1486, to his successors and that see for ever. Archbishop Morton, who succeeded him, augmented the building, and died at Knole in the year 1500. He appears to have been visited once, or more than once, by Henry VII. Dene and Warham were the next prelates in succession, and the seventh and eighth Henries were among the visitors of the latter. After Warham, Cranmer filled the see, and many of its rich possessions he deemed it prudent to surrender to the King, in order to secure the rest. Knole, with its park and lands, thus became the property of the Crown, by whom it was retained till after the accession of Edward V, when it was granted, with other estates, to John Dudley Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. On the attainder of that nobleman, in the time of Queen Mary, for supporting the cause of his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, for which crime he was brought to the block, it was granted by Mary, with Sevenoaks and other estates, to her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, then archbishop. By a remarkable coincidence, that prelate died on the same day that Queen Mary breathed her last; and Knole, again reverting to the Crown, was bestowed

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by Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign, on Robert Earl of Leicester. He did not long enjoy it, being induced five years afterwards to surrender it to his royal mistress. It was next granted, in the following year, to Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, K.G., subject, however, to the remaining terms of a lease which had been granted by the Earl of Leicester, through which the new proprietor did not obtain full possession until 1603, when it was given up by the Lennards of Chevering, who had held it in the interim. Lord Buckhurst was a poet, and was said to have been gifted with "a sublime genius,"

> "'Till hateful business damp'd his flame,
> And for vile titles barter'd fame;
> Till the chill cup of worldly lore,
> Quench'd the rich thoughts to wake no more."

When a young student in the Inner Temple, he wrote the celebrated induction to his Legend of the Duke of Buckingham, in the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' which Warton considered came nearer to the 'Fairie Queene' in the richness of allegorical description than any previous or succeeding poem. His tragedy of 'Gorboduc,' performed four years afterwards before Queen Elizabeth by the gentlemen of the Inn, was the first tragedy known to have been written in English verse. He then became a statesman, and after the death of his father, Sir Richard Sackville, in 1566, was created a peer, by the style and title of Baron Buckhurst, was subsequently made a Knight of the Garter, and having served Elizabeth as Ambassador to several foreign courts, at length, on the death of Lord Burleigh, became Lord High Treasurer. He succeeded to the confidence of James the First, by whom he was created Earl of Dorset. He took up his residence at Knole in 1603, and two hundred men were kept constantly at work in repairing and beautifying the mansion and estate till 1608, when his lordship died while sitting at the Council Board.

Since his time many improvements have been made in the manor. The principal entrance is through a great tower-portal, leading into the first or outer quadrangle. In the centre of the grass plat on each side are models of ancient statues, the Gladiator and Venus, *orta mari*. Through a large tower there is an entrance from this court to the inner quadrangle, with a portico in front, supported by eight Ionic columns, over which is an open gallery with a balustrade. Some of the water-spouts bear the dates of 1605 and 1607.

The great hall of the mansion measures seventy-four feet ten inches in length, and twenty-seven in breadth. A nobly-carved screen at one end supports a grand music gallery, decorated with the arms of Thomas Earl of Dorset, and those of his countess. In the chimney there are two ancient do of elaborate workmanship. The ha has at one end a raised floor for the able of the lord, as was customary in "the olden time," while long tables were ranged on the sides of the apartment for the tenants and domestics: one of these remains, which appears to have been constructed for the ancient game of shuffleboard. Stained glass, of a former century, adorns numerous parts of the building, and the Holbein gallery, which is eighty-eight feet in length, presents a fine collection of portraits by the celebrated Holbein, or his pupils. Many other paintings and costly works of art afford the visitor a grateful surprise, and attest the fine taste and liberality of the noble proprietors of Knole.

THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(*Continued from page* 344.)

Ivan had witnessed with great apparent satisfaction the cruelties committed on their route by the legion, as if it gratified him to find them so accomplished in the art of murder. At length, on the 2nd of January, 1570, his advanced guard reached the devoted city of Novgorod. The churches and convents were immediately closed, and money demanded from all the clergy without exception. Every monk who could not ransom himself by paying a fine of twenty roubles, was seized, bound, and flogged with inhuman severity. The houses of the inhabitants were closely watched, and their owners thrown into fetters to await the arrival of the Czar. He reached Goroditche on the 6th, and on the following day all the monks who had not paid the fine were put to death, and their bodies sent for interment in their several monasteries. Ivan made his grand entry on the 8th, at the head of the select legion, and accompanied by his son. The archbishop, with his clergy, and the sacred images, waited for him on the bridge. Ivan scornfully refused to receive the customary benediction, and breathed a fierce and most reproachful malediction on the prelate. The crucifix and images were ordered to be carried into the church of St Sophia. There, with his usual affectation of piety, Ivan attended to hear mass. He then proceeded to the episcopal palace, and sat down to dinner with his boyards. He suddenly rose from table and uttered a loud cry. This was a preconcerted signal. His officers promptly appeared, seized the archbishop and his officers and servants and the palace and cloisters were instantly given up to plunder. The cathedral itself was not spared. Its treasures, its sacred vessels, its images, and bells were all taken away, and the churches attached to the rich monasteries were treated in the like

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manner. All the valuables that could be secured having been seized as a preliminary, on the following morning the grand business of the expedition, the tortures and executions, commenced. At these the Czar and his son regularly assisted, and each day, dreadful to relate, from five hundred to a thousand unhappy beings were dragged before them to be consigned to the grave. Some were deprived of their eyes and limbs, others were slowly consumed by a combustible composition prepared for the occasion, and some were tied by the head or the feet to sledges, and conveyed to the Volkhof, to a part of the river which is never frozen hard. There, from the bridge over it, wives with their husbands, mothers with sucking children at their breasts, and, in short, whole families, were pitilessly hurled into the water, while some of the Strelitzes, armed with pikes, lances, and hatchets, sailed on the river to pierce or cut to pieces all who attempted by swimming to save their lives. For five weeks the horrible havock was continued without intermission. Not only was it accompanied by a pillaging of the houses, but the churches and monasteries in the neighbourhood were ruined, the horses and cattle were killed, and the corn which had been stored away was wilfully destroyed. The commodities found in the shops which the soldiers did not want were thrown into the street, to be scrambled for by the populace.

The number of victims which fell on this occasion at Novgorod and the several places in its vicinity, which were visited with the same monstrous cruelty, has been estimated at sixty thousand souls! At the end of the period which has been named, wearied at last, it may be presumed, of the brutal punishments he commanded being so often repeated, Ivan made a grand display of clemency by granting his pardon to the heart-broken, miserable survivors. Pale and ghastly, they assembled at his bidding, the living images of terror and despair. He pretended to address them with parental kindness, lamented the rigorous measures which had been forced upon him by the treason so happily repressed, and, exhorting them to pray to the Almighty to grant him a long and a happy reign, bade them most graciously farewell, as if a kind word at parting could make them forget that their fathers and children, mothers and sisters, had by his ruthless decree been hurried from life by one comprehensive, unhallowed, undistinguishing massacre.

From Novgorod he carried off an immense booty, which was in all probability the true cause of its being thus awfully visited. He compelled the Archbishop of Novgorod, and many other priests, to accompany him to Alexandrovsky. On his arrival there he resumed his religious exercises, if so the mockery of devotion in which he indulged may be called, and the captives were confined in noisome dungeons, being occasionally tortured, till the abbot could find leisure without too seriously interrupting the course of his devotions to decide on their fate.

The summer season arrived, and still these unfortunates languished in close confinement. Others were added to them. Some persons who had in the first instance acted against them now shared their sufferings. The instruments of tyranny are commonly in the end numbered among its victims. At length the time came when the Czar deemed it fit to refresh himself with another banquet of blood.

On the morning of the 25th of July no fewer than eighteen gibbets were erected in the market place of Moscow, to which city Ivan returned to take part in this grand ceremony. Various instruments of torture were in readiness, and a huge fire was kindled, over which a vast copper cauldron was suspended. The Muscovites, terrified at the awful spectacle, thought only of saving their lives, and fled, leaving their shops open, and their merchandize, and even their money, unprotected. The streets were almost wholly deserted. Few besides the Strelitzes, who formed in silence round the gibbets and the fire, were seen. The beating of the drums announced the coming of the Czar and his son, who made their appearance on horseback. They were attended by the boyards, several princes, and that portion of the select legion which had not been previously stationed in the market place. In solemn order the Strelitzes followed the Czar and those who accompanied him, and to these succeeded the long and melancholy procession of the unhappy men who were doomed to die. Their appearance was distressing in the extreme. From the tortures they had already known they looked pale and emaciated. They were smeared with blood, and so feeble that they could scarcely advance to the spot on which their sufferings were to be terminated with their lives. On reaching the intended scene of murder, Ivan was at once surprised and grieved to find that the crowd usually assembled on such mournful occasions was absent. None had repaired to the market place as spectators, for the wayward brutality of the despot was such that each felt he himself might probably be added to the condemned list. Such conduct on the part of the populace appeared to him strangely remiss. He immediately gave orders that the citizens should be summoned to behold the spectacle which he had prepared for them, and joined himself in encouraging those who first appeared by assurances of

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his perfect goodwill towards them. The means used were so far efficacious that a multitude were speedily brought together from their various hiding places. When this had been accomplished, before commencing the dismal business of the day, Ivan thought it incumbent on him to address the people on the subject of their being commanded there. He accordingly spoke to the following effect :—

"Citizens of Moscow, you are about to witness torture and punishments. These are awful to behold, but I visit with severity none but traitors. Tell me, is mine a righteous judgment ?"

Whatever the feelings of the crowd, this condescending appeal seemed to win their hearts. Loud acclamations instantly rent the air, and the cry was general, "Long live the Czar, our lord and master. May his enemies perish !"

Then the tyrant selected from the train of prisoners in the market place one hundred and twenty individuals, to whom, as less guilty than the rest, he granted life. The names of the others were read by the secretary of the Privy Council from a long roll of parchment. Viskovaty, one of them, was ordered to advance before his fellow prisoners, when Ivan read from a paper these words :—

"John Mikhailof, confidential ex-counsellor of the Czar, you have served me disloyally, and have written to King Sigismund, offering to put him in possession of Novgorod. This is your first crime." Saying which he struck the unhappy object of his vengeance on the head with his whip.

He proceeded: "The second crime is not quite so heinous. Ungrateful and perfidous man, you have written to the Sultan, encouraging him to seize on Astrakan and Cazan." Two blows followed the reading of this charge. "You have also," he added, "invited the Khan of Tauris to invade Russia. This is your third crime."

Viskóvati stood unmoved before the ruthless tormentor. In a tone that was marked by respect for authority, and at the same time high-minded courage, he replied—

"I take the Searcher of all hearts, from whom the most secret thoughts cannot be concealed, to bear witness that I have ever faithfully served my sovereign and my country. What I have heard is but a series of monstrous calumnies. To defend myself I well know is vain, for my earthly judge is deaf to the voice of pity, and heeds not the claims of justice. The Eternal Being who reigns in Heaven knows my innocence, and to him I fearlessly appeal; and you, sire, in his awful presence, will one day confess how foully I have been wronged."

That he, thus standing on the verge of eternity, should presume to vindicate his fame, and as the necessary consequence to impugn the justice of the Czar, was a crime too horrible to be witnessed with patience by the satellites of the tyrant. They impatiently rushed on the unhappy victim to stop his mouth, that no addition might be made to the outrage offered to their sovereign. Viskovati was suspended head downwards. The Sacristan, as Skuratof was called, then approached to prove his loyalty by commencing the work of blood. He dismounted from his horse and cut off the sufferer's ear, which he displayed, thus severed from a helpless, unresisting man, as if it had been a trophy won in glorious war. The furies who surrounded him imitated his brutality by inflicting innumerable wounds, and the ex-counseller was, in a few moments, literally cut to pieces.

Funikof, the friend of Viskovati, was the next of the doomed. The miserable fate of the latter, and the still more appalling punishment that awaited himself, did not so far unnerve him but he could address to the despot the language of scornful defiance and warning. "I salute thee, Ivan," was his speech, "for the last time on earth, and may the God of the just, before whom I am now to appear, bestow upon thee, in another world, the appropriate reward for thy monstrous cruelties in this."

The fiercest tortures, wantonly protracted, Funikof was compelled to sustain. Boiling and freezing water were successively poured on his wretched frame, till his flesh was detached from his bones, while the inhuman author of these fiendish doings enjoyed the disgusting spectacle with horrid exultation and heartless mockery. In four hours two hundred unfortunates were butchered, some of them by the Czar himself.

While the groans of the slaughtered prisoners were still heard, and their blood remained on the ground, the Czar, after labouring with the utmost assiduity to render death terrible, did not fail to resume his devotions. He bowed with an air of profound devotion before that Almighty Being, whose image he had so wantonly outraged and so mercilessly destroyed; and almost the next moment dissolute riot and joyous carousings resounded through the palace. Among the amusements of the monster, we must not forget to mention, one was the letting fierce bears run loose among his subjects. When a group of persons were assembled within sight of the palace, two or three of these savage animals were sent among them. The hasty flight, agonizing alarm, and piercing cries which were caused by the attack, seemed to afford him exquisite delight. Some of the poor wretches, who were nearly torn to pieces, were requited for their sufferings with a small piece of gold.

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To such a pitch was the wantonness of cruelty carried by this outcast from humanity, that he had jesters in attendance when executions were going on, to entertain him with their jokes as the work of torture proceeded. These, though favourites, were sometimes the victims of his caprice. They were of various ranks, and Prince Gvosdef is named as one of them. One of his jests, unhappily for him, gave offence, and in consequence boiling soup was poured on his head. He attempted to retire from the table, when Ivan stuck him with his knife, and he fell bleeding to the ground. A physician, named Arnolph, was then called, to whom the Czar, with an affectation of pity, said,—"Save, save my good servant; I have jested with him a little too hard." "So hard," replied the doctor, "that I can do nothing for him." With blasphemous servility, he added, "God only, *and your majesty*, can restore him to life, for the prince has ceased to breathe." Ivan laughed at the event, called the deceased a dog, and in a few moments seemed to have wholly forgotten what had occurred.

It ought not to be concealed, that the atrocities of the wretched despot were probably, in some instances, prompted and invited by the approbation with which they seemed to be witnessed. The slaves, who owned his sway, not merely acquiesced in his deeds of blood as necessary, but pretended to applaud them as

"The gay, graceful, frolicksome freak of the free,
Which nor law could restrain nor religion control;"

and even gratitude was expressed by some of the sufferers. The voyvod of Staritza, Boris Titof, bowing to the ground before him, Ivan exclaimed, "God save thee, dear Voyvod, thou deservest a lasting mark of favour." Saying this he cut off one of the voyvod's ears. No shrinking, no manifestation of pain was exhibited by Titof. He thanked the Czar for his gracious favour, and wished him a long and glorious reign.

(To be concluded next week.)

NATURAL MAGIC.

No. III.

HERR DÖBLER'S EXPERIMENT OF IGNITING, AT THE SAME INSTANT, SEVERAL HUNDRED CANDLES.

In the explanation we are about to offer of this original and, to the uninitiated, wonderful feat, we do not pledge ourselves to the plan which we present to our readers this week being the actual mode employed by Herr Döbler, but as our method succeeds most admirably, as we have repeatedly proved by experiments, therefore, so long as the end is obtained with equal success and facility, it matters little to them for whom this paper is written whether the two systems are alike, although we believe this to be the only method by which it could be carried out. In Herr Döbler's arrangement the candles were placed in different parts of the stage; some suspended from the ceiling, and others on tables, the stage being in darkness, on entering which he fired a pistol,* and at the same instant the candles were all ignited.

The candles employed in this experiment must have their wicks all of the same height, each having been previously lighted, for the purpose of carbonizing the cotton, and then carefully extinguished, and the black or charred parts of the wicks dipped in spirits of turpentine: the candles being arranged in the position above described, must have a slight slip of board so placed as to be on a level with the tips of the wicks, and at the distance of half an inch from them; on this board must be nailed a series of wires, in the shape of the letter V, and arranged along the one edge of the board, so that the leg of each V may stand opposite a candle wick, the distance between the legs being about the one-sixteenth part of an inch, as in the following bird's-eye view; the dots answering to the tips of the candles, and the letters the position of the wires on the

. . . . . .
V V V V V V V V V V

board. Between these openings, when the experiment is to be carried out, must be placed a small pinch of percussion powder,† and in any convenient position, out of sight of the spectators, an assistant must have a small electrical machine with a Leyden jar of about two quarts capacity, from the outside coating of which a wire passes to the one end of the board, and a corresponding wire from the other end, being connected with the jointed discharging rod: when all the arrangements are thus made, and the jar charged, the assistant, on the concerted signal, discharges the jar; the electricity, passing between the wires, ignites the percussion powder, the flame of which communicates to the candles. If a row of gas jets be substituted for the candles, the percussion powder may be dispensed with, as the gas may be ignited by the mere spark, as practised by Dr Bachhoffner, at the Polytechnic Institution.

Note.—If the candles are arranged in different parts of the room and not in one

* This, of course, is not essential to the experiment, but very important to the deception, as the noise of the report covers the discharge of the Leyden jar.

† Composed of one part of finely-pulverized sulphuret of antimony, and two parts of finely-powdered chlorate of potass; they must be ground separately, and afterwards gently mixed with a feather on a sheet of paper; without this caution it is likely to explode.

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line, care must be taken to arrange the wires so as to have but one commencement and termination; it matters little how they are placed as long as this is attended to, the object being, of course, to transmit the electric fluid through the whole line of wire. B.

LIFE'S BANQUET OVER.

(For the Mirror.)

And weeps the man of many years,
With chilling dread and burning tears,
Because he now discerns,
That at no distant period hence,
He "to that bourne must hasten whence
No traveller returns."

Life is a treat. A mighty arm
Spreads over it a matchless charm;
But taken the repast,
While yet the cup of joy we drain,
Shall folly venture to complain,
It can't for ever last?

If after happy seasons spent
Clouds lower, shall we feel discontent
That life is on the lees;
As well at dinner after fish,
And fowl, and many a sumptuous dish,
Might we be shocked at cheese.

Our gracious Host may claim at least,
To end when he thinks fit the feast.
Life's entertainment o'er,
Let us, content with good or bad,
Be thankful for what we have had,
And wisely crave no more.

That youth, and strength, and health are gone,
But proves we with our task get on:
Man's progress is decay.
He falls to rise again. 'Tis well;
Good Mr Sexton ring the bell,
Come, Death, and take away. T.

MEDITATIONS OF BONAPARTE.

The late William Huntington, the far-famed preacher, professed to delight in "a dish of dead-men's brains," or, in other words, to possess himself of the serious thoughts of those who were "on earth no more." His taste in this respect we share. The solemn reflections of distinguished individuals who are in the tomb have in them a something that rivets our attention and inspires a thrilling interest which the most eloquent contemporary could scarcely awaken. We feel it a privilege to be enabled to look as it were into the inward mind of such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte, and to find him musing, like *Hamlet*, on that mysterious state of being which was then his, and from which he has long been dismissed. He thus expresses himself:—

"Man is fond of the marvellous; it has for him irresistible fascinations; he is ever ready to abandon that which is near at hand to run after that which is fabricated for him. He voluntarily lends himself to his own delusions. The truth is, that everything about us is a wonder. There is nothing which can be properly called a phenomenon. Everything in nature is a phenomenon. My existence is a phenomenon. The wood that is put in the fire-place, and warms me, is a phenomenon; that candle there, which gives me light, is a phenomenon. All the first causes—my understanding, my faculties—are phenomena; for they all exist, and we cannot define them. I take leave of you here, and, lo! I am at Paris, entering my box at the Opera. I bow to the audience; I hear the acclamations; I see the performers; I listen to the music. But if I can bound over the distance from St Helena, why should I not bound over the distance of centuries? Why should I not see the future as well as the past? Why should the one be more extraordinary, more wonderful, than the other? The only reason is, that it does not exist. This is the argument which will always annihilate, without the possibility of reply, all visionary wonders. All these quacks deal in very ingenious speculations; their reasoning may be just and seductive; but their conclusions are false, because they are unsupported by facts."

His thoughts on Mesmerism run thus:—

"Mesmer and Mesmerism have never recovered from the blow dealt at them by Bailly's report, in the name of the Academy of Sciences. Mesmer produced effects upon a person, by magnetizing him to his face, yet the same person, magnetized behind, without his knowing it, experienced no effect whatever. It was, therefore, on his part, an error of the imagination, a debility of the senses; it was the act of the somnabule, who at night runs along the roof without danger because he is not afraid, but who would break his neck in the day because his senses would confound him."

Having attacked the quack Puységur, on somnabulism, at one of his public audiences, and by his bitter sarcasm closed any attempt at a defence of his hobby, he says, speaking of phrenology:—

"I behaved in the same manner to Gall, and contributed very much to the discredit of his theory. Corvisart was his principal follower. He, and all who resemble him, had a great attachment to materialism, which was calculated to strengthen their theory and influence. But nature is not so barren. Were she so clumsy as to make herself known by external forms, we should go to work more promptly, and acquire a greater degree of knowledge. Her secrets are more subtle, more delicate, more evanescent, and have hitherto escaped the most minute researches. We find a great genius in a little hunchback, and a man with a fine commanding person turns out to be a stupid fellow. A big head, with a large brain, is sometimes destitute of a single idea, while a small brain is found to possess a vast understanding. And observe the imbecility of Gall. He attributes to certain protuberances propensities and crimes, which are not inherent in nature, which arise solely from society and the compact of mankind. What becomes of the protuberance denoting thievery where there is no property to steal; of that indicating drunkenness

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where there are no fermented liquors, and of that characterising ambition where there is no social establishment?"

The same remarks, says Bonaparte, "apply to that egregious charlatan Lavater:"—

"Lavater, with his physical and moral relations. Our credulity lies in the defect of our nature. It is inherent in us to wish for the acquisition of positive ideas, when we ought, on the contrary, to be carefully on our guard against them. We scarcely look at a man's features before we undertake to ascertain his character. We should be wise enough to repel the idea and to neutralize those deceitful appearances. I was robbed by a person who had grey eyes, and from that moment am I never to look at grey eyes without the idea of the fear of being robbed? It was a weapon that wounded me, and of that I am apprehensive wherever I see it, but was it the grey eyes that robbed me? Reason and experience, and I have been enabled to derive great benefit from both, prove, that all those external signs are so many lies; that we cannot be too strictly on our guard against them, and that the only true way of appreciating and gaining a thorough knowledge of mankind is by trying and associating with them."

Although Bonaparte may not have believed in any one of the above, it is strange that so comprehensive a mind should not have been more cautious in his observations. His reasoning on the marvellous is good, and as he properly expresses himself, "Everything in nature is a phenomenon;" yet still, when we come to matter which can be reduced to facts, upon which we can reason and show cause, we need not take it for granted (because we may ont have studied the science) that all must rest in error. That there is a considerable deal of truth in phrenology is easily proved, and as easily understood by any persons who will take the trouble to listen, but unfortunately, many persons condemn unheard that which they do not instantly comprehend. Every new science has to labour against prejudice, which is one of the greatest obstacles inventions and discoveries have to surmount. It is difficult enough to create and bring to maturity any new theory, without having to encounter unreasoning prejudice.

Evidence which is before every reflecting mind can easily be adduced to show that phrenology is not a mere phantasy. God never creates or wills without Nature herself being peculiarly adapted for its intended purpose. In the lower animals their peculiar attention to the duties allotted them is called instinct. Now this instinct is caused by a singular formation of the brain. Man is the only animal that has any quantity of brain situated before the ear, that situated behind being the animal organ, and that before the intellectual, with some exceptions. In mentioning a few of the organs which are strongly developed, and which will not require an anatomist to discover the truth, let that of courage be the first, and that of timidity be put in conjunction with it, to show the opposite quality.

Courage is found in the lion, tiger, and bull-dog, and timidity in the hare, rabbit, and spaniel: these few animals are sufficient for the purpose. In the former the brain, situated behind the ears, causes a great projection of the bone at those points, and the ears must of consequence project at almost right angles with the head; which is found to be the case with the head of the brutal Emperor Nero, from all the authenticated busts made at the time, when phrenology was not known. The contrary is seen in the hare, &c. for in those animals there is no projection in the bone as above, for want of the brain in those parts, so that the ears may be brought together at the back of the skull. In birds of song the skull is found to possess a larger portion of brain in the situation of the organ of tune, and those parts of the head are perfectly flat in the birds without song. The same protuberance is found on the foreheads of our great musicians, and is seen very prominently in their portraits, viz., Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, &c.

The beaver, the swallow, and all those animals which take great pains in constructing their nests, have the organ of construction largely developed; but we cannot find that organ in the sparrow, the cat, or dog, or in any creature which does not construct. This organ in man is only found in great architects, or in those who have considerable powers of construction in any matters. The instances that might be adduced are numerous, but the above are sufficient to prove the fact, leaving the reader to search for further information. That the science has fallen into hands of over-zealous persons, who have foolishly come to erroneous conclusions, is true; but that does not overthrow known facts, and one thing is certain, that the beautiful arrangements of a great Creator were not made without a good reason in all his works.

Lavater, whom Bonaparte so severely condemns, has brought forward the secondary symptoms, if they may so be called, for it is by the action of the mind that the muscles of the face are constantly brought into certain forms, and this on the same principle as a gymnastic exercise of the limbs will enlarge those muscles in frequent use, so the face partakes of that general character of the mind. Lavater goes into follies which he should have avoided. Such is most frequently the case with one who brings forward a new theory.

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Arms. Ar., a saltier; ss., on a chief of the first, three pellets of the second.
Crest. A buck's head, erased, ppr.
Supporters. Two heads, ppr.
Motto. "Je suis pret." "*I am ready.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF FARNHAM.

When James the Sixth of Scotland was looking up to the English crown, to secure an interest for him in this kingdom while Elizabeth still lived, he sent to London the Reverend Robert Maxwell, son of John Maxwell, Esq., of Calderwood. This gentleman was subsequently made Dean of Armagh, which appointment he held for the remainder of his life. He was succeeded by his eldest son of the same name, who was also in holy orders, and who became a Doctor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. Before the rebellion of 1641, he was rector of Tynam, in the Diocese of Armagh, and archdeacon of Down. In 1643 he was consecrated Bishop of Kilmore, and in 1661 the episcopal see of Ardagh was granted to him, to hold in commendam with that of Kilmore. He married Margaret, the daughter of the Right Reverend Henry Echlin, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, by whom he had three sons, of whom John, the eldest, succeeded him on his death in 1672. This gentleman died without issue in 1713, and was succeeded by his nephew, Robert, the son of his next brother James. Robert, in 1737, was succeeded by his cousin, John Maxwell, Esq., the son of Henry, the younger brother of James, above mentioned. John Maxwell represented the County of Cavan in Parliament, from 1727, till May 6, 1758, when he was raised to the Peerage of Ireland, by the title of Baron Farnham, of Farnham, County of Cavan. He married, in 1719, Judith, the daughter of James Barry, Esq., of Newton Barry, in the County of Wexford, by whom he had a family. On his decease, August 6, 1759, he was succeeded by his eldest son Robert, who was created a Viscount in 1761, and Earl of Farnham in 1763. He married, December 27, 1759, Henrietta, Countess Dowager of Stafford, only daughter of Phillip D. Cantillon, Esq., by whom he had one daughter; and afterwards Sarah, only daughter of Pole Cosby, Esq., of Strabelly Hall, Queen's County. He died November 11, 1779, when the honours conferred on himself expired with him, and the originally barony devolved on his brother, Henry, the third Baron, who became Viscount Farnham in 1780, and Earl of Farnham, June 20, 1785. He was married twice; first in 1751 to Margaret, second daughter and co-heir of Robert King, Esq., of Drewstown, in the county of Meath, by whom he had a son and two daughters. He died in 1800, and was succeeded by his only son John James, the second Earl, who dying without issue July 23, 1823, the earldom expired, and the barony reverted to his kinsman, John Maxwell Barry, who was descended from Henry, the third son of the first Lord. He was a Privy Councillor, Colonel of the Cavan Militia, and a representative Peer. He died September 20, 1838, and was succeeded by his brother, the Reverend William Maxwell. This gentleman married, September 5, 1798, Lady Ann Butler, eldest daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Carrick, by whom he had a numerous family. Within a month after his accession to the title his lordship died, in October 1838, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present Peer, who was born August 9, 1799; and married, December 3, 1828, Ann Frances Esther, youngest daughter of Thomas, Lord de Spencer. His lordship formerly represented the county of Cavan in Parliament.

ST MARYLEBONE BANK FOR SAVINGS, 76 WELBECK STREET, ESTABLISHED 5TH JULY, 1830.

Comparative statement of progress, at specified periods, during the last seven years.

	Open deposit Accounts.	Sums invested with National Debt Commissioners.
		£
On 20th Nov., 1837	9,947	155,910
,, 1838	11,278	196,334
,, 1839	11,935	223,353
,, 1840	12,680	253,167
,, 1841	13,004	266,407
,, 1842	13,349	285,382
,, 1843	14,130	319,496

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ON METALLO-CHROMES, AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

By Charles V. Walker, Esq., Editor of the 'Electrical Magazine,' &c.

(*Continued from page* 296.)

In our last we laid down the fundamental law that the contact of three heterogeneous bodies, one of which must needs be a liquid, availed in the production of certain changes in one or other of the bodies employed; and we alluded to the development of some kind of power by this threefold association. There are well-established, and indeed very familiar cases, in which this power has been shown to occur on the mutual contact of *two* bodies; but in no case are we aware of the power being so continued as to produce such effects as we have now occasion to examine unless the place of the third body is in some way supplied. The common substitution for this body is *motion*. We mention this in order that the young electrician may not take it on erroneous notion respecting the conditions under which the power is developed. And we now pass away from the consideration of the cases in which *motion* is one element of the mystic three, as they do not much concern the present matter, to describe a more methodical groupment of the essential threes, and to analyze the place and circumstances of the several attendant changes which occur among the respective elements.

Group we the elements as we please, select we them as best we may, we can devise no effective combination which does not exhibit a change in at least *two* of the substances employed. The simplest cases are the best for illustration, and one such we select.

We were about to say take a piece of *pure* zinc; but as this is not very easily obtained, take a piece of common zinc, wash it in water rendered acid with oil of vitriol or sulphuric acid, and then rub it well over with mercury, till it is thoroughly amalgamated; allow the superfluous mercury to drain off, and the zinc thus prepared will act the part of pure zinc, for reasons which it is not needful to explain now. Take a piece, say a square inch, of unprepared zinc, and place it in a wine glass with water containing, perhaps, one-tenth sulphuric acid; a brisk effervescence will immediately occur, and a copious liberation of gas will be observed; as this gas will burn, on the application of a light, we know it to be hydrogen; the gas is liberated in bubbles at every part of the surface of the zinc, and the zinc is soon destroyed. If the prepared zinc, or pure zinc, should it be at hand, be now placed in a second wine glass, with another portion of the same acid solution, all will be tranquil, no copious evolution of gas will occur, and the zinc remains sound and intact.

But if a platinum wire be immersed in the liquid, until one end of it touches the zinc, a stream of hydrogen will instantly be liberated from the whole of the immense part of the *platinum wire*, and the zinc, at which no gas will be liberated, will be observed to be as before gradually evaded and destroyed. Here, then, is a case of regular groupment, in which certain changes occur, to wit, the production of hydrogen gas, and the consumption of the metal zinc. A superficial observer might link these changes together as cause and effect; and might, perhaps, imagine that, like as beef is made by the consumption of fodder, so is hydrogen gas by the consumption of zinc. Beef, however, is made *of* the fodder; hydrogen is not made *of* the zinc, being, as most, perhaps all of our readers know, a simple body, a thing of itself, having no ultimate elements.

The questions then arise, what becomes of the zinc? and whence comes the hydrogen? The right understanding of the solutions of these questions will form a very good foundation stone to chemistry, and the further expositions will be the clue to Electro-chemistry.

Supposing the experiment to have been so nicely managed that exactly thirty-two grains of zinc had been destroyed. We use the term grains for convenience; it might be thirty-two times any other weight. The zinc and platinum are now to be removed, and the liquid is to be placed under such circumstances as to undergo evaporation, which is most conveniently done by placing it in a shallow dish over a spirit lamp. After a considerable diminution in bulk has occurred, the residue is placed aside to cool; when a series of transparent crystals will make their appearance. These crystals at once explain what has become of the zinc; it has combined, in fact, with the things about it, and has formed a certain quantity of sulphate of zinc.

It has not combined, however, at random; it has taken to itself out of the solution a just equivalent of the materials necessary to form with it the salt in question, and no more. On weighing it, it will be found to be exactly 143 grains. The metal, therefore, has taken to itself 111 grains out of the acid liquid.

It would be out of place to describe here the means by which the salt can be analyzed, so as to find of what the 111 grains consist; suffice it here to mention its composition, in illustration of the beautiful order which subsists. Sulphate of zinc in crystals consists of oxide of zinc, sulphuric acid, and water.

Now, 32 grains of zinc require 8 grains

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of oxygen to produce an oxide, so that the oxide of zinc weighs 40 grains. Forty grains of oxide of zinc require 40 grains of sulphuric acid (of which 16 grains are sulphur, and 3 times 8 oxygen) to produce a sulphate, which, therefore, weighs 80 grains; and 80 grains of sulphate of zinc require 63 grains of water of crystallisation (of which 7 times 1 are hydrogen, and 7 time 8 oxygen), thus making the total 143 grains. The product, therefore, is composed of oxygen, zinc, sulphuric acid, and water.

The origin of all but the oxygen is evident. In seeking this we shall be able to solve the second question—whence comes the hydrogen?

(*To be continued.*)

GARDENING HINTS FOR DECEMBER.

KITCHEN GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

In-door Department.

PINERY.—The recent accounts of heavy pines have attracted so much notice, and the ready means of procuring a *steady* bottom-heat for them by the tank system holds out such a great inducement to new beginners, that we find a general stir all over the country in the direction of pine-growing, and, as if to meet a sudden demand for information on their culture, we have two forthcoming books advertised for this purpose. A gentleman connected with the fruit trade tells me that Suffolk was never noted for pine-growing; but he thinks, from preparations now in progress, we shall some day be as celebrated for our fine pines as we now are for our success with cucumbers. He also told me of a successful attempt to put up a tank for pines after some plan in the *Chronicle*, but could not give me any particulars; will some reader be good enough to give me these particulars, that I may make use of them in this calendar, without referring to names, of course? Any accounts of this sort will be as suitable for my purpose, and as useful to the public, as anything I can say on pine culture in winter.

VINERY.—This is time to begin to force the earliest house; a week, however, earlier or later, does not make much difference. If any scale or mealy-bugs have got hold of the vines, get rid of them, by the good old method of steaming the house with fresh horse-dung.

ASPARAGUS, SEAKALE, AND RHUBARB.—Have beds of these in readiness to succeed those now in use, and never apply a strong heat to them.

Out-door Department.

Cauliflowers or Cape brocoli, if only three or four inches round, turn them into a cold pit, placing their roots in some light rich soil; they will swell off and come in very useful in the dead of winter; throw some straw or other additional covering over them in hard frosty weather. To preserve your strawberry plants in pots through the winter, have the pots plunged in a dry border, ready to have straw or some other dry covering laid over them in frosty weather.

FIGS AND VINES IN POTS.—Turn them out of the pots and plunge their balls in rotten tan, peat, or indeed in any light, sandy soil, with some leaves or straw thrown over the whole.

FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

In-door Department.

STOVE.—For the next six weeks, at least if the thermometer stands above 55° in the morning, you are safe enough with a general collection of stove plants.

GREENHOUSE.—If the plants are clean, the work here is mere routine. See that Cape bulbs, called the Iridaceæ, are now well supplied with water, if their pots are full of roots. The shoots of the different winter-growing Tropæolums will also require attention to training. Tropæolum pentaphyllum, of Dalrey, is hardy enough for any part of this island.

CONSERVATORY.—As soon as the Chrysanthemums begin to fade cut them down and protect the stools from frost. The Echites splendens, exhibited by Mr Veitch, the summer before last, at Chiswick, is at a distance like the gorgeous new Orchidaceæ. These Echites will inarch on the Beaumontia, which is a much stronger plant.

PAVING BELOW THE ROOTS OF FRUIT TREES.—The beneficial effects of this in a case of bad subsoil is exemplified by the following statement. Some apple trees, espaliers, and dwarf standards were planted from six to ten years ago, on a gravelly soil, originally the bed of a gravel pit. Tiles were placed underneath their roots when planted, from twelve to fifteen inches below the surface. On the roots overshooting these and penetrating into the gravel, the fruit became stunted and shrivelled. They were root-pruned early in 1842, and fair, plump, well-coloured specimens were the result of thus reducing the roots to the tiles. In order to accommodate the young roots, extend the paving, otherwise they will follow the course of their predecessors with similar results.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

A REFLECTION.

OH! there's an awful pleasure which doth thrill
The soul, when standing by the dying bed
Of one whose falt'ring tongue will soon be still
In death, to think th'immortal will have sped;
A moment's space, where piercing thought is lost
In the immensity it contemplates;
Like an unequal vessel, strain'd and tost,
And swallow'd by that gulf the surge creates.
God! the absorbing thought—he's here—now *there!*
His eye now glist'ning with its parting light,
Then to be clos'd on earth, reop'ning where;
Perchance 'twill gleam angelically bright,
And prove that ev'ry virtuous tear hath giv'n
Life to the ransom'd soul—the flow'r of heav'n!

L. M. T.

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MOHAMMED THE PROPHET, HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINES.

The history of Mohammed must deeply interest the religious world. Dr Weil has endeavoured to distinguish the real deeds of this extraordinary man from the fables circulated of him in the East. In his younger days, it appears, Mohammed was a shepherd. His biographer is of opinion that he gained his knowledge of Judaism and Christianity from his dealings with Jews and Christians that dwelt in Arabia, and especially to a cousin of his wife Kadija, an Arab, who first embraced Judaism and afterwards became a Christian. Having become a prophet, he grew fonder and more fond of solitude, and retired for many days together, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with Kadija, to a cavern of Mount Hara, and where, after the example of his grandfather, Abd Almultalib, he passed the entire month Ramadan engaged in devotional offices and pious meditations. When he looked back to Abraham, who, though neither a Jew nor a Christian, was accounted as a true believer, a Muslim (a man of God), and not only admitted by Jew and Christian to *be* a holy prophet, but adored by the Arabs as the father of Ishmael and the builder of the Caaba, he naturally came to the conclusion, afterwards so frequently avowed and declared, that Holy Writ had been partly falsified—in part falsely interpreted, and thus he might feel himself called upon to re-establish a purer faith, such as we find it in the time of Abraham and in the Old Testament. Having in the way of reflection reached this point, his ardent imagination could not long remain inactive, and he soon, whether in night or day dreams, saw an angel sanctioning with divine revelation what he had satisfied his own mind to be true. Such self-deception on the part of Mohammed is the less surprising, when we reflect that, being at one time epileptic, he, in accordance with the received opinions of his time, considered himself "possessed." Mockery at first, and persuasion afterwards, was endured by Mohammed. Dr Weil believes his night visit to heaven to be an invention after his death, founded on a misrepresentation of some passages in the Koran.

Having made numerous proselytes, and finding himself powerful, the once meek prophet now strove for worldly gain and vengeance, and declared himself authorized by heaven to take up arms against his enemies. But, unprepared as yet for open war, he contented himself with the plunder of the caravans of Mecca.

Mohammed desired Abd Allah Ibn Jash to come to him, and told him, with eight, or, as some say, twelve men, who were formerly under the command of Obeida, to take the road to South Arabia. In order to avoid all discussion, or difficulties that might be started, as to carrying on a war during the holy month Rajab, for such it was, perhaps also to insure the more obedience in the undertaking of so dangerous a mission, he gave him, instead of verbal instructions, a sealed letter, which he enjoined him to open on the third day of his journey, and bestowed on him, as the price of his services, or rather as a bribe, the honourable distinction of Commander of the Faithful (Emir Al Mo'menin), a title which afterwards Omar was the first califf who assumed. Abd Allah complied with the will of the prophet, and when, on the third day, he broke the seal of the letter, he found therein an order to repair with his companions in arms to the Valley of Nachla, that lay between Mecca and Taif, and there to lay wait for the caravan of the Koreishites. Abd Allah communicated to his comrades the contents of this letter, and inquired who would follow him; for, added he, the Prophet has expressly enjoined me not to force the inclinations of any one: as far as concerns myself, I am resolved, even if I must do so alone, to execute the commands of the messenger of God. He thereupon continued on his way, and all his followers with him. But a camel, on which rode two of his soldiers (Saad and Otba), went astray on the road; they, on that account, remained behind to look for it, whilst Abd Allah, and the remaining six or ten men, pursued their journey towards the Valley of Nachla. Having reached their destination, they saw the camels of the Koreishites laden with cubebs, leather, and other wares, pass along under the guard of only four men. Abd Allah followed at some distance in their rear, until they made halt, and, perceiving that he excited their suspicions, caused one of his number to cut close his hair, and go a round-about way to meet them, so that they believed him to be a pilgrim, who had returned from fulfilling the rite of Umra. Whilst, however, anticipating no danger, and trusting to the sanctity of the month Rajab, they neglected all further precautions for their safety, Abd Allah fell upon them with his band, killed one of them (he was the first Arab who fell by the hand of a Mussulman), made two others prisoners, and only the fourth escaped, and sought for help. This, however, came too late, for Abd Allah, with his two prisoners and his booty, lost no time in returning to Medina, which he reached in safety.

The following remarks on Mohammed's style are worth transcribing:—

"The names of Poet, Soothsayer, and Possessed (*Besessener*), with which Mohammed was mocked by the Meccaites, may have induced him not only to put some check on his glowing imagination

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but also to adopt a style of writing to distinguish him from the Seers of his own country, and hence, in all probability, arose the difference between the earlier and later Surats, not only as regards their matter, but their manner. In proportion, however, as Mohammed changed his style, he became less and less poetical. His periods grew longer and longer, his rhythm more sparing, studied and hard; and before leaving Mecca, the style of the Koran sunk down into a heavy prose, disfigured rather than ornamented by the repetition dragged in at the end of every verse of "God is gracious—May ye be enlightened—God is omniscient—Heavy punishment awaits the sinner," &c. The striking diversity of style observable in the Surats of Mecca and Medina, may also be accounted for as well by the changes that had taken place in his own mind, spiritually, as by the alteration of his temporal circumstances after his return from his flight. Whilst he had constantly before his eyes the idolatries of Mecca, Mohammed was impressed with such a lively conception of, and belief in one allmighty and allwise Allah, that his thoughts not only became elevated and sublime, but his language original and figurative, his expressions noble and powerful; God's creative power laid open to his poetic spirit all the wonders of nature. The earth with all it brings forth—heaven with its glittering worlds—the interminable ocean—were depicted as the works of one Supreme Being. In the following verses, even if they possess no extraordinary claim to originality, who can fail to recognize a spirit at once pious and impressed with a firm persuasion of a deity? "God splits the seed and the kernel, brings life out of death, and death out of life. This is (the true) God, how can ye be so dull of comprehension? He it is who causes the morning red to break forth—has appointed the night for rest—the sun and moon for the reckoning of time. These are the dispensations of the Most High—the Allwise. He has created the stars as a guide in the darkness over the dry land and the sea. Such clear and indisputable signs has he given to the Intelligent. He it is who has made you all from one man, and allotted you a secure resting place. Those who reflect aright on these things find a sure sign therein. He it is who sends down the waters from Heaven, that make to sprout forth plants of all kinds, all verdant things, thickly-growing corn, palm trees with heavily-laden branches, vineyards, olive grounds and gardens with pomegranates of all sorts."

Dr Weil thus sums up the character of Mohammed:—

"In Medina, he showed himself no longer a patient sufferer, but an all-powerful actor; his ordinances, no less than his conduct, stamped him for a weak, passionate, inconsistent, artful indeed, but short-sighted man and legislator. First he flatters the Jews and seeks to win them over by various concessions; then he revokes all that he had done in their favour, and becomes their bitter enemy. Some he pardoned from fear of Abd Allah, others he allowed to be butchered in the name of God. To-day he sets limits to polygamy—to-morrow, also in the name of God, he himself oversteps the appointed bounds. Were any one assassinated or maimed, by the consent of the relatives the culprit was permitted to expiate his crime with money; whilst no mercy was shown to the thief, who lost his hand for his offence. In the most critical moments of his public and private life he suffered himself to be biassed, contrary to his own better reason, by the opinion of others; as at Obed, where he engaged the enemy against his will; at the siege of Medina, where he wished to conclude a separate treaty of peace; and at Taif, where, according to some accounts, he gave orders for storming the place, though he well knew that it could be attended with no favourable result. The strongest proof, however, of the weakness of his character is, that he died without naming his successor, and thus as it were prepared the overthrow of an empire, of which he had been the founder. It was very possible that he could not make up his mind as to the succession. His heart probably leaned towards Ali, the husband of his beloved daughter—his understanding to Abu Bekr, who was not only better fitted to govern than the all too-open-hearted and worthy Ali, but was supported (in his pretensions) by the powerful Omar. Mohammed, without any extraordinary gifts of the spirit, might in Mecca have been acknowledged by many as a prophet, because the faith that he preached was a vast improvement on the gross idolatrous worship there practised. His prepossessing person, his distinguished eloquence, his unexampled liberality, his self-sacrifice for his friends, and his protection and support of the poor, of slaves, and of exiles, must have swelled the number of his retainers, and made them passive instruments of his will. But if such were the sources of his influence in Mecca, he owed the extension of his power in Medina to his near relationship with the Ausites, to the prospect of the booty to be gained under his banner, the want of unity among the Arabs themselves, to his flattery and artifices, rather than to a real greatness of mind, warlike talents, or personal bravery. No means were dishonourable in his eyes, by which he could overreach an enemy, or sow dissension among his adversaries."

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SUSANNA; OR, CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

The following Christmas picture, by Bremer, which has lately been translated from the Swedish, will entertain. Susanna and Harold, a Swedish lass and a Norway swain, are lovers. Lady Astrid, the mistress of Susanna, absorbed in hopeless melancholy, adds a graceful interest to the scenes described.

"Only such a soil could bring forth such wonders. In the forenoon Harold went with Susanna to the farmyard, where, with her own hands, she distributed oats to the cows, bread to the sheep, and to the poultry corn, in fullest measure. In the community of the chickens a great variety of character might be observed. Some seized greedily upon the corn, while they drove the rest forcibly back; others remained at a modest distance, and picked up contentedly the grains that fortune sent them. Some of them seemed more anxious to provide for others than for themselves. Of this noble nature was a young cock, with a high crest and brilliant plumage, and of a peculiarly proud and lofty bearing; he yielded his share to the hens, hardly reserving to himself a single grain of corn, but looking down with an air of majesty upon the crowd that pecked and cackled at his feet. On account of this noble behaviour, Susanna had called him the Knight, and this name he always retained. Among the geese she saw with vexation that the poor grey was still more oppressed than ever by his white tyrant. Harold proposed to have the grey goose killed, but Susanna insisted warmly, that if either of the rivals were to be sacrificed, it should be the white one. In a house where there are no children, where neither family nor friends assemble, where the mistress of the mansion sits in darkness with her sorrow, can Christmas-eve bring but little joy. But Susanna had made her preparations to diffuse happiness. She had rejoiced in this thought the whole week through, in the midst of her many occupations; and the more, that her life would have been gloomy indeed, if the hope of giving pleasure to some one had not always glimmered, like a little star, over her path. Larina, Karina, and Petro were this day to taste the fruits of Susanna's night-watching; and when the evening came, and Susanna had spread the Christmas table, and had seen it set out with lutfisk,* roast meats, chickens, plates of butter, tarts, and apples, and lighted with many candles; when the people of the farm assembled round the table with eyes that glistened with delight and appetite; when the oldest of the company began a song of thanksgiving, and all the others joined in it with folded hands and solemn voice, then did Susanna feel that she was no longer in a strange land. She joined in their song, and seated herself at the table, a cheerful, hospitable hostess; animated the strong to the performance of prodigies, and placed the most delicate dishes before the weak and timid. Fru Astrid had told Susanna she wished this evening to remain alone in her room, and would take only a glass of milk. But Susanna was resolved to surprise her into pleasure, and to this end had laid a little plot against her peace. At the time when the glass of milk was to be carried to her, a beautiful boy, dressed to represent Susanna's idea of an angel, and with a crown of light upon his head, was to enter her door softly and beckon her forth. The lady could not surely resist so beautiful a messenger, and he was to conduct her to the principal room, where, in a grove of fir trees, a table was to be spread with the choicest productions of Susanna's skill, and behind the fir trees the people of the house were to be assembled, and sing, to the well-known melody of the country, a song in praise of their lady, and full of good wishes for her future happiness. Harold, to whom Susanna had communicated her plan, shook his head doubtfully at first, but afterwards agreed to it, and even lent his aid in its execution, by procuring the fir trees and assisting at the toilet of the angel. Susanna was delighted with her beautiful little messenger, and followed him softly, as, with some anxiety for his head and his brilliant crown, he tripped lightly towards Fru Astrid's apartment. Harold opened the door softly for the boy. Within, they saw the lady seated in an arm chair, her head bent down upon her hands. The lamp upon the table threw a dull light upon her mourning dress. Roused by the opening of the door, she looked up, and gazed with a wild look upon the apparition. Then she rose hastily, pressed her hands upon her breast, uttered a faint cry of terror, and sank lifeless to the ground. Susanna pushed her angel hastily aside, and rushed to her lady, raised her in her arms, with a feeling of indescribable anguish, and bore her to the bed. Harold, on his part, occupied himself with the poor angel, whose crown having lost its balance, the hot tallow was streaming over his forehead and cheeks, while he uttered the most piteous cries. Susanna soon succeeded in bringing her lady back to life; but for some time her senses seemed bewildered, and she uttered confused and disconnected sentences, among which Susanna could only distinguish the words, 'apparition—unhappy child—dead.' Susanna inferred that her pretended angel had terrified her, and cried out in a voice broken by sobs,

* "Codfish, which has been soaked in lye for several weeks. This is a common Christmas dish in Norway and Sweden."

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'Ah! it was only John Guttormsen's little son, whom I had dressed up as an angel, to give you pleasure.' Susanna saw now but too well how unfortunate this idea had been; but Fru Astrid listened with eager interest to Susanna's explanation of the appearance which had thus shaken her. At last her convulsive state yielded to a flood of tears. Susanna, beside herself with grief, that, instead of joy, she had been the cause of sorrow to her lady, kissed, weeping, her dress, her hands, her feet, with earnest entreaties for forgiveness. Fru Astrid answered in a gentle but reproving tone, 'You meant it well, Susanna; you could not know what sorrow you would cause me. But never think again—never attempt again to give me pleasure; I can never more be cheerful—never more be happy; a stone lies at my breast that can never be lifted from it till the stone is placed over my grave. But go now, Susanna, I must be alone—I shall soon be well again.'"

Miscellaneous.

Improvement in India.—A jail-bird can easily be distinguished after the first six months, by his superior bodily condition. On his head may be seen either a kinkhâb or embroidered cap, or one of English flowered muslin, enriched with a border of gold or silver lace. Gros de Naples is coming into fashion, but slowly. On his back is a blanket (if he chooses to carry it out of prison), which is renewed annually; and he has in his hands a handsome set of brass plates and dishes, or a curiously carved hooka bottom, if on good terms with the ruling powers. See him at work: the burkundauze is smoking his chillum, while he and his friends are sound asleep, *sub tegmine fagi!* All of a sudden there is an alarm—the judge is coming!—up they all start, and work like devils for ten or fifteen seconds, and then again to their repose. This is working in chains on the roads! In fact, after a man is once used to the comforts of an Indian prison, there is no keeping him out!—*Davidson.*

Knife-grinders.—At Sheffield and other towns where cutlery is manufactured, there is a class of artisans called grinders. The dust in which they breathe while at their work is pernicious, and eventually a chemical combination is formed, which coats their lungs with stone. Sir Arnold Knight, M.D., thus describes this horrid disease in his examination by the Commissioner:—"Grinders who have good constitutions seldom experience much inconvenience from their trade until they arrive at about twenty years of age; about that time the symptoms of their peculiar complaint begin to steal upon them; their breathing becomes more than usually embarrassed on slight exertions' particularly on going up stairs or ascending a hill; their shoulders are elevated in order to relieve their constant and increasing dyspnœa; they stoop forward, and appear to breathe most comfortably in that posture in which they are accustomed to sit at their work—viz., with their elbows resting on their knees. Their complexion assumes a dirty, muddy appearance. Their countenance indicates anxiety; they complain of a sense of tightness across the chest; their voice is rough and hoarse, their cough loud, and as if the air were driven through wooden tubes." They die shortly after of consumption; the dry grinders at from twenty-eight to thirty-two years old,—the wet grinders live till forty. Every effort hitherto made to modify the ravages of this trade has been discouraged by the men themselves, from a dread of having their wages lowered.

Supposed Inferiority and Perfection of the Natives of America.—De Pauw, in his 'Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains,' broached opinions very derogatory to the intellectual and physical condition of the inhabitants of the New World. He laid it down, that under the influence of a climate which checks and enervates the principle of life, man never attained in America the perfection which belongs to his nature, but remained an animal of an inferior order, defective in the vigour of his bodily frame, and destitute of sensibility, as well as force, in the operations of his mind. Others, and M. Buffon among them, struck with the appearance of degeneracy in the human species throughout the New World, broached the notion that this part of the globe had but lately emerged from the sea, and become fit for the residence of man; that everything in it bore the marks of a recent origin; and that its inhabitants, lately called into existence, and still at the beginning of their career, were unworthy to be compared with the people of a more ancient and improved continent. In opposition to this, another singular theory was started, founded upon no less erroneous premises; that, inasmuch as the rude simplicity of savage life displays an elevation of sentiment, an independence of mind, and a warmth of attachment, for which it is vain to search among the members of polished societies—the most perfect state of man is that which is the least civilized. Consequently, the manners of the rude Americans were described by the philosophical advocates of this doctrine as models to the rest of the species.

A Murderer.—A late traveller give the subjoined extraordinary instance of the imperfection of the administration of British law in India, in the following history of the celebrated murderer, robber,

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and smuggler, Gopal:—"Gopal is at present about forty-two years of age, a tall, athletic man, with a most hideous muddy eye, having the glare of hell itself. It is said that he has always fifteen servants upon stated pay, and can in a few hours command the services of three hundred armed and desperate men. He is a smuggler of salt, and although mean in his apparel (how is it that the greatest geniuses are generally so slovenly? is it a law of nature?) he asserts that his daily expenses exceed six rupees, and he must get them, either by robbery or smuggling. The strength and vigour of the Calpee police may be fairly estimated by the fact, that Gopal has been known to walk into the dwelling house of a rich merchant, in the centre of the most populous part of the town, and when he was surrounded by his alarmed servants and family, he has very coolly selected the gold bangles of his children, and silenced the trembling remonstrances of the Mahajun by threats of his vengeance. Nor is this a solitary instance; but he pursues this line of conduct with so much tact and judgment, that he has now established his character, and is greatly respected in the city. When he murders, Gopal is equally above all concealment; as in the recent case of a sepahee returning with his savings for the subsistence of his family, who was waylaid and murdered by our hero in open day. After securing the plunder, he very coolly gave himself up to justice, acknowledging, with the most praiseworthy candour, that he had killed the sepahee, who had first assaulted him. It was proved on the trial that the sepahee was wholly unarmed. He was sentenced to be hung by the court of Hameerpore, on his own confession; but so tender are Feringees, that Gopal was released, from want of evidence, by the Sudder Court at Calcutta. Their objection was excellent, though curious; it was, that if Gopal's confession were taken, it must be taken altogether, and not that part only which could lead to his conviction. Gopal was released, and now walks about in his Sunday clothes, or may be seen smoking a delicate chillum in the verandah of his brother's house. Gopal is a living evidence of British tenderness."

Remains of Pilgrims.—In March last, as I was crossing the Soubunreekà river (India), my attention was attracted to a number of human skeletons, which lay scattered upon the white sands adjacent to the course of the stream. Upon inquiry, I learned that these were the remains of pilgrims who were on their road to the great pagoda at Juggernaut, and had been drowned two evenings before by a ferry-boat sinking with them. On approaching several of these sad vestiges of mortality, I perceived that the flesh had been devoured from the bones by Pariah dogs, vultures, and other animals. The only portion of the several corpses I noticed that remained entire and untouched, were the bottoms of the feet and the insides of the hands; and this extraordinary circumstance immediately brought to my mind that remarkable passage recorded in the 2nd Book of Kings, chap. 9, relating to the death and ultimate fate of Jezebel, who was, as to her body, eaten of dogs, and nothing remained of her but the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. The former narrative may afford a corroborative proof of the antipathy that the dog has to prey upon the human hands and feet. Why such should be the case, remains a mystery.—*Correspondent of the Malta Times.*

The Gatherer.

Strange Deity.—The Saxon idol was placed on a pedestal, armed at all points. In its right hand a standard appeared on which a rose was depicted, and in its left was the balance of Justice, On the breast was carved a bear, and on the shield a lion. This strange object was worshipped with great devotion, and its temple filled with costly offerings.

A Barrow Bull.—In the life of Lord Anson Sir John Barrow says the fleet of the Spanish Admiral, attempting to double Cape Horn, were driven by a storm to the eastward, and "*dispersed altogether.*"

Calumny.—The famous Reformer Calvin told Francis I that "there would be no such things as innocence, either in words or deeds, if a simple accusation was sufficient to destroy it;" *nullam neque in dictis, neque in factis, innocentiam fore, si accusdsse sufficiat.*

Sub-division of Labour.—The manufacture of knives is divided, so that no one class of workmen are able to finish a knife, or to complete more than their own work; the forging of the blades, the grinding and polishing of them, and the making of the handles, are three perfectly distinct branches; and even these are again subdivided into the various processes of riveting, fitting, polishing, &c.

Bull in Germany.—A new English paper is about to appear at Heibelberg, under the title of 'Bull in Germany.' It will contain fashionable, literary, and political intelligence. The ladies are assured in the prospectus that "they will pass an agreeable half-hour weekly, if so inclined, with a '*Bull*' in their fair hands."

The late Mr Wrench.—Mr Wrench, who died last week, made his *debut* on the London boards about thirty years ago, as *Belcour*, in the 'West Indian,' at the Lyceum, when the Drury-lane company acted there. He had previously acted under

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Tate Wilkinson, who declared, on seeing his first performance, that "there was some roast beef in him."

Danger of Tapping.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son, remarkable for his devotion to John Barleycorn, approached and exclaimed, "Father! don't submit, for there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

Death of a Great Man.—When a great man dies, then has the time come for putting us in mind that he was alive; biographies and biographic sketches, criticisms, characters, anecdotes, reminiscences, issue forth as from opened springing fountains; the world, with a passion whetted by impossibility, will yet a while retain, yet a while speak with, though only to the unanswering echoes, what it has lost without remedy; thus is the last event of life often the loudest; and real spiritual apparitions (who have been named men), as false imaginary ones are fabled to do, vanish in thunder.

Wisdom of Providence.—I pity the man who can survey all the wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, who can journey through so delightful a district, and afterwards exclaim, "All is barren!" Still more do I pity those, though the sentiment is mixed with strong disapprobation of their conduct, who, after having seen much to admire, shall, when they meet with a circumstance which they do not understand, presumptuously dare to arraign the wisdom and benevolence of Nature.—*Abernethy's Last Lecture.*

Rapid Transit.—An attorney's clerk may steam it to St Petersburg and coach it to Moscow, and be back before the long vacation is over; ay, though he do Warsaw and Berlin by the way. The shopboy in Liverpool, after his Saturday's labours are ended, embarks his cherished person on board a steamer for Dublin; stares at Nelson's pillar in Sackville street, and Wellington's obelisk in the Phœnix park; and after hearing Paddy's Opera in the cathedral where Swift once presided, and visiting two or three meeting-houses (the best schools for flirtation in the world, as is known to every visitor to the Irish metropolis), he may re-embark about bedtime—when he may reckon with tolerable certainty upon being home in time to open his master's shop at the wonted hour, and soberly resume the cares and duties of the week.—*Modern Traveller.*

Debates Suppressed.—When Bonaparte was still an advocate for liberty, before he thought of becoming Emperor, as First Consul he did not disdain to interpose his influence to prevent the French public from knowing what had passed in the Chambers. "Incidents," says the Baron Locré, "had occurred in certain debates which an adversary might have taken advantage of, however unfairly. I felt this, and apprehensive that I might compromise myself whether I published the passages as ordered or whether I suppressed them, I went to the First Consul in order to communicate to him my difficulty. He anticipated me, saying upon my approach, 'Have you sent the continuation of the journals to the printer?' 'No,' I replied, 'I come on the contrary to—' — 'Do not print them, then,' continued Napoleon, 'we will consider of it by-and-bye.'"

Man a Revelation.—Friend Novalis, the devoutest heart I knew, and of purest depth, has not scrupled to call man what the Divine Man is called in Scripture, a "Revelation in the Flesh." "There is but one temple in the world," says he, "and that is the body of man. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body." In which notable words, a reader that meditates them, may find such meaning and scientific accuracy as will surprise him.—*Teufelsdreck.*

State of English Industry.—Inquiry has visited schools, explored the loathsome and pent-up dwellings of the urban poor, inspected villages, soared among the mountains, dived into mines, ransacked the very gutters of our towns, and brought to light horrors enough to stock and people a pandemonium; so much vice, filth, disease, ignorance, and suffering, has there been found rankling, not alone in one or two isolated spots, but more or less infesting and polluting all the spheres of industry, and therefore the springs of life to this great and civilized nation. What practical result has followed? What have we done to expiate the guilt of indolence, of which we are at once the self-accusers and the witnesses? As a nation, absolutely nothing—*Westminster Review.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Churchman."—The name of Methodist was given to a sect of physicians at Rome, founded by Themison, but a new set of polemic doctors sprung up about the seventeenth century, distinguished by their zeal in defending the Romish church against the attacks of the Protestants. The name is now given to the followers of Wesley and Whitefield: the former sect are Calvinists, and the latter depend upon justification by faith, as is done by the Armenians.

The 'Transformation' is rather too long for us, and the measure chosen is hardly to our taste.

"L. M. T." is informed his signature was omitted by accident to the poem of 'Ten Years to Come.'

We are happy to hear from Mr Andrews again.

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The Mirror

OF

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(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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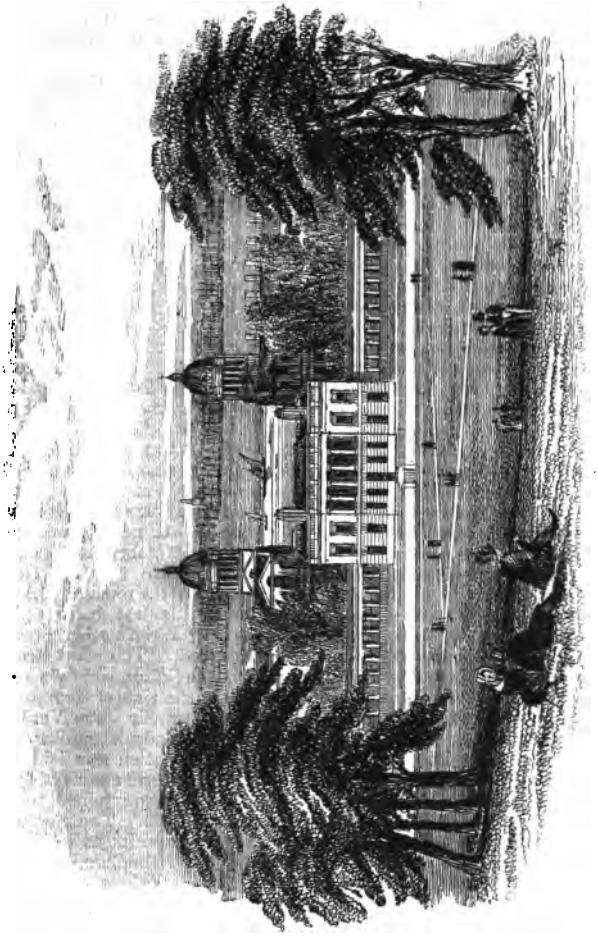

Palmer's Glyphography.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Original Communications.

GREENWICH AND GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

In submitting a representation of that noble establishment provided by national gratitude and national justice, as a retreat in old age from the storms of war for those who have fought the battles of their country on the ocean, we cannot direct attention to an object more deserving of admiration, or to a scene more worthy of a visit from all strangers in London who love to contemplate the beauties of nature, noble architectural objects, interesting remnants of antiquity, and scenery consecrated by the footsteps of the great, the learned, and the good.

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Among the claims to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, put forth by Sir Christopher Wren, not the least, we should say, is that which is least remembered, the bold and virtuous recommendation to Majesty to convert a royal palace into a hospital for veterans of the sea. It was shortly after the accession of King William and Queen Mary that a project was formed for providing for aged and disabled seamen, and Sir Christopher then suggested that the unfinished palace at Greenwich (the old one having been taken down in the reign of Charles II) should be completed and enlarged for their reception; this advice being adopted, he nobly contributed his valuable time and abilities by superintending the works for several years without any emolument. Such was the origin of Greenwich Hospital, of which the first stone was laid June 3rd, 1696. The erections have since been improved in the reigns of successive monarchs, till they have formed the magnificent pile we now behold. The hospital is principally built of Portland stone, and consists of four distinct quadrangular masses, which bear the names of the several sovereigns under whose auspices they arose. The grand front opens on a terrace skirting the southern bank of the Thames, being 865 feet in length, in the centre of which is a descent to the river by a double flight of steps. The view given above is taken from the park, and consequently presents the back front of the building, with the river and the opposite coast beyond, and buildings in the distance.

Nearly a square is formed by the ground plan of the whole edifice, of which the portions raised by King Charles as a palace occupy the north-west angle, Queen Anne's the north-east, King William's the south-west, and Queen Mary's the south-east. The interval between the two former buildings forms a square 270 feet wide, in the middle of which is a statue of George II, sculptured by Rysbrach out of a single block of white marble which weighed eleven tons, and was taken from the French by Admiral Sir George Rooke. The statue was given to the hospital by Sir John Jennings, who was governor of the hospital from 1720 to 1744. The space between the two latter buildings, which include the hall and chapel, with their elegant domes and the two colonnades, forms a lesser square, apparently terminated by the ranger's lodge in the park. The two squares are intersected by a spacious avenue leading from the town through the hospital. A general correspondence in style and arrangement will be remarked in the buildings which front the Thames. The north and south fronts of each exhibit the appearance of a double pavilion, conjoined above by the continuation of an attic order, with a balustrade which surmounts the whole, but is separated below by an open portal. The centre of each pavilion displays an elegant pediment supported by four Corinthian columns, and the sides a double pilaster of the same order. King Charles's building contains the apartments of the governor and lieutenant-governor, the council-room and ante-chamber, with fourteen wards, wherein 300 pensioners can be accommodated. In the council room there are several portraits; in the ante-chamber two large sea-pieces, given to the hospital by Philip Herman, Esq., representing the exploits of his ancestor, Captain Thomas Herman, of the 'Tiger' frigate, in the reign of Charles II, and a series of six small pieces descriptive of the loss of the 'Luxembourg' galley in 1727. Queen Anne's building contains several apartments for inferior officers, with twenty-four wards for 437 pensioners. King William's building, as above-mentioned, stands to the south-west of the great square, and comprises the great hall vestibule, and dome. It was designed and erected by Sir Christopher Wren, between the years 1698 and 1703. To the east of these adjoins a colonnade 327 feet in length, supported by Doric columns and pilasters 20 feet in height. The great hall is 106 feet in length, 56 in width, and 50 high. The ceiling and sides are covered with portraits and emblematical figures painted by Sir James Thornhill, for which he was paid at the rate of 3*l.* per square yard for the ceiling, and 1*l.* for the sides, amounting in the whole to 6,685*l.* Here the car which carried the remains of Admiral Lord Nelson to his last resting-place in Sir Christopher Wren's other great structure, is preserved. The west front of King William's building, which is of brick, was finished in the time of George I, about the year 1725, by Sir John Vanbrugh. The eastern colonnade is similar to the west, and the foundation was laid in 1699, but the chapel and other parts of Queen Mary's building which are joined to it were not finished till 1752. The chapel, one of the most elegant specimens of Grecian architecture in the kingdom, was erected from the classical designs of the late James Stuart, Esq., commonly called "Athenian Stuart."

To detail the various arrangements made for the comfort of the inmates of the hospital is here unnecessary. Suffice it to say that they are conceived in a noble spirit of liberality, and those who have braved death in the cause of their King are appropriately indulged with a happy home in the magnificent domain which was once the abode of royalty.

Such it appears to have been so early

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as the time of Edward I. From Greenwich King Henry IV dated his will. By Henry V it was granted to Thomas, Duke of Exeter. It was the favourite palace of Edward IV, Henry VII, and Henry VIII. In the days of the last-named monarch it was the scene of much festivity. Queen Elizabeth was born at Greenwich, and here she passed much of her time. Here her maiden Majesty was accustomed to walk with Essex, Burleigh, and their renowned contemporaries. In the 'Antiquarian Repertory,' we find a curious scene, in which Elizabeth and her secretary were performers. It occurs in "A parallel between Robert Devreux, Earl of Essex, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham." "The Queen, not having for a good while heard anything from Scotland, and being thirsty of news, it fell out that her Majesty, going to take the air towards the heath, the Court being then at Greenwich, and Master Secretary Cecil then attending her, a post came crossing by and blew his horn. The Queen, out of curiosity, asked him from whence the despatch came, and being answered from Scotland, she stops the coach, and calleth for the packet. The secretary, though he knew there were in it some letters from his correspondents, which to discover were as so many serpents, yet made more show of diligence than of doubt to obey, and asks some that stood by (forsooth in great haste) for a knife to cut up the packet, for otherwise he might perhaps have awaked a little apprehension; but in the meantime approaching, with the packet in his hand, at a pretty distance from the Queen, he telleth her it looked and smelt ill-favouredly coming out of a filthy budget, and that it should be fit first to open and air it, because he knew she was averse from ill scents, and so, being dismissed home, he got leisure by this seasonable shift to sever what he would not have seen."

At Greenwich there was formerly an arsenal and powder magazine. M. Jorevin, in his book published in 1672, says:—"I went from London five miles down the river, to see the Arsenal of Greenwich, where every year are built many of the largest ships of war constructed in England. I went expressly to see the launch of that called Charles the Second; the King and Queen were both present. I had already seen it on the stocks, and had great pleasure in seeing it in all its parts."

Greenwich of late has much increased. The cheapness and expedition of the means of transit, brought down to one-third of what was formerly paid, induces many to reside there who have business in town. From Westminster bridge the fare is now but fourpence to Greenwich, or even to Woolwich.

THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(Concluded from page 361.)

THE extent to which this pretended reverence for the tormentor was carried is hardly to be conceived. It seems next to an impossibility that the power of dissimulation could be carried so far. By some philosophers it has been supposed that speech was given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, but that the tongue could be used for such a purpose by a perishing wretch, while enduring exquisite agony, they could never have surmised. Yet this is actually recorded. One of Ivan's nobles, inhumanly impaled, during his protracted sufferings, which lasted twenty-four hours, never ceased to exclaim, "God save the Czar." For this few could be prepared. The exclamation which was common from indifferent parties when an execution was ordered, of "It is the will of God and the Czar," only illustrates the maxim of Swift, that "one man can bear the sufferings of another like a Christian."

Most impartially unsparing was the blood-stained chief. Not even his son, the sharer of his cruel joys, and who promised fair to inherit the ferocity with the title of his father, could escape his demoniac rage. The Prince's mind had been polluted by the scenes he had witnessed, and by the base admiration expressed for them by the beholders. One virtue, however, he retained—courage, and that cost him his life.

Hostilities had broken out between the Poles and the Russians. The former had besieged Pskof. The son of Ivan wished to gain a name in arms, and begged that he might be placed at the head of a body of troops and allowed to relieve the place. Than this, nothing could be more praiseworthy, at least nothing more inoffensive, it might have been presumed. There is, however, no safety with a capricious despot. It awakened the jealousy and with it the ire of Ivan. Fury flashed from his eyes, and sternly regarding his son, he exclaimed "Villain! traitor! rebel! thou wishest to join with the disaffected boyards to dethrone thy father."

While speaking he raised his arm, in which, as already mentioned, he usually carried an iron rod, and made an effort to strike the Cæsarowitch. One of his attendants, Godunof, endeavoured to interpose between the father and son, but in vain. Ivan was not to be restrained. He assaulted the youth with the heavy weapon in his hand, struck him repeatedly, and at length a violent blow descending on his head brought the Cæsarowitch to his feet covered with blood. Then a spark of feeling awoke in the cruel bosom of the father. Shocked at the deed he had perpetrated he turned

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pale from shame and remorse, and trembling with horror he exclaimed, "Wretch, I have slain my son." He raved, tore his hair, and, in the wildness of disconsolate grief, threw himself on the expiring youth, and endeavoured, but without success, to stop the crimson stream which he had caused to flow from the veins of his own offspring. In vain he called for the aid of those who were skilled in the healing art. Death approached, and the doom could not be turned aside or retarded. The father and son, whose hard hearts had in concert mocked the woes of many sufferers, were now doomed to deplore a sorrow of their own, while the prince felt his eyes about to close for ever, and the Czar reflected that his rash hand had prematurely consigned his son to the tomb. On that God who had restored the widow's son at the call of the prophet, he now called on to abate his affliction, but the prayer was rejected. Then he embraced his son, implored his forgiveness, and abandoned himself to despair. Strange and incomprehensible was the scene that ensued. The dying son declared his greatest grief was to redress the anguish of his parent. He kissed his hand and prayed him to be consoled. He declared that he died an obedient son and a faithful subject, and so his father was convinced of that, he had nothing more to exact and nothing to lament. Four days afterwards the youth expired.

The slave of ungoverned passion, Ivan desired the society of the softer sex. His amours were numerous, and marked with the utmost scorn for decorum. Beauty, whenever it caught his eye, he scrupled not to appropriate. Not content with claiming it for his own gratification, he would seize even more than he could personally crave as booty, to distribute among his depraved minions. In the month of July, 1568, Viaremsky, Griaznvi, and Skunatof, three of his favourites, with attendants, seized at midnight on many young females who were celebrated for their attractions. Married women, whose beauty had won admiration, were subjected to the same indignity. Some of these were wives of merchants; but they were forced to accompany the unmarried captives, and to leave Moscow under a guard. On the following morning, at daybreak, the Czar left the city himself, accompanied by a thousand men. He overtook Viaremsky and his companions, and was by them presented to the women. Ivan selected for his own gratification such as he thought most lovely, and, with a gracious air, made presents of others to his favourites. He then described a circuit round the walls of Moscow, burning the farms of the boyards who had incurred his displeasure, murdering their servants, and even slaughtering, to gratify his lust for bloodshed, their domestic animals. Finally, he returned to Moscow with the triumphant air of a conqueror, and the beauties he had so fearfully outraged were compelled to augment the splendour of the pageant by walking in his train. Grief, shame, and the cruel inflictions they had known, caused many of them to sink to an untimely grave.

Thus reckless, thus depraved, Ivan advanced to that destiny which all can for a time forget, but none eventually escape. As he felt the day approach which was to strip him of pomp and power, and withdraw him from life, horrid images of the past failed not to give present misery, from the views it suggested of the awful future. His nights were often sleepless; and sometimes he would start from sleep with frantic shrieks, and dash himself on the floor, till he raved himself into a state of insensibility. Religion still occupied his mind. He prayed, and he vowed to devote himself wholly to God; but no fruit of virtue in his actions was the consequence of this wild excitement. To a monastery he expressed a disposition to retire; but from this he was easily dissuaded. His subjects besought him not to abandon them to themselves. They feared, if they did not entreat him to remain, that he would punish them for wishing that he should withdraw. In them a dread of vengeance acted the part of affection for his person, and Ivan consented to remain among his loving people.

With the year 1580 he was seen rapidly to decline; and in the following spring he was seized with a dangerous malady. It became obvious to every one that attended him that his days were numbered. Some of his astrologers announced that his life would not be extended beyond a certain period. To find that their art could penetrate to the time of his decease highly offended Ivan. Though he had called upon them to declare what they knew, he threatened to roast them alive by a slow fire if they suffered a single word to pass from their lips on the dreaded subject. To a surviving son, on the bed of sickness, he gave some good advice. He advised him to avoid war, to govern his subjects mildly, and to avoid laying upon them heavy imposts. Though occasionally he had recourse to what he called his devotions, and sometimes broke out in loud lamentations, nothing like substantial, continued penitence marked his last moments. The vanities of the world were still as dear to him as ever, and when his pains abated, he believed recovery at hand, and fondly mused on future gains and enjoyments. One day the dying Czar ordered himself to be carried into the apartment in which his most

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valued treasures were deposited. He was accompanied by a Mr Horsey, an English jeweller, and while feasting his eyes on his pearls and jewels, he entered into a disquisition on the value and various qualities of precious stones, and pointed out by what marks they might be distinguished. This was melancholy trifling on the verge of eternity, for one in whom Nature had

"Made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

But this was not the worst. When the wife of his son Feodor went to visit him in his chamber, on approaching his bedside to soothe a dying man, the atrocious Ivan attempted rudely to seize her, and the daughter-in-law, favoured by his failing strength, was obliged to fly precipitately, to escape being outraged by his vile desires.

He did not long survive this crowning attempt to shock humanity. The time drew near when the murderous despot was to bite the dust. His last moments were sufficiently dismal, varied however from day to day by foolish hope and unmanly despair. Those about him believed that he frequently saw the spectre of the son who had fallen beneath the tempest of his ire, to whom he sometimes spoke with tenderness, and sometimes apostrophised in agony. On the 17th of March the Czar took a warm bath, which appeared greatly to relieve him, and the next morning he felt considerably better. This was the day beyond which the astrologers had predicted he could not survive. Them and their art he now laughed to scorn, and wished only to punish them for the unnecessary alarm they had caused him. "Go," said he to Belsky, who was in attendance on him, "go and instantly give orders that those base impostors may be put to death. They told me, the fools, that this, at the latest, would be my dying day; and now I feel stronger, and health is about to return."—"Wait till the day is past," the intended victims are said to have implored; and the danger of the Czar was still so imminent that there were many who believed their prophecy might yet be made good. A second bath was prepared, in which he remained about three hours, after which he went to sleep. He soon rose, and intimated that he would play at chess. Belsky got ready the board, and was arranging the pieces, when Ivan, who had seated himself on the bed in his night-gown, while preparing to play, sunk backward and breathed his last.

Such was the end of this remarkable despot. On his monstrous deeds all comments may be spared. One thing is remarkable; his subjects rarely complained of oppression. From this we might almost draw the conclusion, that where tyranny really exists the sufferers fear to complain, and it is only where freedom is largely enjoyed that a lament for its absence can be breathed.

Besides the victims of his lawless passion, Ivan was seven times married, and was actually a suitor to our Queen Elizabeth, to be his eighth wife! Her Majesty, however, in this as in other instances, was too wary to be caught in the matrimonial snare of such an outcast from humanity.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Letter V.

GLENCO, KING'S HOUSE INN, DALMALLY, LOCH FINE.

On the next morning (Thursday) we left Oban by a steamer that was bound for Fort William, intending to go to Ballahulish, a place about ten miles on the southern side of Ben Nevis. We commenced the voyage by the same course I had taken the day before, till we reached the mouth of the Linnhe Loch, and then we steamed it up that noble lake. The scenery at the head of the loch is the boldest loch scenery I saw in Scotland, and I dare say is of a similar character to that of the lochs of which it is the terminating one between Fort William and Inverness. It resembles the fine coast scenery in the adjacent seas—bare, precipitous, masses of rock, that stand up, as I before wrote to you, like battlemented castles from the deep. You are told in the guide books that "you will be amply repaid for your trouble in exploring the shores of this lake, which present many striking and beautiful landscapes." The only loch on which I partially tried the experiment, Loch Lomond, amply repaid me for it. Instead of going up it per packet, one day we went by the road to Luss, the delightful and celebrated seat of Sir James Colquhoun, and came down the lake in an open boat. Such an experiment, however, would not do so well in the salt-water Linnhe Loch, open to the most stormy and uncertain of seas. Near Ballahulish, Loch Leven runs into Loch Linnhe, and at the mouth of that first-named lake (a small and narrow one, like a river) we were put out of the steamer in boats, and proceeded by the bank of the lake to the inn, situated among the mountains, with Ben Nevis in the distance. Here a party of seven of us, at lunch, consumed all the contents of the larder! and it turned out that five of the seven at this remote and wild place were members of the honourable profession of the law! I was surprised to find evidence of such migratory habits in a body I had understood to be so *sedentary*. There was a scramble for beds and for conveyances, of which the only kind you can get are cars, or *droskys*, as they are called. The poor ponies are compelled throughout the sea-

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son in the Highlands to do double duty. I found forty or fifty miles a-day not an unfrequent toil for the animal portion of the establishment among the hills, and the proprietor is satisfied by telling you that "they are idle all the winter." The only way to travel properly through the Highlands is to be independent of the cars at the inns, by taking your own carriage or buying a pony for the trip, or using your legs. We succeeded in getting a lift through the pass of Glenco by the kindness of a gentleman who gave us seats in his car for ten miles, and we were obliged to walk another six, there being only one house, a shepherd's hut, between the inn at Ballahulish and King's-house inn, a distance of sixteen miles. The pass of Glenco begins a short distance from the village or clachan of Ballahulish, which is inhabited by the men who work in the neighbouring quarries of slate, for which this place is celebrated. I was surprised to find here a Catholic chapel, at which there is occasional service, an episcopal chapel connected with the English church, and a Presbyterian kirk. Mr Stewart, the proprietor of the slate mines, has a delightful residence at the head of Loch Leven. The pass of Glenco is *the* pass of Scotland, as Llanberis is of Wales, and which latter, indeed, it much resembles, though wilder and grander. It has an interest derived from its natural grandeur, from historical events, from romance and poetry, ancient and modern. I need not remind you of the dreadful massacre of the Macgregors, which made me feel ashamed of my country and that great king William III, as I passed the vale in which the tragedy was enacted. Ossian's cave is pointed out, as this pass has the traditionary honour of being his birth-place. A recent interest has been given to this pass by two of the most acomplished of living poets — Campbell and Sergeant Talfourd; and Englishmen are now as familiar with the name of Glenco as any of their own most celebrated scenes. It has the same characteristics as the pass I described to you in my third letter – except that towards the head, the road is more winding, and the mountains more lofty and rugged. The road, too, is covered with blocks of stone, which the annual floods bring down from the mountain sides —and the burn has to leap and roar from similar enormous masses of detached rock. A gentleman who was with us informed us that the pass at this point very much resembled Swiss scenery — and certainly here at least the scene passed from the "beautiful" to the *sublime*. We passed through in a rolling mist that materially contributes to the grandeur of the Highland passes and mountains. The pass extends about twelve miles, and then you open on an expanse of moor that looks like a sea. Before you and around you is nothing but the heather, stretching away for miles, and behind you the gigantic rocks at the head of the pass of Glenco. We had to walk four miles to the only inn between Ballahulish and Dalmally, a distance of more than thirty miles; and, as I said before, there is a solitary house between Ballahulish and this inn, which is called the "King's House inn," from the fact of its having been built for the use of the troops after the "Rebellion," as we should call it, or the "rising," or the "affair," or the "going out" (as it has been often designated north), of '45. In this district, too, you are enjoying the benefit of those famous military roads, of which the couplet says—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would very much have thanked General Wade."

This solitary hut we went into for a drop of genuine "dhu," and were hospitably received. But we were blinded by peat smoke, which was rolling through the hut like the mist in the glen, but of which the scent is very agreeable.

The situation of the King's House inn is romantic to the extreme. It is surrounded by moors, with a burn running by the side of the inn and the mountains of Glenco behind it. If you look at the map of Argyllshire, you will find that the King's House inn is in its heart, a few miles from the head of Loch Etive, in the very midst of the deer forests of the Marquis of Breadalbane and Mr Campbell of Monzie. This latter gentleman, indeed, was staying at the inn the night we spent there, *en route* to one of his shooting boxes, and was off in the morning with his foresters and dogs, on a deer hunt. The inn was also full of drovers, who slept in an adjoining shed, on their road to Falkirk tryste, one of the great markets of Scotland. Nothing could be more picturesque than their appearance in the morning, when gathering their herds together by the help of the indefatigable, sagacious, half-reasoning animals, *collies*, or shepherds' dogs. The whole scene is forcibly brought back to my remembrance whenever I see Landseer's delightful picture of 'Highland Drovers starting for the South.'

The Friday opened gloriously — and was a truly delightful day. Our first point to reach was Inveraron, about sixteen miles distant from the King's House inn, and the only mode of achieving that object was to have a car, which we accordingly did. The payment is ninepence per mile. We had a pony, which had done hard service the day before, but the power of work in these animals is "prodigious." A coach, indeed, has this year been started, that runs in the day from Glasgow to Fort William, and back the next day; and such is the demand for places that many travellers are unable to get accommodated, even

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although it is loaded as much as possible. The more this romantic country becomes known in the south, the more English travellers will explore it, and a second coach must be started *pro bono publico*. The road passes through a country of moors for many a mile, with no houses but the Marquis of Breadalbane's foresters, and his own shooting box at Loch Tulla. We met his lordship riding on his pony, accompanied by his foresters, and bound for a starting point for a day's deer hunting, an aristocratic sport which the great judiciously and jealously reserve for their own pastime, leaving the meaner pursuit of grouse shooting to the multitude. His lordship is very fond of this sport, and a great adept at it, I understand. He "works" at it for weeks together, and hours every day, so that, emphatically, the words of the song are applicable to him:—"His heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer." This great sporting district is called Glenorchy; bounded on the one side by Loch Etive, Loch Awe, and Ben Cruachan; and on the other by the road passing by Loch Tulla, and Inveruron to Tyndrum, the site of the Marquis's lead mines, and famous as the battle scene of a fierce encounter between the Bruce and Macdougal of Lorn, who came off victor in the strife.

When we came to Inveraron, a difficulty arose as to progression. All the cars were engaged, and the generous landlord kindly treated us to a cart and cart horse, as the only vehicle and animal available, for which he as kindly only asked us posting rates! But there was no help for it, as we were particularly desirous of reaching Inverary that night, and accordingly we engaged this most effective and primitive of conveyances, the horse going not at a pace, but a movement, and jogging us at the rate of five miles an hour. Such is the luxury of travellers in that sequestered region, unless, as I said, you have your own horse, or are resolved to "foot it." And the best of the joke was, that we had to pass over a road little frequented at any time, and in winter absolutely impassable, along the burn of the Orchy that flows into Loch Awe, near Dalmally. The road is, however, very interesting, between the hills of the deer forest, clothed with cover for game, with the burn romantically winding and bubbling. This is the shortest but not the usual road, which goes round several miles by Tyndrum. (To understand this better you must of course have a very good map of Scotland in your hand.) After a jolt of fifteen miles, we got out of this romantic glen, and found ourselves in a richly-wooded district, that formed quite a delightful contrast to the glen—and on the termination of a ride of three miles, which reminds you of Derbyshire scenery, arrived at Dalmally, which is a sweet little village with a very good inn, most charmingly situated on the banks of the Orchy, which near this place runs into Loch Awe. The whole scene forcibly brought to my memory the inn of Tan-y-bulch, in the vale of Festiniog, in North Wales. Well, here again we were at a stand still. The landlady, all complacence, "gave us to be informed and to understand" that all the cars at Dalmally were engaged for many hours, but gently intimated that we could be accommodated with a similar medium of conveyance to that which had brought us there; and as there was no help for it, we were fain to adopt the generous suggestion. Fancy K—— and me bumping up and down in this cart, when riding through the noble scenery between Dalmally and Inverary! after having had fifteen miles of it too! It was "a day" in my history, but I mention it to you that you and those who may peruse these most veracious of epistles, may be prepared "for squalls," when you or they make up your minds to go to the Western Highlands. The road winds from Dalmally round the head of Loch Awe, to a place called Cladich, where it joins the road through Glenary to Inverary, which at that point diverges to the banks of the loch at Port Sonachen. Of course you have the awful Ben Cruochan before you, and the ruins of the convent and chapel on these picturesque islands. You pass also by the distant ruins of Kilchurn Castle—one of the sights of the Highlands. It was built, it seems, by the great Kallien, from whom the Breadalbanes descend, Sir Colin Campbell, in 1440, as long back as which period the worthy knight flourished in Scotland, and laid the basis of the greatness of his celebrated family, who far as the eye can reach are "lairds of the Cairn and the Scour,"—

> "They are monarchs of all *you* survey,
> Their right there is none to dispute."

A couple of hours brought us to Inverary in a glorious sunset, which threw over the picturesque woods an appropriate hue of splendour, and we deposited ourselves in the coffee room of the comfortable hotel, where good company, good fires, and many a jocund laugh at our expense, soon restored us to our composure and made us forget the miseries of our travelling carriage. In later life we may travel in a more ambitious conveyance, but never on a finer day, in merrier mood, or under happier influences. *Eheu! eheu! labunteri anni!* Meanwhile, let us be happy.

On the next morning I left Inverary at six o'clock by the Loch Fine boat, which goes down the loch, and by the Kyles of Bute to Glasgow, K—— going home by the shorter route of Loch Goylehead. It was a bad day for a *pleasure* voyage, being Saturday, and the primary destination of the vessel being *business*, the comforts of

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tourists were nobly and philosophically disregarded. The boat was crammed with cattle, barrels of herrings, and baskets of all sorts, with the attendant drovers and market women, all bound with their various charges to Glasgow. We were continually touching at some village on the banks of the Loch and the Clyde. First we stopped at Loch Gilphead, where the Crinan Canal is cut between Loch Fine and the Sound of Java. Here we took in quantities of sheep and cattle, brought, doubtless, from the Isle of Mull, or the pastures of Argyllshire. Then we stopped at Tarbert, a very picturesque place, and the chief fishing station for Loch Fine herrings, barrels and barrels of which excellent fish we took on board for the lieges of Glasgow. Then we ran through the noble passage between the Isle of Bute and the main land, called the Kyles of Bute, and touched at Rothsay. This place is becoming quite a fashionable watering-place for the Glasgow and Edinburgh gentry. The hills in its neighbourhood are being covered with villas; and certainly it is impossible to conceive a more perfect site for a marine residence. The distant hills of Argyllshire before you, the bold coast of Arran behind you, and the Clyde in front, make Rothsay as picturesque a spot as ever poet or painter feigned, and the walks around the island present you with sea-views continually changing, but of the noblest character. We stopped at all the numerous fairy-like villages on the Clyde, which the steamers have, in fact, created; and I arrived about five at the hospitable mansion which I had quitted on the Monday morning about the same hour, after a week most actively, agreeably, and instructively spent. I had no idea, on quitting London, that in one week you can scour Argyllshire from Glasgow, and, as you and a great many friends whom I should wish to introduce to this delightful tour were in a similar state of ignorance, I have thrown these hurried letters together to supply you with a few leading hints, and to animate you to the delightful excursion. I have left out a great deal that is interesting. I have not designed to write you a cheap guide-book, nor told you any of those amusing stories that are best enjoyed over the social glass, with the curtains drawn, by the fireside. Such excursions as these are among the true methods of cementing good feeling between the neighbouring, no longer hostile, countries. The firmest bonds that rivet the brotherhood of nations are forged by great authors, writing in a language common to both; and every Englishman of taste regards as second only to his own dramatic poet ("the greatest name in all literature"), the bard and romancer of Scotland, the portrayer of life, and one of the high priests of nature. The railroad and the steamer are the best allies of the printing press, and effectually enable the inhabitants of both countries, now one nation, to enjoy the blessings of each. The year 1745 was signalized by a fruitless and bloody rebellion, of one country against another, to restore a doomed and frivolous race to a sovereignty they had abused. The year 1845 will be signalized by the rational rivalries of science and literature, or rather by the united application in both countries of the important discoveries of later times, for the common benefit of man!

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

AFRICAN OIL.—The Carapa Taloucouna, a meliaceous plant, which furnishes the seeds from which Talicoonah or Kundah oil is procured, is found growing abundantly in the Timneh country, and over the colony of Sierra Leone. The tree is lofty. The fruit is a large, somewhat globular five-celled capsule; the seeds, of which there are from eighteen to thirty in each capsule, vary in size from that of a chestnut to a hen's egg; they are three-cornered, convex on the dorsal surface, of a brownish or blackish red colour, and rugous. Specimens of the seeds, with the fruit, are contained in the Banksian Collection, at the British Museum. The natives manufacture it into oil, which affords a pleasant and good light. The leaves are used by the Kroomen as a thatch to their huts. At the village of Kent, near Cape Schilling, the oil is manufactured as follows:—The seeds are dried in the sun, then hung up in wicker racks or hurdles, and exposed to the smoke of the huts; when exposed for a sufficient time, the seeds are roasted and triturated in large wooden mortars until reduced to a pulp. The mass is then boiled, when the supernatant oil is removed by skimming. Tallicoonah oil, medicinally, is both purgative and anthelmintic; its nauseous odour and bitterness render it, however, an unpleasant remedy. It is sometimes liquid, sometimes solid, according to the variable quantities of oleine and stearine which it contains; and it owes the bitterness which it possesses to an alkaloid principle. Mr Redwood, member of the Pharmaceutical Society, who made a few experiments to determine some of the most prominent characters of the oil, found it to be entirely soluble in ether, and that alcohol separated it in two parts,—a concrete substance, which was dissolved, and an oil fluid at ordinary temperature, on which the alcohol took no effect. The former contained the bitter principle and the nauseous odour of the oil, the latter was nearly colourless and tasteless.

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Arms. Sa., three swords, in pale, points in base, ar., pommels and hilts, or.
Crest. A mount, vert, thereon a falcon, rising or gorged with a ducal coronet, gu.
Supporters. Two hinds, purpure semée of estoiles, ar., ducally gorged, or.
Motto. "Aymez Loyauté." "*Love Loyalty.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF WINCHESTER.

From the Lordship of Paulet, in Somersetshire, according to Collins, this family derives its surname; its progenitor, Hercules, Lord of Tournon, in Picardy, having become proprietor on his coming to settle in England in the reign of King Henry I. That lordship, it appears from Collinson's History, was owned by Walter de Dowal, in the time of William the Conqueror, and from him it descended to the Paganels, Fitzhardings, Gaunts, and Gournays. The Paulets, however, it is certain, enjoyed, from a very early period, a manor in this parish, and thence no doubt took their name.

Sir John Paulet, knight, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Creedy, of Creedy; and dying in 1378, left two sons, Sir Thomas, the elder, progenitor of the Paulets, and William Paulet, the younger, of Melcomb Paulet, in Somersetshire, serjeant-at-law, from whom sprang the extinct ducal House of Bolton and Sir William Paulet, great grandson of John Paulet, Esq., by Constance de Poynings; Lord St John of Basing (at the decease of which noble lord the barony of Basing and Poynings fell into abeyance). Sir William enjoyed the confidence of Henry VIII, and was raised by that monarch to the Peerage, March 7th, 1538-9, as Baron St John of Basing, and at his Majesty's death his Lordship was appointed one of his executors. Lord St John continued a leading political character, and was created, in the ensuing reign, Jan. 12, 1549-50, Earl of Wilshire, and Oct. 12, 1551, Marquis of Winchester. He was installed a Knight of the Garter, and held the important office of Lord Treasurer of England during the reigns of Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. Being asked how he had contrived to retain his office during the series of changes which had taken place, he is said to have made the frank, but not very magnanimous, reply, "By being a willow, and not an oak." He erected the magnificent seat in the county of Southampton, called Basing, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Capel, Knight, of the City of London. He died at the age of 97, March 10, 1572, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who had been summoned to Parliament, as Lord St John, while his father was living. He was one of the Peers who sat in January, 1571-2, on the trial of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. His lordship married first Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Robert Willoughby Lord Broke, by whom he had four sons and two daughters, and, secondly, Winifred, daughter of Sir John Burgess, Lord Mayor of London, and widow of Sir Robert Sackville, Knight. By her he had no issue. He died Nov. 4, 1576, and was succeeded by his eldest son William, the third marquis. He was a man of letters, and much esteemed as a poet. He married one of the daughters of Lord William Howard, of Effingham. He died Nov. 24, 1598, and was succeeded by his only son, of the same name. This nobleman, during one of her progresses, magnificently entertained Queen Elizabeth, at Basing. By that and other circumstances he grew much involved. He became the husband of Lucy, daughter of Sir Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, by whom he had six sons. The second surviving son had issue, the descendant of whom was subsequently twelfth Marquis of Winchester. William, the last lord mentioned, died in February, 1628, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son. This was Henry, the sixth marquis, who, on the breaking out of the civil wars, hoisted the royal banner on the battlements of Basing, and there maintained it till the place was in ruins, being carried by storm and burnt to the ground. The loss inflicted on the peer by this event, in plate, jewels, and other property, was estimated at 200,000*l.* He lived to see the cause of royalty triumph, and died at Englefield in 1674, where his monument bears the following epitaph, from the pen of Dryden :—

"He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more,
Confirmed the cause for which he fought before.

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Rests here rewarded by a heavenly prince
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heaven confined in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state,
By sufferings, rose and gave the law to fate;
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornament to heaven."

He was thrice married; first to Jane, the daughter of Thomas Viscount Savage, by whom he had one son, Charles, his successor; and secondly, to Honora, daughter of Richard, Earl of St Alban's and Clanricarde, by whom he had four sons and three daughters; and thirdly, to Isabel, daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford.

His successor, Charles, the sixth Marquis, was created Duke of Bolton, April 7, 1689. He is described to have been a man of singular habits. Burnet says of him, "He had the spleen to an high degree, and affected an extravagant behaviour; for many weeks he would not open his mouth till such an hour of the day when he thought the air was pure. He changed the day into night, and often hunted by torch light, and took all sorts of liberties to himself, many of which were very disagreeable to those about him. He was a man of profuse expense, and of a most ravenous avarice to support that; and though he was much hated, yet he carried matters before him with such authority and success, that he was in all respects the great riddle of the age. He married twice; first, the daughter of John Frecheville, of Stavely, afterwards Lord Frecheville, by whom he had no surviving issue; and secondly, Mary, illegitimate daughter of Emanuel Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, and widow of the Hon. Henry Carey. By his second consort he had two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, Charles, succeeded him as second Duke, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1717. In 1679 he married Margaret, daughter of George, Lord Coventry, and subsequently Frances, daughter of William Ramsden, Esq., of Byrom, county of York, by whom alone he had issue. That lady bore him two sons and two daughters. He married for his third wife, Henrietta Crofts, youngest natural daughter of James Scot, Duke of Monmouth, and Eleanor, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Needham, Knight. One son was the offspring of this marriage.

Charles, the eldest son of the last peer, became the third Duke, and succeeded to the title in 1699. He was Constable of the Tower, and Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets. His first wife was Anne, daughter and sole heiress of John Vaughan, Earl of Carberry, by whom he had no issue. He then married Mrs Lavinia Bestwick, an actress who was much admired as Polly Peachum, in the 'Beggar's Opera.' He had no legitimate issue by her, but she brought him three sons during the life of the former Duchess. On his death, August 25, 1754, his brother Harry succeeded him as fourth Duke. This peer being married to Catherine, daughter of Charles Parry, Esq., of Oakfields, Berks, had two sons and two daughters. The former, Charles and Harry, successively inherited the title. Harry married Henrietta, daughter of —— Nunn, Esq., of Eltham, by whom he had one daughter, and afterwards Catherine, daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., and sister of James, Earl of Lonsdale. By her he had two daughters. At his death, December 24, 1794, the dukedom expired, but the marquisate and minor honours descended to his kinsman, George Paulet, Esq., of Amport, the descendant of the second son of the fourth Marquis. He married Martha, daughter of Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., by whom he had issue Charles Ingoldsby and Henry. The latter became Vice-Admiral of the White; the former succeeded to the title on the death of the Marquis, who died April 2, 1800. He married Anne, second daughter of John Andrews, of Shotney Hall, in the county of Northumberland, by whom he had five sons and two daughters. His Lordship was premier Marquis of England. He died November, 1843, and was succeeded by his eldest son John, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, born June 3rd, 1801.

What a Christian ought to be.—The Rev. Sydney Smith has been long known as a wag, and many have spoken of him as if he had a greater claim to admiration for his wit than for his religion. Eight or nine weeks since, the Rev. James Tate, canon residentiary of St Paul's and vicar of Edmonton, an eminent scholar, died, and by that event his family was almost suddenly deprived of the whole of that competence they had enjoyed a short time, after almost half a century of straitened circumstances. By the death of Mr Canon Tate the living of Edmonton fell to the disposal of Mr S. Smith. It appears from the Clergy List that this gentleman possesses no benefice but a small chancery living in Somersetshire, *under* 300*l. a year.* Edmonton is upwards of 1,500*l.* He *might have appropriated it to himself*, but without solicitation, he, within a very few days of the death of his friend the father, bestowed the living on the son, Mr Thomas Tate. It was an unexpected solace to the afflicted—a home to the family—and a fortune to those who had sustained a severe deprivation. Such an act must greatly extend the fame of the reverend humorist, and it proves that the castigation lately bestowed on the repudiating Americans, was prompted, not by love of money, but by abhorrence of fraud.

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LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. VII.

BARON DE LA MOTHE FOUQUE.

THE father of the baron had been forced to leave France when the infamous revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Louis the Fourteenth, compelled his Protestant subjects to fly in all directions. He was descended from one of the most ancient families in Normandy. He became the friend of Frederick William of Prussia, while he was Prince Royal, and distinguished himself in the Prussian and afterwards in the Danish service. He was a member of a sort of Bayard club, an association founded on the principles of the Chevalier, *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, and in 1760 became provost of the cathedral of Brandenburg. In that city he closed his life.

A few days before his death he seemed to have a kind of prescience of its approach, which, from his age, may easily be accounted for. His behaviour on this occasion, though peculiar, does honour to his character as a Christian.

After attending divine worship on Sunday, at the French church, as was his constant custom, he fixed on the spot in which he was determined to be interred; and the next day gave orders to have his grave prepared, with particular directions concerning the manner in which it should be done. After this he resolved to have his coffin made; and one day, when he seemed to be rather more than commonly cheerful, had eaten heartily, and expressed great satisfaction in the pleasure which this circumstance gave to those around him, he suddenly dismissed the servants that attended, and desired M. Buttner to order his coffin home. When it came, he went into the apartment in which it was placed, examined it with great composure, then, uncovering his white hairs, sat down on it, and ordered one of his attendants to read a German hymn, which begins with an expression to this purpose: "Behold the grave! this is the bed on which I must embrace death." Never, says M. Buttner, shall I forget this venerable old man, this knight, without fear and without reproach, thus sitting, surrounded by his family, who in vain endeavoured to conceal their tears. He then settled all his temporal affairs, and thought of nothing but his approaching passage to eternity. Four days before his decease, he desired that the Lord's Supper might be publicly administered in his chamber; and, after partaking of this with his whole family, and several members of the community, he solemnly blessed his children, and took leave of all the attendants. On the 2nd of May, 1774, as his attendant was reading a prayer to him, his son came into his chamber, and offered to relieve the reader. His father tenderly pressed his hand, and turning himself on one side, fell asleep. "I make use of this expression," adds his biographer, "because I know none more proper to represent the insensible transition of this great man from life to death."

Reviews.

Pictorial History of France. Part XX. THE twentieth and concluding part of this publication is now before us, and the whole work may be had complete in two octavo volumes. Its embellishments are numerous, and the reader of history need not be told that the annals of France abound in narratives that startle and affect with the thrilling varieties of a stirring drama. Always brave, but unhappily always restless, France, through many centuries, when not engaged in a contest with what was conceived her natural enemy, England, was always violently agitated within herself.

How strangely different her attitude at different periods. Now proud and impetuous—overpowering all authority, and thundering fierce defiance in the ear of her sovereign, and now submissively giving way to the insolent assumption of despotic power, and humbly bending before the throne of absolute royalty!

The opening scenes of the revolution, which brought the unhappy Louis the XVI to the scaffold, find a place in this part. They are melancholy in the extreme, and their gloom is anything but relieved by the horrible burlesque connected with deeds of blood. The wanton folly which prompted some of the absurdities in which the frantic treachery of the excited mob indulged are almost as disgusting as the dreadful crimes of which they are the accompaniment. Some of the passages in the following extract, were the date concealed, it might be supposed belonged to the twelfth or fifteenth, rather than to the close of the eighteenth century:

"The first rays of light, on the following morning, had scarcely fallen on the abode of the king, when a rabble of men and women, led on by some of the deputies in disguise, broke into the chateau, and filled in an instant the terrace, the gardens, and the courts. Frightfully discordant sounds were heard. 'Give us the head of the queen!' 'Down with the queen!' 'Louis shall no longer be king!' 'The Duke of Orleans shall reign over us!' 'He will give us bread!' were some of the cries of the banditti. The market women, with their fierce screams, added to the odious confusion of the tumult. 'Where is that * * * * wretch?' 'Bring her to us dead or alive!' 'Let us see Marie Antoinette—she has often danced here for her own pleasure, now we will make her dance for ours!' 'Let us cut off her head! We will devour her heart!' were some of

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their ferocious expressions, mingled with others too offensive to decorum to be here repeated. Two of the body guards, who were faithful to their duty, were struck down, and left on the ground covered with wounds. The crowd forced their way into the building. Two ladies in attendance on the queen, whose attachment had caused them to remain near her all that night, being suddenly awaked, gave the alarm. Her majesty hastily slipped on a petticoat, threw a mantle over her shoulders, and passed by a passage to the king's apartment. She heard the intruders exclaim, 'We must hang her!' 'We will cut her throat!' Scarcely had she quitted her chamber, when it was invaded. A thousand imprecations were breathed by the disappointed assassins, at finding that the queen was not there. Fearing for the life of his son, the king had hastened to the chamber of the dauphin, and carried him off in his arms.

"In the first moment of attack, two of the *gardes du corps*, who would not abandon their post, were massacred. Their heads were taken off, mounted on pikes, and carried about in triumph. The wretch who decapitated them was a man who wore a long black beard. His aspect was savage, his arms were naked, his hands and clothes were stained with blood, and he proudly exhibited the axe, the instrument of his cruelty. This monster, whose name was Nicholas Jourdan, was accustomed to sit as a model to the academy for painting and sculpture. His labours that day obtained for him the surname of *head cutter*. The *gardes du corps* were assailed, and compelled to assume the caps of the grenadiers to save their lives. Eighteen of them, about to be savagely butchered, were spared through the interference of La Fayette, who called upon them to take the oath of fidelity to the king and the nation, and ordered them to hold up their hands in token of their being content to do so. La Fayette then waited upon the king, and informed him that it was the wish of the people that he should on that very day take up his residence in Paris. He painted to him in glowing colours the danger to which he would expose himself by a refusal. The king yielded, and announced from the balcony that he was about to proceed with his family to the capital. 'Let the queen show herself,' some of the multitude called out. She immediately stepped forward, leading the dauphin in one hand, and the princess royal in the other. 'No children,' roared the same voices, and the royal infants were withdrawn. The queen remained alone. Her grace and firmness commanded the admiration of the crowd, and the assassins were for a moment disconcerted.

"All being ready for their departure at one o'clock, the king, the queen, the young princess, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth, and the Marchioness de Tourzel, entered the carriage which drew up for their reception. Their cortege consisted of trains of artillery, munitions of war, provisions, brigands armed with pikes, and drunken females covered with mud. Some of their guards were on horseback, others on foot, variously armed with muskets and sabres. The soldiers and the mob raised dismal cries, and frequently sung indecent songs. The carriage was immediately surrounded by a body of cavalry, mingled with foot soldiers, national guards, and women. Cannon, loaded with grape shot, were constantly pointed at them. The livid heads of the two guards who had been slaughtered were carried before them, and the monsters who bore them seemed proud of their atrocity. His axe on his shoulder, the horrible *head cutter* was conspicuous in the crowd, his face red with blood. Their cruelty was associated with such wantonness, 'that,' according to M. Hue, 'passing through the village of Seves, they stopped to have the hair of the two gory heads dressed and powdered,' to heighten the disgusting extravagance of the spectacle."

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—A paper was read to substitute the oxide of antimony for white lead. Among its advantages, it is as pure in colour as the most beautiful silver white; it forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture, and as a coating to wood or any other article is superior to white lead; when dry it preserves its brilliancy, and, mixed with other colours, produces a much better effect than white lead; it is also two-thirds cheaper. M. de Ruolz states, that in the preparation of the flower of antimony, there is no danger to the operator, and that in using it as a paint none of those emanations take place which make white lead so dangerous.—A communication, in connexion with that made by M. de Ruolz, relative to the substitution of flower of antimony for white lead as paint, was made by M. Rousseau. For some time past this gentleman has been endeavouring to extract the sulphur from pyrites, and, having succeeded in his experiments, he stated the result. His mode of operating is simple, being an imitation of the natural reaction by which oxygen is fixed on oxidable substances, by the influence of steam. It suffices to pass over sulphurets of iron, lead, copper, and antimony, a double stream of air and steam, for the pyritous mass to be reduced entirely to a sulphurous acid and metallic oxide, in the form of an impalpable powder. Thus, the unproductive mines of antimony in France may be turned to immediate account, as this oxide is, without further preparation, in a fit state for mixing with oil, to be used as paint.

THE QUACK AND HIS HERALD.

"My father cures all sorts of pains,"
Bawls out the Quack's attendant youth:
"That lad," the latter says, "has brains,
And more, a love of sacred truth."

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ODD CUSTOMS OF THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

Students have often read of the cackling of the sacred geese among the Romans, but it is not so well known what an important part the owl acts in the camp of the Chippewas. We find that this bird is held in such veneration that, when in the night an owl is heard sounding its note, or calling to its mate, some person in the camp will rise, and taking a quantity of *glicanican*, or Indian tobacco, strew it on the fire, thinking that the ascending smoke will reach the bird, and that he will see they are not unmindful of his services, and of his kindness to their ancestors. This custom originated in the following incident, which tradition has handed down:—

It happened when they were engaged in a war with a distant and powerful nation, that a body of their warriors was in the camp fast asleep, no kind of danger being apprehended. Suddenly an owl sounded the alarm; and all the birds of the species were alert at their posts, all at once calling out, as if saying—"Up! danger! danger!" Obedient to their call, every man jumped up in an instant, when, to their surprise, they found that their enemy was in the act of surrounding them, and they would all have been killed in their sleep if the owl had not given them this timely warning.

Speaking of their wars, it is an awful spectacle to see the Indian warriors return home from a successful expedition, with their prisoners and the scalps taken in battle. It is not unlike the return of a victorious regular army from the field with the prisoners and colours taken from the enemy, but the appearance is far more frightful and terrific. The scalps are carried in front, fixed on the end of a thin pole, about five or six inches in length; the prisoners follow, and the warriors advance shouting the dreadful scalp-yell, which has been called by some the death-halloo. For every head taken, dead or alive, a separate shout is given. In this yell or whoop there is a mixture of triumph and terror; its elements seem to be glory and fear, so as to express at once the feelings of the shouting warriors, and those with which they have inspired their enemies.

Different from this yell is the alarm-whoop, which is never sounded but when danger is at hand. It is performed in quick succession, much as with us the repeated cry of fire! fire! when the alarm is very great, and lives are known or believed to be in danger. Both this and the scalp yell consist of the sounds *aw* and *oh*, successively uttered, the last more accented, and sounded higher than the first; but in the scalp-yell this last sound is drawn out at great length, as long, indeed, as the breath will hold, and is raised about an octave higher than the former; while in the alarm-whoop it is rapidly struck on, as it were, and only a few notes higher than the other. These yells or whoops are dreadful indeed, and well calculated to strike with terror those whom long habit has not accustomed to them. It is difficult to describe the impression which the scalp-yell, particularly, makes on a person who hears it for the first time.

The preliminary cruelties inflicted on prisoners when they enter an Indian village with the conquering warriors are very severe when a particular revenge is to be exercised, but otherwise, in many instances, it is rather a scene of amusement than a punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner. On entering the village he is shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty to forty yards, and told to run to it and catch hold of it as quickly as he can. On each side of him stand men, women, and children with axes, sticks, and other offensive weapons, ready to strike him as he runs, in the same manner as is done in the European armies when soldiers, as it is called, run the gauntlet. If he should be so unlucky as to fall in the way he will probably be immediately dispatched by some person longing to avenge the death of some relation or friend slain in battle; but the moment he reaches the goal he is safe and protected from further insult until his fate is determined.

If a prisoner in such a situation shows a determined courage, and when bid to run for the painted post, starts at once with all his might and exerts all his strength and agility until he reaches it, he will most commonly escape without much harm, and sometimes without any injury whatever, and, on reaching the desired point, he will have the satisfaction to hear his courage and bravery applauded. But woe to the coward who hesitates, or shows any symptoms of fear! He is treated without much mercy, and is happy at last if he escapes with his life.

A scene of this description happened to three American prisoners in April, 1782, who were one day brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort M'Intosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a post which was shown to them. The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could and likewise reached the post unhurt; but the third, frightened

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at seeing so many men, women, and children with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and he would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. "I seek your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He however reached the goal, not without being sadly bruised, and he was besides bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.

TO THE SKELETON OF A FOOT.

The following beautiful stanzas, which would not disgrace the pen of a Byron, appear to have been written on seeing the articulated bones of a female foot, in the window of a fashionable bootmaker (Mr Dowie), to whom they were sent anonymously :—

O fleshless fragment of some female form!—
Of Nature's workmanship the last and best—
Which once with Life's mysterious fire was warm;
What impious hand disturb'd thy place of rest,
And in a glassy slipper thee attired,
Loath'd by the many, by the few admired?

The calm observers of the works of God
In thy anatomy His wonders trace
With purer pleasure than, when silken-shod,
The smirking fool beheld thy mincing pace,
And faultless symmetry, which made him sigh,
Though *from* thee now he turns his ogling eye.

Let those whose folly seeks to draw a line
Of broad distinction between dust and dust,
Thy plebeian, or thy noble caste divine!
They cannot:—God, immutable and just,
Alike to all his heavenly image gave;
'Tis *man* that makes the monarch and the slave.

Perhaps thou once wert cushioned in high state
Amidst the circle of the drawing-room;
But no! the bodies of the proud and great
Are wont to rot in vault and marble tomb,
As if the bones of self-s'yled noble forms
Should be reserved for better sorts of worms!

Perhaps thou trod'st some humbler walk of life,
And wert from truth and virtue led astray
By one who *promised* thee the name of wife,
And praised thy symmetry but to betray
The soul, confiding, innocent, and young,
That readily believed his flatt'ring tongue.

Thy perfect mechanism may have served
Some opera dancer, fraught with every grace—
Save modesty—and with that courage nerved
Which quickly sears a young and blushing face,
When oft submitted to the searching gaze
Of thousand eyes 'midst thousand lights' full blaze.

And where's the soul that o'er thy frame once shed
The "poetry of motion?" Who can tell
Into what realm the immortal part hath fled?
Or if in misery or joy it dwell?
Or if each thought of all its earthly ties
Fades from the memory when the body dies.

Miscellaneous.

The Tree Wasp of India.—Societies of tree wasps, as of bees, consist of three different classes of inhabitants—males, females, and neuters. The females, which are much larger than the others, are the large breeding wasps which appear in the spring. The neuters, or imperfectly developed females, are the common wasps which infest our houses and gardens, and form the majority of the colony. The males, about the size of the neuters, have longer antennæ, a more slender form, and are destitute of a sting. The females, which alone survive the winter, early in the spring, having fixed on a suitable place for a nest, form a few cells, in which they lay the eggs of neuters only. Each nest is the work of a single female. The nests are often suspended from the beam of a shed, from the eaves of a house, from the branch of a young tree, or in a thorn hedge. The nest consists of from ten to sixteen layers of a paper-like substance, procured principally from firwood, and disposed one over the other in such a manner that each sheet barely touches the next. The structura enables it to resist the heaviest rains. In its earliest state it does not exceed an inch in diameter, and contains five or six cells only. It is formed of two semicircular layers of the paper, the upper one projecting a little over the other, so as to shoot off the rain, a hole being left at the bottom large enough to admit the female wasp. As soon as the first workers quit their cells, they begin the task of enlarging the nest and of adding fresh layers of cells, in which the female immediately deposits more eggs. Mr Bigge states that the nest is enlarged from one inch to twelve in diameter, and considers that Leach is in error when he affirms that wasps build two nests in the year. The egg is hatched in eight days, and then assumes the form of a grub. It is then fed by the female for thirteen or fourteen days, when the grub covers the mouth of its cell with a silky substance. It remains in this state for nine days, and then eats its way through the covering, and joins the rest in the labours of the nest. As soon as the neuters are hatched, the care of feeding the larvæ devolves upon them. The males appear to employ themselves in cleaning and preparing the cells for successive broods. Mr Bigge has never found, in any single instance, a male larva in the cells appropriated to females.

An Ancient Income Tax.—In the year 1187, at a general assembly of the nobles and people of the kingdom of Jerusalem, with the consent and approbation of the king, it was determined, in the imminent necessity of the time, to have recourse to a property and income tax. Assessors were

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appointed to estimate the property and income of each person in the realm; measures were taken to insure individuals against surcharge and afford them the power of appeal; the assessors were bound by oath not to reveal the secrets of any man's fortune, which they might discover in the execution of their duty; and the lower class were in some degree protected against the pressure of the tax. The impost was fixed at one per cent. upon property, and two per cent. upon income derived from ordinary revenues.

Life Refused.—In such horror was transportation to so distant a place as Australia held when our settlement in New South Wales was first established, that about the year 1789, six females convicted of capital felonies refused a commutation of the punishment. They were, however, again brought up, when five of them changed their minds, but one woman, named Sarah Crowder, still held out. She was then admonished by the Recorder, and told that if she persevered he should report her case to his Majesty, and give directions for her execution. The wretched creature still peremptorily refused, and was ordered from the bar to prepare for death. The humanity of Mr Garrow, the late judge, interposed. He left the court, accompanied by another counsellor, reasoned with her, and after a short absence returned and entreated that the convict might once more be permitted to come into court, where at length she expressed contrition and submitted to be saved.

The Gatherer.

Licensers of the Press.—In the days of Queen Elizabeth no book was allowed to be published without the permission of licensers, who were, for the better protection of literary property, only to give one licence for the same book. These persons, however, were tampered with by the booksellers to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign the office of licenser to the press was abolished.

Noble Titles.—The title *lord* is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hlaford*, afterwards written *loverd*, and lastly *lord*, from *hlaf*, bread (hence our word "loaf"), and *ford*, to give; *lord* therefore means the giver of bread—*lady* is in like manner derived from *hlaf d'ian*, to serve.

A Thug's Respectability.—In conversation we often wound the feelings of others without intending it. Mr Davidson, talking with a Thug on the subject of a clever robbery, tells that "the lively, nay, ultra-professional joy which illuminated his countenance tempted me to exclaim, rather unguardedly, 'Perhaps you were employed in that little affair yourself, or it may have been executed by some of your agents?' His manner immediately changed 'from lively to severe,' and with a look that might have frozen a less innocent querist, he exclaimed with a sneer, 'No, sir! murder, and not robbery, is my profession!'"

Luxuries of Montezuma.—This Mexican monarch, who was put to death, indulged in great profusion. He had a multitude of wives; he never put on the same apparel a second time, but gave it away to his attendants; his meals the emperor took alone. The well-matted floor of a large saloon was covered with hundreds of dishes. Frequently his steward indicated those which he preferred, and were kept hot by means of chafing-dishes. The royal bill of fare comprehended, besides domestic animals, game from the distant forests, and fish which the day before was swimming in the Gulf of Mexico! They were dressed in manifold ways, for the Aztec artistes had penetrated deep into the mysteries of culinary science. Among the dainties served at the Emperor's table we find enumerated a "fricassee of young children."

How to preserve a Fine Complexion.—Lady Eg, the Nino d'Enclos of the last century, retained a beautiful complexion till her death, at the age of 91. This she effected by periodically washing her face with *sow's grease*.

Age of the Saviour.—It has generally been supposed that Christ passed thirty-three years in this world, but Irenæus declares he was about fifty years old at his crucifixion. Irenæus was a disciple of Polycarp, who was a disciple of St John.

Cato at Oxford.—When Addison's awfully dull tragedy was first acted at Oxford, so enormous was the attraction "that," says the manager, "our house was in a manner invested, and entrance demanded by twelve o'clock at noon; and before one it was not wide enough for many, who came too late for their places. The same crowds continued for three days together, an uncommon curiosity in that place; and the death of Cato triumphed over the injuries of Cæsar everywhere."

The Railways in Danger.—At present our railway proprietors deem the monopoly perfectly safe, but the French papers announce that a composition has been made which will reduce to a mere trifle the price of rails for railroads. Kaolin clay (that used for making pottery and china) combined with a certain metallic substance, gives a body so hard as to wear out iron, without being injured by it in turn. Two hundred pounds of this substance will cost less than 12s., and would furnish two and a half métres of rail. This being the case, we may see a cheap railway formed, and shares reduced to half or a third of those now claimed.

Fungi.—The botanic term *fungi* (a word

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which has now become almost naturalized to our tongue) is particularly expressive of the functions they perform, whether it be immediately derived from *funus* and *ago*, as indicative of their office, the removal of the dead, or intermediately from *fungor*, to discharge or execute a duty. The natural history of these plants is one replete with interest, and, notwithstanding the little attention they commonly excite, they are constantly labouring for the general advantage. The quickness of their growth is astonishing, and the rapidity of their increase all but past belief. The Bovista or Bull-puff Ball has been computed to grow at the rate of many million ells per minute, upwards of a million per second.

Blacks not inferior in Intellect to Whites.—Mr L'Instant, a native of Haiti, whose 'Essay on the Prejudices against the Colour of the Africans' obtained the prize from the French Anti-Slavery Society, in his learned and philosophical examination of the source of the prejudices which stigmatize the Negroes as an inferior race, shows that similar prejudices have been nurtured wherever an ascendency has been established. The Spartans, the Athenians, and the Romans regarded their slaves with the same contempt and the same hatred, generated by fear, which the Turks evinced towards the Greeks, the Normans towards the Saxons, the Franks towards the Gauls, and the American planters towards their Negroes.

Republican Republication.—The whole twenty parts of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' will be published by the Messrs Harpers, with fourteen well-executed plates, for forty-four cents; less than the cost of two numbers in England, and the edition is as good as that of Ballantyne's 'British Novelists,' in double columns.

A Question not easily Answered.—Lord Brougham considers that the tenderest part of a man's character is the virtue, not the vice, for which he is the most distinguished. A man of notorious bravery is, according to him, most piqued by being branded with cowardice! Junius, in a private note to Woodfall, proposes to make a charge of cowardice upon George the Third. Lord Brougham observes—"I need hardly add that the utter falsehood of such a charge was admitted by all parties, even in the utmost heat of factious conflict; but this writer, with the malignity of a fiend, frames his slander in order to assail with certainty the tender point of his victim. According to this the tender point of Aristides was his honesty; of Joseph, his continence; of Howard, his humanity; of Hampden, his public spirit. We should be at a loss, upon this principle, where to have Lord Brougham—which is his "tender point?"—*Athenæum.*

Advertisement from the Half-moon Tavern, Cheapside, April 13, 1747.—*Io Pæan.*—"His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland having restored peace to Britain, by the ever-memorable battle of Culloden, fought on the 16th of April, 1746, the choice spirits have agreed to celebrate that day annually by a grand jubilee in the moon; of which the stars are hereby acquainted, and summoned to shine with their brightest lustre, by six o'clock on Thursday next in the evening."

Italian Taste.—One thing is peculiarly delightful in Italy. It is the deep admiration for the fine arts cherished by the humblest and poorest of her children. An Italian guide does not hurry you from painting to painting and chatter an unintelligible jargon. No! they linger delightedly themselves, they point out every touch that bespeaks the master's hand, and their own eyes light up if you do but admire enough; they ask no words, they mark the fixed attention, the look of love, the blush of surprised admiration, and they are satisfied. If, on the other hand, the visitor gallop from room to room, talk of the weather, put up a glass, and inquire what is the hour, the guide will draw coldly aside, and merely observe, "A Titian—a Tintoret, —a Veronese."

Trickery of Alderman Boydell.—After the plate of the 'Death of Wolfe' had become entirely his own property, by his purchasing shares of deceased proprietors,—after it had delivered thousands of impressions, and been repeatedly retouched,—yes, after all this, Boydell fraudulently erased the inscription beneath and printed off apparent "proofs," to the defamation of Woollett, who had been the foundation of the Alderman's fortune, and the gross deception of that liberal public who had relied on his honour.—*Letters on Art-Unions.*

Anecdote of George IV.—The herring fishery had been of little account till about the year 1788, when its importance was recognised. Dining with the Prince of Wales, Admiral Rodney, perceiving some herrings on the table, complimented his Royal Highness on his patronage being extended to a branch of industry which would be likely to add 20,000 men to the English navy. "Such praise," replied the Prince, "is not my due; these herrings, I am sorry to say, were not cured by British hands. But henceforward I shall order a plate of British cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, and to appear a standing dish at this table—we shall call it a Rodney."

ERRATUM.—In the Noble House last week, line 3, for "Heads" read "Bucks."

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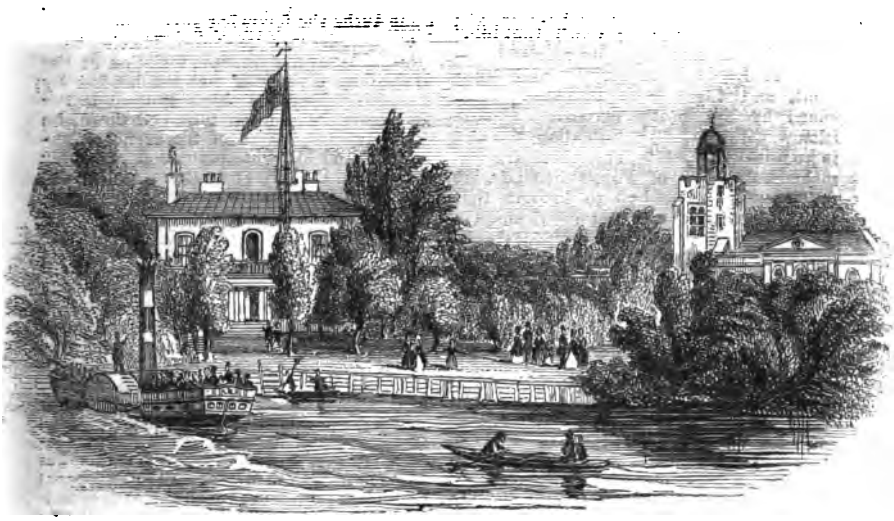

Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

THE EEL-PIE HOUSE, TWICKENHAM ISLAND.

If the happiness of a nation were to be estimated by the increasing magnitude and splendour of houses of public entertainment in or near the capital, England, it might fairly be inferred, is "very blest." Most of the places of any note in the suburbs, within ten or twenty miles of London, have swelled, during the last quarter of a century, from mere ale houses into noble taverns. The Shepherd and Shepherdess, in the City road, has grown from a respectable public house into a gorgeous palace and theatre; the Angel, at Islington, and the Elephant and Castle, have been transformed from hovels into magnificent inns; and the dingy wooden cottage which stood on Twickenham island, has vanished to make way for the inviting and commodious edifice represented in our cut.

To the Eel-pie Tavern many joyous wedding parties hie in the summer season; here the gentle angler loves to repair, to torture worms, frogs, and flies; to cheat fish and talk sentimentally; and those who have no relish for such sports, still rejoice in gazing on the varied objects of beauty which nature has profusely spread around this highly favoured spot.

The traveller cannot approach it by water so economically or so expeditiously as he may places more remote from London down the river. But if ascending the stream his voyage should extend to three hours, or be even longer, it is difficult to conceive how, where pleasure not business is the order of the day, he can be more delightfully engaged than floating on the transparent wave, smooth as glass and as bright, while an endless series of picturesque views present themselves in succession to his admiring eye, that he may all the incomparable charms

> "Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
> Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
> Wanders the hoary Thames along,
> His silver winding way."

And here, within view of this spot our readers need hardly be reminded stood the

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villa of Pope. "Here he planted the vines and the quidcunx which his verses mention;" here he formed the grotto "from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded." Here, too, as—

"Poets themselves must fall like those they sing,"

exactly at this period of the last century, this bard and satirist, who had acted so distinguished a part on life's stage, was seen preparing to "shuffle off his mortal coil." It was at Twickenham that he still fondly lingered while, as he expressed it, he felt himself "going down the hill." There, in his last days, he received the visits of Lords Bolingbroke and Marchmont, and there were those noblemen joined by the poet's favourite, Martha Blount, with the cold exclamation, "What, is he not dead yet?" Yes, there the last melancholy days of Pope's decline were witnessed, and he had to lament that "he could see things but as through a curtain," that "he was incapable of thinking;" and there it was that that proud intellect, overthrown by sickness, was startled by unreal objects, as when he "one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out of the wall?" He died May 30th, 1744, and his remains repose in the church which has also a place in the engraving.

A host of recollections not less interesting press on the visitor. Twickenham, in the language of Mr Robert Bell, is really "crowded with remarkable personalities;" and in addition to all its ancient attractions, a new church, a new park, and almost a new village in their vicinity, all well worth seeing, diversify the enjoyments of a day given to explore its animated and lovely "plains and meadows green."

ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

Recent accounts from New Zealand give favourable representations of the natives, who generally accommodate themselves, with great complacency, to the state of things established since it became an English colony. They are active, and for the most part frank in their manner, and to be depended upon. Almost all seem desirous of gaining European knowledge, and many of the useful arts they acquire with great facility. They are, generally speaking, inclined to be tall; rather larger than Englishmen, broad-chested, and muscular. Occasionally that ferocity for which they were formerly distinguished bursts out with deadly violence, but association with Europeans must gradually induce gentler habits than had formerly obtained among them. A kooky, or slave, who should neglect to watch his master's field, would now be likely to receive a milder punishment than being killed and eaten. It is to be hoped that with this improvement in their habits they will preserve their former horror of intoxication. "Why will you make yourselves mad?" was the pithy, sensible, but satirical question which these savages put to their English visitors.

The late accounts, we are sorry to see, mention rather a serious collision, in which some of the Wakefields, with which New Zealand seems rather amply supplied, are concerned. From the 'New Zealand Journal' we collect, under date Wellington, June 19th, the following particulars:

"It appears that Mr Cotterell having been interrupted at the surveyor's station at the Wairoa by a party of natives, headed by Raupero (one of two chiefs opposed to the Europeans), and his hut burned down, he dispatched information of the event to Captain Wakefield, who proceeded with Mr Thompson, the police magistrate, and a party of about fifty, by the government brig 'Victoria,' to Cloudy Bay, and arrived on Friday last at the scene of the outrage, Mr Thompson having a warrant for the apprehension of Raupero. They found the natives encamped near the spot, and all armed, in number about 200. They were posted on a hill, and Mr Thompson showed his warrant and attempted an explanation of its nature, which they either did not, or would not, understand, but continued to remain together in a body. There was a small stream or gulley separating the two parties, over which Mr Thompson and his party made a movement to pass in a canoe; while this was taking place, a gun from one of the Europeans accidentally went off, which the natives mistaking for a signal of attack, immediately replied to by a general volley. This was returned, and several fell on both sides; the natives being in greater numbers, and concealed by the fern, in which they lay down and reloaded, had the advantage; and after a while, the English party were obliged to retreat up a steep hill, exposed to the fire of their opponents. Mr Tuckett, with about twelve others, and two men severely wounded (one whose arm has been since amputated), made their escape back to Cloudy Bay, and embarked on board the government brig, which arrived here on Saturday night, at twelve o'clock. A meeting of the inhabitants took place at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and about seventy individuals readily volunteered to accompany Mr M'Donough, our police magistrate, and Colonel Wakefield, in the brig to Cloudy Bay. They embarked yesterday about twelve o'clock, but remain still in the harbour, having been obliged to put back by a violent gale from the S.E., which continues. It is much to be feared that both Captain Wakefield and Mr Thompson had fallen into the hands of the natives, although not clearly ascertained, as the brig put off immediately. Mr Tuckett and those who escaped with him got on board. Nor am I able to communicate with certainty the name of any individual on our side who has been actually killed, although several must have been severely wounded."

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From the wind being unfavourable, the expedition did not sail, and when it changed, the writer of the above (a Mr Kelham) on the 21st, says:

"This detention has changed Colonel Wakefield's intention of proceeding with any force in the hopes of rescue, which would now be unavailing, unless he could have mustered such a one as would have overcome all opposition; and he intends to proceed by negotiation, as most likely to be productive of success."

Of course, at this distance from the scene it would be hazardous to say that Colonel Wakefield undervalued his own prowess in coming to the conclusion that he could do more by negotiation than by fighting, but we wish he may prove right.

The horrid practice of cannibalism has almost wholly ceased. If continued in any case, it must be with great secrecy. The *taste* for it has abated, and so, happily, has the supposed necessity of resorting to it, since the successful introduction of pigs and potatoes. Formerly there were New Zealanders who rarely ate any meat but human flesh. Their chiefs regarded it as a luxury, and studied the best methods of cooking it. Atoi, a chief otherwise amiable, told Mr Earle and Captain Duke that it was very good food. It, however, required a greater number of hours to prepare it than any other kind of flesh. When underdone, it was found tough, but properly dressed it was very tender. It was as soft, he declared, as the bit of paper which he held in his hand, and which he tore in illustration of his statement. This Atoi was on very friendly terms with the English. They had employed a pretty native girl to carry wood for them. She was recognized by the chief as having run away from him. He seized her, and gave her in charge to his people. The English thought nothing of the incident; but the next day they found that she had been murdered, and were informed that the chief and his friends were about to feast on the remains. Captain Duke and Mr Earle, though much shocked at the intelligence, determined to witness the preparations.

"We kept," says the latter, "our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground we saw a man preparing a native oven, in the following simple manner:—a hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing; he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognized the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes."

The writer proceeds to show it was not a case in which necessity, or frantic anger, prompted the deed.

"In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality."

What the real circumstances were, are thus explained:

"We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—'For,' said he, 'I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age!"

This was in 1827. Forcible interference on the part of the English interrupted or postponed the banquet. Their conduct was greatly disapproved by a native friend, a chief, who was known by the name of King George. His view of the case was thus communicated:—

"'In the first place,' said he, 'you did a foolish thing, which might have cost you your lives; and yet did not accomplish your purpose after all, as you merely succeeded in burying the flesh near the spot on which you found it. After you went away, it was again taken up, and every bit was eaten;'—

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'a fact,' says Mr Earle, 'I afterwards ascertained by examining the grave, and finding it empty.' King George further said, 'It was an old custom, which their fathers practised before them; and you had no right to interfere with their ceremonies. I myself,' added he, 'have left off eating human flesh, out of compliment to you white men; but you have no reason to expect the same compliance from all the other chiefs. What punishment have you in England for thieves and runaways?' We answered, 'After trial, flogging or hanging.'—'Then,' he replied, 'the only difference in our laws is, you flog and hang, but we shoot and eat.'"

The aboriginal lawgivers of New Zealand had, perhaps, a right to visit a venal offence with an inhuman and abominable punishment; but we may fairly hope that, with their capacity to acquire European skill in handiwork, they will likewise prove themselves capable of adopting milder sentiments than those which were previously theirs, and that they will eventually become a civilized people.

THE CELEBRATED ERSKINE A POET.

It is now perhaps not generally known that the judge and eminent counsel was, in early life, a soldier, and also a poet. He, however, was serving in the Royals at St Philip's, in the island of Minorca, and while there, in the year 1774, wrote the following playful poem, which, though on a trifling incident of the moment, is still worth reading.

To Lady Cecilia Johnson, from her Monkey, on his banishment for tearing a leaf out of a book, requesting that England might be the place of exile.

The humble petition of sorrowful Peter,
With submission set forth, as follows, in metre.

I think if I'm rightly inform'd of the crime
For which I am banish'd, it seems thus in rhyme:—
"For tearing of books, for mischief and stealing,
"And tricks of all kind from the ground to the ceiling."
—— As mankind pretend to be govern'd by laws,
I claim a just right to be heard in my cause:
Which I ground upon reason, and wrap up in rhyme
Altho' not the practice of courts in our time.
For in law I must say, tho' perhaps not in season,
That trials are often without rhyme or reason:
All culprits are punish'd, if Lord Coke says true,
Not from love of revenge, but for harm that they do:
On this common maxim my pleadings I found,
And the crime that I'm charg'd with must fall to the ground;
There never was book yet, I'll be bound to engage,
Above all in our days, but might well spare a page.
And the public, as well as most authors, might look
With smiles on a monkey devouring a book,
'Tis as well for a volume, I'll venture my oath,
To be eat by an ape, as a critic or moth:
And then as to reading, all wits have confess'd it,
You never can profit unless you digest it;
And monkeys and men from the north to the south
Can only digest what they put in their mouth.
—— Much more might be said if I chose to enlarge,
But I'd rather proceed to the rest of my charge.
To blame me for mischief and tax me with stealing,
Is surely a want of all reason and feeling;
For Nature, who ripens the figs and the grapes,
Is not nearer related to man than to apes.
'Tis because they are stronger they seize upon all,
And the weakest 'tis certain must go to the wall;
But the fair-teeming earth, our bountiful mother,
Loves Peter as dearly as Adam his brother.
As to tricks of all kinds, for which I'm accus'd,
I'd deny they are tricks, and protest I'm abus'd.
Equipt as I am in my shabby old grey,
I dare not adventure what fine folks might say.
Each pitiful, ignorant, gingerbread varlet,
Each ape of eighteen, in his gold lace and scarlet,
Has a right, to be sure, on all subjects to chatter,
Tho' Peter, perhaps, may know more of the matter:
Could Peter (I speak with respect and submission)
By some lucky chance get an ensign's commission.
—— I see you all laughing, but titter away,
I'm not the first monkey was such I dare say.
'Tis no such great matter to play well at cards,
And I think I should soon be the *ton* in the guards.
I'm fit for all duties except a court martial,
There my likeness to man might make me too partial.
As to height, to be sure, I confess I'm not tall,
But A——n's scarce taller that parades thro' the mall:
And a rag from Miss Bruce,* or my tail in a queue,
Would soon all the hearts of the ladies subdue.
What might not be done with my dress, sir, and shape,
When the fashion at Court is to look like an ape.
What challenges, duels, what quarrels and slaughters,
What tears would be shed over spouses and daughters;

* A milliner.

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What groups fill'd with anguish, and rivals forlorn,
Would wish in despair I had never been born.
Tho' faith, to my shame, I'm afraid I should see
Five hundred of much greater monkeys than me;
And mad for some fair one might steal forth to meet her,
And find her eloping with some other Peter;
Yet spite of these rubs I should have the renown
To be one of the finest young fellows in town.
Then if exile's my state, I implore, with a tear,
To be shipp'd off for England, for there is my sphere.
If to this last request you start no objection,
My cousin Tom Erskine has pledged his protection
—— I suppose (like the Scotch) on account of connexion.

DETERMINED SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE following communication, we have received from a gentleman connected with a government establishment, who assures us it is sent to the 'Mirror' as he received it from the sister of the officer by whom it was written, who was present, and, indeed, an actor in the tragic scene.

ACCOUNT OF A "SUTTEE" WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE TERRITORY OF NAGPORE SOME YEARS AGO, RELATED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

On the morning of the 19th May, 182—, one of the Brahmins, named K——, about 28 or 29 years of age, died; and his wife, named C——, 21 or 22 years old, declared her intention to become a "suttee." Being at the time superintendent of the district, a report was made to me of the circumstance, and I sent the Shastree and the head Brahmins, who were employed from 7 A.M. till near 3 P.M. in attempting to make her abandon her resolution. At this time they came in a body to me to report the failure of all their endeavours; and although I had little expectation that I should be able to induce her to change her resolution, yet I was resolved not to leave it unattempted, and accompanied the Brahmins to the house of the deceased, where I found an immense crowd. The corpse was laid out in a narrow veranda and covered with a white cloth, over which red powder was partially scattered. The widow sat by it, and appeared perfectly composed. I sat down near her, and inquired why she intended to become a "suttee," assuring her that, if she would alter her determination, I would take care to have her well provided for, either if she chose to remain at Chanda or go to Benares; but, pointing to the body, she said her husband was gone, and that she was resolved to accompany him. I staid a long time and with the Brahmins said everything I could think would be of avail, but, I regret to say, all to no purpose; and as the smell from the body was beginning to be offensive, I did not consider myself authorized longer to withhold my sanction that the ceremony should go forward. I attended, however, at the funeral pile, outside the town, with Captain S——, in the evening. On our arrival we found the widow sitting near the corpse, but she got up on our approach, and we had some conversation with her, but unhappily without effect. She retired for a moment, sat down by the corpse, and then again came towards us, and presented each of us with betel, sugar, &c., and a small sprig of flowers, together with some sandal-wood powder. She took off her gold necklace, and the gold ornaments from her wrists, and gave them to a Brahmin, with instructions what to do with them. It was a most painful and distressing sight, and we both felt most deeply for this unhappy and misguided victim of superstition. We again made efforts to persuade her to relinquish her intention, but nothing could prevail; and, on quitting us, she went and sat down again by the body, and began to distribute betel nuts, sugar, flowers, &c., to those around her; she also ate some sweetmeats, not having tasted food or water since the death of her husband. We were both perfectly satisfied that she was in full possession of her mind; and indeed I had, during my visit to her house in the afternoon, been particularly struck with her uncommon firmness, in resisting the earnest entreaties of those around her, to abandon her determination. She was perfectly cheerful, and answered the arguments, assuring the Brahmins of her fortitude. The widow sat a considerable time distributing sweetmeats and flowers, during which period the body of her husband was placed on the pile, the head to the southward, and shortly afterwards the widow, supported by two Brahmins, walked round it very slowly, the people constantly following, and touching her feet. She then ascended the pile to the platform of straw and sticks on which the body was placed, and laid down on the west side, with the corpse on her right hand; after this, sticks and bundles of Towasee straw, "kurbee," were placed round the pile: the sticks were about eight or nine feet long, one end resting on the ground, the other against the top of the pile; the spaces between were filled up with the "kurbee," also placed erect; they were not fastened in any way, and the smallest force from within could easily have thrown them outwards. The widow continued sitting on the pile, talking at times to the Brahmins. She partook of sweetmeats, and drank water. Having finished she

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again reclined by the corpse, and after a short time gave the signal for lighting the pile, by setting fire to some camphor on her left hand with a small candle supplied to her by one of the attendant Brahmins, herself setting fire to the pile with both hands. The pile was now set on fire in all directions by men with torches, and camphor having been scattered along the wood, it was almost instantly in a strong blaze. There was at this moment a considerable noise from the tom toms and music, but although very close, and watching narrowly, I did not perceive the slightest attempt on the part of the woman to move, nor did I hear any cry, and from the immense flame life must have been speedily extinct. We remained till the pile was almost totally reduced, but there was no vestige of either of the bodies. At this season of the year the materials of the pile are as dry as tinder, and a moderate breeze materially assisted the speedy rise of the flames.

P. I.,
Capt. and Act. Superintendent.

MR BRANDE'S LECTURE ON AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY BEFORE THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

DEC. 6: Lord Spencer in the chair.—Mr Brande stated that chemistry had now advanced far enough to be of service to agriculturists, and this had been remarkably the case since the period in which minute analyses of plants had proved the necessity of attending not only to the bulk of materials of which the soil was composed, but to the substances which existed only in minute quantities. The ingredients of the soil may be divided, 1st, into those which form the bulk of the soil, as sand, clay, and lime; and 2ndly, those particular substances, which only enter into the composition of some soils, such as some of the salts of lime, soda, potassa, iron, manganese, &c. Lime is a compound of a metal and oxygen, constituting an oxide. The metal is called calcium, and is very difficult to obtain, but it resembles in its general properties potassium, the metal of the alkali potassa. Like potassium, calcium has a strong affinity for oxygen, and on throwing it on water its oxygen is abstracted, and hydrogen in a state of combustion is set free. Lime has the properties of an alkali, and acts upon test-paper in the same manner as potass and soda. It does not exist pure in a native state, but is always found combined with some acid. The acid with which it is most frequently combined is the carbonic acid, which consists of carbon and oxygen. Carbonate of lime exists in the greatest abundance in the hills, rocks, and mountains of the globe, and is found in what the geologists call the primary, secondary, and tertiary rocks. In the first it is found in the form of marble, in the second in the form of limestone and chalk, and in the third in immense beds of shells. One of the properties of carbonate of lime is, that it effervesces with acids and gives off carbonic acid. If a soil containing carbonate of lime be submitted to the action of dilute muriatic or sulphuric acid, and the whole bulk be weighed before and after the experiment, the quantity lost will indicate the quantity of carbonic acid present. Amongst many of the limestones other substances besides carbonate of lime are found. Thus the chalk at Brighton has been found to contain a great number of animalcules, and the consequence of their presence is that phosphate of lime exists in it also, which is a very important ingredient. The following is an analysis of such chalk:—

Carbonate of lime . . .	98·57
Carbonate of magnesia . .	0·38
Phosphate of lime . . .	0·11
Oxides of iron and manganese .	0·14
Alumina and silica . . .	0·80
	100·00

Chalk with the phosphate might be a valuable manure for chalk without it. In order to get the lime, the carbonic acid must be got rid of. This is effected by heat, as in limekilns. Fifty cwts. of carbonate of lime or chalk yields twenty-eight cwts. of lime, and twenty-two cwts. of carbonic acid are driven off; lime consisting of twenty-two parts carbonic acid and twenty-eight parts lime. Chalk should always be burned in a current of air, and the more moisture this contains the better. If lime is exposed to the atmosphere it absorbs water and carbonic acid, forming a hydrate of lime and a carbonate of lime. Such is the affinity of lime for water, that it will dry air exposed to its influence in a confined space. When water is poured on lime it is rapidly absorbed and heat is given out, so that a match may be lighted by it. This is called slaked lime. When this lime is exposed to the air it absorbs carbonic acid, which always exists in the air, and parts with its water. Lime is soluble in 700 times its weight of pure water, and in this state becomes the best possible test of the existence of carbonic acid. If shaken in a vessel containing carbonic acid, whether from the combustion of a candle, the respiration of an animal, or the fermenting vat of a brewery, the lime water becomes milky from the presence of carbonate of lime. Carbonic acid may be proved to exist thus even in spring water, and in the water of the river Thames. When carbonic acid is in excess in water it dissolves the chalk or carbonate of lime, and whilst under pressure the water holds it in solution, but the moment the carbonic acid is given off then the carbonate of lime falls down, and this is the origin of the stalactites and stalagmites of many of our caverns and springs. The uses of lime in agriculture are several; 1st, it decomposes vegetable matter, and converts it into what is called *humus*; 2nd, it neutralizes acids which may collect in the soil; 3rd, it decomposes injurious salts of iron, forming an inert oxide of that metal; 4th, it decomposes the various aluminous compounds, setting free their elements; 5th, it decomposes bone manure, and thus produces ammonia, a very valuable constituent in soils. When ammonia comes in contact

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with potash it becomes converted into nitric acid, and thus are probably formed the large nitre beds of various parts of India; 6th, when it comes in contact with felspar, it evolves the potash and the silica of these rocks, and thus produces the best possible soil for the growth of the gramineous plants which are known to require so much silica. One of the best tests for the presence of lime is the oxalate of ammonia, which throws down in lime water a copious white precipitate, which is oxalate of lime. The presence of carbonate of lime alone may always be ascertained in rocks by its making a clear solution in weak acids, but if there is magnesia or other salts, then the solution becomes turbid. It had been stated that lime is beneficial to plants, as they excrete from their roots an acid which, on coming in contact with the lime, is converted into a soluble salt, which is then taken up into the system of the plant.

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.

THE following striking narrative is from the *Causes Celèbres*:—

"Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents; and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long-wished-for union, a man far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, saw the young lady, and made honourable proposals. Her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate. But the anxiety of her mind preying on her body, threw her at last into a lingering disorder that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as the news of this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hope of her widowhood: but recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and he hurried to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured him the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist. But as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination to re-visit their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly made the journey. But here the lady was so unfortunate as to be recognised by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk; and all her endeavours to disguise herself being ineffectual, he laid his claim to her before a court of justice; and the lover defended his right, alleging the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, however, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired a second time out of the kingdom."

LIFE.

A FRAGILE bark, in storms and calms,
Upon a treach'rous sea.
With an inestimable freight—
Bound for Eternity. L. M. S.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE VINE.—Cut off the old vine below the surface of the earth, after the leaves are fully expanded. Split the stock as in cleft-grafting. Insert the scion, consisting of one-year old wood, and bearing two or three buds, having first cut the end to be inserted in a wedge-like shape. If the stock close firmly on the scion, tying is unnecessary; if it does not, then it must be bound. Draw the earth up around the whole, leaving the bud mainly depended on, the second from the top, just even with the surface. Take off the sprouts that rise from the stock, and those that spring from the scion, all but one, and train that up carefully. No tree is so easily propagated by grafting. No clay, or wax, or adhesive plaister is wanted. No special care is required to fit bark to bark, as in other cases. Always put the scion on one side of the stock; and, to ensure success, when the stock will admit of it, put in two scions, one on each side of the cleft. As to the time, it is essential that the operation be performed after the leaves of the stock are fully expanded, and all danger of bleeding is over. It is said that success by this mode is just as certain, if the operation is performed before the sap begins to rise. On the 1st of June of this year, a scion was put of the Gros Maroc in the root of a wild vine. It had on the 30th of June grown about two feet, and when put on strong roots, fully fifteen or twenty feet in one summer, and they invariably produce good crops the second year. A white grape from France, worked on the root of the vigorous-growing fox-grape, produced abundantly the second year, while cuttings of the same grape, treated as cuttings usually are, grew very slowly, and were five years in coming to a bearing state. The delicate foreign varieties have invariably been wonderfully strengthened by being worked on the roots of our strong native kinds.

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Arms. Ar., three eagles displayed, gu., ducally crowned or.
Crest. On a ducal coronet or, an eagle displayed, ar.
Supporters. Two unicorns, az., each gorged with coronets composed of crosses-pattée and fleurs-de-lis, ar., armed, crowned, and unguled or.
Motto. "*Vincit omnia veritas.*" "Truth overcomes all things."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF KINGSALE.

THAN that of the Courcys, heraldry presents us with few prouder names. To great antiquity, we may add its pedigree connects this noble family with most of the Royal houses of Europe; paternally through the Dukes of Lorraine, and maternally through those of Normandy. Burke goes back so far as Louis IV of France, who married, A. D. 939, Gerberza, daughter of the Emperor Henry I, by whom he had two sons, Lothario, who succeeded to the French throne, and with whose son, Louis V, the race of monarchs sprung from Charlemagne ended, and the brother of Louis, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, whose immediate descendant, Robert de Courcy, was Lord of Courcy, in Normandy, in the year 1006. He was succeeded by his eldest son Richard de Courcy, who accompanied his Sovereign, William Duke of Normandy into England. He distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings, and was gratefully rewarded by the conqueror, it is said, with many lordships, and among them Stoke in the county of Somerset, which in consequence was thence called Stoke Courcy. He died in 1098, and was succeeded by his son Robert as Lord de Courcy, in Normandy, and Baron of Stoke Courcy, in England. Robert became steward to the household of Henry I, and to that of his daughter Matilda, by the former of whom he was made one of the greater Barons of Westminster. He married Rohesda, daughter of Hugh de Grant Mesnil, Lord of Blackley, in the county of Leicester, and Lord High Steward of England, and was succeeded by his eldest son William, who died without issue, leaving the title to his brother Robert. He commanded in the battle of Northampton, fought, in the time of King Stephen, against the Scotch, and married Avicia, daughter and co-heir of William de Meschines, Earl of Cambridge, being succeeded by an only son, William, Baron of Stoke Courcy, and dapifer to Henry II. He, on his death in 1171, was succeeded by his eldest son Sir John Courcy, who, having distinguished himself in the wars of Henry II, both in England and in Gascony, was sent in 1177 by Henry to Ireland, that he might assist William Fitz-Adelm, in carrying on the government of that kingdom. Sir John engaged some of the veteran nobility to accompany him, and invaded Ulster with twenty-two knights, fifty esquires, and about three hundred foot soldiers, and, after many hard-fought battles, succeeded in subduing that portion of the country to the English rule. For this, in 1181, he was created Earl of Ulster, which was the first Irish title of honour conferred upon an Englishman. He remained in great favour with Henry; but upon the accession of John he incurred the hatred of Hugh de Lacie, then governor of Ireland, who caused him to be seized while he was performing a solemn penance, unarmed and barefooted, in Down-Patrick churchyard, on Good Friday, in the year 1203. Courcy was sent over to England, where John condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower of London, and all his possessions were granted to Lucie. He had been a prisoner for a year, when a dispute occurred between Philip Augustus of France and King John, on the subject of the Duchy of Normandy, which it was agreed should be decided by single combat. The day was named, and the French monarch was ready to appear by his champion, but no one stood forward to take up the gauntlet for John; at least no one whom he was content to adopt as his representative. The captive in the Tower was then thought of, and he, being liberated, was induced to accept the challenge. All was ready, and the knights appeared in the presence of the Kings of England, France, and Spain, when the champion of Philip Augustus was seized with a sudden panic, and fled precipitately from the scene on which he had been expected to display his valour. The victory, under

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these circumstances, was adjudged to belong to England. His great strength having been mentioned, the Earl of Ulster was desired to give a proof of it in presence of the King of France, which he did by cleaving a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. John was so satisfied with the conduct of his lordship on this occasion, that he not only ordered the restoration of his property, but promised to grant anything within his gift that he might desire. To this the Earl replied that he had already titles and estates enough, and he would, therefore, only ask, in memory of his Royal grace, that his successors should have the privilege, their obeisance being first paid, to remain covered in the presence of his Majesty and all future Kings of England. The request was immediately granted. His lordship died in France about the year 1210, and was succeeded by his only son, Miles, to whom Henry III gave the Barony of Kingsale as a compensation for the Earldom of Ulster, which, though ordered to be restored by John, seems still to have been retained by De Lacie.

The title descended regularly from father to son during nearly five hundred years. John de Courcy, the eighteenth Lord, died July 25, 1625, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Gerald, who deceased about the year 1642. He had no issue, and was succeeded by his brother Patrick, who died in 1663, leaving three sons, John, Edmond, and Miles, and four daughters. John died in 1667, and was succeeded by his son, who was succeeded by his brother, Americus. This nobleman was outlawed in 1691 for his attachment to James II. He, however, soon made his peace with William, and sat in the Irish parliament of 1692. In observance of the privilege granted to his ancestors, he appeared before William III covered, and when the King expressed surprise at seeing him wear his hat in his presence, his lordship thus explained:—"Sire, my name is Courcy; I am Lord of Kingsale in your Majesty's kingdom of Ireland; and the reason of my appearing covered in your Majesty's presence is, I come to assert the ancient privilege of my family, granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, by John, King of England." The King acknowledged the privilege, and gave the Earl his hand to kiss. His lordship paid his obeisance, and remained covered. He died in 1710, when the peerage reverted to his first cousin, Gerald, the twenty-fourth baron, grandson to Patrick the twentieth, being son of the Honourable Miles de Courcy by Elizabeth, youngest daughter and eventually sole heir to Anthony Sadleir, Esq., of Arley Hall, in Warwickshire. That nobleman having been presented to George I in 1720, had the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand, and asserting the ancient privilege of his house. He died in 1759, having two daughters, but no male issue, and the title, in consequence, devolved upon his second cousin, the eldest son of Anthony, only son of David, fourth son of John, the eighteenth Lord, who married, in 1746, Martha, daughter of the Reverend Isaac Heron, by whom he had a numerous family. He died in March 1776, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who had married, in 1763, Susan, daughter of Conway Blennerhasset, Esq., of Castle Conway, in the county of Kerry, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. His lordship was succeeded on his death, May 24, 1822, by Thomas, his eldest surviving son, his eldest son, a lieut.-colonel in the army, having lost his life in Spain during the Peninsular war, through excessive fatigue. Thomas, the twenty-seventh Baron, died, unmarried, January 25, 1832, and was succeeded by his nephew, John Stapleton de Courcy, the present peer. His lordship was born September 17, 1805. He was married, October 3, 1825, to Sarah, daughter of Joseph Chadder, Esq., by whom he has issue. Besides being Baron de Courcy, his Lordship is *premier* Baron, and Baron of Ringrone, in Ireland.

THE SUPPOSED SON OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

From time to time mysterious rumours have been circulated that the son of Louis XVI, supposed to have died while a boy in the Temple, had escaped, and was still alive. The question having lately been revived under somewhat extraordinary circumstances, the following curious facts, stated by the Margravine of Anspach in her 'Memoirs,' published in 1826, relative to one pretender, may be read with great interest:—

"At the time of the conspiracy of George Cadoudal, it was related to Bonaparte that the son of Louis was alive, and was under the protection of the Vendeans. Fouché, then minister of police, was instructed to send to prison a young man, who had excited great interest by declaring himself to be the dauphin. He was a drummer in a Belgian regiment, and was sentenced to run the gauntlet for a slight crime. At the moment that the punishment was to be undergone, he demanded to speak with the colonel, as he had, he said, a secret of great importance to communicate. Being conducted into his presence, he declared to him that he was the dauphin, son of Louis XVI; that till that day he had kept the secret in the most profound silence, except in confidence to his sister, to whom he had communicated it,—but that, feeling the disgrace of the chastisement he was going to suffer, he could not suppress his feelings, and begged to be

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allowed to give the proofs he could produce, and to have a suspension of the punishment till he had convinced him of the truth.

"The officer, who was particularly struck with the appearance and countenance of the drummer, the facility with which he expressed himself, his polished manners, and the semblance of truth which animated his account, undertook to submit this unexpected subject to the general in chief, whose quarters were at Turin. He conveyed the youth in a carriage with four horses; and, having arrived at Asti, an old Swiss guard recognized him, and, with tears in his eyes, fell at his feet.

"As soon as his arrival was made known at Turin, all the ladies disputed for the pleasure of seeing him; and urged him to give a relation of his adventures, which he did in the following manner:

"He stated that, when a prisoner in the Temple, he had been confided to the care of a shoemaker, named Simon; this man had every appearance of being fierce and brutal. Often, in the presence of the commissaries of Paris, he appeared to ill-treat him, in order to gain their confidence, but in his heart he deplored his misfortunes, and frequently, when alone, gave him proofs of the most tender affection. His object was, undoubtedly, to save him; but unfortunately great difficulties were opposed to his designs, and the Convention had formed the resolution of destroying him. As they dared not do this openly, they gave secret orders to Simon to poison him, but his generous guardian was horror-struck at this proposition. He procured the dead body of a child, which he put there in his place, and presented it to the commissaries. As the resemblance was not exact, he attributed this difference to the violence of the poison, which had so much disfigured his features. He then placed him under the care of a friend, who conducted him to Bourdeaux, and afterwards to Corsica; but the great misfortune which happened to him after this was, that his benefactor died.

"Having soon exhausted his stock of money, and being pressed by want, he entered into the service of a vender of lemonade. As his sister was at Vienna, his project was to join her there. With this design he quitted Corsica, and repaired to Italy, to pass from thence into Germany. Italy was occupied by the Austrians; a party of infantry fell in with him, and endeavoured to compel him to enlist. On his refusal he was stripped of all he possessed; and, to avoid a greater misfortune, he was engaged as a drummer, being then only fourteen years of age. From that time he performed his duty with punctuality; but, committing for the first time a fault, he had been sentenced to the punishment, and now having made himself known, his only hope was in the protection of the Emperor.

"This recital, made with great simplicity, produced its effect. The attentions paid to him were redoubled. Many who had been about the court remembered that the dauphin had a wound which he received from a fall from a ladder; it was discovered that the youth had the same wound. The public ran to bestow their homage, and he was called *Monseigneur*, and *Votre Altesse Royale*. The general received orders to bring the supposed dauphin to a court martial; to load him with favours if he spoke truth, and to punish him severely if he proved to be an imposter.

"The young soldier, alarmed at the trial he was to undergo, confessed that he was the son of a watchmaker at Versailles; and that he had recourse to this stratagem to evade the punishment which he had incurred: yet, notwithstanding this confession, many believed in the tale. The council of war determined that he should undergo the sentence; but, at the solicitation of some ladies, his punishment was remitted to running the gauntlet once, instead of three times."

NAPOLEON NO REVOLUTIONIST.

(For the Mirror.)

A DECLARATION of the Allied Sovereigns at Laybach, in which the Emperor Napoleon was in terms of reprobation pronounced to be the *Representative of the Revolution*, called forth the following observations from the celebrated Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malins.

"It is too late to insult Napoleon, now that he is defenceless, after having for so many years crouched at his feet, while he had the power to punish. Those who are armed should respect a disarmed enemy, and the glory of the conqueror depends, in a great measure, on the consideration shown towards the captive, particularly when he yields to superior force, not to superior genius. It is too late to call Napoleon a Revolutionist, after having for such a length of time pronounced him to be the restorer of order in France. It is too late for those to aim the shaft of insult at him who once stretched forth their hands to him as a friend, pledged their faith to him as an ally, and sought to prop a tottering throne by mingling their blood with his. *He the Representative of the Revolution!* The Revolution broke the bonds of union between France and Rome: he renewed them. The Revolution overthrew the Temples of the Almighty: he restored them. The Revolution created two classes of clergy hostile to each other: he reconciled them. The Revolution profaned St Denis: he purified it, and offered expiation

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to the ashes of kings. The Revolution subverted the throne: he raised it again, and gave it a new lustre. The Revolution banished from their country the nobility of France: he opened to them the gates of France and of his palace; though he knew them to be his irreconcilable enemies, and for the most part the enemies of the public institutions, he reincorporated them with the society from which they had been separated. This *Representative of the Revolution*, which has been declared hostile to sovereignty, filled Germany with kings, advanced the rank of princes, restored superior royalty, and re-constructed a defaced model. This *Representative of a Revolution*, which is condemned as a principle of anarchy, like another Justinian, drew up, amidst the din of war, those codes which are the least defective portion of human legislation, and constructed the most vigorous machine of government in the whole world. This *Representative of a Revolution*, which is vulgarly accused of having subverted all institutions, restored universities and public schools, and accomplished those amazing and stupendous works which reflect honour on human genius: and yet, in the face of the Alps, which bowed down at his command; of the ocean, subdued at Cherbourg, at Flushing, at the Helder, and at Antwerp; of rivers, smoothly flowing beneath the bridges of Jena, Serres, Bordeaux, and Turin; of canals, uniting seas together in a course beyond the control of Neptune; finally, in the face of Paris, metamorphosed as it is by Napoleon, he is pronounced to be the agent of general destruction! He who restored all, is said to be the representative of that which destoyed all! To what undiscerning men is this language supposed to be addressed?"

HENRY OF NAVARRE AND GAVARET.

UNDER the above title we find a singular anecdote related by Miss Skelton, in 'Ainsworth's Magazine.' Gavaret was a Huguenot, who had been converted to the old faith, and was thought a fit instrument to be employed by the Spanish court to assassinate Henry of Navarre. He was provided with a valuable and admirably well-trained horse, a disguise, purse, and pistols, and repaired to Paris, where, on his arrival, he learned that his intended victim was out "on a hawking party, but thinly attended." He determined forthwith to strike the meditated blow. The narrative proceeds:—

"It was a glorious day; and, long ere Gavaret found those he sought, he could hear borne upon the singing wind the clear musical voice of the monarch, the sharp sudden bark of the attendant spaniels, the shrill cry of the quarry, the deep tones of the falconer, calling back his bird, the shout that announced the finding of the game, the shout that announced its fall. Gavaret, as he passed along at an easy canter, could see, through the openings of the trees, the figures of the sportsmen at their sport. It was, as I have said, a glorious day, and the sun shone with unbroken lustre on the gay forms of the handsome Henry and his companions. Henry, always so handsome and so gallant, looked doubly so now, with the excitement and the flush of the chase glowing upon his fine upturned countenance, and lighting up the large piercing eyes with an increased fire and animation; his dress was calculated to show off to great advantage the beauty of his shape and his graceful horsemanship; his hat, flung back from his brow, was decorated with a long waving ostrich plume—a plume as white as snow; the diamond that clasped the feather, which danced so gaily in the wind, was, in those broad day-beams, a second sun; the golden spurs upon his heel, the golden hilt of his sword, the silver on the pistols in his holster, the silver on his studded bridle, flashed as he moved in the light that was poured from that unclouded heaven.

"Nor must we omit to say how gallantly went the sport watched so eagerly by the king. Just as Gavaret came in sight the quarry, a noble heron was rising into the air, and the ger-falcon, borne by Henry, was loosened from its jesses, and cast off on the pursuit. The ger-falcon was a splendid bird, sent as a present to the King of Navarre by Elizabeth of England, and brought with others of the breed, by her command, from Norway. It was of great size; and the spread of its sails, or wings, was of extraordinary width; its plumage was beautiful, a snow-white throat, wings of snowy whiteness, crossed with bars of brown, shaded from light to dark, a tail of the same rich contrast, her pendent feathers pure and unspotted, her ruffled mails, or breast feathers, of downy softness, her clear large eye was of a dark deep blue, her bill of the same colour. With those eyes, meeting the dazzling sunlight, and with her strong claws knotted, ready to strike, up she rushed against the wind, the fairest falcon that ever rose in flight.

"Gavaret, pausing for a moment, watched the chase. The heron, proud and stately, swept forth across the river; the falcon rose far above it; and descending rapidly, drove it back to the side of the stream it attempted to quit. The heron, turning on his back, awaited the attack of his enemy. The falcon, stooping gallantly, struck with claws and beak at the heron; the latter, shooting forth its long sharp bill, attempted to inflict a wound that would have been death. But the falcon was too wary—she eluded the well-aimed blow—and rising for a space, again descended to the attack. The heron shrieks with fear and rage—the falcon answers with her hoarse cry of triumph. Both are gallant birds—both fight bravely. But for one, there is no hope; that stately heron shall never soar again above that rolling river and those shining pools—those wild efforts for life and freedom are his last—that melancholy scream shall never sound again. Down, down they come—the conqueress and the

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conquered—the triumphant falcon—the dying heron. Down they come, blood falling from the victim in his descent, crashing through the branches of the trees they come, until, prone upon the ground, the heron flutters in its last agony, while the proud victor, with talons deep in the quivering body of the pelt, begins pluming at the neck. King Henry himself reclaims the falcon; the assistants take from the scarce breathless body the heart and liver, and with these the king rewards his bird; then, replacing the embossed hood upon her head, and the silken jesses to her feet, he takes her again on his wrist, the silver bells attached to her leathern henits tinkling with their sweet music—music whose soft chiming reached the ears of Gavaret.

"'And must I then,' said Gavaret, as he gazed upon this bright scene and on this gallant prince—'must I then slay one so beautiful, so young, so careless, so happy?'

"But the momentary relenting soon passed away; and Gavaret, with a look of deep devotion, raising his eyes and his right hand towards heaven, and murmuring a few words of prayer or deprecation, touched lightly the bright neck of his barb, and advanced towards the king.

"King Henry was a man of sharp discernment; and he had observed the absence of Gavaret from the camp during the last week; he now observed him approaching on a strange steed, one, too, that his knowledge of horseflesh told him at once was a Spanish barb. And for some time had Gavaret been suspected of a leaning towards the old faith. And Henry did not fail to mark the crimson flush gathering on his brow, then fading suddenly to ashy whiteness—he did not fail to mark how fully armed he rode, with sword and dagger in his belt and pistols in his holsters.

"Gavaret, advancing, bowed low before the king, uncovering the dark curls that clustered round his head. The king welcomed him with a gracious nod and word of greeting; then, watching narrowly every movement of Gavaret, and without giving him time to make any further approach towards himself, he sprang from his saddle, and hastily moving towards him, laid his hand upon his rein, and said, in loud cheerful tones—

"'Ha, Gavaret! a fine horse—as good a steed as ever man bestrode. Where gottest thou this jewel? Ha! man, dismount—dismount. I must try his paces. Make haste—make haste! I burn with impatience to back so fair a barb. True Spanish, eh?'

"And as he spoke, he took the bridle from the hand of Gavaret, and by every possible means urged and aided him to dismount.

"Gavaret, bewildered by the impetuosity of the king's manner, unable to act offensively, so closely was he pressed and watched, could do nothing but comply, and quitting the saddle, he held the stirrup, while Henry mounted.

"*Then*, quick as thought, the king forced the horse forwards for a few paces, then, as suddenly checking him, he wheeled him round, and faced the pale assassin. Drawing the pistols from the holster, one by one, he discharged them and one by one flung them far from him, into the deep rolling river. The pale assassin started where he stood, but made no effort for flight. The king laughed scornfully.

"'Here, take thy steed—worthy a better master;' and, springing from the saddle, he flung Gavaret the rein. 'Take thy steed, and go upon thy way; but never let me see thy face again. Say nothing, Gavaret; full well I know those pistols were loaded for a lofty aim: and this noble steed was not given thee for nought. Go, I say—begone! Linger no longer, lest I am tempted to punish thee as a traitor should be punished!'

"And the king, waving his arm proudly, gathered his attendants round him, and rode from the spot. And that baffled murderer, struck with a painful conviction that the enterprise, so miraculously crossed, must be unpleasing to the Heaven he thought to serve, turned his steed in silence from that place of sunshine and of royal grace, and riding for the nearest wood, soon became lost to view, amid forests as dark and gloomy as were the depths of his own heart—as was the imagination of the deed he had come to do."

HATS WORN IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE.

THE high boon or privilege of bearing the head covered in the presence of royalty, is proved (in another part of this number) to have been exclusively hereditary in the noble family of Courcy, Lords of Kingsale, ever since the time of John, a period of nearly six hundred years; but there are later instances among the records of other noble and well-known families where such boon has been granted to the wearer for life only, some of which we subjoin.

The following curious grant was given, in the year 1513, to Walter Copinger, of Buxhall, Suffolk, gent., by that ruthless monarch, Henry the Eighth, who in these instances seems to have had a special regard to the *heads* of his loving subjects. The original is still extant in the glebe-house at Buxhall.

"Henry R. Henry, by the Grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland.

"To all manor our subjects as well of the spiritual pre-eminence and dignities, as of the temporal auctority, these our Letters hearing or seeing, and to every of them greeting. Whereas we be credibly informed that our trusty and well-beloved subject Walter Copinger, is so diseased in his head that without his great danger he cannot be conveniently discovered of the same. In consideration whereof, we have by these presents licensed him to use and wear his Bonet upon his said head, as well in our presence as elsewhere, at his liberty. Whereof we will and command you and every of you to permit and suffer him so to do, without any your challenge, disturbance, or interruption to the contrary, as ye and every of you tender our pleasure. Given under

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our signet at Greenwich the 24th day of October in the fourth year of our reign.—Henry R."

Richard Verney, Esq., of Warwickshire, an ancestor of the present Lord Willoughby de Brokes, was likewise in such esteem with Henry the Eighth, that he obtained for a similar infirmity the like privilege by special licence, dated at Greenwich, January 2, 1517.

Also, John Pekington, Esq., treasurer of the Inner Temple, in the year 1529, and an ancestor of the present Lord Lyttleton, received a remarkable grant from the same monarch, exempting him from all fines and public offices, and ordaining that "from the time to come he shall have full liberty during his life to wear his hat in his presence, and his successors, or of any other persons whatsoever, and not be uncovered on any occasion or cause whatsoever against his will and good liking," &c. Given by the King himself at Westminster, the fifth of April, in the year aforesaid. [Patent in Rolls Chapel.]

DR JUSTUS LIEBIG, IN HIS RELATION TO VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

(*Continued from page* 247.)

Dr Liebig states his views of vegetable nutrition at the different periods of growth. He says, that a plant returns just so much carbon to the soil as it has absorbed from it in the form of carbonic acid produced by decomposing humus. This supply of carbon is sufficient for many plants at the first period of their growth, but it is not sufficient to supply some of their organs with the necessary maximum of food. But the object of agriculture is to gain the maximum of produce, and this, says Liebig, p. 154, "stands in a direct ratio to the amount of food which has been given to a plant during the first period of its development," therefore all pains are to be taken to increase the amount of humus.

The short and the long of these rather vague assertions (says Dr Mohl) is, apparently, that a crop will be the greater the more food a plant has received from the soil before its period of flowering. But this axiom, although true in the main, is somewhat contradicted by another at page 111, where it is stated that humus is useful to young plants by contributing to the increase of their organs of atmospheric nutrition; but it is not indispensable, and its excess may even be detrimental in the first stages of development. The food, namely, which a young plant receives from the air in the form of carbonic acid and ammonia, is restricted within certain limits,—it can assimilate no more than the air contains. If, therefore, in the beginning of growth, the number of twigs, sprouts, or leaves overpass this proportion in consequence of a superabundance of food obtained from the soil at that period, when the plant requires more food from the air for the completion of its development, and for its flowering and fruiting than the air can supply it with, blooming and fruiting will not take place. In many cases, such food will merely suffice for the development of leaves, stems, or branches.

Here Dr Mohl complains of the strange ambiguity of this part of Liebig's theory. In one instance (says Mohl) the usual quantity of humus in the soil suffices merely to form leaves, and if we have an abundant harvest, we must get it by conveying a maximum of food from the soil. On the other hand, humus adds *nothing* to the crops, but, on the contrary, is noxious, by conveying too much food, for it causes the production of too much foliage, a sufficient supply of food for which cannot be obtained from the air. Whence, then, does it arrive that a plant which has many leaves can *not* obtain from the air the food required for blooming, although it can do so if it has only a few leaves? It has been hitherto supposed that the reception of food from the air was in proportion to the number and size of its leaves; and this is plausible, but the contrary is not. When a plant standing in a moist and shaded situation grows too luxuriantly, and will not flower, the reason is not to be sought in a *deficiency* of food, but rather in its *superabundance*, and its influence on the too luxuriant development of its vegetative organs; for that will counteract the contraction of the axis and the metamorphosis of vegetative into floral organs.

Another statement, however, shows how Liebig arrived at the above conclusion. He says that, after the completion of its leaves, a plant does not require more carbonic acid from the soil; and that even perfect dryness of the soil will not impede its growth, if the plant continues to receive from dew and air the amount of moisture required for the process of assimilation; and that, in fine, it will derive in a hot summer its whole carbon exclusively from the atmosphere.

This assumption (says Dr Mohl) is the result of an erroneous view of the fact, that in many plants—by no means in all—such organic substances are employed for the development of fruit, as, having been prepared by the leaves before the period of flowering, have been deposited in the stem or other organs, and are subsequently conveyed to the fruit. We know that some bulbous plants will fruit even when taken out of the soil. But general assertions, taken from special facts, can only lead to absurd conclusions. Let Professor Liebig cut plants in bloom above their roots (*unnecessary*, he says, at that

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period), and expose them to as much dew and rain as he likes, and see what will happen; or as he is fond of experiments on a large scale, let him take the hay harvest for a test of this theory; which, after all (concludes Dr Mohl), seems to be nothing more than a distorted and overdone *copy* of the doctrine of the development of plants given by Schwerz, in his treatise on Practical Agriculture (Anleiitung zum Pract. Ackenbau, iii, 56).

Besides the formation of humus, Liebig adduces another reason for the rotation of crops, viz., the relation which plants bear to the inorganic constituents of the soil. As every plant deprives the soil of certain ingredients, it thus makes it unfit for feeding similar plants, until by subsequent decomposition a fresh amount of such ingredients is again set free. To this proposition (says Dr Mohl) no one will object; but it has long been known.

Reviews.

Theresa, the Maid of the Tyrol. A Tragedy. By William Lewis Thomas. Watt.

A NEW tragedy must command some attention as a rarity. Formerly, it was unusual to publish a play until it had been acted, but now it must be put to press unacted, or not at all. One of our great theatres exhibits nothing but operas and ballets, and the other is shut up. This is a sorry state of things. It must be regretted that, as our author truly says, "the little encouragement afforded to the drama in modern times forbids any confident expectations by authors of acknowledged merit and distinguished fame." Had this state of things been different, Mr Thomas would have had no chance of seeing 'Theresa' performed in its present state. With every wish to encourage an enterprising young writer, we must tell him it could not succeed. 'Theresa' is a remarkable performance. Though its author seems capable of writing with force and elegance, it has been his pleasure to try how inharmoniously he could string speeches together. Anything like the recognised measure of blank verse he utterly scorns. Witness his opening speeches:

GASPER.

"Well met, Martin. What news o' the war?
Think you our brave Hofer will hold out
Against the Bavarians?

MARTIN.

The news is sad.
Hofer retains his position at fearful hazard,
Austria sends tardy succour,
And France and Saxony support Bavaria."

It is difficult to imagine anything more harsh than this. Mr Thomas, indeed, can supply it, as in the following specimen from the third act:

"Ryswick, take him to the surgeons.
Let his wounds be dress'd, and cheer him up;
Give him all present aid and sustenance;
On our return we'll lodge him at Munich;
And pay him all due attention."

How he can have let such lines come before the public we are at a loss to imagine. Surely he did not seriously believe while committing them to paper that he was writing tragedy. We will not institute a comparison between his short, tripping lines, and such as—

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

but we will contrast them with some of his own. How different from those already quoted are the passages which follow:

"Were I as young and vigorous as thou,
I'd hold my life as cheaply as the dust,
To serve my country in a righteous cause."

Or these—

"I do not needlessly expose my life,
By seeking danger without recompense.
The lowering clouds will quickly pass away,
And sunshine smile upon our native land."

These are good, and there are many to be found in the play that deserve praise; but, generally speaking, it is written in defiance of all rule. If the author wished to set up a new standard of composition it would have been well to explain that such was his object, and then, though we might not have concurred with his views, we could better have understood what at present looks like ridiculous carelessness. We do not enter into the plot, for no fable, no incident could be carried through with such a strange burlesque on verse. If the fetters, which other dramatic writers have been content to assume, are not to his taste, it would be better to write prose than give his dialogue the halting, rugged form it now wears, which really

"Is not poetry, but prose run mad."

Four Views of the Royal Steam Yacht, 'Victoria and Albert.' Taken during her Majesty's visit to Plymouth.

THE nautical truth of these views, as well as the composition and chiaro-oscuro of the drawing, reflect great credit on Mr Condy, the painter, who has been most ably assisted by Mr Haghe, the celebrated lithographist. There is a charm in nautical scenes to most Englishmen, and when care is taken to represent a lively picture of the sources whence so much of our glory and power has sprung, it is difficult to behold it unmoved. The first picture represents the Royal Yacht entering Plymouth Sound, the yards of the 'Caledonia,' 'Inconstant,' 'Formidable,' and the 'Regina,' manned, decorated with all their signal flags, and firing salutes. This picture, with the boats in the foreground, completes a most beautiful arrangement and effect.

We cannot say less of the departure, the Royal Yacht passing between Drake's

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Island and the Hoe; indeed the whole four views, as well as the frontispiece on the cover, are worthy of a place in all folios of art.

To ——,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST FOR SOMETHING LIGHT IN THE POETICAL WAY.

You ask me to send you *light* poetry—well,
For once I am willing to spare it;
And hope my verse will not so *heavy* be found
But you will be *able to bear it.*

L. M. S.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—Though much praised by his contemporaries, Frederick was capable of arbitrary and very cruel actions, and on one occasion did not scruple to set aside the solemn decisions of his judges. One Havenbrook, a peasant, had a lawsuit with a neighbour named Mertens about a piece of ground claimed by both parties. The field was adjudged to the former. This so exasperated Mertens that, notwithstanding repeated warnings, he drove his cattle upon Havenbrook's fields. Havenbrook at last sent his son, a lad of nineteen, to drive away the cattle; this produced a quarrel, and by an unlucky blow Mertens was killed. Young Havenbrook was tried and condemned to three years' imprisonment and hard labour in the House of Correction. The sentence was, as usual, sent to the king for his confirmation, when he wrote the following underneath:—"You call yourselves wise and learned judges and counsellors, and are not ashamed to pass so improper a sentence? According to the laws of nature and reason it is my pleasure that Havenbrook be beheaded, and his body buried under the gallows.—FREDERICK."

THE TREASURE IN DANGER.—Dr Moncey thought the strong box offered very indifferent protection for cash. On leaving town in the summer he, on one occasion, had a lucky thought, as he deemed, and being about to go into Norfolk, he chose the fire place of his sitting room for his treasury, and placed bank notes and cash there under the cinders and shavings. On his return he found his housekeeper preparing to treat a friend with tea, and a fire just lighted to make the kettle boil. By the prompt application of a pail of water his money was found safe, but his notes were so damaged that he was not able to procure payment at the bank without much difficulty.

MARSHAL DE VAUX.—Three officers had seriously offended. Finding it a case of considerable aggravation,—"Gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to them with a stern air, "I perceive that you will oblige me to resume my wonted severity." At these words they fell on their knees, imploring his clemency. "No, gentlemen, your offence is of such a nature as must not be permitted to go unpunished: retire to your quarters immediately, and return to me to-morrow morning." The next day, on quitting his chamber, he found them attending, pale, dejected, and not daring to lift up their eyes. Going up to one of them, and clapping him on the shoulder, "You have spent a disagreeable night," said he; "I see that your apprehensions have punished you sufficiently, and that you will never again be in a similar situation. You shall all three dine with me to-day."

The Gatherer.

ON THE GRUMBLING AMONG THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

"OFF with his head," roars Crooked Dick,
To punish *Buckingham's* ado;
Those who have seen a modern trick,
Would send off head and body too.

White Kings.—The Lazi, a people of ancient Scythia, had a law by which their kings were allowed to wear no colour but white; and in later times it was from this custom, yet lingering in the north, that the princes, dukes, or kings of Muscovy were called "white kings," or "white princes."

Versatility.—One of the phantoms at which writers of the present day are apt to grasp is versatility, by which, in its ordinary sense, may be understood, a smattering of many subjects, without a true knowledge of any.—*The Hesperus.*

Substitute for Wood.—A singular substance has lately reached this country from Singapore, and promises to become of some importance as a material for the handles of knives, tools, and all instruments which require great strength. It is a pale greyish salmon-coloured material, rather stringy, softening at 150°, and then capable of being moulded into any form. It is hard, compact, and not very unlike horn in texture.

Gallantry and Philosophy.—Voltaire said the minds of women were capable of whatever was performed by those of men; and refused the invitation of the King of Prussia for the company of Madame du Chatelot, telling the king that (between philosophers) he loved a lady better than a king.

Le Procédé Gannal.—The process of embalming the dead, the old process, is now exploded in France. It is superseded by the Gannal process, which consists in the injection of a liquid into the arteries of the corpse by the carotid artery. It is not unlike the method of preserving meat by means of a syringe, for which Mr Cannon has obtained a patent, and which

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has been lately brought into common use with the greatest success.

To Fine Cider.—The usual system is to filter, fine with isinglass, and rack frequently, leaving the bunghole open until fermentation has ceased. Place in the cellar your pipe of cider which had been a day or two previously pressed from the fruit. Add to each cask four ounces of isinglass in solution, and one pound of coarsely-powdered charcoal. Bung it down, and introduce a tube through the bung of the shape of a siphon, the contrary end dipping into water, for the purpose of excluding the atmospheric air, and at the same time ensuring the safety of the vessel. When it has dropped tolerably fine, rack it as quickly as possible, adding another quantity of the solution of isinglass and charcoal, stopping it down as before. At about the expiration of three weeks, fermentation will cease. Withdraw the tube and stop the hole in the bung; it will become bright.

Imperial Purple.—Gerald Leigh, in his 'Accidence of Armorie,' when speaking of the "princeliness" of purple (which in heraldry shows jurisdiction, a ruler of laws, and in justice to be equal with a prince), quotes from Isidore the following passage: "There are many other colours that dyers and painters do occupie, but this colour (saith he), of them all is most noble. And that is well declared by the answer of Plato to Dionysius, who, at a banquet, commanding a maske to be made in that colour, purpure, esteeming the same according to the worthines, said: sithence it was a colour for kings and princes to be used in majestie, it were not meete to abuse the same in vaine sports and wantonnes."

Fern-Leaf found in Wark.—In several of the coal mines in Somersetshire, the veins are covered with a coat of black, hard, and strong substance, called wark, which splits like slate, but is much more brittle, and not so hard. Upon dividing the wark there is often found upon one of the separated surfaces the perfect resemblance of a fern-leaf, as if cut in relievo by a skilful hand; while the other piece to which it belongs has the same figure cut into the surface; seeming as if it were the mould or case of the protuberant figure on the other side.

On the Cultivation of Vines for making Wine in England.—We might have a resonable good wine growing in many places of this realme, as undoubtedly wee had immediately after the conquest; tyll partly by slothfulnesse, not liking anything long that is painefull, partly by civill discord long continuyng, it was left, and so with tyme lost, as appeareth by a number of places in this realme that keepes still the name of vineyards: and uppon many cliffes and hilles are yet to be seene the rootes and old remaynes of vines. There is besides in Nottingham, an auncient house called Chilwell, in which house remayneth yet, as an auncient monument, in a great wyndowe of glasse, the whole order of planting, prugning [pruning], stamping, and pressing of vines.—*Barnabie Goose's Foure Bookes of Husbandry, &c.* Lond. 1578. 4to.

"*The Mould of Form.*"—In a cabinet at Portici is preserved the fragments of a cement of cinders, which in one of the eruptions of Vesuvius surprised a woman, and totally enveloped her. This cement, compressed and hardened by time around her body, became a complete mould of it, and the pieces preserved give a perfect impression of the different parts to which they adhered. One represents half of her bosom, which is of exquisite beauty; another a shoulder, a third a portion of her shape; and all concur in revealing that she was young, tall, and well made, and even that she had escaped in her shift; for some pieces of the linen are still adhering to the ashes.

— Laurels grow best in graveyards.

— If the Man in-the-Moon could speak to men upon earth, how many would blush to hear him!

— An injury committed with a good grace will often be more tolerable than a benefit conferred with an ill one.

— A witty man can make a jest, a wise man take one.

"W. R." is informed that in most instances where a second representation has been given of the same object, it was for the purpose of exhibiting the progress of a new discovery in art. Between the design of a public structure when first contemplated, and the same thing, nominally, when completed, he need not be told there is often a mighty difference. We, however, take his hint in very good part. We do not intend often to use second representations, but only when they furnish interesting subjects for comparison.

We do not see the point of "Definitions," and hardly the meaning. A writer of talent should be careful in poetry not to use such abbreviations as "who'oe," "he'd," &c. The age is fastidious, and happy ideas will hardly be appreciated in negligent costume.

The clever letter on "A stupid, fraud-protecting Judge" would be likely to bring us before his Lordship, or one of his ermined brethren. Truth, if it may be told at all, must not be too pointedly told when it refers to high characters.

"A. Lovell."—We fear our correspondent is a bit of a wag, or his port wine is but so-so stuff. He asks, 1st, "how to make port wine, or any solution of logwood! *discharge its colour?" This may be readily done by adding to it a strong solution of chloride of lime. 2nd, "How convert any black fluid into a colourless one?" The black colour of common ink may be discharged by adding to it a solution of oxalic acid.* B.

Several communications must remain unanswered till next week.

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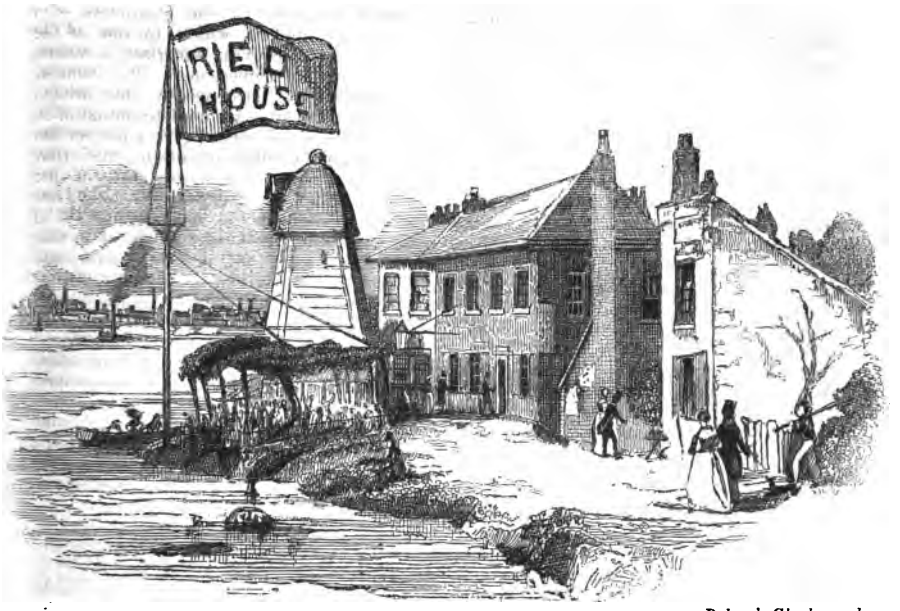

Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

THE RED HOUSE AT BATTERSEA.

Among the numerous houses of public resort on the fair margin of "the river of Thames," few have been more largely patronized, or are more generally known to all classes, than the Red House at Battersea.

During the summer months, thousands repair thither to enjoy the delights of a short water excursion, and the smiling landscape by which it is surrounded. Less picturesque than many spots in the environs of London, the eye has a vast range over the open fields which spread far and wide around it. It is rather a peculiar bit of Thames scenery. Hone says of the spot immediately adjacent, "From Weirotter's etchings and other prints, I have always fancied it resembled a view in the low countries: it is an old windmill near the Red House, with some low buildings among willows on the banks of the Thames, thrown up to keep the river from overflowing a marshy flat."

It is now as formerly, according to Herrick,—

> "When once the lover's rose is dead,
> Or laid aside forlorn,
> Then willow garlands 'bout the head,
> Bedewed with tears, are worn;"

here the Damons and Daphnes of the age might obtain an ample supply of that "to lost love the only true plant." To tell the truth, however, it is not sighing disconsolate swains, and deserted maidens, who most assemble at the Red House. Jocund mirth and the laughing loves, exulting in the gay season of the year, annually crowd its doors and people its arbours. The mass of its visitors may be called happy revellers; and they are numerous. Its fair little neighbour, the White House, on the opposite shore, though it may seduce some of its holiday customers, leaves the aristocratical patrons of the old establishment untouched. These go there not only

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for the good cheer which a tavern affords, but for the amusement of pigeon shooting, which is kept up through the season with great spirit; and indeed it may be said through the year, for even dreary December cannot deter the keen sportsman from the treat here to be enjoyed; and, consequently, when other waterside houses may close their doors, the Red House has still sufficient attraction to present an animated spectacle, even though hoar frosts and short days unite to oppose.

The Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Chesterfield, and many other noble names, may be mentioned among the patrons of this establishment. Parties meet to breakfast at the tavern, and then repair to the adjoining grounds to the work of slaughter. Many of the matches display the perfection of skill. To estimate the number of feathered victims which fall in every year would be a task of some difficulty. Not unfrequently from twenty to thirty dozen are killed in a single day. When loosed from the trap seldom can the bird escape. Should the practised marksman for whom he has been enthralled, miss his aim, and the feathered fugitive clear the garden, the outscouts who linger beyond its limits often bring him down. These are a marauding crew who have frequently done great mischief in the neighbourhood, in consequence of which a sort of proclamation is frequently issued by the Red House authorities, denouncing the said outscouts and all their works. In this, however, as in many other instances, the evil-doers seem still to prevail.

The manor of Battersea before the conquest belonged to Earl Harold. By William it was given to Westminster Abbey in exchange for Windsor. The monuments of the St John family, including one to the memory of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, are found in this parish. Among the men of note who lived at Battersea, in former days, Archbishop Holgate may be mentioned, who was committed to the Tower by Queen Mary in 1553. He seems to have amassed a great many valuables, for the officers took from his house at Battersea 300*l.* of gold coin, 1,600 ounces of plate, a mitre of fine gold, with two pendants in like manner weighing 125 ounces, some very valuable rings, a serpent's tongue set in a standard of silver, gilt and graven, the Archbishop's seal in silver, and his signet, an antique, in gold.

Jean Baptiste Wicar.—The Royal Society of Lisle has offered a gold medal, of the value of three hundred francs, to the author of the best essay on the life and works of Jean Baptiste Wicar, the painter, a native of that city. The essays to be sent to the president of the society on or before the 15th of June next.

MR SNEEZE AND HIS DRAMA.

(By the Author of "George Godfrey.")

CHAPTER I.

Resolution to Reform the Stage—Difficulties and Delays—Perseverance at length triumphs and the Play of Mr Sneeze is in a fair way of being performed.

THE extraordinary manner in which writers for the stage have degenerated in modern times, had long been with me the subject of grave reflection and sharp animadversion, when a happy thought (so I considered it) struck me, that I might prove to the world, in my own person, that dramatic talent had not absolutely fled the land. On this bright idea I acted with such energy that in less than seven weeks I produced a play, in two acts, which I read to my friends with good applause. My wife approved of it. She has naturally a fine taste; but, besides that, I have since learned she thought it would be a feather in her cap if I succeeded, and she became "Mrs Sneeze, the lady of the celebrated dramatist."

I read it again and again, and besides my wife, my aunt, my daughters, and indeed all our domestic circle, were exceedingly amused. It is hardly worth mentioning, but there was one exception. My youngest son, an urchin thirteen years old, though generally considered a sharp little fellow, looked as grave as if he had been listening to a sermon, and one day fell asleep while the reading was going on. This, however, was soon *corrected*, and a good, sound horsewhipping made him laugh as long and as loud as any of the family.

The next thing was to get it acted, and I immediately thought of my friend Thunder, of the Theatre Royal, a gentleman who occasionally gives us his company to dinner, and seldom forgets to favour us with a morning call or two, when the benefits come round, as he and thirteen other eminent comedians take a night among them in the course of the season, and on one of these occasions, about six years ago, I remember he was so fortunate (the circumstance created a great sensation at the time) as to gain by the performance nearly five pounds clear! He happened to drop in very opportunely, at the period to which I refer, to know if I could discount a little bill. From the very great regard I have for the man I consented to do it, though, but for the design I had on the stage, I would first have seen him and his bill to Jericho.

He read my drama with a degree of attention that was highly flattering, and seriously, and I believe sincerely, declared it to be "a production that no one *could undervalue*," and he had no doubt that "the manager would think as highly of it *as he did*." I always regarded him as clever,

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but never discovered that there was so much in him as I had reason to feel assured there was that day after dinner—so much sound judgment, I mean.

At my request he undertook to deliver it to the manager with his own hands. This I held to be a point gained of considerable importance, because I had heard that many pieces sent to the theatre were returned to the author unread. Certain parties about the house, it had been insinuated, caused them to be coldly received, as, if wit and genius should obtain promotion, the dull nonsense, in the supplying of which they enjoyed a monopoly, would soon be exploded. My happy stars having, through the medium of Thunder, conducted me safely over this shoal, on which others had been wrecked, the prospect for me was remarkably bright. I had no doubt the manager, for his own sake, on perusing it, would be happy to secure a performance of real merit, and bring it forward without delay.

I did not immediately hear from the theatre. The preparations for the new grand opera, Mr Thunder informed me, might account for it. Others for the grand pantomime followed, as did those necessary for the forthcoming tragedy, the new comedy, the new melo-drama, and a dozen other new things, till my patience began to fray a little, and, in fact, became rather threadbare. I wrote several notes, to which I obtained no answer. At last I determined on taking a very strong step, nothing less than intimating, by letter, a disposition on my part to withdraw the drama altogether from that house, and hinting that "I would send it to the other, where the manager and actors were very anxious to represent it."

The threat so conveyed was rather imaginative. It was not true that manager or actor in the quarter indicated knew or cared anything about me or my play. What I had written was only intended to frighten the manager to whom it had been forwarded. When I mentioned to Mr Thunder that such was the fact, he said "He thought I was quite right, and if the menace I had hazarded did not make a stir in the theatre, he did not think anything that I could write would."

My mind was now more at ease. It stood to reason that the manager would feel it necessary to have my play acted without delay. Having kept it so long, I took it for granted that he could not think of sending it back. At the end of another month, however, back it came, with a note, stating that it had been read with great attention, that the management was vastly obliged to me for sending it to them, a compliment which they now returned (by sending it to me), not thinking the piece likely to benefit the theatre.

Reflecting that, if the managers were fools at one house, it might not be the same at the other—to the other I sent my play. There the former course was repeated. It remained till I was out of humour, and then, after sundry applications and descriptions of the article inquired for, I had the happiness again to see the offspring of my brain return with a very polite note.

About this time Mr Rattleton, the mimic, applied to me, through a friend, to do something comic, as he had heard of my talents. What he immediately wanted was a little sketch, in which the "*pult*" would be upon him; in fact, in which one character was to say all that was worth hearing. For the sake of eventually introducing my first piece, I went to work and wrote a second. Rattleton liked it amazingly. He laughed and pronounced it to be "very funny," but it wanted a little alteration, which he would suggest in the course of the following week, and which I could manage without the least difficulty, on the objectionable passages being pointed out. The friendly offer was repeated once a fortnight till the end of the season, and then, of course, the matter was obliged to stand over.

One circumstance, however, grew out of my introduction to Mr Rattleton, which I thought rather fortunate. Through him I made the acquaintance of Messrs Grunt and Sinister, the lessee and manager of a minor theatre; and though their concern was not of the same magnitude as those superb temples of the Muses to which I had lately aspired, for a drama which had nothing of spectacle in it, but of which it was necessary the audience should hear every word to appreciate the wit, humour, and sentiment, their stage was the very thing.

I will not deny that I deemed it necessary to explain to my friends why I condescended to let my drama appear at a minor theatre; but when I reflected what consequential airs certain parties gave themselves at the great houses, I felt that I acted a prudent part in coming to the resolution I had adopted in favour of the establishment I decided to patronize. But here I was sadly out. The negligence and delay which had outraged me elsewhere I found at least as flourishing at the smaller establishment, which I had fondly hoped, flattered by the offer of the first fruits of such a dramatist as I intended to become, would lose no time in putting their best foot forward to improve on what must be regarded for them as a most auspicious incident. The season, however, passed away and nothing was done, and the second season was far advanced, and still things remained *in statu quo*. I began to lose all patience, and wrote in rather a peremptory tone. A

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very civil answer was returned, in which the manager informed me that the piece about which I was so anxious had unfortunately been lost.

Soothing as this communication was meant to be, it nettled me not a little. I consulted my friends, Thunder and Rattleton, on the course which it would be proper to pursue. I even talked of legal steps, and complained to the gentlemen I have named, that the managers had made a fool of me. They severally shook their heads, owned the case was excessively annoying, but politely added, exchanging most significant glances (leers, my wife says would be the proper word), that "to make a fool of me was not in the power of any manager breathing."

Their favourable opinion, rendered perhaps somewhat too partial by friendship, though it reconciled me to myself, caused me to feel most impatient of the treatment I had received. I prepared a very sharp letter, and, just as it was completed, it so chanced that the late Mr Bounce, for many years editor of the 'Weekly Stiletto,' happening to look in, I showed it to him. He approved of it much, and offered to enclose it to Sinister, the comedian and stage manager, to whom he was writing, in answer to a note from that gentleman, in which he gracefully directed attention to the astonishing effects produced by himself and his daughter in a new piece, which had failed through the indifferent acting of his friend the lessee, Mr Grunt. I could desire nothing better than the opportunity of sending my play through one for whom Sinister felt such fervent regard as I had seen he expressed for Mr Bounce; notwithstanding which the latter cautioned me against expecting much good from it, as he knew from experience (so he said), "that theatrical managers were, one and all, the greatest hypocrites, fools, and humbugs in existence."

Through the kindness of Bounce a favourable change was soon brought about. My farce was found, and read by Mr Sinister. That gentleman pronounced it to be "very funny," as my friend had previously done, and a civil message announced that he wished to see me on the subject.

An appointment having been made for the following Thursday, I went to the theatre. Having only been accustomed to consider a play-house such as I had seen it, brilliantly illuminated, and for the most part peopled by well-dressed, laughing persons, I was rather startled on passing the stage door to mark the grim visages of the squalid and poverty-stricken banditti lounging in the passages. These I learned were supernumeraries, or "live lumber," who, being paid the high salary of one shilling per night for walking in processions, and for enacting warriors, robbers, courtiers, and senators, were expected by their considerate employers to be in attendance three-fourths of the day, in case they should be wanted at rehearsal.

Dirt and beggary on every side stared me in the face. Ventilation had been woefully neglected; I drew my breath with pain and apprehension, and suspected that I imbibed pestilence with each succeeding inspiration. Having passed through a series of gloomy passages, I arrived at the stage, which, as seen by the "dim, *irreligious* light" there found in the day time, looked to me twenty times as dreary as a gaol. I was introduced to Mr Grunt, the lessee, and to Mr Sinister, the stage manager, who, after exchanging with me preliminary greetings, informed me in few words that "they thought very highly of my play, though I must be aware that it required some alteration, which only a practical hand could supply, or at least persons who had made the stage their profession (they did not mean to insinuate that I could not do wonders if they told me how they were to be done), and proposed, if it would suit me, that I should return at that hour the next day, for the purpose of reading the drama to the actors, in the green-room.

I assented; and now considered affairs in a very promising train. My wife did not fail to remind me, more than once, that it was by her advice I had first turned my thoughts to the theatre; my daughter wished to know if I did not intend to give an additional party to commemorate the success of my piece, and I, in my own mind, thought it would not be wrong to do something of the kind, not in compliment to myself, for that would savour of personal vanity, but in honour of that regeneration of the drama which I fondly believed was at hand.

WOMAN SLAUGHTER.

From time to time painful discoveries are made of the miseries heaped upon the industrious poor. The cry of distress is loud; there is a want of employment, and how is this state of things met? Why, it has transpired that it is the custom to take shirts in to make at the parish workhouse, and the unfortunate paupers who are employed on them are paid at the rate of a farthing per shirt! It takes a day's hard work to make one. The operator, therefore, earns three halfpence per week, which she has the further indulgence of being permitted to expend on tea and sugar.

It is distressing to contemplate the dreadful toil thus exacted—the many hours of endurance which the pauper must know

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to gain so trifling a comfort. But this is not the worst. What is to become of the unhappy sempstress who, animated by a decent pride, is virtuously striving to avoid claiming aid from the parish, if her employers can be thus accommodated by the guardians of the poor? The honest, well-disposed tradesman, who gives a liberal price to these who work for him, must be ruined if he continue to do so, for rivals who are patronized by the parish officers can always undersell him so enormously that it is impossible for him to retain his connexion in the face of such opposition. As a measure of self-defence he must beat down his workwomen. He cannot afford to pay them what they must receive to live, and what, then, must follow? The imagination shrinks from tracing the consequences of proceedings so iniquitous through all their disgusting and horrifying ramifications.

It was in St Pancras' workhouse that this system was found in operation. How many other parishes act on the same plan has not yet been ascertained. It is perfectly clear that nothing can tend more directly to people the workhouses or to increase the public nuisances in the streets. This is so obvious, and the evil must be so immediate, that it is difficult to believe a practice like that complained of could have grown up had not individual interest been largely gratified by its progress. The matter fairly traced, it will be found that within and without the walls, some sordid hearts have been rejoiced with unhallowed gains wrung from the pitiable sufferers who are among the objects of parochial charity. This ought not to continue; but such profits are the price of blood.

"You take my life
When you do take the means by which I live;"

and what better than murder is it to wring such life-destroying exertions from one class of victims only that they may be made the instruments of reducing another to their own deplorable level, who, thus undermined, can by no possibility continue to maintain themselves. If the object is to reduce the female population of the country, it would be a charity to secure the sufferers the speedier and more tolerable death of hanging or drowning. From the frequency of suicide the monument gallery has been converted into a cage. The bridges must be secured in like manner, if this war against helpless female industry is to be mercilessly continued.

A LETTISH EPIGRAM.

With horse that's white, and wife that's fair,
I'll not torment my life;
To wash my horse I could not bear,
Nor yet to watch my wife.

ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. III.

(*Continued from page 366.*)

We showed in our last the source whence all the constituents of oxide of zinc were derived, with the exception of the oxygen. Now, it will be remembered, that the great feature of the action we have been investigating—the great outward evidence, in fact, of the existence of some change, under such a combination of things, is the evolution or giving off of hydrogen gas. The quantitative effect produced is very remarkable; it would be found that the destruction of thirty-two grains of zinc would reduce the sum of the weights of all the materials employed by *one grain*; or, which amounts to the same thing, if means were taken to collect the liberalect hydrogen, it would be found to weigh exactly *one grain*. We have, therefore, to account for the origin of *eight* grains of oxygen on the one hand, and *one* grain of hydrogen on the other. But we know that if oxygen and hydrogen be mixed together in these proportions, and ignited, every trace of both gases disappears, and *nine* grains of water are produced. This production of water is the actual concomitant, not only of the oxy-hydrogen light, when the balance of materials is accurately adjusted, but of every other species of flame. A jet of gas is really a stream of hydrogen issuing into an atmosphere of oxygen: a white heat is applied in order to produce incipient combination; and the heat of combination itself avails for continuing the action. The moisture often seen on shop-windows is the aqueous result of such combination. The illuminating properties of light depend on other causes, not connected with the present inquiry. But we shall see this more fully when we come to a more direct analysis of water; which can be readily accomplished by a due arrangement of the elements which as yet we have quoted in the simplest form only.

In all these changes, each of which occurs and is entirely accomplished on the instant that the platinum wire touches the zinc, nothing is lost; a *synthetical* action, the union of oxygen with zinc, co-exists with an *analytical* action, on a decomposition of water; the oxygen which is *lost* from the water is *gained* to the zinc; the hydrogen which is *lost* from the water is *gained* in the form of gas. We shall, by and by, show cases wherein the hydrogen also is made to combine with some other element, and no gas is given off.

We have written to very little purpose if many of our readers are not prepared to ask, why all this argument respecting amalgamated zinc and platinum wire, when

every action you have named occurs far more effectually with a piece of *common* zinc when immersed alone in acid water?

The word "common" resolves this question; the common zinc, or spelter of commerce, is an exceedingly impure metal; it abounds in metallic and other foreign matter, and is in reality a complete heterogeneous association of spots of zinc and spots of something else; and from the latter it is that the gas arises, precisely as it did from the platinum wire, in our more advantageous arrangement. The destruction of zinc by these promiscuous groupings is called by electricians "local action;" and is not merely a most destructive evil, but is a great source of interference wherever it is allowed to occur.

And now we are prepared to estimate the value of systematic arrangement. In both cases the same changes occur, but in the latter they are *localized*—the one action is made to develop itself on the surface of the zinc, and the other on the surface of the platinum.

But let us put the experiment into a better form. A long slip of zinc, and another of platinum, are partially immersed in a tumbler of acid water; the exposed ends are placed in contact, and the evolution of hydrogen immediately occurs. If, however, the ends, instead of being allowed to touch, be connected by means of a wire, the same effects ensue; and, not only so, but, if the wire be very fine, it is made *red hot*. The production of heat in the wire, which forms the essential connecting medium between the two plates, indicates the presence of a new force, co-existent with the chemical changes; and it is only because we have avoided the heterogeneous action which common zinc unassociated with another metal presents, that we have been able to eliminate this force.

From a long train of circumstances, the term "electricity" has been applied to the cause, whatever it is, which produces this heat; and the particular means, now before us, of developing the heat, is termed voltaic electricity; from a certain philosopher of Bologna, who was the first to discover the effects of such combinations.

We are in the habit of calling an elementary system, like that we have employed, a simple voltaic *pair;* it is, however, essentially triune; and the materials of which it is constituted must be of such a character as to be susceptible, when properly grouped, of certain chemical changes. Into all ordinary voltaic combinations the metal zinc largely enters; not on account of any inherent virtue possessed peculiarly by this metal, but on account of its cheapness, and its great affinity for oxygen. So again the platinum we have used is not exclusively the inactive metal; for, in many cases, we dispense with it, and use other metals, or even carbon. It is valuable in electric combinations, from its want of affinity for oxygen. In our next we shall examine what occurs when a chemical compound, instead of a fine wire, is placed in the circuit.

(*To be continued.*)

HIGHFLYING ECONOMY.

THESE must be cheap times if half the advertisers in the public newspapers get what they want on their own terms. To be sure many of them, though they want board and lodging and attendance for less than people in their senses would be prepared to pay for rent, do not scruple to intimate that humble arrangements and a plain table will suffice, and some even offer to teach music, languages, or otherwise make themselves useful. Not so the dignified authoress of the magnificent announcement which follows, and which appeared in the 'Times' of the 16th instant:—

"A SUPERIOR AND PERMANENT HOME required for a lady. A *well-established* private family, who *see society*, where *no other boarder* is taken, and who have their *town residence* in the neighbourhood of the *squares or parks*, would be preferred. To ensure being where *lucre* is *not* the object, the lady wishes to be considered as one of the family, and will only give 4*l.* per month, including everything! Address, with full particulars, &c."

Really this is admirable in its way! The family must be "well established;" they must "see society;" "no other boarder" can be endured by this fine lady; "the town residence must be near the squares or parks;" and for the country residence, perhaps, she would make shift with Bath, St Leonard's, or Harrogate. Then, to ensure being where lucre is not the object, only 4*l.* per month (a calendar month, no doubt) will be given. The lady is so moderate that she does not mention what carriages are to be kept for her use, nor does she say a word about the servants in livery, which, as a matter of course, must be in attendance. She expects too little for her 48*l.* per annum. We almost wonder she did not intimate that Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace would not be objected to.

Nobody can deny that the advertiser has taken the most effectual method of guarding against being received where *lucre* is the object. Supposing the lady residing near the parks had a breakfast which cost but sixpence, a luncheon fourpence, a dinner one shilling, tea threepence, and a fourpenny plate of alamode beef, with beer, for her supper, the whole of her four pounds per month would be spent by her entertainer on her eating and drinking.

Truly the charms of her person and conversation ought to be something out of the ordinary way (her modesty evidently is) to induce a family with town and country residence, and seeing society, to receive on such terms an unknown female as one of the family!

OMENS AND TOKENS OF DEATH.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

We are about to give a singular statement of facts, not a little curious, which will probably be met with a smile of incredulity, but which can be proved by living persons. The real names of the parties will be mentioned, and references may be made to them for the truth of the representation.

In those waking visions which have been transmitted, of matters connected with the world unknown, the sublime and the ridiculous are oddly mingled. However proudly reason may treat with disdain the thousand and one narratives which every country offers of superhuman sights or doings, there remains in the minds of ordinary persons a disposition to believe, or at least to listen to, marvellous relations with grave attention. Faith in such matters, and in the return of the spirits of the departed, is not confined to the ignorant or the weak, the learned and the strong-minded are equally open, with their feebler neighbours, to the conviction, and, as the bravest man in battle may be the most alarmed by the dread of meeting with a ghost, so the sage of the strongest reason in most things may be the soonest inclined to attend to some awful report of a spectre's rising from the grave, or a token of death having announced that some doomed individual is about to sink into it.

The omen, of which we have to tell, is of a character distinct from any we remember to have heard. In Wales we know the inhabitants speak of seeing a corpse candle. It is represented that the apparition of an individual, bearing a lighted candle in his hand, is seen moving towards his burial place in the churchyard. If the person whose death is thus predicted be a man of family or fortune, the whole of the gloomy procession is shadowed out; the hearse, the spectral horses, and the mourning coaches, moving in silence and melancholy to the place appointed for all living. This appearance is supposed to be mainly confined to Pembrokeshire; but in other parts of the country the Welsh believe in the equally fearful visitation of the Hag of the Dribble, a dreaded being who derives her name from the alleged facts that on her awful journies over the hills on her ill-boding errands, she is accustomed to carry her apron filled with stones; and as often as her apron-string breaks, the stones fall in such a direction as to form a *dribble*. In Scotland the *Bodach glas* announces the termination of human life; in Ireland the *Death Fetch* and the *Banshee* have the same ominous power; and in England the harsh ticking of the death-watch, and the baying of the restless house-dog, point with equal certainty to the final scene.

Some of the Welsh tales of tokens seem well attested, and their object is described to have been clearly stated at the time. Many years ago, on a dark winter's evening, several persons returning to Barmouth, by the side of the river, as they drew near the Ferry house of Penthryn, which is directly opposite, observed a light, which they supposed to come from a bonfire. Why it should have been kindled was a question which puzzled the beholders not a little. As they advanced, it vanished, and, when they inquired at the house respecting it, they were surprised to learn that not only had the people there displayed no light, but they had not even seen one; nor could they perceive any signs of it on the sands. On reaching Barmouth the circumstance was mentioned, and the fact corroborated by some of the people there, who had also plainly and distinctly seen the light. It was settled, therefore, by some of the old fishermen, that this was a "death token," and, sure enough, the man who kept the ferry at that time was drowned at high water a few nights afterwards, on the very spot where the light was seen. He was landing from the boat, when he fell into the water, and so perished.

The same winter the Barmouth people, as well as the inhabitants of the opposite banks, were struck by the appearance of a number of small lights, which were seen dancing in the air at a place called Borthwyn, about half a mile from the town. All but one disappeared, and this one proceeded slowly to a little bay where some boats were moored, and hovered for a few seconds over one particular boat and then died away. Two or three days afterwards the man to whom that particular boat belonged was drowned in the river while sailing about Barmouth harbour in that very boat.

These statements are entitled to every credit. To account for the appearances which they detail we must leave to others.

Our own story is quite as remarkable. The scene of it is near home, and, whatever may be thought of it, persons of unquestionable respectability are ready to vouch for its truth.

Mr Ponting, a tailor, now residing in Bedfordbury, leading from New street to Chandos street, Covent garden, was, in the autumn of the year 1819, accompa-

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nied by Mrs Ponting, at Turnham green, when they called on a friend of the name of Smith, who still resides there. They walked into the garden attached to the house, and their attention was fixed on an apple tree which carried a good show of fruit. Mrs Ponting was in a thriving way, and, from fatigue or some other cause, was induced to lean against the tree which she and her husband had been looking at. Whether she fell against it, or otherwise shook it with violence, we are not informed, but the tree was shaken, and all the fruit, with the exception of a single apple, was the next moment strewed on the ground. Though vexed at the accident, Mr and Mrs Ponting attached no vast importance to it, nor did their friends at the moment, but in the course of the day Mrs Smith took an opportunity of communicating with Mr Ponting on the subject.

The lady spoke to this effect—that she was much disturbed at what had happened, and it was her fear that the accident was nothing less than an omen of death. Her impression, which she could not get rid of, was that Mrs Ponting would not get well through her expected confinement. From one apple being left on the tree uninjured, she concluded that the child would live, but the mother she mournfully predicted would not recover.

A few months set the question at rest. Mrs Ponting gave birth to an infant and died; the child lived to grow up. But this is not all. Our informant goes on to add that the tree, though up to that period it had in most years brought a good crop, since the year 1819 has never in any season borne more than a single apple. The tree, which was named "Elizabeth," after the lady whose early departure it was supposed to shadow forth, is still standing, and may be seen by the curious.

On the facts the reader is left to make his own comments. They are singular, but we have no reason to doubt their truth. Of such matters the late Dr Southey says —"My serious belief amounts to this; that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes." In this case we are not informed of any important object supposed to be accomplished by means of the revelation or warning.

There are on record accounts of omens of a cheering character, which, though supernatural, have been hailed with joy. Mr Lewis Morris, a gentleman of high respectability and learning, and distinguished for his good sense and integrity, gave, in the last century, such an account of the *Knockers of mines* as would render their presence very desirable in any mining concern. His report, with which this article must conclude, was as follows:—"People," he says, "who know very little of the arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners who maintain the existence of Knockers in mines; a kind of good-natured, impalpable people, not to be seen but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine these little people worked hard there, day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people who have heard them; but after the discovery of the great mine they were heard no more. When I began to work at Lwyn Lwyd they worked so fresh there for a considerable time that they frightened away some young workmen. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore they then gave over and I heard no more of them. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, although we cannot, and do not, pretend to account for them. We have now (October, 1754) very good ore at Lwyn Lwyd, where the Knockers were heard to work; but they have now yielded up the place, and are heard no more. Let who will laugh; we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the Knockers, or rather God, who sends us these notices."

Reviews.

The Hesperus. G. Purkess.

The doubt we have expressed as to the juvenility of the writers engaged in this work is rather confirmed than otherwise by the present number. The 'Twiggle Club' still merits the praise we have already awarded it, and bids fair to become very popular: it exhibits keen perception of character, and is redolent with humour,—broad, yet refined, and is altogether free from those occasional errors, and lapses of genius, which nearly always attend immaturity of mind and inexperience. The poetry, though free from all impurities, breathes a warm and impassioned spirit, and is so distinct from the lachrymose sentiment, and worn-out rhymes, in which our writers are apt to embody their thoughts, and call them "poetry," that we hail the youthful author with pleasure. The author of 'Royalty of Purple and Vermilion' is full of *recherché* information, culled with infinite judgment, while the style in which it is woven together divests it entirely of that dryness usually inseparable from antiquarian essays. The object of improving youthful minds must not be forgotten; and we are glad to see by the number of correspondents, and the style of those contributions which are accepted, every appearance of the projectors attaining their purpose.

A LETTISH PRECEPT.

Youths and maidens! hear my strain,
Live with honour ever;
Wealth when lost you may regain,
But lost honour never.

Arms. Gu., three salmons, raiant, in pale, ar.
Crest. A cat, sejant, ppr., supporting in his dexter paw a flag-staff, thereon an union jack, also ppr.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF KEANE.

Glory in the tented field, in the case of this noble family, supplies the place of an ancient lineage.

John Keane, Esq., of the county of Waterford, son of Richard Keane, Esq., was created a baronet August 1, 1801. He married, first, in 1778, Sarah, daughter of John Kelly, Esq., of Belgrove, and had issue, three sons, Richard, John, and Henry. The first succeeded him in the barony; the second is the distinguished man whose valour and other eminent qualities have raised him to the peerage.

The baron (Sir John Keane, G.C.B.C.H.) of Ghuznee, in Affghanistan, and of Cappoquin, in the county of Waterford, was born in 1781. He married, in 1806, Grace, the second daughter of General John Smith, of the Royal Artillery. She died July 14, 1838, leaving four sons and two daughters, of whom the eldest, Edward Arthur Wellington, was born May 4, 1815.

His lordship married a second time, August 20, 1840, Charlotte Maria, daughter of Colonel Roland. His lordship being then a Lieut.-General in the Army, and Colonel of the 43rd regiment, gallantly distinguished himself as Commander-in-Chief in India in the memorable expedition to Affghanistan. For his services he was raised to the peerage 1839.

It need hardly be said that the glorious triumph, in a military point of view, achieved by Sir John Keane was nothing sullied by the deplorable catastrophe, involving the annihilation of a British army, which ensued when the troop he had led to victory were placed under the command of his incompetent successor. On that awful tragedy we need not dwell. It had been fearfully avenged, and we are well content to drop a veil over the melancholy reminiscences which it awakens.

THE DEVIL AND THE CHURCHWARDEN.

(*For the 'Mirror.'*)

Old Nick, for a favourite being in search,
Went one day last week to a suburban church,
And sat in the parish nob's pew;
He turned up his eyes with an air so benign,
It speedily got him invited to dine
At the table of Churchwarden *Screw*.

When dinner was over—I mean after grace—
"Mr Screw, many settlers you send to my place,"
The Tempter thought proper to say;
"You not merely drive the unhappy to crime,
That hanging may take them away in quick time,
But starve them by hundreds a day."

"Whatever as yet I have done," Screw rejoined,
"My efforts will prove more efficient, you'll find,
To people your ancient abode;
For what do you think, my good friend, I have done
To gain you fresh subjects? You'll laugh at the fun,
It beats even rack, scourge, or goad.

The grunting old fogies that come to the house,
Who scarcely get more than would nourish a mouse,
That feasting mayn't render them pert,
I order up early, as soon as 'tis light,
To shirt making, force them till after dark night,
And pay them *a farthing per shirt.*

And while the low vagabonds labour and fret,
I'm not such a fool, you may guess, to forget
To touch something good by the job;
For Slavedrive, who owns half a dozen large shops,
Sends hundreds of garments to make up as slops,
At from sixpence a piece to a *bob.*

Now, see how this works. The starved stitchers without
Have wondered for months what the trade was about,
Unable the cause to discern;
They found their employers all ready to shirk,
And, week after week, being told 'There's no work,'
Of course become paupers in turn."

"So," the Devil remarked, "you are hoarding great wealth,
Depriving these wretches of comfort and health,

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By steady devotion to pelf ?"
"Exactly so. Is it not glorious?" "Indeed,
In such an attack on mankind to succeed,
Beats all I've accomplished myself.

I have gained, as you know, a great fame
for Old Nick;
By robbery and murder, by gambling and
trick,
I cause many thousands to fall;
By cards, dice, *et cetera*, I've shortened life's
span,
While E O and thimble-rig helped on the
plan;
But your *needle-rig* beggars them all!

In future we'll evermore row the same boat;
Your system is happily framed to promote
Shame, misery, madness, and sin."
Embracing him, then, with infernal regard,
"When *coming my way*," he said, giving his
card,
"Of course *you'll be sure to drop in*." LYNX.

POETS' LADY CORRESPONDENTS.

BURNS'S correspondence has lately been published, and has disappointed the expectations which had been raised of it. We deem it folly to suppose that a poet in the ordinary affairs of life can be different from other men to any remarkable extent. He was not. Some of his epistles to a Mrs McLehose, whom, after the manner of Swift, he chose to adorn with a fanciful name, and styled Clarinda, contain rather happy expressions:—

"I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence with an amiable woman, much less a *gloriously-amiable fine woman*, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have, more than once, had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue! Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add it to the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship, and I know but one more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste.

Clarinda replied to Burns:—

"You say, 'there is no corresponding with an agreeable woman without a mixture of the tender passion.' I believe there is no friendship between people of sentiment and of different sexes, without a *little* softness; but when kept within proper bounds, it only serves to give a higher relish to such intercourse. Love and Friendship are names in every one's mouth; but few, extremely few, understand their meaning. Love (or affection) cannot be genuine if it hesitate a moment to sacrifice every selfish gratification to the happiness of its object. On the contrary, when it would purchase that at the expense of this, it deserves to be styled, not love, but by a name too gross to mention. Therefore, I contend, that an honest man *may* have a friendly prepossession for a woman whose soul would abhor the idea of an intrigue."

Burns's creed may interest:—

"I am delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honest enthusiasm for religion. Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of things, 'O my soul, come not thou into their secrets!' I feel myself deeply interested in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outlines of my belief:—He who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be—not for his sake, in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts—the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life:' consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of 'everlasting life;' otherwise he could not in justice condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not merit heaven, yet it is an absolutely necessary prerequisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by Divine promise, such a man shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life:' hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable exclude themselves from eternal bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this—for wise and good ends known to himself—into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great Personage, whose relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and various means, to bliss at last."

The following lines addressed to him will not convey a very high idea of Clarinda's poetical talents:—

"Talk not of Love! it gives me pain—
For Love has been my foe;
He bound me in an iron chain!
And plunged me deep in woe!

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove—
The worthy object be of those,
But never talk of Love.

The 'Hand of Friendship' I accept—
May Honour be our guard!
Virtue our intercourse direct,
Her smiles our dear reward!"

Swift's poetical ladies had in this respect a claim to greater consideration; witness Vanessa's Ode to Spring:—

"Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene,
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impressed their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;

Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!"

The other lady, whom the Dean most culpably trifled with, has left behind evidence of still higher powers. This, we think, will be admitted on a perusal of the subjoined verses, which Stella sent to Swift on his birthday, in the year 1721:—

"When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care,
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decayed,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tattered nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part:
She whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hissed.
Such is the fate of female race,
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right or wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six. * *
Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone—then die to-morrow!"

MR BRANDE'S SECOND AND LAST LECTURE BEFORE THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

Dec. 7.—Mr Brande stated that, previous to referring to the subject of clay, he should say a few words on the sulphate and phosphate of lime. Sulphate of lime was composed of sulphuric acid and lime; forty-six parts of sulphuric acid were equivalent to twenty-two of carbonic acid, and these were combined with twenty-eight of lime to form the sulphate of lime. Sulphuric acid is composed of sulphur and oxygen, just as carbonic acid is composed of carbon and oxygen, and sulphuric acid may be made by burning sulphur in oxygen. If we add lime-water to the sulphuric acid so made, a sulphate of lime, which is only slightly soluble in water, falls to the bottom of the vessel. Sulphate of lime is found native in the form of gypsum or common sulphate of lime, of anhydrous selenite, &c. It requires about 350 parts of water to dissolve it; but it is very common in the springs and rivers of this country. It is almost always found in blue clay, occurring in the form of crystals. These crystals are composed of sixty-eight parts dry sulphate of lime, and eighteen parts of water. Sulphate of lime has a great affinity for water. When the water is driven off, it forms what is called plaster of Paris. It exists in great quantities in the Paris basin; hence this name. When it is present in water, the lime may be detected by means of the oxalate of ammonia, and the sulphuric acid by means of baryta. Sulphate of lime under certain circumstances is decomposed, and some of the oxygen being abstracted, the sulphur unites with hydrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen is formed. Now, it is found that many plants require sulphur; such as horse-radish, mustard, &c., and seem to owe their acrid properties to this principle. The sulphur contained in plants, then, is probably owing to the decomposition of the sulphates in the soil. Sulphate of lime is found in the primary, secondary, and tertiary formations, and is very abundant in the neighbourhood of Paris. The use of sulphate of lime in agriculture is very considerable. In the first place it decomposes organic matter, but whilst it does this it does not attract moisture from the soil. In many plants it is found to exist in very considerable quantities, especially in clover, but it does not exist in wheat and peas. Plants that contain it will not grow well unless it exists in the soil. Some plants require chloride of sodium or common salt; wheat requires phosphate of lime. Before plants can appropriate sulphate of lime it must be rendered soluble. If it already exists in a soil, no good will arise from adding more of it. The beneficial effect of peat-ashes on a soil depends on their containing a considerable quantity of sulphate of lime. It also exists in the ashes of common coal, and the value of these ashes as a top-dressing for grasses may be thus explained. A great question about gypsum has arisen—does it fix ammonia? Carbonate of ammonia, which is a very volatile salt of ammonia, when it comes in contact with sulphate of lime in solution, will decompose it, and the consequence will be a carbonate of lime and a sulphate of ammonia, by which means the ammonia exists as a less volatile salt; but we must not infer from this that if we sprinkle dunghills or the bottom of stables with sulphate of lime, that it will fix the ammonia that is constantly escaping from these places.

The next salt is the phosphate of lime. It is obtained chiefly from the bones of animals, but in order for it to exist there it must have come from the vegetable kingdom, and vegetables must have it from the soil. The ultimate constituents of this salt are phosphorus, oxygen, and calcium. The phosphorus unites with oxygen, just in the same manner as carbon and sulphur, to form an acid, and when burned in oxygen exhibits the same phenomenon. Forty-two parts of lime and thirty-six of phosphoric acid constitute seventy-eight parts of phosphate of lime. The soil gets its phosphate of lime from artificial manures and from the bones of animals. Bones consist of two parts, an earthy part and an animal part. The earthy part may be dissolved away from the animal by a dilute acid, and the animal part may be driven from the earthy by fire. The earthy part is composed almost entirely of phosphate of lime. Even in fossil bones the animal matter remains, as Dr Buckland proved by making soap of some hyæna's bones he had found fossilized. When bones are exposed to the

air they gradually lose their animal matter. It had been found that the fossilized excrement of animals, which geologists call coprolites, contained phosphate of lime, and these would be probably to a certain extent available for the purposes of agriculture; but the lecturer could not go the length of Professor Liebig, in thinking that any amount of these fossilized coprolites that might be found in this country would equal in importance our beds of coal. Guano is a substance that contains phosphate of lime, and it is probably that ingredient which renders it so important as a manure. It exists, to a certain extent, in minerals, and is found in Devonshire associated with the tourmaline. It had also been found in Bohemia, and existed in considerable quantities in Estremadura, in Spain. It is perhaps a question as to whether it would not be worth working in Spain. As was stated in the last lecture,* it exists in the Brighton chalk. It also exists with phosphate of alumina in clay-slate, and is present in most slates. Liebig states that phosphate of lime is of more importance in wheat crops than any other. Bone manure is always found beneficial for wheat. It has been proposed to add sulphuric acid, or, as it is commonly called, oil of vitriol, to bones, before using them as manure. The advantage of this is that the oil of vitriol not only decomposes the animal matter of the bones, but dissolves the phosphate of lime, and thus enables the plants to take it up more rapidly. There is a considerable quantity of phosphate of lime in hay and oats, and this will account for its existence in the excrement of horses, which is a valuable manure. The substance called clay is composed of various materials, but all the varieties of this substance contain argil or alumina as their basis. If potass is added to a solution of common alum, a white precipitate falls down, which is alumina, the basis of clay. It is the alumina which gives to clay its plasticity and those other properties which it possesses. Alumina has a great affinity for water, and also for organic matter. It fixes, as it were, organic matter. If a vegetable infusion or dirty water be passed through clay, the alumina arrests the impurities, and clean water passes through. Alumina is also soluble in acids and alkalies. In addition to alumina, clay contains varying quantities of silica. Silica is seen pure in nature in rock crystal, the amethyst, common flint, the chalcedony, &c. Sand also is composed of silica. It is insoluble in water, and with one exception in acid. When silica and potassa or soda are heated together they form a substance known as glass. These glasses may be of varying kinds, and some are of a nature to be soluble in water. It is in this way that the old "liquor of flints" was made. When silica is thus in solution it may be thrown down by the addition of an acid in various forms, sometimes as a jelly, and at others as hard as flint, according to the quantity of alkali in which it is dissolved. It is by means of this soluble power of the alkalies over the silica that plants are enabled to take this substance into their interior, and to appropriate it to the building up of their whole fabric. Besides silica and alumina, clay contains potassa, soda, limestone, and other substances. Silica mostly preponderates in clay; a clay composed of sixty silica and forty alumina is called a strong clay. All the varieties of marl, loam, &c., consist of these ingredients, in varying proportions with other substances. The physical properties of soils are very materially affected by the quantity of clay they contain. Salts of soda and potassa exist in all clays, but are somewhat difficult to detect. A solution of the clay may not produce any effect on test-papers, but if the clay is submitted to the action of the galvanic current the alkali is soon developed. It is often of importance to add lime to clay, as by this means the alkalies of the clay are developed. It is of importance to mix clay and sand together, as the sand furnishes silica, which, being dissolved by the alkalies of the clay, renders the taking up of that body more easy to the plant.

* See page 394.

Miscellaneous.

SPANISH JUSTICE.—There is little protection for property in Spain, but for life and limb there is absolutely none at all; and so desperate have the abominations of the system become, that the greatest and most daring criminal is less an object of terror to the people than the officers of justice, as by a horrid irony they are called. The cry of *justicia* freezes the very blood in the veins of every Spaniard, and he instantly flies, if he can, as he would from a wild beast or a cannibal ready to devour him. These fellows are not only inconceivable villians, but they are the allies and protectors of all the other villains in the country; and there is not one who has not qualified for his office by committing innumerable crimes, any one of which ought to have placed him on the ladder with the hangman on his shoulders. All of them originally were robbers or assassins, most probably both.

MYTHOLOGY.—Among the Lettish people a species of Trinity was worshipped long before the introduction of Christianity. Their religious services were performed in groves in the open air. Their principal god was named Thorapilla or Thorawivits, who has been sometimes identified with the Thor of the Goths. "He was the thunderer," says Mone, "dwelling in woods, where he had his own sacred tree. He was invisible and had the wings of a bird. He was the first producer, and was imaged by the sun. They fancied that he had quitted their country to withdraw to the island of Oesel, when Christianity gave them a new divinity. They worshipped fire as the representative of the Deity, which they kept continually burning on the tops of the highest mountains. In thunder storms the priests held assemblies to ascertain the will of the Divinity, which they proclaimed to their followers." The

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habit of sacrificing animals to their divinities continued even as late as the end of the seventeenth century, when it was visited with very severe penalties by Frederic II of Prussia. Meletius has preserved the prayer addressed to Pergubri, the third person of the Trinity, on the day of his festival. "O Pergubri! thou it is that sendest the winter away, and bringest back the beautiful spring. It is thou who coverest the hedges and meadows with green, and claddest the hedges and the forest with leaves."

MADRID.—Madrid, situated on a plateau elevated more than 1,800 feet above the level of the sea, is in the most irritating atmosphere of all Spain. The wind which blows there, during almost the whole year, from the mountains of Guadarrama, and the fatal effects of which have given rise to so many proverbs, penetrates with an insupportable cold which would affect the strongest lungs, if they were not protected by the skirt of the cloak thrown over the shoulder, as well as adds to the influence of the climate in producing the most painful colics in a great number of foreigners. It is this wind, blowing so frequently, and sometimes so violently, from the month of February to the month of May, which incessantly raising in the air columns of nitrous powder, irritates the eyes of a population tainted with scrofulous and various affections, and gives rise to those ophthalmias which, from the reverberation of the sun and the coldness of the nights, are sure in no long time to terminate fatally.

THE GRAND MUTTON MONOPOLY.—In the history of monopolies we find nothing more remarkable than the rise and progress of the Mesta in Spain. This was a company of proprietors of migratory sheep, invested with a variety of exclusive privileges highly prejudicial to the interests of agriculture. Mischievous as it has proved, and ruinously as the evil must have been felt, it has been endured for nearly three centuries, and is still a flourishing nuisance. It originated in an alliance entered into between the mountaineers and residents in the valleys in Spain, about the year 1556, for the purpose of placing their flocks and herds under the protection of the laws; and in process of time it contrived, by dint of constant solicitation and gradual encroachment, not only to monopolize nearly the whole herbage in the kingdom, but to convert the fine arable lands into open pasture; thus destroying the stationary cattle, and aiming a mortal blow at the agriculture and population of the country. This association consists of nobles, persons in power, members of rich monasteries, and ecclesiastical chapters, who, in virtue of their usurped privileges, claim and exercise the right of feeding their flocks on the pasture lands all over the kingdom, and nearly free of any expense on account of the herbage consumed by them; it has caused these privileges to be digested into a regular code, under the title of *Leyes y Ordenanzas de la Mesta;* it has instituted tribunals of its own for punishing at pleasure any infraction of its pretended rights; and, in point of fact, it enjoys an entire monopoly of the pasturage, and consequently of the wool trade in Spain. The number of migratory sheep belonging to this association in the sixteenth century amounted on an average to about seven millions: at the commencement of the seventeenth it had fallen to two millions and a half; at the end of the same century it rose again to four millions: during the eighteenth century it averaged between four and five millions; and at present it is understood to amount to about five millions, or nearly one half of the whole flocks of Spain!

THE "HOLY ALLIANCE."—We seldom hear the "Holy Alliance" named but in derision or with anger. The treaty so named contains little that could be expected to make it so unpopular. It was concluded between the Emperors of France and Austria and the King of Prussia, after the fall of Bonaparte. The first article presents all that is peculiar in the pact then made, and is as follows: "Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity, and, considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance; and, regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice." Of the three potentates that subscribed it the Emperor Alexander was understood to have been most anxious to see it carried out, and it was believed he was actuated by the motives expressed in it; and that it was adopted under the influence of a female favourite, who united some laxity of moral practice with an unusual degree of strictness and even enthusiasm in matters of religion.

THE LATE MR LOUDON.—The eminent landscape gardener, botanist, and indefatigable literary labourer, Mr Loudon, who, an invalid for many years, was lately seized with inflammation of the lungs, rapidly declined, and died at his residence in Porchester terrace, Bayswater, on Thursday the 14th inst. In his profession as a landscape gardener Mr Loudon was confessedly the first of his day. But he had many other claims to distinction, for his

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studies and pursuits were various, although all linked together. His literary labours were extensive, and displayed extraordinary diligence; in proof of which we may refer to his 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' his 'Cottage and Villa Architecture,' 'Suburban Gardener,' 'Arboretum Britannicum,' and other works. He also projected and brought out the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' and the 'Architectural Magazine,' the first periodical expressly devoted to architectural subjects. Mr Loudon has left a widow and one child, a daughter; the former well known by her literary works. No man ever laboured harder than Mr Loudon, and yet, such is the hazard of literary speculation, he has died poor. The enormous expense of his last great work, the 'Arboretum,' involved him in debts and difficulties, from which efforts were just being made to extricate him, by issuing a new impression, and appealing to the country. His own statement is now before us, and we trust it will be listened to with attention, and that his wife and daughter may yet reap the fruit of such indefatigable labours. "The 'Arboretum Britannicum' was got up between the years 1833 and 1838, and published, on Mr Loudon's own account, at an expense of upwards of 10,000*l.*; the greater part of this sum was owing at the completion of the work, but it sold so well, till the late depression of the book trade in 1841, that only about 2,600*l.* of the debt remained to be paid off at the end of that year. It is, however, necessary to observe that this large proportion of the debt was not paid off solely by the produce of the 'Arboretum,' but in part by the profits of Mr Loudon's other literary property, consisting of thirteen different publications, all of which stand pledged in the hands of his publishers for the debt on the 'Arboretum.' This debt, at the present time, amounts to about 2,400*l*; and hence, if 350 additional subscribers could be got, the debt would be at once liquidated, the works pledged for it set free, and Mr Loudon or his family would enjoy the whole produce of his literary property." We trust this appeal will not be made in vain.—*Athenæum.*

THE APHIS, OR PLANT LOUSE.—The Aphis lanigera produces *each year* ten viviparous broods, and one which is oviparous, and each generation averages 100 individuals:—

generation	1 aphis produces	
1st		
2nd	100	hundred.
3rd	10,000	ten thousand.
4th	1,000,000	one million.
5th	100,000,000	hundred millions.
6th	10,000,000,000	ten billions.
7th	1,000,000,000,000	one trillion.
8th	100,000,000,000,000	hundred trillions.
9th	10,000,000,000,000,000	ten quatrillions.
10th	1,000,000,000,000,000,000	one quintillion.

Suppose that this brood were to go on unmolested, and that every aphis occupies the space of the fiftieth part of an inch, the length that the tenth brood would reach, if placed side by side, would occupy a space of 351,662,053,069 billions of miles, a distance incredible, encircling the globe *many, many* millions of times. Nature, in her all-wise providence to us, has made these insects food for many others, or desolation would soon spread over the earth. This calculation shows the necessity of destroying them wherever they are met with. The common white butterfly lays its eggs in the cabbage garden, and we often see in the plants of that genus that the caterpillars from those eggs entirely destroy the crops, whereas had the butterfly been destroyed the hundreds of caterpillars which is caused from it would not have been produced.

The Gatherer.

Linendrapers' Assistants.—While in several other trades a heartless system has obtained of compelling men to work almost incessantly through the four-and-twenty hours, we learn the linendrapers' assistants, countenanced by some of the leading houses, are about to have a meeting, to shorten the hours of business. It is to be hoped that in this good work they will not stand alone. Every feeling heart must wish them success.

Memorial of Molière.—A fountain, with sculptured ornaments, has been placed on the principal *façade* of the house No. 34 in the Rue Richelieu, a frame of white marble inclosing, in gold letters on a black ground, an inscription, of which the English is as follows:—"In this house died Molière, on the 17th of February, 1673, at the age of 51."

New Zealand.—The late collision between the settlers and the natives proves to have been more serious than it was first reported. Nineteen of the English appear to have fallen, and their companions saved themselves by flight.

Cologne Cathedral.—The account books of the above venerable pile from the foundation of the building are still preserved at Arnsberg. They have lately been examined by Dr Fahne, who finds the following names of architects and dates of their superintendence:—Heinrich Sunere, or Soynere, of Cologne (the first on the list), 1248-54; Gerard von Rile (the name of a village a little below Cologne, on the Rhine), 1254-95; Arnold, 1295-1301; John, his son, 1301-30.

Important to Growers of Turnips.—The Duke of Richmond, in one result of a chemical theory applied to the practice of farming, tried on a piece of land of his own the oil of vitriol and bone dust as recommended by Liebig, and the consequence is

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that he has obtained a larger crop of turnips at a cheaper rate than he had ever done before. In this case he has spent only 11s. per acre for manure, and has obtained 12 tons of turnips; whereas in former cases he has spent 3*l.* per acre on manures, and had got only 11½ tons of turnips per acre.

The Theatre Royal, Wellington Street.—The English Opera House is about to open under the above name, for dramatic representations. Phelps, Anderson, and Keeley are said to have taken it.

The Coipo.—M. Ackerman, a surgeon, has lately read a paper (Paris Academy of Sciences) on the little animal called the *coipo*, of Chili, which many persons have supposed, from the extraordinary accounts given of it, to be fabulous. Several specimens, preserved in spirits of wine, were selected by M. Lereboullet, a professor of natural history at Strasburg. The most extraordinary parts of this animal, which is partly of the beaver species, are its mammiferous organs, placed upon the back. The coipo inhabits small lakes and deep ponds, in which there are reeds. It never leaves its haunts except when the sun or moon is shining. In sunshine it forms a sort of raft of reeds, on which it sleeps for hours.

One of the Fathers of Mankind.—In Stedon churchyard, Holderness, the following inscription appears on a tomb:—"Hear lyes the body of W. Stenton of Patrinton: he was buried the 28th of May, 1685, aged 79. He had children by his first wife, 38—by his second, 17: own father to 45, and grandfather to 86—great grandfather to 97—great great grandfather to 230—he lived to see of his own generation 251."

"*Conscience Avaunt.*"—Some members of society must be permitted to sacrifice conscience, as ancient heroes devoted their lives, for the public good.—*Montaigne.*

Old Violins.—The violins made at Cremona about the year 1660 are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. When Barthelemon led the Opera, connoisseurs would go into the gallery to hear the effect of his Cremona violin, which at this distance predominated greatly above all the other instruments, though in the orchestra it was not perceptibly louder than any of the rest.—*Gardiner.*

A Statesman's Fate.—The best man on earth, when in a certain office, is under a physical necessity of being the most immoral. A Secretary of State may be saved as a private person, but go to hell as an officer of the Crown.—*Life of the Right Hon. James Oswald.*

Honesty not the best Policy.—The best temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimulation in seasonable use, and a power to feign if there be no remedy.—*Lord Bacon.*

Buildings in Spain.—From the Bidassoa as far as Cadiz one does not find a single handsome domain. If in Andalusia they build some place of shelter in the midst of the fields (*cortijo*), it does not deserve the name of a house; its walls, white-washed to reflect the heat of a burning sun, are not sheltered by a single tree, nor is there the least verdure which can afford a shade. From this we may judge what will be done for fields under tillage by those who show themselves so careless about what is immediately under their eyes.—*Faure.*

Ancient Rome.—The landed property was thus divided at the commencement of the republic. The patricians had their original property in and about the city; they had all the public lands at a rent of a tenth of the produce, subject to no other imposition; plebeians had their lots of seven jugera in property, but subject to taxes.

Glory in Defeat.—The fathers and brothers of the thousand who had died like free men at Chæronea, joyfully testified in the sepulchral inscription that they did not repent their doom,—the gods disposed the event, the resolve was the fame of man,—and decreed a golden crown to the orator by whose advice they had unsuccessfully tried the fate of arms.

Succession to the English Throne.—Since the Norman Conquest fourteen English sovereigns have been succeeded by sons, one by a son-in-law and daughter, two by grandsons, four by brothers, three by sisters, one by a nephew, one by a niece, one by an uncle, and six by cousins; and there were five Kings between Elizabeth and Anne, and the same number between Anne and Victoria.

The Cheats' Outcry.—"'Tis y^e^ common method of all counterfeits in wit, as well as in physic, to begin with warning us of others' cheats, in order to make y^e^ more way for their own."—*Pope.*

Crocodiles harmless.—It is supposed that crocodiles, like toads, have been cruelly libelled. The assertion that they cry like a child is disbelieved. Stories of crocodiles are from Egypt; and the Egyptian crocodile entraps nobody. The French army were in the water every day, and there was no instance of a soldier being molested by a crocodile.

Giardini.—When the Prince of Wales laid before Giardini, at Carlton House, the first set of Pleyell's quartetts (then just published), Giardini shut the book and declared they were too difficult for any person to perform.

Colour of Names.—A lady declared that in childhood she always strongly attached the idea of colour to names, and could never think of Anne but as pink, Elizabeth purple, and Lucy light blue. Charles she

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thought was red, Thomas blue, William yellowish green, Edward brown, Francis the colour of red hair, and Peter pepper-and-salt.—*Westminster Review.*

Singing.—There will be a new style, which shall give to serious singing exactly what constituted the difference between the tragedy of Siddons or of Talma, and the tragedy which occupied the place before those suns had risen. Trills too, and bravuras, will be shelfed with Mandane's hoop and Alexander's wig; the coming age will as lief see a performer try how long he can hold his head in a pail of water, as either.—*Westminster Review.*

Duty of a Minister.—Frankness in a minister is not only a virtue, it is a duty to others: the unfounded hopes and fears which he excites are so many ruinous snares for the weak, the honourable, and the confiding: the private man who perverts truth is but a cheat; a falsifying Secretary of State adds malignity to his lies.—*Jouy.*

Musical Failures.—All attempts at improving music by the gross imitation of material objects have been failures; from the piping nightingale of the stage to the idea of Napoleon's band-master of a discharge of cannon for a military *fortissimo.*—*Westminster Review.*

A Difficult Task.—Of the various executive duties, no one excites more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understandings sufficient for their stations. No duty, at the same time, is more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is, of necessity, limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to other information, which, from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect.—*President Jefferson.*

No Bribery in Ancient Days.—The statute of 12 Richard II prohibits the ministers of the crown from making any public officer whatever "for gift or brocage, favour or affection," and also disqualifies from office all who should pursue appointments privily or openly.

Public Appointments.—There is preserved amongst the manuscripts in the British Museum a paper written by Sir Julius Cæsar. In this document, dated 1604, the rule respecting public appointments is expressed as follows: "Offices vacant are to be referred to the chief officer, under whom the party to be preferred must serve; viz. the Lord Chancellor for the Chancery, the Lord Treasurer for the Exchequer, the Lord Admiral for the Admiralty, and so forth in the rest, to examine and certify the sufficiency of the suitors for the places sued for, that unfit men may not be preferred to places of service."

Musical Time.—It has been observed that the walking pace of a man is in common time and that armies are always moved in this measure. [Nature decreed it when she made man's two legs of the same length. A cripple moves in six-eight time.] But in Venice, where the people are constantly moving upon the water, the motion of the boat [or rather the sound of the oars, which say distinctly "one, two, three," with a different tone and accent upon each] suggests the flowing ease of triple time, in which all their celebrated airs and barcarolles are written.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

Torture in Prussia.—Within the last two years a wretched man was sentenced to die on the rack in the dominions of the King of Prussia, and the unhappy being suffered the dreadful punishment awarded, and was ten minutes dying! This statement, which appeared in the public papers uncontradicted, is strangely at variance with what was formerly understood of the "*Code Frederique.*" Dr Johnson, speaking of its royal author, says, "he declares himself with great ardour against the use of torture, and by some misinformation charges the English that they still retain it."

Voltaire at Tierney.—The philosopher exhibited a kind of monarchial spirit. At dinner time he never came in with the rest of the company, but would delay about any trifle; and on entrance would sometimes recal all the dishes, and disturb every part of the table by placing or altering them.

Antiquity of the Trombone.—The trombone, or sackbut, has the advantage of being the only instrument besides the voice and violin kind, which has perfect command over its intonation, and is capable of executing correct harmony in any succession of keys. For this reason, it may be assumed that the sackbut will some day enact a higher role than at present. The instruments in actual use have been fashioned after a specimen found in Herculaneum and presented by the King of Naples to George III. The sackbut, besides being known to the translators of the bible, is lively portrayed in Mersennus; which is all anterior to George III.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valuable communications, and answers to correspondents, are of necessity postponed.

We have to apologize to Mr Andrews. His article intended for insertion a fortnight ago, is, through some accident, missing. A new search will be made for it.

The professor of sleight of hand who complains that "Othello's occupation's gone," because a few scientific deceptions have appeared in THE MIRROR, *is, it is to be feared, "no conjuror."*

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The Mirror

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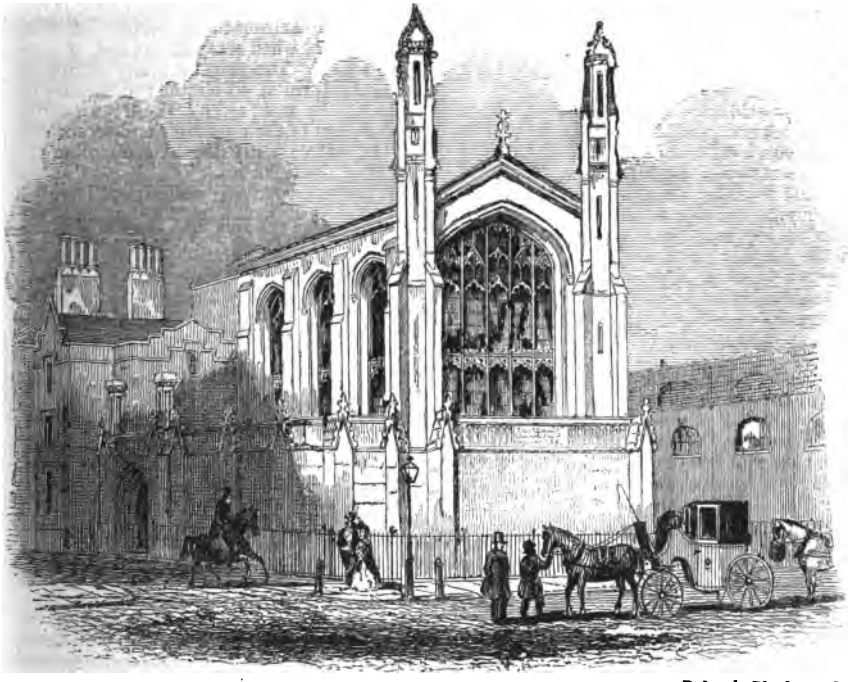

Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

THE NEW FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH, ALDERSGATE STREET.

THIS ornamental novelty stands in one of the most ancient streets of London, a street in which nobles and statesmen once resided. Such an erection is a monument of the folly and bigotry of some of the monarchs of France, who, by their absurd but atrocious persecutions, drove away many of their best subjects to aid, by their industry and talent, that country which was then deemed (happily the idea is now exploded it may be hoped for ever) the natural enemy of France. This monstrous delusion, which caused sages supposed to be good, and who aimed at being celebrated as great, to make themselves the unpitying enemies of men who differed from them in matters of faith, compelled thousands of pious Protestants to fly from their native land. Here and in other countries they were received with open arms, and allowed to worship the Almighty in that way which their hearts had learned to approve.

Some idea of the virtue and amiable nature of the leading men who thus made themselves conspicuous at different periods will be gained from the sketch of Anne de Montmorency, which appears in another part of our present number.

The church, of which this is the representative or successor, it will be collected, from what has been stated, is of some antiquity. Maitland, in 1756, writes of it thus:—

"An episcopal French church, which assembles in the small remains of the ancient parish church of St Martin Orgar; part of the tower, the nave thereof, being found capable of repairs after the fire of

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London: of which the following is the best account we are able to collect:—

"A bill of parliament being engrossed for the erecting a church for the French Protestants sojourning in London, in the churchyard of this parish of St Martin Orgar, after the great fire; the parishioners offered reasons to the parliament against it, declaring, nevertheless, that they were not against erecting a church, but against erecting it in the place mentioned in the bill: since by the act for rebuilding the city, the site and churchyard of St Martin Orgar, was directed to be enclosed with a wall, and laid open for a burying place for the parish.

"The said act was for confirming a lease of the churchyard, made from the parson and churchwardens of the said parish unto certain trustees for fifty years, to erect a church there for French Protestants, with liberty for the parson and churchwardens, during the said term, to renew the said lease for fifty years, and so on. This was agreed on at a vestry: but many of the parishioners not knowing of this that was done, and so without and contrary to their assent, now put up their reasons against passing the bill. But, notwithstanding, the bill passed; and there is a French episcopal church there at this time."

The edifice represented above was only completed in August last. It stands at the corner of Bull-and-Mouth street, opposite the Post-office yard. It has a residence for the minister attached.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—MAJOR HARRIS'S TRAVELS.

The session of the Ethnological Society has opened under very favourable circumstances. Its members have increased; and each succeeding meeting has a higher interest attached to it than belonged to its predecessor. The members continue to assemble at Dr Hodgkin's, in Lower Brook street; and at the sitting of last week a very important paper on Abyssinia, by Major Harris, was read by Dr King. The major, favoured by various incidents, has had extraordinary instances of making himself acquainted with Africa, and the character, habits, and languages of its inhabitants; and he exhibited to the society many curious objects produced by their industry; some of which, though unlike European ornaments, were by no means wanting in elegance. The Africans of that part of the continent which he has visited appear to acquire the arts of civilized nations with great facility. We are enabled to gratify our readers with a few extracts:

"The country inhabited by the Doko is clothed with a dense forest of bamboo, in the depths of which the people construct their rude wigwams of bent canes and grass. They have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; possess neither flocks nor herds; are not hunters; do not cultivate the soil, but subsist entirely upon fruits, roots, mice, serpents, reptiles, ants, and honey. They beguile serpents by whistling, and having torn them piecemeal with their long nails, devour them raw, fire being unknown in the land: but although the forests abound with elephants, buffaloes, lions, and leopards, they have no means of destroying or entrapping them. A large tree, called loko, is found, amongst many other species, attaining an extraordinary height; the roots of which, when scraped, are red, and serve for food. The yebo and meytee are the principal fruits; to obtain which, women as well as men ascend the trees like monkeys, and in their quarrels and scrambles not unfrequently throw each other down from the branches.

"Both sexes go perfectly naked; and have thick pouting lips, diminutive eyes, and flat noses. The hair is not woolly, and in the female reaches to the shoulders. The nails, never pared, grow both on the hands and feet like eagle's talons, and are employed in digging for ants. They perforate the ears in infancy with a pointed bamboo, so as to leave nothing save the external cartilage; but they neither tattoo nor pierce the nose. The only ornament worn is a necklace, composed of the spine of a serpent. The men have no beards The hair does not turn grey with age, nor do they become blind; and sickness being unknown in the country, they usually die a natural death, falling like the autumnal leaves when the number of their years is accomplished.

"After the birth of an infant, the mother soon accustoms it to eat ants and reptiles; and abandons it the moment it is capable of shifting for itself. Marriage is unknown amongst the Doko. They are prolific, and their redundant population affords the wealth of the slave dealer. The rovers of Enarea proceed in large bodies into the wilderness; and, holding a gay cloth before their persons, dance and sing in a peculiar manner; when the defenceless pigmies, knowing from sad experience that all who attempt to escape will be ruthlessly hunted down, and perhaps slain, tamely approach, and suffer the cloth to be thrown over their heads. They are most frequently found in high trees; and enticed down by the offer of ants, reptiles, and salt.

"One hundred merchants can thus kidnap a thousand Dokos; and from ignorance of all countries lying beyond that of their nativity, the captives make no attempt to escape. They are nevertheless tied up until accustomed to eat bread, to which at first they display a great aversion, as also to any food which has undergone a culinary process; and long after their enslavement they are prone to their old habits of digging

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for ants, or searching for mice, lizards, and serpents. On account of their docility and usefulness, as well as of their few wants, none are ever sold by the slave dealers out of the country around the Gochob; and the same rule is observed by the people of Kosboo and Dumbaro, during whose inroads into the dense forests of bamboo, the creaking of which is represented to be loud and incessant, fierce and bloody struggles often take place with the other hunters of men.

"Agreeing in every respect with the type of Herodotus, the Doko are unquestionably the pigmies of the ancients, who describe them as found only in tropical Africa. Nothing that is related of these people, whether as respects stature or habits, is either preposterous or unworthy of credit; nor do the descriptions given of them differ in any very material points from what is known of the bushmen of Southern Africa, amongst whom I have been. It is a curious fact that the people of Caffa represent their forefather, 'Boogazee,' to have issued from a cave in a forest—a tradition which cannot fail to call to mind the Troglodytes of the Father of History, also described as inhabitants of this portion of the continent."

Of the people of Zingero we have the following traits and superstitions:—

"Immediately upon the birth of a male child, the mamma are amputated, from a belief that no warrior can be brave who possesses them, and that they should belong only to women. This fact is fully corroborated in the persons of the few prisoners of war who reach the kingdom of Shoa, the majority committing suicide when doomed to exile. Prior to the conquest of Zingero, no male slave was ever sold; a practice which is said to have originated in the criminality of one of the daughters of Eve. A certain king of old commanded a man of rank to slaughter his wife, her flesh having been prescribed by the sorcerers as the only cure for a malady wherewith his majesty was grievously afflicted. Returning to his house for the purpose of executing the royal mandate, the noble found his fair partner sleeping, and her beauty disarming him, his hand refused to perpetrate the murderous deed. Hereupon the despot, waxing wrath, directed the lady to slay her husband, which she did without remorse or hesitation, and thus brought odium upon the whole sex, who have since been considered fit only to become slaves and drudges.

"Human sacrifices have ever been, and still are, frightfully common in Zingero. When exporting slaves from that country, the merchant invariably throws a female into the river Ume, in form of a tribute or propitiatory offering to the genius of the water. It is the duty of a large portion of the population to bring their first-born as a sacrifice to the Deity, a custom which tradition assigns to the advice of the sorcerers. In days of yore, it is said that the seasons became jumbled. There was neither summer nor winter, and the fruits of the earth came not to maturity. Having assembled the magicians, the king commanded them to show how this state of things might be rectified, and the rebellious seasons reduced to order. The wise men counselled the cutting down of a great pillar of iron which stood before the gate of the capital, and the pedestal whereof remains to the present time. This had the effect desired; but in order to prevent a relapse into the former chaos of confusion, the magi directed that the pillar, as well as the footstool of the throne, might be annually delnged in human blood, in obedience to which a tribute was levied upon the first-born, who are immolated on the spot."

We now give the traveller's description of some eminent individuals:—

"The governor, or, in fact, the king of all the Galla now dependent on Shod, is Abogaz Marelch, who resides at Wouabadera, south of Augollallah. At first a bitter enemy of Sahela Selassie, this haughty warrior chief, renowned for his bravery, was finally gained over by bribes and by promises of distinction and advancement, which have actually been fulfilled. Partly by force, and partly by soft words and judicious intermarriages with chiefs of the various tribes, he contrives to keep in some sort of order the wild spirits over whom he presides, but is taxed with want of proper severity, and, though still high in favour, has more than once been suspected of divulging the imperial projects.

"Abba Mooalle, the governor of Moogher and the surrounding Galla in the west, was also formerly very inimical to Shod, but being won over to the royal interests by the espousal of his sister, and by the conferment of extensive power, with the hand of one of the princesses royal, he was four years since converted to Christianity, when the king became his sponsor. The valuable presents which he is enabled to make to the throne, owing to his proximity to the high caravan road from the interior, preserve him a distinguished place in the estimation of the Negoos, than whom he is little inferior in point of state. At constant war with the Galla occupying the country to the westward between Sublala Mooghur and Gojam, he hastily assembles his troops twice or thrice during the year, and making eagle-like descents across the Nile, at the head of ten thousand cavalry, rarely fails to recruit the royal herds with a rich harvest of cattle.

"Domo, who resides in the mountains of Yerrur, was educated in the palace, and

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his undeviating attachment to the crown has been rewarded with the hand of one of the king's illegitimate daughters. Botu, Shambo, and Domo, are the sons of Bunnie, whose father, Borri, governed the entire tract styled Ghera Meder, the country on the left, which includes all the Galla tribes bordering on both sides of the Hawash, in the South of Shoa. Bunnie was, in consequence of some transgression, imprisoned in Aramba, and Botora, another potent Galla chieftain, appointed in his stead; but this impolitic transfer of power creating inveterate hatred between the two families, each strove to destroy the other. Bunnie was in consequence liberated, and restored to his government, but resting incautiously under a tree on his return not long afterwards from a successful expedition against the Drusi, whom he had defeated, he was suddenly surrounded by the enemy, and slain, together with four chiefs, his confederates, and nearly the whole of his followers. His sons were then severally invested with governments, and Boku, the son of Botora, was, at his father's demise, entrusted with the preservation of the avenues to the lake Zosai, long an object of the royal ambition.

"Among the most powerful Galla chieftains who own allegiance to Shoa is Jara, the son of Chamme, *soi-disant* Queen of Woolopalada, who, since the demise of her husband, has governed that and other provinces adjacent. Sahela Selassie, who it will be seen relies more upon political marriages than upon the force of arms, sent matrimonial overtures to this lady, and received for answer the haughty message, 'that if he would spread the entire road from Angollallah with rich carpets, she might perhaps listen to the proposal, but upon no other conditions.' The Christian lances poured over the land to avenge this insult, and the invaded tribe laid down their arms; but Gobana, foster-brother to Jara, and a mighty man of renown, finding that his majesty proposed burning their hamlets without reservation, rose to oppose the measure. At this critical moment an Amhara trumpeter raised his trombone to his lips. The Galla, believing the instrument to be none other than a musket, fled in consternation, and their doughty chieftain surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion.

"Upon hearing to whom he had relinquished his liberty, Gobana, almost broken-hearted, abandoned himself to despair, and refused all sustenance for many days. The hand of the fair daughter of the queen was eventually the price of his ransom, and on the celebration of the nuptials, the king, who with reference to his conquest of Mootofalada might have exclaimed with the Roman dictator, *veni, vidi, vici*, conferred upon Ihara the government of all the subjugated Galla as far as the sources of the Hawash, and to the Nile in the West."

With his admirable notice of some of the superstitions of the Galla people, we conclude:—

"Two great annual sacrifices are made to the deities Ogli and Aléti, the former between June and July, the latter in the beginning of September. A number of goats having been slain, the lubah, or priest, wearing a tuft of long hair on his crown, proceeds with a bell in his hand, and his brows encircled by a fillet of copper, to divine from the caul and entrails whether or not success will attend the warriors in battle. This point determined by the soothsayer, the assembled multitude, howling and screaming like demons, continue to surfeit themselves with raw meat, to swallow beer, and to inhale smoke to intoxication until midnight; invoking Wak, the supreme being, to grant numerous progeny, lengthened years, and abundant crops, as well as to cause their spears to prevail over those of their foes; and when sacrificing to the goddess Aleti, exclaiming frequently, 'Lady, we commit ourselves unto thee, stay thou with us always.'

"In Enarea, notwithstanding the conversion to Mahomedanism of so large a portion of the population, sacrifices are still made to Wak on the festival of Hedar Michael, which, together with the sabbath, is strictly observed by all the Galla tribes. The Ooda is at Betcho, and under its sacred shade all priests are ordained, even the followers of the prophet placing blood upon it as a superstitious oblation. Thousands upon thousands of the heathens having assembled, the lubah sprinkles over the crowd first beer, then an amalgamation of unroasted coffee and butter, and lastly flour and butter mixed in a separate mess. A white-coloured bull is then slaughtered, and its blood scattered abroad to complete the ceremonies; which are followed by eating, drinking, and drunkenness.

"The kalicha is the Galla physician, and armed with a bell and copper whip, his skill in the expulsion of the devil is rarely known to fail. A serpent is profitable; and the patient rubbed with butter, fumigated with potent herbs, and exorcised, a few strokes of the whip being administered, until the cure is perfected. No Amhara will slay either a lubah or a kalicha under any circumstances, from a superstitious dread of their dying curse; and Galla sorceresses are frequently called in by the Christians of Shoa, to transfer sickness, or to rid the house of evil spirits by cabalistic incantations, performed with the blood of ginger-coloured hens, and red goats.

"But among the Galla sorceries and

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soothsayers the Wato, inhabiting the mountain Dalacha, near the sources of the Hawash, are the most universally celebrated. Neither Pagan nor Christian will molest this tribe, from superstitious apprehension entertained of their malediction, and from a desire to obtain their blessing; whilst he who receives the protection of a Wato, may travel with perfect security over every part of the country inhabited by the Galla. The nuptials of Woosen Suggud having been blessed by one of these magicians after the queen had been many years barren, the prediction was speedily verified in the person of Sahela Solasie; and his majesty, holding himself under a lasting debt of gratitude, has never attempted the subjugation of these dwellers on the hill-top, although his conquests have extended far beyond their dominions.

"Subsisting entirely by the chase, they wander from lake to lake, and from river to river, destroying the hippopotamus, upon the flesh of which they chiefly live, whereas no other heathen will touch it. Feared and respected, and claiming to themselves the original stock of the Orome nation, they deem all other clans unclean, from having mixed with Mahomedans and Christians; and refusing on this account to intermarry, remain to this day a separate and distinct people.

"All barbarians are orators, and the euphoneous language of the Galla, which unfortunately can boast of no written character, is admirably adapted to embellish their eloquent and impressive delivery. Cradled in the unexplored heights of Æthiopia, many of the customs of these fierce, illiterate idolators are closely and remarkably allied to those of the more civilized nations of antiquity. Seeking presages, like the Romans and Etrurians, in the flight of birds, and in the entrails of slaughtered sacrifices—wearing the hair braided like the ancient Egyptians, and like them sleeping with the head supported by a wooden crutch—wedding the relict of a deceased brother according to the Mosaic dispensation, and bowing the knee to the old serpent—an acquaintance with these wild invaders suggests to the speculations of curiosity novel proofs of their origin when referred to a common parent; nor are these a little enhanced by the existence of a prophecy that their herds are one day to quit the highlands of their usurpation, and march into the east and to the north to conquer the inheritance of their Jewish ancestors."

Major Harris is the celebrated traveller who has recently returned from Abyssinia with a costly collection of presents for her Majesty, from the reigning King of Shoa, to whom Major Harris had been accredited on a diplomatic mission by the British Government.

QUINTIN MATSYS' PICTURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE, ERRONEOUSLY TERMED "THE MISERS."

It is a matter of astonishment that the celebrated painting by Quintin Matsys in the Royal Gallery at Windsor should have been designated "The Misers;" for there is not one trait in the *tableau* to warrant it having such an appellation, the principal figures being intended to represent two "collectors of the gabel;"* or, as we should call them in England, tax-collectors, or money-lenders. Indeed, every part of the picture clearly evidences that it is not the domicile of the miser. The rich pearl suspended from the velvet cap of one of the worthies, and the fur bordering of his gown; the splendid ring on the finger; the table strewed with money, jewels, and other treasures; the *well-fed* parrot on its perch; the *unclosed* door; and the *thick* candle on the shelf, are not to be met with in the habitation of the miser; for 'his home is more gloomy than a prison. About his house all is silence and gloom; it has never heard the voice of joy—it is inert—it opens and shuts, and that is all—cold, empty, dead, silent, joyless, emotionless: it has a cursed hearth, which a spark never cheers—a fearful threshold, over which the very beggar dares not stretch his hand lest it should wither—a famished table, at which the wretched miser sits pining with want, yet gazing on his gold, the darling god of his idolatry.'

Again: who ever saw or read of one of these miserable creatures allowing a brother miser to loll familiarly over his shoulder whilst engaged in writing,—thus having his watchful and ever suspicious attention drawn from the wealth carelessly spread on the table, as shown in Matsys' picture. Misers never herd together; they 'delight not in man or woman either;' the friendship of the one, or the love of the other, are equally disregarded by them. They are themselves alone; the height of their happiness con-

* The word comes from the French *gabelle*, an impost, which, in former times, pressed with intolerable severity on the poorer classes. In France it was imposed on salt, and where, previous to the revolution in 1789, all persons were obliged to pay a certain sum for that useful production, whether they used it or not. Whilst in other countries, Naples for instance, it was laid on all butchers meat, oil, wine, tobacco, and, indeed, on everything that could be eaten, drank, or worn by the labouring classes; and there would have been one on fruit, had not Masaniello's rebellion prevented it. The food for the nobles, such as fowls, &c., were free from tax. These gabels were most of them monopolized by wealthy money-lenders, who, having advanced sums to government, were allowed to collect the various gabels until the principal and interest of the monies owing were repaid. It has evidently been the intention of the 'Blacksmith of Antwerp' in the above painting to represent two of these usurers settling their accounts.

sisting in reckoning their money unseen by any one.

"Thrice with slow hand he counts his doubtful store,
Thrice on its stiff hinge turns the grating door,
Then starts aghast, and checks his frozen breath,
While the starv'd spider strikes the watch of death." G. S.

THE TRANSFORMATION.*

A MAN of grief stood at his casement high,
And gaz'd afar at the star-lit sky;
But with no beauty it shone to him,
For the rays of hope in his breast were dim.

His youth was gone, and his manly prime
Had yielded long to the snows of time,
Which o'er his head had gathered now,
While grief was scorching his throbbing brow.

But oh! it was not that youth had flown,
Which loaded the night-wind with each deep moan;
'Twas that error had mark'd his wayward path,
And led him close to the flames of wrath.

He thought of the hours of earliest youth,
When his parents had shown him the path of truth
In which they walk'd, but long had slept
That deep repose by the blest ones kept.

And each early friend arose to view—
Many there were, to piety true,
Had obey'd her voice, and some still here,
With a hallow'd influence round their sphere.

But none were so wretched, so lone on earth,
As he in his fear and spirits dearth;
Remorse was gnawing with revengeful tooth
His heart, and he murmur'd, "my youth, my youth.

"Return those hours I lavish'd with more
Than a wanton's freedom, alas! ye are o'er;
I should with greater than miser care
Have valued ye—Heaven! in mercy—spare!"

As he spoke his arrowy thoughts to the tomb
Wing'd their flight amid darkness and gloom,
He shudd'ringly gaz'd, for with dread surprise,
A skull with his features seem'd to arise.

It chang'd before him, and soon became
A youth as he was—could he be the same?
He was!—oh joy!—'twas an ominous dream,
And hope burst forth like a radiant beam.

His age was part of that vision dread,
His crimes were real, despair had fled;
To long-slighted virtue he quick return'd,
While his spirit with flames of devotion burn'd.

Oh sons of error, like him retrace
Those wandering steps—repenting erase
Recorded guilt, e'er time has flown,
And the harvest comes for whate'er you have sown.

L. M. S.

* The leading idea in this poem is imitated from the German of Richer.

DE MONTMORENCY.

THIS celebrated commander was distinguished for valour, but for little beside that can give honourable celebrity. He was so ignorant that he could neither read nor write. Heartless and ferocious, he "could smile, and murder while he smiled;" yet for all this he was a fanatic in religion, and his zeal unhappily prompted him to persecute the unhappy Protestants, and to adopt the horrible principle that all who could not be converted to the true Catholic faith ought to be mercilessly put to death.

The champion of the faith, he held it to be his duty to set an example of piety. "Never," says Brantome, "did he fail in his devotions." These were performed every morning in presence of his army. It was a saying among his men that "it was necessary to avoid the constable's paternosters," for while saying them, if any disorder occurred in his camp, he would instantly break out, "Hang such a one—Go and tie that fellow to a tree—Make so-and-so run the gauntlet, or shoot him before me—Cut those rascals to pieces who dare to hold out that tower (from which the tocsin has sounded) against the king—Burn that village—Set fire to every thing for a quarter of a league round;" and these abominable orders he would give without making more than a momentary pause in his devotions, as he was so conscientious that he would have deemed it a great sin against the Majesty of Heaven to have postponed them to another hour. He regularly fasted every Friday.

To his officers his deportment was rude and coarse in the extreme. He scrupled not to call them "asses, calves, and sots." His zeal against the Protestants set him to burn the seats of their places of worship, and gained him the name of Captain Burn Bench. According to the Abbé Longuereau, "He was a real cacique, a leader of savages, harsh, barbarous, and willing to disturb everybody; he believed himself a great general, though he was often defeated, and more than once made prisoner."

An insurrection having broken out at Bourdeaux, De Montmorency was sent against the rebels who had offered to the Duke of Somerset, then Regent of England, to reduce France to its former state of subjection to the English. What followed we quote from the 'Pictorial History of France:'—

"The Bordelais population massacred the commandant, Tristan de Monnoies; they opened his body and filled it with salt, to mark their hatred of the salt tax. The parliament, which wished to interpose, was brutally treated at first; and the counsellors were forced to mount guard with the common soldiers, and do duty, pike in hand, in the costume of sailors, for the defence of the place. They were, however, soon

called to a severe account. A petty merchant, Francis Lavergne, who had been the first to sound the tocsin, was drawn and quartered opposite the Hotel de Ville; and the sedition had subsided of itself when Francis de Lorraine, Duke d'Aumale, and the Constable Montmorency, 'the grand snarler,' arrived. The ten thousand infantry and the thousand horse that they had with them, were joined on their route by all the noblesse of the country, which had momentarily been threatened with a renewal of the Jacquerie and Pastoureaux. The duke applied himself to recal the revolters to their duty by kindness. Montmorency marched on Bordeaux in order of battle, preceded by eighteen pieces of artillery; and showing these to the jurats, when they humbly presented themselves before him with the keys of the city, 'Begone,' said he, 'begone with your keys, I will have nothing to do with them. I bring other keys with me,' pointing to his guns, 'which will open for me a door wider than yours.' He then made his entry, sword in hand, drums beating and colours flying; and, by his orders, they set up at the square of the Hotel de Ville a multitude of gallowses and scaffolds. More than a hundred citizens were put to death; Bois Menir, and another chief named Talamanque, were crowned with red hot iron, and broken alive on the wheel. Puirmoreau, being regarded as a gentleman, was spared a more severe death than beheading. A hundred and twenty citizens, followed by all the jurats, alarmed by this rigour, went in mourning habits to the place where the body of Monnoies reposed. They exhumed him with their hands, and carried the coffin on their shoulders before the hotel of the constable, where they all threw themselves on their knees, crying 'Mercy! Mercy!' Bordeaux was at length excused, on paying a ransom of two hundred thousand livres, being deprived of its privileges, the title deeds of which were committed to the flames. The constable afterwards returned to court by the way of Poitou, trampling on privileges, breaking the bells which had been used to sound the tocsin, and leaving everywhere the acknowledged chiefs of the revolt suspended on the gibbets which he had erected (1548)."

One crime is laid to his charge which every reader of history has seen imputed to a human butcher of more recent date, and of our own country. Kirk, whose name has been associated with that of the execrated Jeffries, is reported, somewhat ambiguously, to have exacted from a beautiful female a cruel price for the pardon of her husband, lover, or brother, as is variously stated, and then to have inhumanly disappointed her. It is not improbable that in this as in other enormities, Kirk was content to imitate De Montmorency. The story, however, is more distinctly told by M. Millin.

"Among the magistrates condemned to death was one named Lestonat. His wife, who was young and beautiful, threw herself at the feet of the constable, and in tears implored that her husband might be pardoned. The pious Catholic, more affected by the personal charms of the suppliant than touched by her distress, gave her to understand that on one condition only the offender could be spared. The distracted wife submitted to save the unhappy man. Having passed the night with the constable, in the morning he led her to a window, from which he showed her the corpse of the husband for whom she had sacrificed herself suspended from a gallows,"—at the same time mocking her grief, anguish, and despair in words not unlike in meaning to those which Pomfret puts into the mouth of his Neronier (Kirk)—

"Does not that wretch who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet and adorn the string."

Scarron's Dedication.—The celebrated comic writer, Paul Scarron, in dedicating one of his books to Louis XIV, who afterwards became the husband of his widow, addressed that vain monarch as follows:—"To do me a little good would be doing yourself no great hurt; if you do me a little good, I shall be more cheerful than I am; if I were more cheerful, my comedies would be merrier; if my comedies were merrier, your majesty would be more diverted; if your majesty were more diverted, your money would not be thrown away on me. All these conclusions hold together so naturally, that methinks I could not resist them, were I a great monarch, instead of being a miserable indigent creature." A pension was granted.

Embalmed Kings.—In his late paper on embalming, M. Marchal, speaking of the old processes of immersion or incision, showing the superiority of the former, and mentioning, as one instance of that superiority, that "the body of Louis XIV, which was embalmed, with aromatic powders, by incision into all the cavities, was found in a state of liquid putrefaction; whereas, the body of Louis XV, which was simply covered with salt, remained in a perfect state of preservation." This is a very strong fact, but its correctness may be doubted, as the corpse of Louis XV is stated in history to have become such a mass of putrefaction almost the moment he had ceased to breathe, that no one could approach to embalm it, and it was hastily interred, spirits of wine having been poured on the remains to neutralize the intolerable odour which they gave forth.

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Arms. Or, three piles, sa., within a double treasure flory, counterflory, gu.; on a chief of the second, a rose between two escallops, ar.

Crest. An eagle, or.

Supporters. Dexter, a dapple grey horse, regardunt bridled, ppr.; sinister, a peasant of Andalusia, habited and bearing on the exterior shoulder a hoe, ppr.

Motto. "*Candide et secure.*" "Open and secure."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LYNEDOCH.

To speak of the House of Lynedoch is perhaps a misnomer, as that title granted to one splendid man, has expired with him. The late Lord Lynedoch came from the same stock from which the Dukes of Montrose are descended. Sir William Graham, of Kincardine, was living in the early part of the fifteenth century. By his first wife he became grandfather of Patrick Lord Graham, ancestor of the Duke of Montrose. By his second lady he had two sons. That lady was Mary Stewart, daughter of King Robert III, and relict of George, Earl of Angus, by whom he had two other sons: first, Sir Robert Graham, of Strathearron, who married Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Richard Lovell, of Balumbie, and had two sons, Robert, ancestor of the Grahams of Fintry, and John, ancestor of the Grahams of Claverhouse, the progenitors of the gallant Viscount Dundee. The other sons mentioned were Patrick, Archbishop of St Andrews, papal nuncio in 1471, and William, from whom lineally descended John James John, and Thomas Graham, Esq., of Balgawan, whose great grandson, Thomas Graham, Esq., married Christian, fourth daughter of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun; and by her, who died in 1799, he left an only son, who eventually became Lord Lynedoch.

A more remarkable career than that ran by this distinguished nobleman, who has just sunk to rest, is hardly on record. It was not a passion for military glory that animated him in early life to a course of action which has led to such great results. He commenced life a country gentleman.

The classical attainments of his father, and the many elegant accomplishments of his mother, were directed to the education of their son, who, owing to the death of both his elder brothers, had become heir to the family estate. The judicious and careful education which he received, produced in him an extraordinary aptitude for study, and in his mind faculties early developed were fully matured by an extensive European tour. He was born at Balgowan, Perthshire, in the year 1750. In 1774 his father died, and in the same year he married the Hon. Mary Cathcart, one of the three daughters of the ninth Lord Cathcart; and it is a remarkable fact that two other daughters of the same noble lord were married on the same day. Thus we find Mr Graham apparently settled down for life; and he continued in the enjoyment of great domestic felicity, surrounded by many estimable and attached friends, for a period of nearly twenty years. He had by this time attained the mature age of two-and-forty, and to all external seeming was one of the last men likely to enter upon a military life.

In 1792, however, his domestic happiness was brought to a termination by the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. The effect of this melancholy event proved sufficient almost to unsettle the mind of Mr Graham. His grief was so deep and lasting as greatly to injure his health, and he was recommended to travel, with a view of alleviating the one and restoring the other by change of scene and variety of objects. At Gibraltar he fell into military society, and there he first conceived the possibility of obtaining some respite from his sorrows by devoting himself to the profession of arms.

Lord Hood was then about to sail for the south of France, and Mr Graham had recently been a traveller in that country. He therefore gladly acceded to his proposition to accompany him as a volunteer. We find him, in the year 1793, landing with the British troops at Toulon, and serving as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave (father to the present Marquis of Normanby), who was the general commanding-in-chief, and who marked by his particular thanks the gallant and able services of the elderly gentleman who had thus volunteered to be his aide-de-camp.

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He was always foremost in the attack; and on one occasion, at the head of a column, when a private soldier fell, Mr Graham took up his musket and supplied his place in the front rank.

On returning to this country, he raised the first battalion of the 90th regiment, of which he was appointed Colonel-Commandant on the 10th of February, 1794. This regiment formed part of the army under the command of Lord Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings). It passed the summer of 1795 at Isle Dieu, whence it proceeded to Gibraltar. On the 22nd of July, 1795, the rank of colonel in the army was conferred upon Mr Graham.

At Gibraltar, he endured for a short time the idleness inseparable from garrison duty in so strong a place; but a continuance of such a life proved intolerable to him, and he therefore obtained permission to join the Austrian army. His connexion with that service continued during the summer of 1796, taking the opportunities which his position presented him of sending to the British government intelligence of the military operations and diplomatic measures adopted by the commanders and sovereigns of the continent. It is well known that his despatches at this period evinced, in a remarkable degree, the great talents and characteristic energy of the writer.

During the investment of the city of Mantua he was shut up there for some time with General Wurmsur; but, incapable of continuing unemployed, he made his escape under cover of night.

Early in 1797 he returned to England; but, in the following autumn, joined his regiment at Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the attack of Minorca with Sir Charles Stuart, who bestowed the warmest eulogiums on the skill and valour displayed by Colonel Graham.

Not long after this, the Colonel, with the local rank of Brigadier, besieged the island of Malta, having under his command the 30th and 89th regiments, and some corps embodied under his immediate direction. Brigadier-General Graham, aware of the prodigious strength of the place, resorted to a blockade, and the French held out till September, 1800; when, after a resistance of two years' duration, the place surrendered. On the completion of this service, General Graham came home for a few months; and, again anxious for active service, proceeded to Egypt, but before his arrival that country had been completely conquered. He returned through Turkey, making some stay at Constantinople, and during the peace of Amiens resided for a short time at Paris. His active and enterprising spirit had now to endure a period of repose. In 1806, however, he proceeded with Sir John Moore to Sweden, were he availed himself of that opportunity to traverse the country in all directions. Shortly afterwards Moore was ordered to Spain, and General Graham served there during the whole campaign of 1808. On his return to England he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and appointed to command a division in the expedition to Malta, but having been attacked with fever, he was obliged to come home. In February, 1811, having previously been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General, he took the command of an expedition to attack the rear of the French army that was then blockading Cadiz, an operation which led to the memorable battle of Barossa, the military details of which would much exceed the limits assignable to such an outline of Lord Lynedoch's brilliant career as it is now intended to present. The thanks of Parliament were voted to Lieutenant-General Graham and the brave force under his command; and never were thanks more nobly earned or bestowed in a manner more honourable to those who offered, and those who received them. He was at that time a member of the House of Commons, and in his place in Parliament he received that mark of a nation's gratitude. In acknowledging the honour thus conferred on him, General Graham spoke as follows:—"I have formerly often heard you, sir, eloquently and impressively deliver the thanks of the house to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most enviable mark of my country's regard. This honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the house."

Barossa was to Lord Lynedoch what Almarez was to Lord Hill, and Albuera to Lord Beresford. Eclipsed and out-numbered as these victories had been by those which the great duke achieved, they still were to the commanders who led our forces on those memorable occasions the greatest events of their lives, and the sources of their most signal triumphs.

After these series of events, General Graham joined the army under the Duke of Wellington; but from ill-health was obliged to revisit England for a short period. Early in 1813, however, he returned to the Peninsula, and commanded the left wing of the British army at the ever-memorable battle of Vittoria. Mr Abbott, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Lord Colchester, in alluding to General Graham's distinguished career at this period, stated that it was "a name never to be mentioned in our military annals without the strongest expression of respect and admiration;" and Mr Sheridan, speaking of the various excellences, personal and profesaional, which

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adorned his character, said, "I have known him in private life; and never was there seated a loftier spirit in a braver heart." Alluding to his services in the retreat of the British army to Corunna—in which Sir John Moore, the general in command, was killed—he continued, "In the hour of peril, Graham was their best adviser; in the hour of disaster Graham was their surest consolation."

He commanded the army employed in the memorable siege of the town and citadel of St Sebastian. He commanded also the left wing of the British army at the passage of the Bidassoa, but soon after, in consequence of ill health, he was obliged to resign his command to Sir John Hope. In 1814 he was appointed to a command in Holland, and on the 3rd of May in the same year he again received the thanks of Parliament, and was raised to the peerage, having previously been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and subsequently a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St Michael and St George. He was likewise a Knight of the Tower and Sword in Portugal.

For many years he represented his native county in Parliament; and he had, therefore, the gratification, as already stated, of receiving the thanks of the House of Commons in his place as a member. In 1821, he received the rank of general and the governorship of Dumbarton Castle.

As years advanced, and the infirmities of age began to accumulate, Lord Lynedoch found the climate of Italy better calculated to sustain his declining energies than the atmosphere and temperature of his own country; he, therefore, spent much time on the Continent; but, on a recent occasion, so anxious was he to manifest his sense of loyalty and his personal attachment to the Queen, that, when her majesty visited Scotland, he came home from Switzerland for the express purpose of paying his duty to her majesty in the metropolis of his native land.

His lordship expired on Monday night, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, at his town residence, Stratton street, having for several days been very seriously and alarmingly indisposed. The titles of this great man are extinct. He leaves behind him no descendants to be stimulated by his example, or to derive honour from his fame.

It is a curious fact that the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle at an earlier period of life than that in which Lord Lynedoch "fleshed his maiden sword." It is also not unworthy of remark, that we are now accustomed to regard the duke himself as preserving his vigour to a surprisingly advanced age, when, in fact, the subject of this memoir was old enough to have been the father of his grace.

MR SNEEZE AND HIS DRAMA.

(By the Author of "George Godfrey.")

CHAPTER II.

Mr Sneeze goes to the Theatre and is received with all the attention which Managers and Actors think due to clever Authors—He reads his Play, and great improvements are suggested—It is rehearsed in the usual way, and important alterations are made to fit it for the Theatre.

AT the time which had been named I presented myself at the theatre, at least I was only five minutes after the hour, for which I proposed duly to apologise, and indeed to prove that I was less in fault than the clocks, which, by their usual want of agreement, are but too frequently the cause of disagreements among friends.

I might have spared myself this trouble, for nobody complained that I was not sufficiently early. The reading of a play I had supposed was treated as a very momentous affair. Garrick and the members of his green-room, as drawn forth in the well-known picture, were in my eye, and I expected to find all the corps of Grunt's theatre assembled in due form, and exhibiting in their countenances evidence of eager, but at the same time rational expectation.

My self-love was rather wounded when I found that, though it was now a quarter-past the time named by the manager himself, neither he nor any of his actors thought it necessary to appear. In the course of the next half hour several of the performers dropped in. To them I expressed surprise at the mistake which had occurred. They smiled, and as many as three of them had the benevolence to comfort me by saying, "Such things will happen in the best-regulated families"—that being the standing stereotyped joke applicable to all disappointments like mine by the professors of the stage.

In about an hour and a half the manager came, and several more of the players also attended, but the lady named for the heroine was absent. This surprised me, as I understood strict discipline was the order of the day at this "admirably managed theatre," as it was usually termed by the impartial pen of Mr Sinister, in Mr Bounce's paper and other independent journals. Mr Sinister explained that she was severely indisposed, and that he was likely to be correctly informed I am convinced, as it afterwards came to my knowledge that he had but just quitted her lodgings. Imperfect as the muster was I read my manuscript, and, bating a little hesitation in my speech, which I have had from childhood, got on pretty well. The actors laughed repeatedly, as I understood, at the wit and humour of my performance. Mr Grunt did not give it all the attention which I thought it deserved. He was

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fully occupied during the greater part of the reading in writing orders, reading letters, or issuing directions to the servants of the theatre, which were often delivered in as loud a tone as if no business of importance, like the reading of my play, had been in progress.

When it was finished all really seemed very much pleased, and Mr Sinister declared himself quite delighted with "the gig of the thing;" at the same time he candidly informed me that, though for two years he had been in correspondence with me on the subject, he had never seen it till within the last week. That it would answer, got up as it was sure to be there, he did not allow himself for a moment to doubt; at the same time the public were so stupid and capricious that it was quite impossible to say what would be the result. He, however, in a tone of the greatest kindness added that he thought it might yet be improved, if I would allow him to mention what had struck him on going over it, some day when we could sit down for half an hour alone. To this, with my usual urbanity, I assented. I thought the day for acting on his suggestion was slow to arrive, but it did come. Sinister then, with what he termed "the freedom of a friend," pointed out the parts which might be made, not better, but fitter for the stage. These were not few, and I must own I was too dull to understand in what way most of them could operate for the benefit of the piece.

"One thing, in particular, strikes me," said Sinister; "you see there is not enough of it."

I readily admitted that, from the abundance of the incidents and the vivacity of the dialogue, it did not at all surprise me that it should seem short to him, but I could nevertheless assure him that if he would count the pages and look to the contents of each, he would find that there was matter enough to make two long acts.

"I am aware of that," he replied, "but what I mean is this, there is not enough, looking at my standing in the theatre, for me; I could not give your piece all the support I should wish by appearing in it myself, being only a farce in two acts. If it were a full play the case would be different, and both Grunt and myself could serve you without letting ourselves down."

I mentioned to him that he had been in the habit of playing in two-act dramas, and even in one-act farces, and I mentioned a dozen at least which then occurred to me in which I had seen him.

"That is true," said he, "I have acted in the pieces you mention, and would do as much now to oblige you, but an author of your genius and ready wit could soon furnish another act, and then the whole would form a work which, like *Hamlet*, *Cato*, and *Jonathan Bradford*, would not only delight the town for a season, but transmit the author's name with unfading glory down to the remotest posterity."

Mr Sinister was thought to be no fool. So it appeared to me then. That he should expect a man of my "genius and ready wit" could speedily write a third act to a play was but reasonable, and I determined to show him that this high opinion which he had formed of my capacity was well founded. With this feeling I took my play home and went to work. In less than a week I had completed the third act, which was to transmit my name, *crescam laude recens*, to the remotest posterity, cheek-by-jowl with Shakspere, Addison, and Fitzball! I returned it to the theatre. Mr Sinister could not attend to it for the first week, but by the close of the second he had read it and approved of it vastly; though still there were passages in which it might be rendered even more perfect. What, however, would unquestionably make the fortune of my play was a few songs. It would be no trouble for me to supply them, and the public now, though possessed of no real taste in music, were all mad for sing-song. These furnished, it should be put in rehearsal and forthwith produced.

Though tired of alterations and impatient of delay, I hardly repined at this new requisition, as I had always a taste for poetry, and had some songs by me which would suit the piece exactly. I proceeded to furnish them up with great diligence.

It did not take me more than three or four days to produce an adequate supply of doves, loves, and dew, and violets blue, roses, lilies, streaks of orient day, and dancing moonbeams, and these, properly worked in, I certainly thought must do good. I and my family were now on the tiptoe of expectation, and nothing appeared in the way to prevent my admired production coming on the stage, and adding my name to the list of splendid men who had consecrated their talents to the service of the drama.

But that it might be thought trespassing too largely on the reader's patience, I should here dwell at some length on the delightful calm I enjoyed after the suspense, excitement, and irritation which I had known in the progress of the weighty affair which had thus happily terminated. Mr Grunt was sedately civil, which gave me a very high idea of the goodness of his heart, and if not quite so cordial and familiar as I might have wished, that was more than made up for by the captivating freedom with which Mr Sinister always called me by my Christian name Peter, or else "old chap," clapped me on the shoulder as often as he came near me, and generally responded to any lively sally of mine by

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winking with one, if not with both of his eyes, or placing his thumb on his nose, which actions passed with me, as indeed they did generally behind the scenes, for something truly facetious.

Such were my first impressions after "my drama" had been accepted. They were not destined long to continue mine. I soon found that my new friends, Grunt and Sinister, were not very much better than the rest of the world, and though I might not go quite so far as Mr Bounce did, I certainly often recalled, with something like assenting approbation, the rather unfavourable sentence pronounced on managers by that gentleman—namely, that they were the greatest hypocrites, fools, and humbugs in the world.

Mr Grunt had the reputation of having written several successful plays, and from him I confidently expected to receive the friendly advice of a brother author. Proud, however, of applause which he had never deserved,—for the dramas called his, I learned, had been almost wholly stolen from certain popular novels, and supplied with songs, and otherwise patched up, by a clever, witty, but mad ragamuffin, who was in the habit of doing such jobs for fifteen shillings per play, and a bottle of Booth's best Geneva,—proud, I say, of eminence thus gained, Mr Grunt, when I expected we should grow more friendly, looked down upon me with a sort of "who-the-devil-are-you" expression in his face, and a steady determination to worry me and destroy my piece.

"We shall only be bothered with this one night," was his frequent exclamation when my back was turned. Had this been all I should not have thought there was very much reason to complain, considering it merely as the expression of an opinion, but if I may judge from what he did, he was fixed to "make assurance doubly sure," and though content that great and liberal allowance for his indisputable stupidity should be conceded, I am constrained to believe that some of the absurd outrages offered to common sense on this occasion sprang purely from malice in the supercilious old brute.

The character given to him belonged to a class—that of dignified old fathers, in which, as an actor, he had been formerly successful. Sinister was to be the hero, and this arrangement, which I proposed, thinking it would meet with his entire concurrence, gave great annoyance to Mr Grunt, as to him it appeared little less than a personal insult to hint that at sixty-five, he being properly padded and buttoned up in a braided coat, with a flaxen wig, and as much red paint on his face as would suffice to mark a flock of sheep, could not look the youthful lover. Sinister told me this, and laughed like a fiend while he imparted the secret, that "the old fool's *susque-pedality* of form would certainly appear to greater advantage where youth, activity, and a good person were not only desirable but indispensably necessary."

Sinister was certainly better suited for the part which, but for his visage,—that of a starved monkey,—he might have got through with great credit. The character of a low, blundering, mischievous steward, at which they both turned up their noses, was given to Snubby, a droll fellow of short stature, who from that circumstance, as well as from his being commonly confined to business which gave him only a few speeches to utter, was called a man of "small parts."

A rehearsal was called for the next morning at eleven, and as I was told punctuality was the order of the day, I was alarmed at finding, on my way to the theatre, that my watch was too slow, and that I should again be behind time. When I got there I found that I had been unnecessarily alarmed. It was half-past twelve before I saw any one connected with my piece, excepting Snubby, who whispered, that to name one hour for the next but one after it was the regular practice.

At the time I have mentioned Grunt came, but was obliged to go away that moment, on business of the last importance, and Sinister was so ill that he could not leave his bed. It was therefore rehearsed without the two leading characters, which the lessee and manager were to sustain, by Snubby and a lisping slattern, who was to play the female part. I was alarmed at these symptoms of neglect, and expressed a fear that the piece would not go well if more attention was not given to it from behind the curtain. This brought upon me something like a rebuke from Captain Snuff, a very dignified officer of the establishment, who had served, as I learned from himself, in the army with great distinction, though he now officiated in the box office for thirty shillings a-week;—this gentleman, I say, assured me that I need be under no apprehension, as both Mr Grunt and Mr Sinister were invariably "letter correct." The truth of the statement Dr Deathshead, Grunt's brother-in-law, confirmed with an oath. I was disturbed at the substitution of the female I have mentioned for Miss Prattley, who had first been put down in the cast, nor was my mind much relieved when I found that the change would not be of much importance, as the character had been so vigorously cut down that little or nothing remained for her to say. As such curtailment was decidedly injurious to the piece I resolved to mention it to Mr Rattleton the next day. I did so. He treated me with his very best shrug on the occasion, and said—

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"It is very foolish in him, I confess; but the fact is Grunt is getting so infernally old, that he ought to give up altogether. He has been cutting my part, too. Between ourselves, he finds his memory fail; and though he might ram some of the words into his stupid, thick head, he knows he could not keep them there, and he has in consequence knocked out several of the points of my part, that I may not take the shine out of him too much."

"And longer had he spake;" but just then Mr Grunt approached. He was rather more gracious than usual to-day, and said, "he hoped we should make some progress that morning. He had been actively engaged in forwarding the business."

I thanked him.

"It is," said he, "what I would not do for every one. We have sometimes a pack of monkey prigs writing for the stage, who, as they have heard Shakspere never blotted a line, think a line of theirs is never, on any occasion, to be blotted. Gentlemen may think they can write, but we—*we* know what will act. We have been on the ice so often, that we know where it is likely to crack."

I said, "no doubt," but could not help thinking it was very odd, with such unerring taste, formed by experience, to regulate matters beforehand, that it happened so few of the dramas recently produced had met with a favourable reception.

"This," said he turning over the leaves of my manuscript, "is still too long; so much dialogue will never do."

I pointed out to him that in the part to which he referred there was a banquet and several incidents, while the speeches, though they occupied a good deal of paper, were all short, and would take up little time in the delivery.

"Too much," said he; "I know what an audience is. A feast, too,—that never tells on the stage. They won't stand it. We had better get rid of it altogether."

For a moment I looked aghast, but just caught a glance of the crew that surrounded us. They testified perfect approbation of the Solomon-like wisdom of the sentence just pronounced, while a grin, with difficulty restrained, seemed ready to burst forth in derision of my agony and confusion.

I disguised my intolerable sufferings under a forced smile of cheerful acknowledgement. Had I been in a condition to give vent to my real feelings I am afraid I should have sent a shot through my tormentor's head.

"Here, again," said Mr Grunt, "we are too long,—fixing his dull malignant eye on one of the best scenes in the piece. It is not here as at the great houses, where the audience are accustomed to wait for effects. Touch and go with us, and every word must tell for something. These speeches, you will see"——

Here a porter or servant presented a note, which Mr Grunt opened. I saw it contained a notice of a bill lying for payment, and the bringer said the person who came with it waited for an answer.

"Then tell him," said the great man, "that I have left the theatre, and he must call some other day. These speeches," Mr Grunt continued—

Another porter interrupted him, with "Lady Snagville's compliments, and her ladyship would feel obliged if he could favour her with a few orders for Monday."

"An unconscionable old cat," he exclaimed. "She and her snuffling, beggarly beast of a husband, are the most impudent order-beggars in the universe. My opinion is they pay their butcher's bills with them. I wish they were both below the bottom of the bottomless pit, with all my heart."

While breathing this aspiration he was occupied filling up an order, which done he handed to the messenger, at the same time desiring "his best compliments to Lady Snagville," with the addition, "that he was most happy to do himself the pleasure of complying with her request, and begged to send his kind regards to Sir Charles."

Notwithstanding this effort at politeness, the indignation of the manager was not appeased. I thought the glow of resentment not unnatural, interrupted as he had been when engaged on a work of such great interest to him as well as to me. He now resumed his labour, and without uttering a word drew, with a ferocious air, his pen from the top to the bottom of a page.

I shrunk back, and then started forward, at beholding this outrage. Scarcely could I believe my eyes. Not only was the scene which he was thus destroying most important in itself, but it contained points to which reference was repeatedly made in the sequel. This I mentioned.

"Then cut them all out," replied Mr Grunt, "depend upon it we must go by a stop watch; nothing like a stop watch for regulating the length of a piece."

While he spoke, the two succeeding pages shared the fate of the one for which I was interceding. I was petrified. Silence, they say, gives consent, but I will be hanged if it did on this occasion. Shame and grief, however, caused me to look on tongue bound, while he continued the same course of butchery to the end of the manuscript, not even reading as he proceeded the passages which he decided to omit.

I saw the actors turn their heads away repeatedly. This was to laugh, for to them my tribulation was quite as amusing as I had expected my play would be to an

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audience. When Grunt retired they came round me and complimented me on the firmness with which I had borne the infliction. They had seen authors quite upset by the process.

Though I was in a high fever, I attempted a calm gentlemanly tone, and said, I only wrote for amusement, and had not the egotism of some nor the anxiety of others, who depended for their livelihood on the stage, but still as Mr Grunt had now reduced the best scenes in the play, I began to doubt if it could succeed.

They assured me that it was quite safe. Mr Grunt, though he used the pruning knife rather too freely sometimes, knew what he was about, and I should find it go well enough

To Sinister I spoke to the same effect, but, regarding him as a friend, in a graver tone.

"It is vexatious," he replied; "but, my dear boy, 'such things will happen in the best regulated families.' I can't help it: you see what an obstinate old son of a feminine bow-wow it is. However, old chap, never mind, it will do very well, after all."

"How does the composer get on?" I asked; "I have not heard any of the music yet?"

"What music, my boy?"

"For the songs, the opening chorus, and finale."

"Oh! didn't I mention it? the songs are all cut out."

"The devil they are," said I, with some warmth, for my temper began now to get considerably the worse for wear, "why, what will he cut out next?"

"Curse me if I can tell. You see what work we have with this muddling old pump. I suppose you had no idea of it before, old chap."

Suppressing as well as I could the fury and the grief which filled my bosom, I asked my friend Rattleton what under the circumstances I had better do?

"You have nothing for it," said he, "but to let him have his way."

"But he has spoiled the play," said I; "there is scarcely a tolerable point left. The songs, too, which were added at your particular request, ought at least to be retained."

Rattleton admitted that the piece was much injured by the tomahawk doings of the manager, but still comforted me by saying enough remained to "*bring them down*," if it were well acted.

I went home writhing with rage and sorrow. Here my wife and daughter entertained me with a string of inquiries about the rehearsal. They were full of exultation at the near approach of the grand night; but I gave such short, snappish answers, that they were not a little disconcerted at them, and could not guess at the cause. My wife said, "I was now a greater bear than ever, and I need not make quite such a fuss about it, as if nobody had ever written a play but myself!"

It was not pride, but shame, that made me thus unamiable; and I gloomily soliloquized on this subject, debating with myself whether I should let my spoiled drama go to the stage in its present mutilated state. To withdraw it after all the trouble I had had was wormwood, and I wanted courage to go through anything like the same exercises again at another theatre. It had been announced with such pomp to all my friends that I had a play coming out, that I felt the ridicule which must fall on me, if it did not appear at last, would be too much for human patience. Eventually I endeavoured to draw consolation from the assurance Mr Rattleton had given that it would still please, resigned myself to my fate, and made up my mind to suffer so much of my production to be exhibited as they were disposed to act.

Why the manager should take the course he had pursued I could not guess, till Snubby informed me that the author of the theatre, Mr Downfall, who was engaged at a salary of a hundred pounds per annum to write tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, interlude, and pantomime, at a moment's notice, had the superintendence of all that came into this house from other hands, and took care to expunge all that was likely to please, lest the success of another should abate his importance; in a word, that under pretence of improving, he took care to damage to the extent of his ability, which in this way was certainly considerable, whatever came within his reach.

After this hint I thought I understood the game that had been played, but still clung to a hope that the merit of some of the scenes which had escaped his withering touch would win such favour with the public, that I should be able to get others restored. With this feeling I attended the next and succeeding rehearsals, and submitted to see the devoted offspring of my genius further lacerated; till at length Mr Grunt thought, as with reason he might, that it was suitable for his "admirably managed theatre," and sufficiently contemptible for representation.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF EARL ST VINCENT AND GEORGE III. — After Earl St Vincent's flag was struck for the last time, the King commanded the presence of his great Admiral at a private audience. The King, in the course of the interview, said, "Well, Lord St Vincent, you have now quitted

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active service, as you say, for ever—tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?" Lord St Vincent—"Very much worse, may it please your Majesty." The King, very quickly—"How so? how so?" Lord St. Vincent—"Sire, I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable, as it gives consequence to the service; but at present the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of the nobility, and the sons of members of parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious *both* their services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on." The King—"Pray, who was serving Captain of the Fleet under your Lordship?" Lord St Vincent—"Rear Admiral Osborne, Sire, the son of an old officer." The King—"Osborne, Osborne! I think there are more than one of that name admirals." Lord St Vincent—"Yes, Sire, there are three brothers, all admirals. The King—"That's pretty well for democracy, I think." Lord St Vincent—"Sire, the father of those officers served twenty years as first lieutenant with my dear friend Admiral Barrington, who had never sufficient interest to get him beyond the rank of commander. He was, of necessity, obliged to send all his sons to sea, and, to my own knowledge, they never had anything more than their pay to live on; nevertheless they always appeared as gentlemen; they were self educated, and they got on in the service upon the strength of their own merits alone; and, Sire, I hope your Majesty will pardon me for saying I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land." The King mused for a minute or two, and then said, "I think you're right, Lord St Vincent, quite right."—*Tucker*.

Effect of Governments on Disease.—Political institutions, if they do not create the tendency to insanity, powerfully affect its development; sometimes by overwhelming the imagination with fear, sometimes by necessitating a perpetual excitement which totally overthrows the mind. Government operates also in many other ways upon the frame. Raymond, for example, observes in his 'History of Elephantiasis,' that that dreadful complaint is almost peculiar to despotic countries. And this seeming paradox is probably at bottom true, for by paralysing industry, more particularly that which is bestowed on agriculture, it prevents the proper cultivation of the soil, suffers the course of rivers to be obstructed, creates marshes and accumulations of fetid waters, and thus produces those miasmata which seem to be the proximate cause of elephantiasis. This disease attacks the inferior animals much less frequently, I believe, than man; but I once observed, near the crocodile mining pits, an ox afflicted by it coming down to the Nile to drink; his foot and leg were enormously enlarged.

Theatricals in New Zealand.—At the Ship hotel in the new town of Wellington, theatrical performances are given, and, according to the following notice of an entertainment on the 11th of May, with rather better success than some of our first-rate playhouses have had in the mother country:—"The place was crowded to excess, and we observed that the boxes were filled with the principal merchants, and also several aldermen with their fair friends, whose beaming eyes eclipsed in brightness the chandelier, and threw its light far in the shade. From two to three hundred persons were obliged to walk back to their homes without catching a sight, as the door-keepers were compelled to refuse admittance. The performances consisted of 'A Ghost in spite of Himself,' some singing and recitations, and the 'Village Lawyer.' Though the actors did not equal the great stars of the other hemisphere, still for a place at the antipodes it was fair."

Court Privileges.—To the instances lately quoted of individuals being permitted to appear covered in the presence of the kings of England, the following may be added:—Francis Browne, of Tolethorpe, in the county of Rutland, Esquire, in reward of the good services of his father against Richard the Third, by his fair adherence to Henry the Seventh, the patent, excusing him from even bearing the office of sheriff or escheator, and from serving upon any jury at the assizes, &c., as well as the liberty of being covered in the presence of the king himself, or any of his nobility. The Ancestor of Lord Forrester, of Willey park, Shropshire, John Forrester, Esq., of Watling street, held from Henry the Eighth the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of his majesty; the original grant remaining in his lordship's possession. And in a later reign, Henry Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, Queen Mary's general, also obtained this peculiar privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence.

The Gatherer.

Death of Sir William Jones.—The dissolution of the great and virtuous present the finest morals for the edification of mankind. On the authority of Mr Maurice, in his 'Elegy on Sir William Jones,' it is stated, that "the last hour of the life of that good man was marked by a solemn act of devotion." Finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he desired his attendants to carry him into an inner apartment, where, at his desire, they left him. Returning

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after a short interval, they found him in a kneeling posture, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed towards heaven. As they were removing him, he died!

Roman History.—One of the grandest projects in modern times was M. Niebuhr's 'History of Rome.' "From the night of remote antiquity, in which all that the most anxious inquiry could aspire to, was to discern the chief masses of society in ancient Italy, down to the period when a second night buried in almost equal darkness all that had been seen to arise, grow old, and decay."

The Fatal Wedding Night.—Dr Mead, in his 'Essay on Poisons,' relates a case of a young man in Scotland, who was bit by a mad dog, and married the same morning. He spent (as is usual) that whole day, till late in the night, in mirth, dancing, and drinking. In the morning he was found in bed, raving mad; his bride (horrible spectacle!) dead by him, torn open with his teeth, and her entrails twisted round his bloody hands.

Towns under Water.— In the south of Ireland a notion has prevailed that some of the lakes cover ancient towns. Crofton Croker writes:—

"O'er Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

Deformity turned to Profit.—During the infatuated mania of Law's Missisippi Scheme in Paris, 1720, the brokers and speculators used to rendezvous in a street called the *Rue Quinquempoix*, where a hump-backed man gained, in a short time, fifty thousand livres, by *letting* his hump as a writing desk (for which purpose, it seems, its shape was peculiarly well calculated), to those persons who wanted to sign their names in the street, for the transfer of notes, or other purposes relating to the traffic.—*Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. ii, p. 31, quoted by Gifford, in his *History of France*, 1795.

Saint Winifred.—The great fame of this saint need not be told, as the miracles which the odour of her surpassing sanctity performed were numberless. A bell belonging to the Abbey at Shrewsbury, it is said, christened in honour of her, was endowed with extensive attributes. On being tolled, it allayed storms, diverted thunderbolts, and drove away the devil, with all other evil, from the fortunate monks, who had themselves endued it with such powers.

The Devil missing.—In the ancient mythology it does not appear that the earth was supposed to be troubled with the presence of any great evil spirit. The giants, like Satan and his compeers, had reared their daring fronts against the King of Heaven; but were thrust down never to rise again, and were not suffered, like Beelzebub, to frighten children, or play bagpipes to dancing hags.

A French Funeral.—In various nations the ceremonies connected with the interment of the dead differ extremely from each other. In France, a funeral is sometimes made a triumph. When Lamarque was committed to the earth, the spectacle exhibited was a magnificent sight, the flood of French and foreigners pressing forward in silence in close columns of three miles long, with flags of twenty different countries flying over the coffin of Lamarque, and men of all nations uniting in an expression of respect to the remains of the gallant friend of free men all over the world. The funeral moved off under shouts of *Vive la liberté. Vive Lafayette!*

Resist Temptation in Time.—A perfect knowledge of human nature was in the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' No man ever resists temptation, after it has begun to be temptation. It is in the outworks of the habits that the defence must lie. No apprentice ever refrained from his master's gold, after his eye had once begun to gloat upon it, and he had got over the habitual feeling which made any approach to its appropriation an impossibility. No Joseph ever resisted, except through the impulse of pure fear, after he had once begun to revolve the possibility of giving way. — *Westminster Review.*

Low Amusement.— The list of public amusements in the *Times* of Tuesday, ends with the *Thames Tunnel.* This is going down with a vengeance:

"And in the lower deep a deeper still."

— Mr Coles, in his odd poetical advertisement, gives a startling account of the sufferings of royalty. Etiquette is an awful thing if it can prevent a good courtier from telling an afflicted king how he might obtain relief.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The usual Supplementary Number, with Index, &c., will be ready in a few days. To do justice to the splendid Engravings with which it will be enriched, it was necessary that they should be worked with peculiar care, which rendered some delay inevitable.

Mr Moore's question respecting the statistics of land for 1843 has not been neglected, but safely to answer it is not easy. If the object immediately in view were stated, perhaps we could assist him. Information for the current year he can hardly obtain but from the periodicals of the day.

New books are sent to the British Museum, but are not brought into the library till they have been bound, which often causes a considerable delay.

The sonnet descriptive of December is rather out of place this year.

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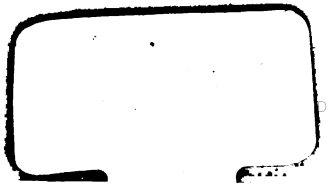
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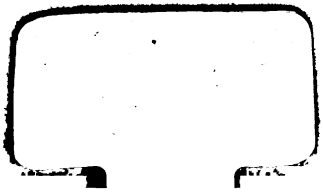
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